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IN MEMORY OF

Capt. Frank Abbott

James Adams

Mark Andrews

Charles Arnold

Mrs. Charles Arnold

Mike Blake

Dennis Blevins

Willie Bluford

Donald Booth

Deke Brackett

Larry Brown

Tom Brown

Al Carelli Jr.

Dr. Joseph Chambers

Mrs. Joseph Chambers

Roger Childers

Stuart Cottrell

Rick Dardinger

David DeBord

Danny Deese

Gary George

Kevin Gilmore

Dave Griffith

Dr. Ray Hagley

Mrs. Ray Hagley

Art Harris

Art Harris Jr.

Bob Harris

E. O. Heath

Mrs. E. O. Heath

Bob Hill

Joe Hood

Tom Howard

James Jarrell

Mrs. James Jarrell

Ken Jones

Charles Kautz

Marcelo Lajterman

Richard Lech

Frank Loria

Gene Morehouse

Jim Moss

Barry Nash

Jeff Nathan

Pat Norrell

Dr. Brian O'Connor

James Patterson

Charlene Poat

Michael Prestera

Dr. Glenn Preston

Mrs. Glenn Preston

Dr. H. D. Proctor

Mrs. H. D. Proctor

Murrill Ralsten

Mrs. Murrill Ralsten

Scotty Reese

Jack Repasy

Larry Sanders

Al Saylor

Jim Schroer

Art Shannon

Ted Shoebridge

Allen Skeens

Jerry Smith

Jerry Stainback

Donald Tackett

Rick Tolley

Bob Van Horn

Roger Vanover

Patricia Vaught

Parker Ward

Norman Whisman

Fred Wilson

John Young

Tom Zborill

'There is no one untouched. There is no one who can hear of this and not feel sorrow and grief. And we, the students, feel the pain so deeply that we cry...and cry...and wonder how, and why.' ---Mike Gant

Restoration begun in wake of tragedy

It's hard to put a puzzle back together after it's fallen apart. But, it's nearly impossible to reassemble one that has heartbreakingly lost most of its pieces. However, that is exactly what Ed Starling, acting athletic director, has to do.

Starling has to replace 46 men who were vital pieces in the puzzle that was Marshall University's athletic department. However, he has three assistant coaches, 14 varsity players and 30 freshmen football players, who will serve as a foundation to build upon.

The initial steps toward restoration have already been taken by Dr. Donald N. Dedmon, acting president.

Dedmon has appointed Ed Starling, assistant athletic director, acting athletic director; Red Dawson, assistant coach and defensive coordinator, acting head football coach; and Joe Wortham, football team statistician, to help in the sports information office.

However, these appointments are not apparently permanent, for Monday Dedmon said he didn't know when the school would be able to begin to

replace officials and members of the coaching staff.

One of the most poignant statements of those issued came from the visibly shaken Starling. "We have to get the ship floating again. A few boards have been knocked off, but she'll float again."

He also pointed out that basketball season is approaching and that his attention must be diverted into that area. But, he continued, "We'll definitely have a football team next season. This isn't the first time we've hit rock bottom. We've bounced back before and we'll bounce back again."

Starling's words were echoed by Dedmon. He said that Marshall may be "wiped out" now, but it would not stay that way for long.

Although the surviving varsity football players and the freshmen team voted unanimously to play the game, Dedmon vetoed the idea and said that due to existing circumstances the game would not be played.

Even though the game has been canceled, Starling told an OU official Monday not to write MU off as a football team. "We're not quitting, we're going to try to put the pieces back together and get

ready for next year," said Starling in an emotionally racked voice.

When it's time to put the pieces together, Marshall may want to seek permission from the National Collegiate Athletic Association to play freshmen players recruited this winter without penalty when the recruits would become seniors.

The disaster that occurred at Tri-State Airport Saturday night has prompted the use of many terms and phrases to describe the MU football department. Comments have ranged from the single word "star-crossed" to the view that "football isn't meant to be played at Marshall."

But, no matter how the situation is described, the same conclusion always prevails. The 1970 football edition of the Thundering Herd will never step on

the field again. But, Dan D'Antoni, freshmen basketball coach, may have unwittingly said it best. D'Antoni, when asked by a student if he could be of

any help, gave the student a look filled with sorrow and bewilderment and said, "I don't know what to do, all the ones who knew what to do are gone."

CHUCK LANDON
Staff reporter

Our appreciation

This memorial edition of The Parthenon was compiled by the following staff members:

Wayne Faulkner, editor-in-chief; Marti Vogel, managing editor; Tommie Denny, news editor; John Hendrickson and Sarah Miller, graduate students; Becky Dial, Chuck Landon, Ken Munkel, Roger Dyer, Gary Ramsey, John Wilson and Tom Browning, staff reporters. Photographers were Jack Seamonds, Mike Meador, Phil Samuell, Tom Young, Paul Winnell and Ken Hixson. Faculty members of the Department of Journalism were Dr. Thomas McCoy, Carl Denbow, Ralph Turner, W. Page Pitt, George Arnold and Dr. C. A. Oliphant.

Kolleen Creiger, Margaret Ann McClure, Mike Torlone, Cathy Gibbs, Mrs. Jean

DePasquale, Bill Shuffelbarger, Mary O'Dell, Larry Hurley, Charles Ferguson, Steve Burnett, Bill O'Connell, Leslie Flowers, and Angela Dodson, Patti Kipp, Neal Borgmeyer, Rick Banks.

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Department of Art begins memorial planning stages

A memorial, to be placed on the campus for those who died in the crash of Southern Airways DC-9, is being designed by the faculty of the Department of Art and members of the student body.

John Callebs, director of development, said, "The administration and Marshall University Foundation combined and discussed the idea, and we asked the Department of Art to design a suitable memorial. They will

summit their ideas to us."

Dr. Arthur Carpenter, Department of Art chairman said, "I have my staff working on it right now, trying to come up with ideas. It will take a little while. I've asked them to turn some ideas in by the end of the week."

Michael I. Cornfeld, instructor of art, said, "None of us have come up with anything yet. It will probably take a while. I expect it will probably be something very simple."

No one is untouched

"There is no one untouched," said Mike Gant.

And looking around at the 7,000 people attending the community memorial service at the field house, he was right.

A silence hung as deep as the feelings of the whole university city. It was unlike any other event that took place in the huge auditorium--the basketball

games, the concerts, the dances. But the boosters were still there. Only this time their heads were bowed, their cheeks tear-

stained, and their thoughts turned to prayer.

"We cry and cry, and wonder how, and why," said Gant.

"Something is missing. . . and we feel it so very deeply. We shared that which is the most precious thing we have to share--ourselves."

Gov. Arch A. Moore Jr. eulogized the football team as "beautiful young people." He

said the members of the squad "had dedicated themselves to Marshall, to us, and to the state of West Virginia."

Acting President Donald N. Dedmon reminded mourners that "life doesn't vanish without leaving a mark."

And those who died did leave a mark with us--a mark of excellence. On our hearts, in our minds, and around our campus.

The Rev. Charles H. Smith grasped the emotions of the audience in the scripture "for every time there is a season."

Throughout the service, the grim silence was disturbed only

by uncontrollable sobs as well as soft, silent crying.

Families, friends, students and community members joined together in the services. But everyone took note of the one certain delegation that entered seconds before the

memorial began. Representatives of East Carolina University entered with a sad reminder of the previous day--the game football. Their president, Dr. Leo W. Jenkins, watched solemnly from the platform.

Ohio University President Claude R. Sowle and provost Robert Savage headed a party of officials from that school.

Secretary of State John D. Rockefeller IV was present to share in the mourning.

The service ended with a prayerful song and then another gaping silence.

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home."
Amen.

TOMMIE DENNY
News editor

Losses great for cheerleaders

A ruling made by the cheerleaders early in the season perhaps saved several of their lives.

The policy was that "all go or none go" to away games. Barbara Woodyard, Huntington junior, said, "There was room on the plane for part of us but not for us all." Therefore, the entire squad did not board the fateful plane.

Although no cheerleaders were victims of the crash their losses and grief were still tremendous.

Cindy and Debbie Chambers, of Huntington, lost both their parents. Several lost boy friends. All lost 37 men who were very close to them--37 men that they had dedicated a part of their lives to.

Miss Woodyard said, "They gave everything they had. We worked with them to try to build enthusiasm. It was a part of our lives--and that's all we worked for."

She reminisced that one guy in particular kept her from dropping off the squad twice when he said he needed her "out there cheering."

Linda Aluise, Huntington sophomore, said, "I was close to Marcel and Shoebridge because they dated my sorority sisters. I feel like I have nothing to cheer for now."

"I dated a guy on the team (Pete Neputano) who had a calcium deposit and didn't make the trip. I hate to be selfish but I guess I have a lot to be thankful for."

Asked about basketball season, Miss Aluise said, "I dread hearing the Alma Mater and 'Sons of Marshall' but I guess you have to smile and keep on going."

Carolyn Hoag, Huntington sophomore, expressed sentiments similar to the entire student body. "It's hard for me to believe they won't be back."

She said she wants to keep on being a cheerleader because "I don't think it would be right to quit. The guys played and that's what they loved. It will be hard to rebuild but I think we should do all we can to help."

Pam Wiley, Cockeysville, Md., sophomore, said "We're just so confused. What can you say? We were almost on the plane."

Michelle Burgess, Ironton, Ohio, senior, and a cheerleader for four years described feeling "like somebody pulled the carpet out from under you. It's just hard to explain. I keep asking 'Why?'"

However, she said she is excited about the basketball season. "We're behind Marshall University. Maybe this will bring everyone together and boost the spirit. With a shocker like this maybe everyone will realize how much they cared."

JOHN WILSON
Staff reporter

The Parthenon

MARSHALL UNIVERSITY STUDENT NEWSPAPER

Established 1896

Full-leased Wire to The Associated Press

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STUDENT PRESIDENT MIKE GANT...



MARSHALL IN MOURNING...



TEAM'S CHEERLEADERS...

7,000 reflect.. pray.. at fieldhouse



RELATIVES, STUDENTS, STATE OFFICIALS, FACULTY, TOWNSPEOPLE AND FRIENDS GATHER TO HONOR MEMORY OF 75 VICTIMS...



STATE, SCHOOL, STUDENT, CHURCH LEADERS...



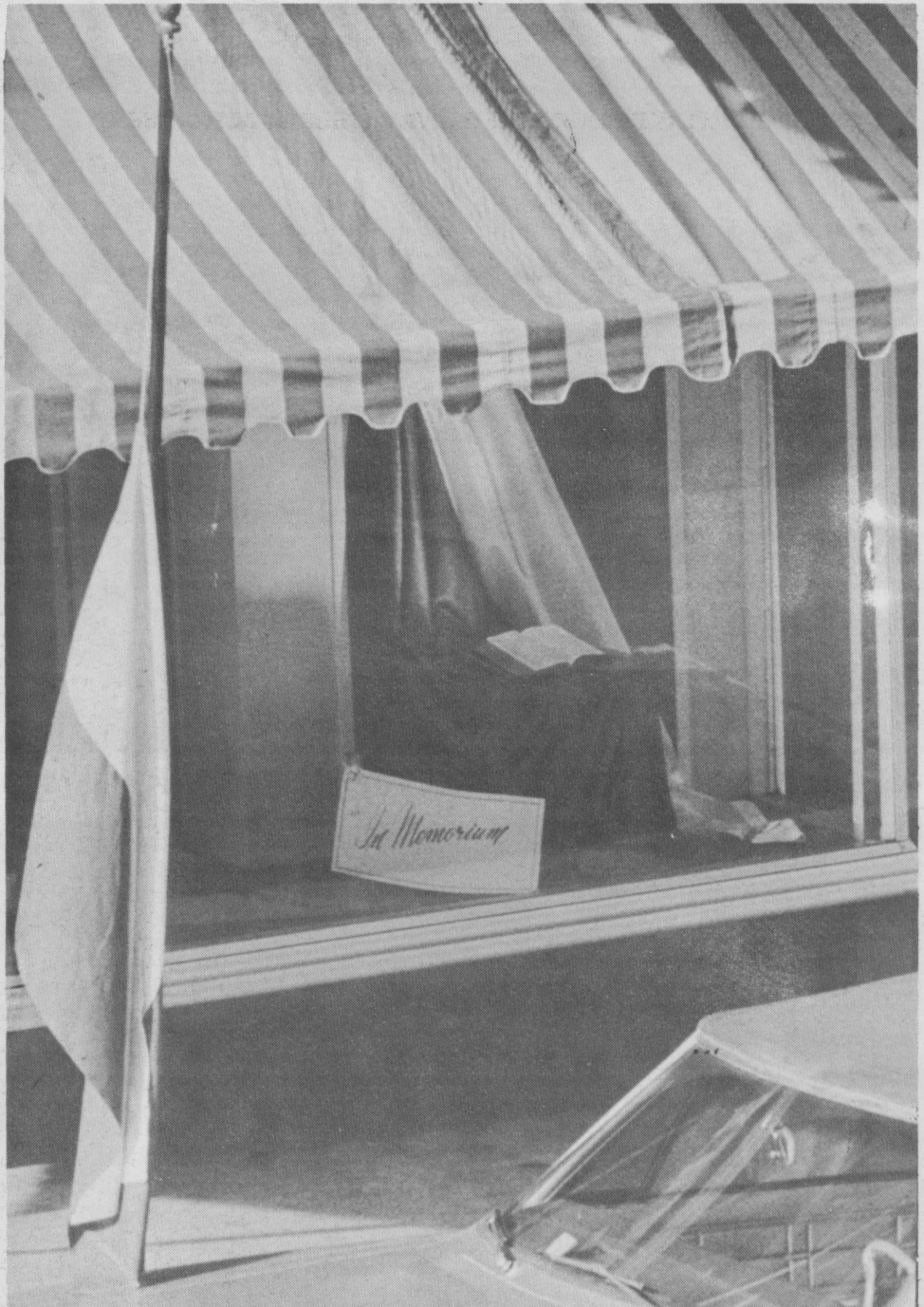
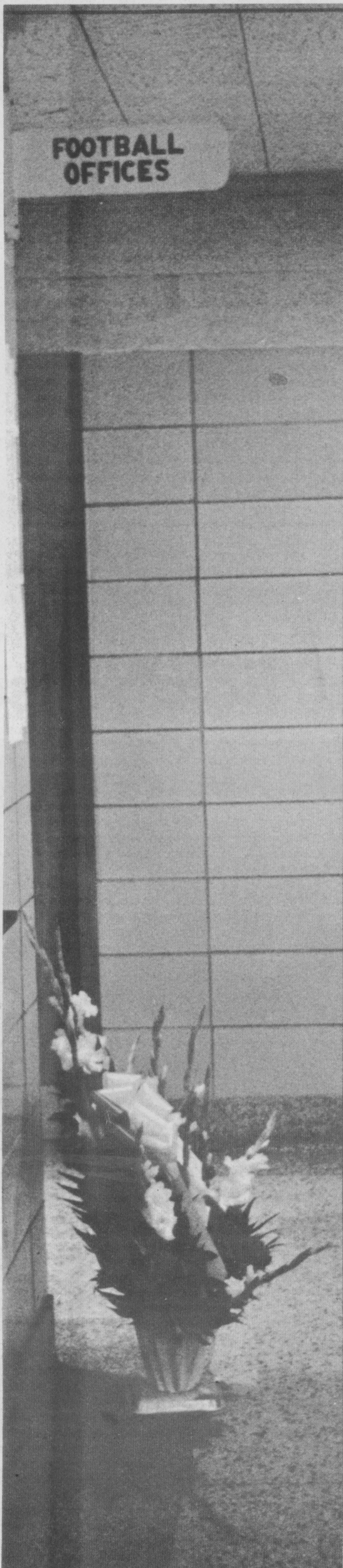
COACH DAWSON (CENTER) PONDERES GREAT LOSS...

JUST A THOUGHT

It seems that everyone has experienced a tragic and dark week-end for miles and miles around. And just the thought of this unbelievable happening, whether we want to believe it, it was violence. It seems that violence has crept into our lives again to make us stop, look, and listen to each other. It's been quite a while that people have been so concerned and so much in harmony with each other.

Why does it take something like this to make us come together, to make politicians consider it's time for those new projects and devices that were needed in the beginning. It's the same with the past human explosions (riots) that played the biggest part in bringing to the attention of the country poverty and neglect. Are these the only things that will bring us together, that will make us say "I really didn't care too much for her but she is a nice person now that I know her, I just don't know what she'll do with out him." Did it take a tragic, violent happening to make us stop in our tracks and our way of thinking, because nothing could have been more violent than what happened to 75 loved, respected and precious people.

HARRIET HICKMAN
Huntington junior





WITH SYMPATHY FROM MORRIS HARVEY ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

BECAUSE THEY WERE OURS

Moments of memories fall fast
upon the day.
Bits and pieces of pleasures that
shall come no more.
And we wait in slippered silence
for the pain to pass,
Helplessly watching their field
where they searched for glory.

The year's first snow is falling,
as if, in some small way
To cover our tears and the
traces of our treasures.
Nature fails, like we who only
stand and wait.
Her white cannot conceal the
red, nor even the blue of our
grief.

-And so we turn to God, hoping to
find our loss in some great plan.
We've given to Thee our best--
they've showed us the way--
Praying that they have been
given a far greater mission,
And shall soon taste the sweet,
sweet joy of heaven's victory.

RAMONDA BELLEGIA
Huntington senior

Death came as a milepost once
did,
Once when we were doing eighty
on
Interstate sixty-four.
We saw only the blur, seeing it
first when it was but a few feet
before the hood,
Gray until the haze solidified in
our
Mind's eye. Then the colors
together
And the borders defined.
In a moment or two or three or
four or
Five, its face was structured,
Though precariously, and we
beheld
The revelation--later the wor-
thlessness.

WAYNE EDWARD GEISEN
Falls Church, Va., sophomore



Why the University must go forward

"We can best honor those who died by returning to school for this is the way they would want it," Dr. Donald N. Dedmon, acting president, said in his decision to reopen classes Wednesday.

"I think the students would recognize that the greatest honor they could do their colleagues is to make every effort to attend classes. We are all in grief, but we have no alternative—we must go on."

"The University must go forward. We feel the families would want it that way."

Thus Dr. Dedmon has directed the University to carry on, to keep the University open, to honor those who died in the air tragedy Saturday.

Dr. Dedmon felt his feelings could best be summed up in his statements before the memorial service at the Memorial Field House Sunday.

Here is the text of his statement.

Psalm 24

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart: who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates: and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates: even lift them up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

My heart is full of grief as I weep with you. It is not easy to speak of the unspeakable sadness which consumes us all. Our sense of loss is overwhelming. Marshall is experiencing her saddest hour.

We cannot soon forget that horrible picture framed by the broken pines of a West Virginia hillside, but another picture comes to my mind which I know I shall never forget either—a happy picture. It was the picture of your loved ones and mine—a picture which revealed the best that there is in man. There in a Fairfield Stadium dressing room a little over a week ago sat Marshall's players and paced Marshall's coaching staff. The invitation to speak to our boys greatly honored me and what I saw moved me deeply. Our coaches walked among the benches and had a quiet, private word with each. I never could have believed had I not been there how badly our boys wanted to win that day—two openly wept, others were ill from the tension. There were white students and black students but they all wore the big green. The game marked a signal point in their life. Small in number but incredibly determined in spirit, they meant to win that final home game. And win they did—magnificently! It is that picture I want to begin to recall this evening. Marshall is better for having had them all!

Perhaps you, like I, would be comforted by the answer of Wernher Von Braun, Inventor and Space Expert, to the question: "WHY I BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY"

TODAY, more than ever before, our survival—yours and mine and our children's—depends on our adherence to ethical principles. Ethics alone

will decide whether atomic energy will be an earthly blessing or the source of mankind's utter destruction.

Where does the desire for ethical action come from? What makes us want to be ethical? I believe there are two forces which move us. One is belief in a Last Judgment, when every one of us has to account for what we did with God's great gift of life on the earth. The other is belief in an immortal soul, a soul which will cherish the award or suffer the penalty decreed in a final Judgment.

Belief in God and in immortality thus gives us the moral strength and the ethical guidance we need for virtually every action in our daily lives.

In our modern world many people seem to feel that science has somehow made such "religious ideas" untimely or old-fashioned.

But I think science has a real surprise for the skeptics. Science, for instance, tells us that nothing in nature, not even the tiniest particle, can disappear without a trace.

Think about that for a moment. Once you do, your thoughts about life will never be the same.

Science has found that nothing can disappear without a trace. Nature does not know extinction. All it knows is transformation!

Now, if God applies this fundamental principle to the most minute and insignificant parts of His universe, doesn't it make sense to assume that He applies it also to the masterpiece of His creation—the human soul? I think it does. And everything science has taught me—and continues to teach me—strengthens my belief in the continuity of our spiritual existence after death. Nothing disappears without a trace.

Our heart goes out to you and you have all our prayers.

St. John's Episcopal Church
Jefferson and Elm Streets
Kearns, Virginia
November 15, 1970

President of Marshall College
Huntington, West Virginia

Dear Sir

We are sorry you lost your whole football team. We are sorry you lost your students. We prayed for them in class this Sunday. We hope you will soon get a new

football team. We hope this letter will make you feel better. I sincerely
Class - 3B

Kathleen Taylor Fisher
Kenneth Robinson
Curt Davis Bill Shackelford
Liza Field

Love Layle Lowe

Messages of condolence

We lost one of the finest staffs in the country. They were young and clean living, and they were very proud.

We, on the Athletic Committee, lost so many personal friends, both on the coaching staff and from the ranks of the players. We're in a state of shock... we lost so much!

In talking to relatives of players one father stated that his son was a strong boy and he knew his son would want him to be strong. Strength will be required of us all in the task of rebuilding the football program.

The Athletic Committee is proud that we could attract such fine young men to our department. Our job now is to rebuild as quickly as is physically possible.

DR. HUNTER HARDMAN
Chairman of Athletic Committee

"Mrs. Smith and I share in the grief of the families who lost fathers, mothers, brothers and sons. We knew most of the people on the plane and will always remember their intense loyalty to Marshall and the athletic teams. In spite of this great tragedy Marshall must go on for the best memorial we can build to them is to give more of ourselves to the University we all love."

DR. STEWART H. SMITH
Dean of personnel programs at
Alderson Broaddus
Past president of Marshall University

Families and friends, Marshall University, Huntington, our State and our nation share a tragic loss. Our grief and sympathy are total. We best honor those who have departed by devoting our talents and energies to the

future development of Marshall University, the school to which they gave so much.

WEST VIRGINIA BOARD OF REGENTS
Prince B. Woodard,
Chancellor

I was horrified by the tragedy at Huntington. No expression of grief, no words of sympathy, no means of human communication can dispel the grief that numbs us all. These were friends. We shared a common bond, dedication to Marshall. Through good times and bad they gave unselfishly of themselves.

Their memory will live so long as we value dedication, loyalty, determination and duty. Who among us has not learned from them that adversity does not handicap the strong, it challenges them.

To each loved one left behind I express my deepest gratitude for having been privileged to share some moments in the lives of those now gone, yet forever with us. To each of you my heartfelt sympathy. My fervent hope that your grief may best be assuaged by the knowledge that their lives have inspired and will continue to inspire us all.

ROLAND H. NELSON, JR.
Former Marshall University President
(Now at University of North Carolina, Greensboro)

The prayers and deepest sympathy of the West Virginia Board of Regents are with all who have suffered a loss in this appalling accident. We mourn with families and friends. The spirit and dedication of those lost will continue to inspire all associated with

Marshall University in the years ahead.

EARLE T. ANDREWS, PRESIDENT
West Virginia Board of Regents

We are not unmindful of the great emotional impact this tragedy will have upon you, the faculty and the student body of Marshall University. We know through our prayers that God's love will be with us all during the ensuing days of grief.

W. W. BARRON
Former Gov. of W. Va.

There are no words to describe how profoundly sorry we are at the death of your classmates and friends.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, IV
W. Va. Secretary of State

Rev. Sublette looks at the tragedy

Ministers are often called for aid and comfort in times of tragedy or personal grief. Campus Christian Center has a staff of five ministers, including Rev. George L. Sublette, Baptist campus pastor, who writes the following message of reality, transition, and hope:

From the telephone comes the first signal of the day to follow.

The phone rings. "Rev. Sublette, have you heard that the plane returning our football team from East Carolina has just crashed at Tri-State Airport?"

Quickly, I drive to Cabell-Huntington Hospital arriving just ahead of the police who set road blocks to assure that emergency vehicles would be able to reach the hospital. (Only later did we discover that there would be no one to bring to the hospital). The hospital staff was prepared to give immediate attention with more than twenty staff members waiting—more than three times the number of people I had seen in the emergency room on other occasions. Friends and family members were arriving.

Twenty minutes later, I drove to campus, knowing I would find there many roommates and classmates tearfully and frantically trying to hear the message—the tragic word that was leaving us all in emotional shock. Walking and running, sobs and tears, silence and loud shouting, the shock was showing itself in different ways.

At the Center for campus ministry, the telephone brought messages offering aid and calling for assistance. I asked a student assistant to call other clergymen of Huntington to come to campus.

Dr. Kleinstiver (former campus physician) had requested a pastor to be present in Gullickson Hall where an emergency medical station was established. The young fellow who brought the message told me, "I was supposed to be on that plane—my mother nearly fainted when I talked with her on the phone and told her I was alright."

Out of the chilling drizzle, into Gullickson, I encountered the chilling reality of those left behind. There also was my good friend, Rev. Charles Smith; Charlie had lost more than a dozen young friends and parishioners, but he was trying to comfort those who had that terrifying new loneliness.

My friend and colleague, WVU campus minister Cliff Sutherland, called expressing his own sympathy and concern, and that of many WVU students who were with him.

And now the hours pass. Students gather in the chapel for services of memorial worship. Around the TV we hear fact added to fact as the bizarre story unfolds. In close contact with members of the Marshall administration, the network of care and concern develops.

In South Hall students are trying desperately to understand—or at least to accept. Friends, girl friends and roommates wander in a daze—broken with occasional sobs. Parents begin to arrive and hear the message, "There is no reason to believe that anyone on the plane is still alive." And Captain Baisden informs later, "None of the bodies could be identified visually."

As morning light comes, Huntington friends bring food to the campus for students and grieving families. People huddle together bound by an invisible commonality.

What does it all mean? This loss of fine, healthy young men of the Marshall football team and athletic staff, the loss of Marshall's finest supporters in the news media, and alumni.

I don't know what it means! I haven't heard anybody profaning the situation by trying to get some moral out of it.

Most believe Nov. 14 is a day full of significance we shall perhaps never fully understand.

But in the hours of that long day... some realities of life... presented themselves to me.

When the circle of friendship and love is broken by death, men instinctively reach out to

each other—in need and in concern.

There seems to be a very human grief reaction which most people share at the loss of a close person. Grief does not

face the truth that his voice shall not again come to us—nor shall we again see his expressive face... It's better to feel the pain and be human—

Life is not the same without those whom we have lost, but

presence of a new strength.

What is it all about... in myself, strongly comes the question of meaning. Not so much, why did this, which is tragic to me, occur? But, life, this whole scheme of things—does it have significance? Is there any meaning or purpose to my hours?—or to my activities?

Some believe I am a friend—a man who cares.

Others turn to me as a representative of the Christian community—and of the Creator whose concern for them is revealed in Jesus, the Anointed One.

In the midst of these whose pain and suffering I desire to share... I turn with trust, to the One whose presence has lifted me in days gone by...

"For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die;

A time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted...

He has made everything beautiful in its time; also he has put eternity into man's mind, yet so that he cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end." Eccl. 3.

"For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8.

"O Living God, thou art the source of our life, and thou wilt be the destiny of our pilgrimage. Generation after generation have passed away within thy providence, and have entered upon that eternal life of light and love...

"O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in thy great mercy, grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last: through Christ our Lord."



make rational sense; but it unmistakably bears the mark of humanity.

It is only with great difficulty that men are able to receive the reality of loss and death. Some persons construct elaborate phantasies and dreams to avoid the full significance of the death of a close friend.

Most persons feel a numbness of mind and emotion when the fact of death penetrates their defenses.

It hurts to lose a friend and

life goes on. Though it may not seem so now, we shall again feel the wonder and joy of life and commit ourselves to new purposes.

In moments of grief, many people become more aware of a need for religious dependence. Through a genuine kind of prayer and worship, they reach for strength to carry them... Most people who reach out in this way believe they have received help and strength... and their lives demonstrate the

Relatives' and friends' addresses given

As the disbelief of tragedy wears off, we are joined together not only by feelings of sympathy and horror, but also a feeling of helplessness.

Following is a list of crash victims, survivors, and their addresses so that we may all express the sympathy and sorrow we have felt. In cases where individual survivors are not listed, messages are to be addressed "to the family of" the victims. In some cases, addresses of each of the immediate family were not available.

James Michael Adams: Mrs. Hyson Selman, P. O. Box 2614, Mansfield, Ohio 44906; Mark Raeburn Andrews: Mr. Raeburn M. Andrews, 4245 North Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; Michael Blake: Mrs. Harry Goheen Jr., 2716 Latulle Ave., Huntington; Dennis M. Blevins: Mr. and Mrs. Salomen Blevins, Hale Street, Bluefield; Willie Bluford Jr.: Mrs. Pricilla Bluford, P.O. Box 462, Greenwood, S.C. 29646; Larry Brown: sister - Mrs. Vella White, 578 English Ave., Atlanta, Ga.; Thomas Wayne Brown: Mr. and Mrs. Bernard C. Brown, 3023 Kenwood Ave., Richmond, Va.; Roger Keith Childers: Mr. and Mrs. Donald R. Childers, 2607 Linden Drive, St. Albans and wife - Mrs. Pam Childers, 233 Main St., Guyandotte; Stuart S. Cottrell: J. D. Cottrell Jr., 1435 Highland Ave., Eustis, Fla.; Richard L. Dardinger: Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dardinger, 7429 Columbus Rd., Mt. Vernon, Ohio and wife - Mrs. Sherry Dardinger, 1025 Norway Ave., Huntington; David E. DeBord: Mr. Frank L. DeBord Jr., Box 742, Quincy, Fla.; Kevin Gilmore: mother - Mrs. Marie Gilmore, 2 Washington, Harrison, N.J.; David Griffith: Mr. David Griffith, Sr., Clarksville, Va. and (wife) Mrs. David Griffith, Jr., 1145 Jefferson Ave., Huntington; Arthur Harris Jr. and Arthur Harris Sr. (both were victims): (mother and wife) Mrs. Arthur Harris, Sr., 108 Linden St.,

Passaic, N.J.; Robert Anthony Harris: Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Harris, 3809 Mantell Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; Bobby Hill: Mr. and Mrs. Aren Hill, Sr., 2911 Kilburn, Dallas, Tex. 75216; Joe Lee Hood: (mother) Mrs. Margaret Brown, 3119 20th St., Tuscaloosa, Ala.; James Thomas Howard, Jr.: Mr. James Howard, Central Drive, Culloden; Marcello Lajterman: Mr. and Mrs. Isreal Lajterman, 518 3rd Ave., Lyndhurst, N.J.; Richard A. Lech: Mr. Richard A. Lech, 3764 Dehaven Drive, Columbus, Ohio 43227; Barry W. Nash: The Rev. and Mrs. Normal A. Nash, Box 156, Accoville 25106; Pat Norrell: Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Norrell, 39 Byway, Hartsdale, N.Y.; James Robert Patterson: (mother) Mrs. Marvin Pleasants, Person Box 407, Louisburg, N.C.; Scottie Reese: Mr. Chester Reese, 1837 Armstrong, Waco, Tex. 76704; John A. Repasy Jr.: Mr. John A. Repasy, 3629 Lansdowne, Cincinnati, Ohio; Larry Sanders: Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Sanders, Jr., 2541 Foster Ferry Rd., Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Charles A. Saylor: Arthur Kirk Shannon: Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Shannon, 118 Kemp Road East, Greensboro, N.C.; Ted Shoebridge: Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Shoebridge, Sr., 613 2nd Ave., Lyndhurst, N.J. 07071; Allen G. Skeens: Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Skeens, 1109 Henrietta Street, Ravenswood; Jerry Stainback: Mr. Jerry Stainback, 26 Ivy Farms Road, Newport News, Va. and (wife) Mrs. Jerry Stainback, Apt. 12 Bldg. 1, 3353 Route 60 East, Huntington; Don Tackett: Mr. and Mrs. Donald Tackett, Route 2 Box 21B, Dingess; Robert VanHorn: Mr. and Mrs. Elijah VanHorn, 3421 S. 18th St., Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Roger Vanover: Mr. and Mrs. Phillip R. Pruitt, Brenda Sue, Russell, Ky.; Freddie C. Wilson: Mrs. Lizzie Wilson, 2724 26th St., Tuscaloosa, Ala.; John P. Young: Mr. F. P. Young,

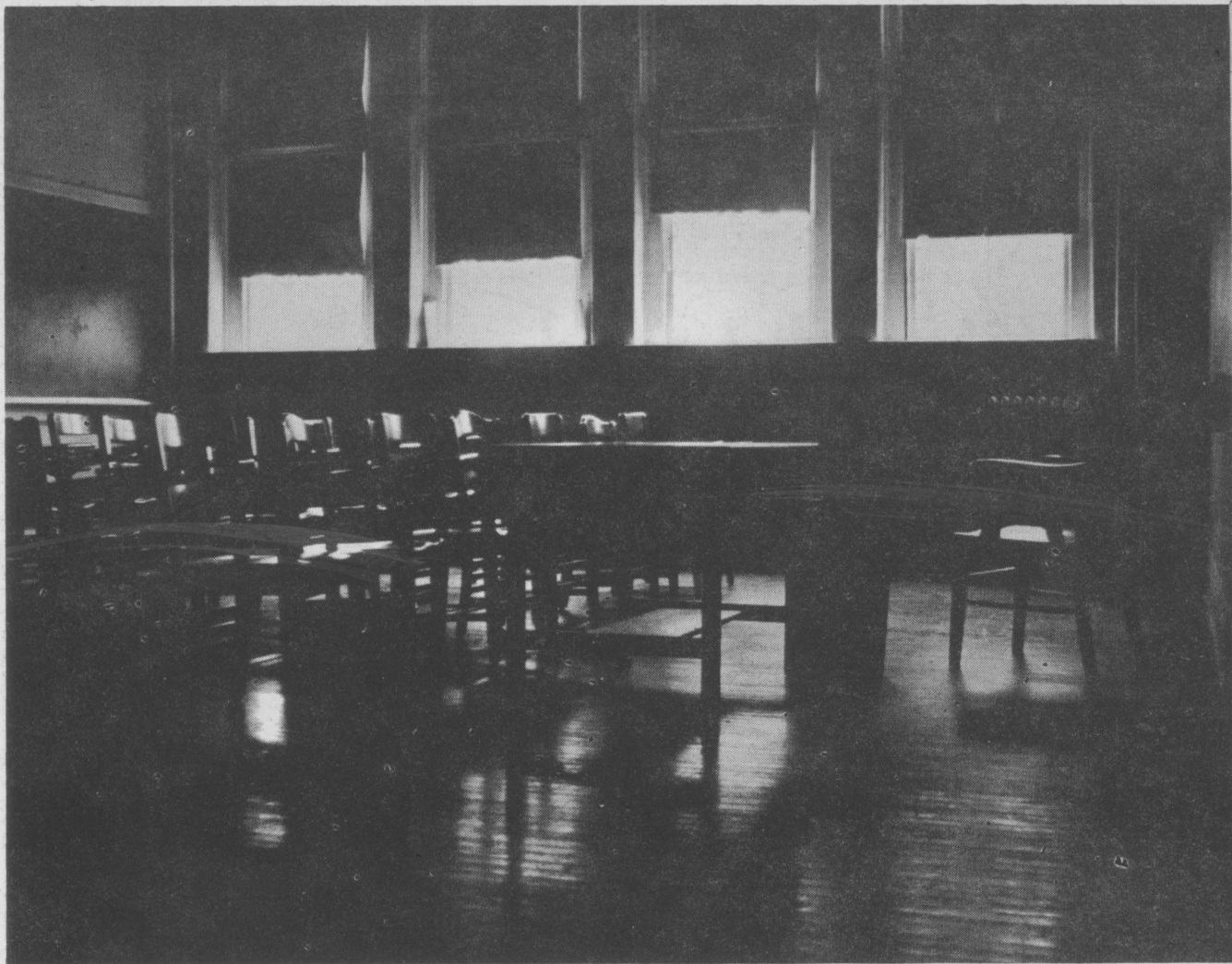
48 South Kanawha St., Buckhannon; Tom Zborill: (mother) Mrs. Walter F. Zborill, 1500 Tennyson Ave., Richmond, Va.

The following is a list of coaches and their survivors and or addresses: Deke Brackett: 134 1/2 24th Ave., Huntington; Al Carelli: 6253 Pea Ridge Rd., Barboursville; Charles Kautz: 436 Norway Ave., Huntington; Frank Loria: 108 Lewis Ave., Barboursville; Gene Morehouse: 606 13th Ave., Huntington; Jim "Shorty" Moss: (wife) Mrs. Donna Jean Moss, 17 Dickson Lane, Barboursville; Jim Schroer: 1208 Herschel Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; and Rick Tolley: Mrs. Mary Jane Tolley, 5036 N. Inwood Drive, Huntington.

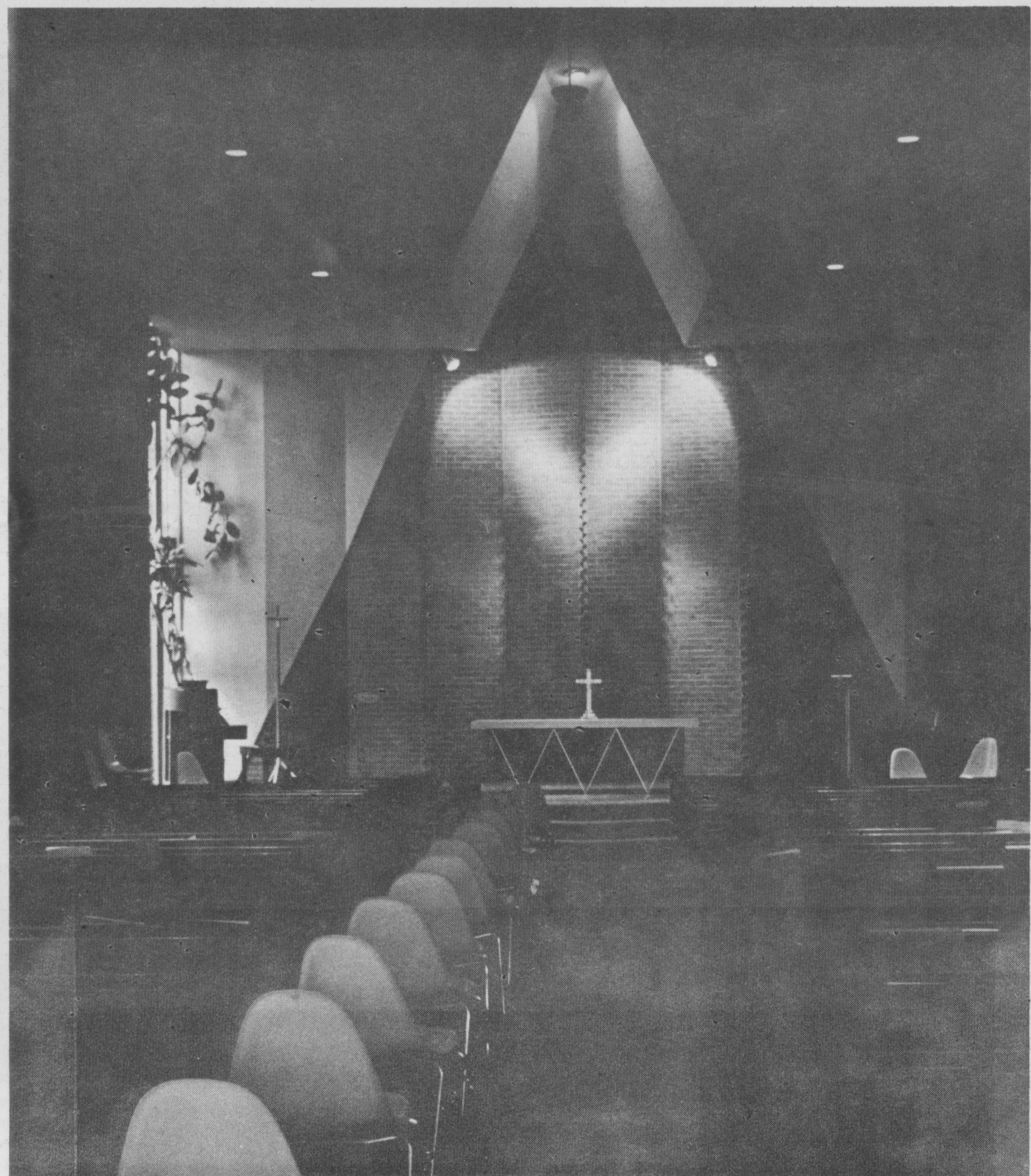
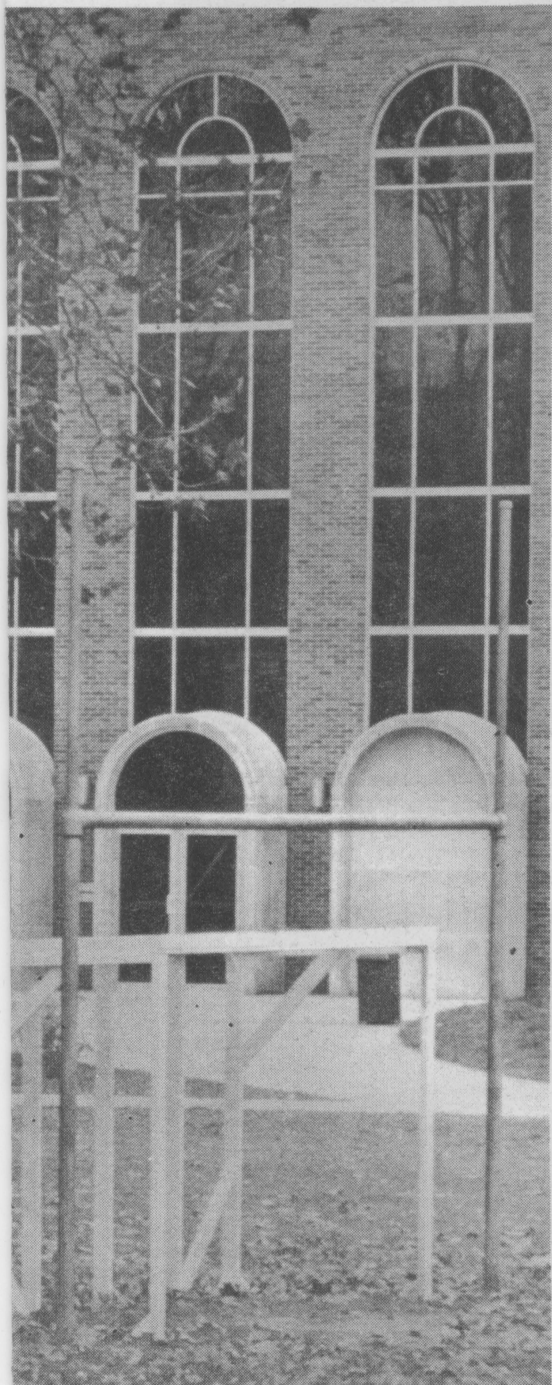
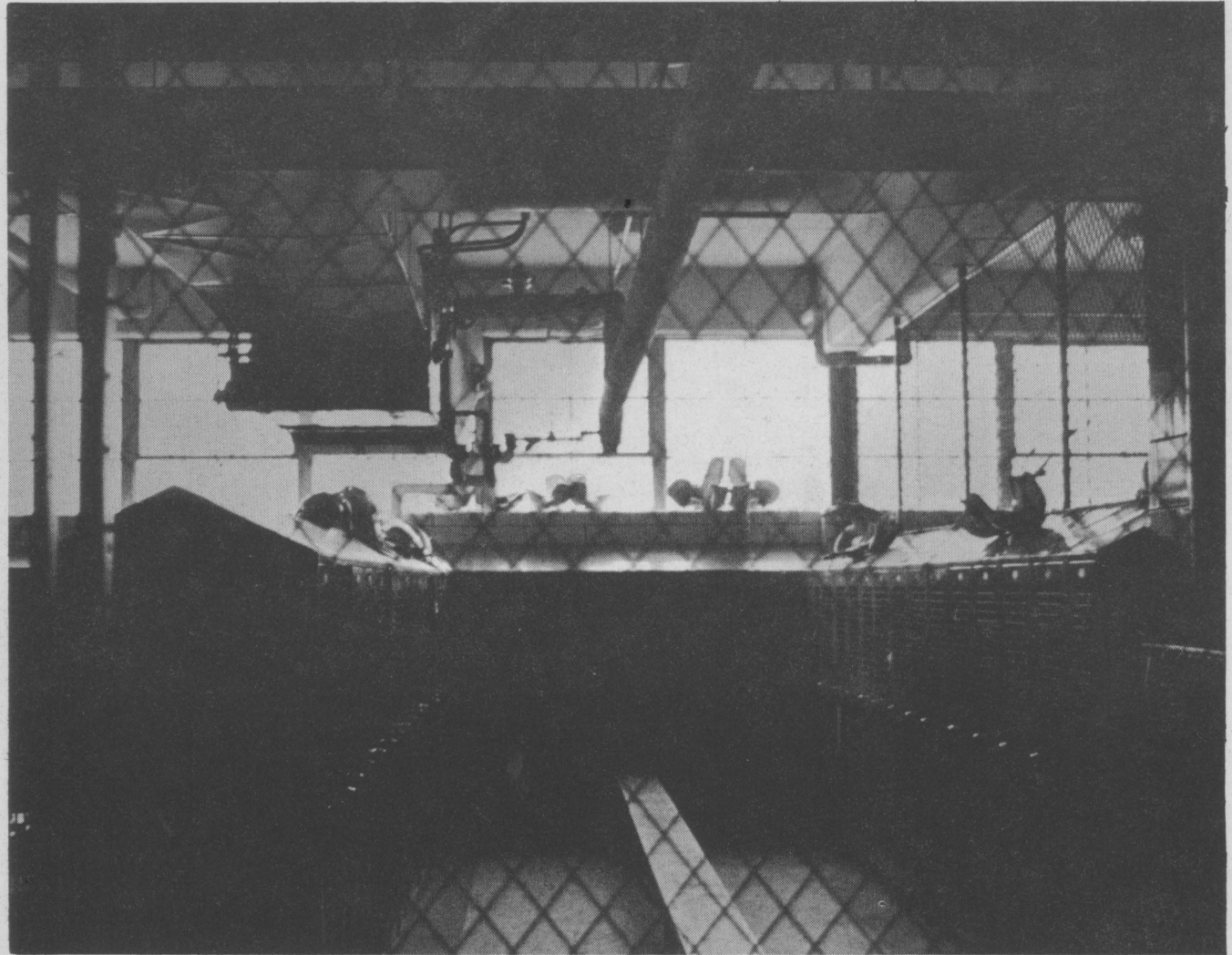
The other passengers on the plane and their addresses are:

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Hagley: 2980 Staunton Rd., Huntington; Dr. Brian O'Connor: Mrs. Brian O'Connor, 6162 Rosalind Ct., Huntington; Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Proctor: 1905 McCoy Rd., Huntington; Dr. and Mrs. Glenn Preston: 116 Woodland Dr., Huntington; Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Chambers: 1781 Woodward Terrace, Huntington; Michael Prestra: 206 Forest Rd., Huntington; Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Heath: 301 11th Ave., Huntington; Mr. and Mrs. James Jarrell: 338 Woodland Dr., Huntington; Mr. and Mrs. Murrill Ralsten: 1510 Washington Blvd., Huntington; Parker Ward: 85 Copper Glen Rd., Huntington; Ken Jones: 216 Chestnut St., Huntington; Jeff Nathan: Mr. and Mrs. George Nathan, 4610 6th Ave., Vienna; Gary George: Mr. Tony George, Box 113, Piney View and (wife) Mrs. Kay George, 724 Jefferson Ave., Huntington; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arnold: 1223 6th Ave. (office), Huntington; Donald Booth: 1473 Spring Valley Circle, Huntington; and Norman Weichman: Rt. 4, South Point, Ohio.

portrait of a campus that died...



marshall university, november 16





SMOKE billows from wreckage, hours after the crash.



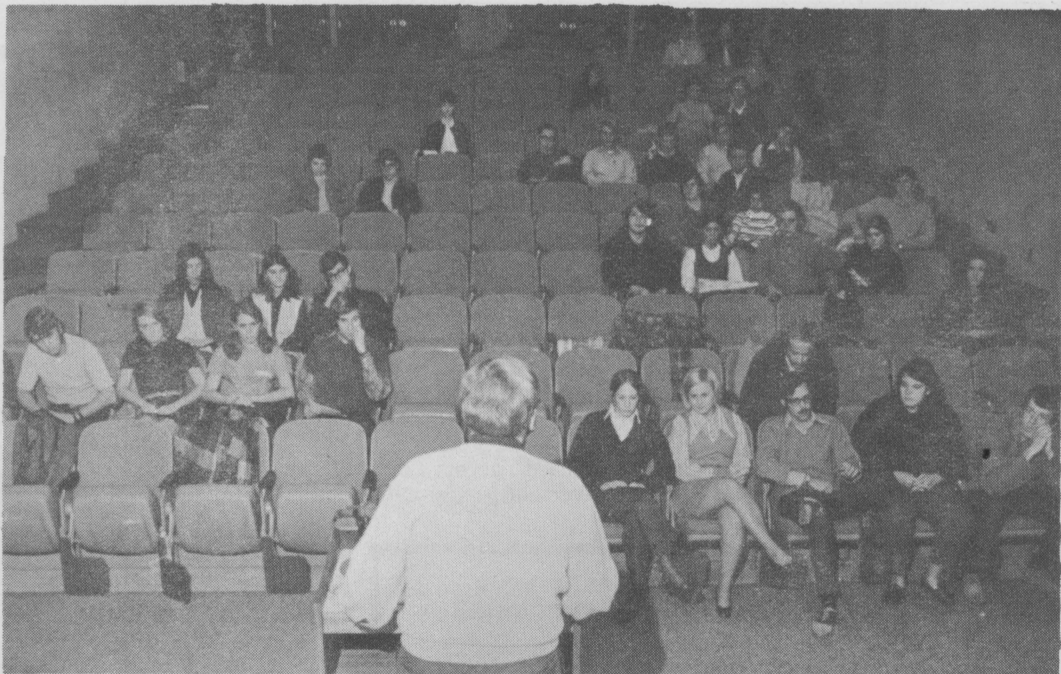
NATIONAL Transportation Safety Board officials examine cockpit instruments.



JOHN REED, chairman of the National Transportation and Safety Board, explains investigation procedures at a press conference, at the Holiday Inn.



SOUTHERN Airways DC-9, identical to the one which carried the crash victims, landed at Tri-State Airport shortly after the crash.



NEARLY EMPTY SPECIAL SENATE MEETING
Senators meet to discuss coming together

'Need to be together'

The Marshall Student Senate met for a special meeting Monday at 2 p.m. to obtain student opinions on several subjects concerning the tragedy of Nov. 14.

Madeline Stover, Beckley senior and vice president of the student body, said that the meeting was called because they felt "they needed to be together, working together as brothers and sisters. We are all deeply hurt."

Mike Gant, Huntington junior and student body president made the following statement at the special senate meeting Monday.

"The tragedy which occurred Saturday evening is an event which will not be easily erased from our memories. All of our most sincere efforts cannot convey the remorse and sense of loss which all students of Marshall must feel at this time. We extend our deepest and most heartfelt sympathies to the families and friends of the 75 players, staff, Huntington citizens, as well as the crew of Southern Airways, whom we have lost. Student Government also wishes to extend to the families of the deceased any assistance which we can provide during their time of need."

The floor was then given over

to the discussion of whether to keep the school closed until after Thanksgiving break.

Mary Martin, St. Albans senior, said "life has to go on. There should be normal procedure of classes but unlimited cuts."

Chuck Pettit, Huntington junior said that he felt it was "too soon. Maybe we could have them by Monday of next week. It's going to be hard going to classes knowing that some of the seats are going to be empty."

John Womack, Nitro sophomore, gave the opinion that "no one is emotionally able. Some of those going home have already said they won't be back until after Thanksgiving."

Dr. Constantine Curris, dean of student personnel programs said, in reply to a question, there are no rules or regulation dictating the number of days the university has to be in session. The decision is Dr. Donald Dedmon's, acting president, and all recommendations should go to him.

No formal recommendation was made on that point and Gant said he only wanted to get the consensus of the students so he could report it to the faculty and administration.

On the subject of whether to play the Ohio University game,

scheduled for Saturday, Senate decide the decision should be left to the administration.

The only formal recommendation made was by John Womack. His resolution read:

"Be it resolved: The Marshall University Student Senate does herewith make the following formal request of the West Virginia Sports Writers Association: That the players, coaches, athletic staff and sports reporting personnel who died in the tragic plane crash at Tri-State Airport on Nov. 14 be inducted into the West Virginia Sports Hall of Fame posthumously."

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Discussion of any kind of memorial was postponed until the next session which was not named.

Wichita to share receipts from benefit

"I just couldn't believe it could happen again."

Those were the words of Richard Hill, managing editor of The Sunflower, student newspaper at Wichita State University.

He said there was a feeling of sorrow on the campus, and all the students know how everyone at Marshall University feels.

It was not long ago Oct. 2 that a similar plane crash took the lives of most of Wichita State's football squad.

Steven Koski, a reporter for The Sunflower, said there is strong empathy for Marshall University. He added that most of the students are greatly sorrowed.

Dr. Clark Ahlberg, Wichita State University president, proposed that Marshall University participate in the televised portion of the WSU "Night of stars" benefit show Nov. 28.

Dr. Ahlberg proposed that all receipts from the television portion of the benefit show be shared equally by the two universities.

He said all gate receipts from the event would remain with the WSU fund, but those contributions sent through the televised appeals be shared equally with Marshall University.

CATHY GIBBS

Southern still continues to serve

Before Nov. 14, Southern Airways had a perfect record: until the Marshall Thundering Herd attempted a landing at Tri-State Airport. Twenty-one years of service and now...

Merrill Taylor, one of Southern's representatives, spoke of the crash, "It will probably be many months before the cause will be known. Federal investigators are on the scene and will be until something definite can be determined."

"A team of Southern personnel will remain in the city to help and assist in whatever way possible to both the University and families."

Taylor and others arrived within a few hours of the tragedy, flying in a sister plane of the fatal DC-9 jetliner.

The airline is working directly with the University "to insure that all relatives are kept in contact." The two together have assigned individuals to work with the relatives involved.

According to Taylor, Southern has been and will continue to provide any transportation needed for family. They will be assisting in the relatives return to their homes.

My thoughts-- What I saw

It was a cold dreary day when I visited the crash site where our football team and many other cherished people died.

On the way to the site thoughts ran through my mind of what I would see and especially thoughts of the people I knew and the memories I had of them.

There were feelings of grief and fear as we drove on Rt. 75 toward the crash area. When we arrived there were about 45 cars lining the road and people out of their cars just staring and asking many questions. People pointed out the site where the plane struck the tree tops and many just stared at the clump of trees that partially hid the wreckage.

There was still a feeling of disbelief that something like this could happen to Marshall. I know when the Wichita team plane crashed there was a feeling of sympathy but the grief for our team which all the students are experiencing cannot be explained, only felt.

When we arrived at the area about 100 feet from the crash the state police were there to check the press and authorized people who came to the wreckage.

As we walked up the road there were burned areas where the wreckage had been hurled but this was nothing like the crash site where the mass of rubble was unbelievable.

The first glimpse of the main area was through the broken trees, where the plane had come down. There were approximately 10 men in blue uniforms there who were later identified as National Transportation Safety Board officials.

About 60 feet from the area there was a trailer, and across from it a house. The thought of being that close to the wreck the night of the crash was horrifying.

While walking through the mass of metal, various personal objects could be seen that were partially burned such as cigarette lighters and tubes of lipstick.

It was so hard for me to imagine how everything happened and my shock and sorrow was so much greater as I was standing there.

Many parts of the plane, such as wires and technical equipment were under the mud where I guess they were forced when the plane crashed.

The airline team from Atlanta, Ga., was working with the remains of the plane trying to determine the cause. When asked if the cause of the crash had been determined, a flight captain of the company said, "We have found various clues but we have not put them altogether yet."

I had originally gone to the site to report the facts of the crash, but after I arrived I realized all the known facts had been reported and the only thing left to report were my thoughts and the grief and sorrow I felt.

GARY RAMSEY
Staff reporter

Moore says airport needs safety factors

By CAROL DEEGAN
Associated Press Writer

CHARLESTON AP — Gov. Arch A. Moore Jr. said Tuesday the tragedy of a Saturday night plane crash near Huntington which claimed 75 lives might "excite Congress" to enact legislation that would provide additional funding of airports and airport facilities.

"There is no question Huntington needs additional safety factors," Moore told a morning news conference, adding that "a glide slope is essential."

Moore said the State Aeronautics Commission, 10 days prior to the crash, had told federal officials of the need for additional equipment at Tri-State Airport, particularly a glide slope system.

At the conference, Moore also announced that acting Marshall University president Dr. Donald Dedmon would select a faculty representative of someone close to the Marshall community to act as a special representative at all funeral rites for those killed in the crash.

Most of Marshall's football squad and coaching staff and many of its most loyal boosters were aboard the ill-fated Southern Airways chartered jet when it crashed into the hillside Saturday.

In addition, Moore said State Insurance Commissioner Samuel Weese will give his "expertise and understanding" to surviving heirs of those who were killed.

The governor announced plans to propose, at the next State Building Commission meeting, construction of a memorial, possibly a "tastefully designed marker" at the plaza of the new State Capitol complex in "memory of those who lost their lives."

A glide slope system warns pilots if their landing angle is too steep or the approach altitude is too low. Tri-State relies on instrumented localizer equipment, which tells pilots whether their path is to the right or left of the runway's centerline, but provides no vertical guidance.

Moore said the FAA had indicated that it was not in a position to fund additions to the airport.

Notice

This issue of The Parthenon will be the last publication until Dec. 1. The next issue will be the special Basketball edition and the first publication after the

Thanksgiving break.

Additional copies of the Memorial Issue of The Parthenon are available in The Parthenon office.

Sympathetic nation sends messages

Over 131 telegrams offering sympathy and condolences have poured into Old Main since Saturday night's disaster.

Telegrams have been received from all over the nation, ranging from California to New York.

The bulk of the messages have been sent by Marshall University alumni, athletic departments and education officials. Many have been received from public officials also.

John D. Rockefeller IV had this to say--"All West Virginians are stunned and shocked and share your grief this morning. It is my hope that the spirit that typified this group of outstanding young men will sustain relatives and loved ones and the entire university community at this tragic time."

W. Shale Kerby, who works for the city of Wichita, sympathized with Huntington--"My deepest regrets over the

tragedy which has befallen your community. Because I am with the city of Wichita I have some understanding of the impact this will have on Huntington. My thoughts are with you and your city."

North Carolina Governor Bob Scott said--"The people of North Carolina mourn the tragic loss of life. The families of those who died are in our prayers."

Maybe the most touching telegram came from the East Carolina university physical

education Department--"The hearts and prayers of the staff members and students in the East Carolina University physical education department were with the administration, faculty, staff, students and parents at Marshall University as we share the grief and loss of your fine people. At such a time, it is difficult to accept such a tragedy; yet, we must look beyond today to ask for what purpose. Please accept our humble prayers and sympathy

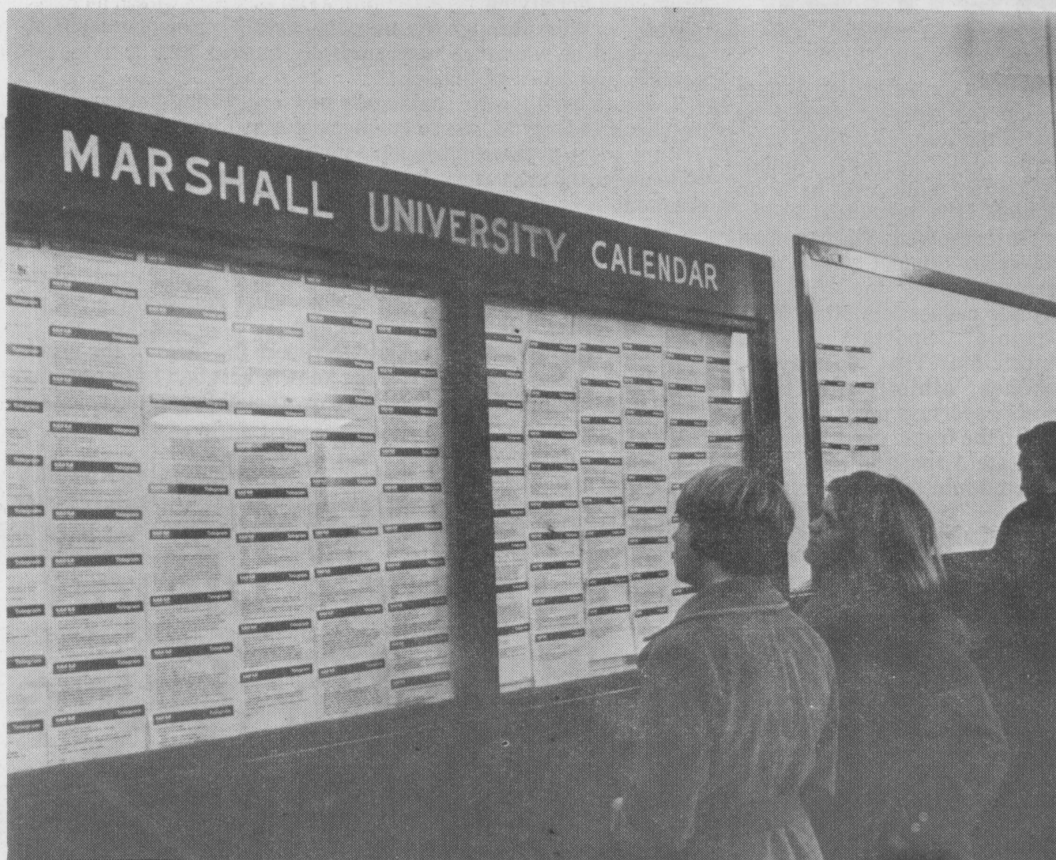
and rest assured that the lives of players, coaches, staff and Huntington citizens shall live forever in our memories. We pray that this bond of grief shared by our Universities shall become a bond of friendship and achievement as we work to overcome the problems of mankind.

God bless you, your people at Marshall, parents and friends of the University and the citizens of Huntington in this tragic loss."

To the President of Marshall University Dr. Donald N. Dedmon,
Mrs. Nixon and I want to express our deepest sympathy to the families and friends of the victims in the tragic air crash.

There is but little comfort in words at a time like this. But our thoughts are with those who grieve the loss of their loved ones. We pray that God may arm them with the strength and courage to bear the anguish of a misfortune that touches the hearts of all their fellow citizens.

RICHARD NIXON



BUS to honor blacks

Black United Students met at 1 p.m. yesterday to make plans for sending representatives and flowers to the funerals of the 10 black players killed in Saturday's crash.

Meeting with full attendance BUS members began plans to charter a bus to Tuscaloosa, Ala. to attend the funerals of Robert J. VanHorn, sophomore; Larry Sanders, junior; Joe Lee Hood, sophomore; and Fred C. Wilson, sophomore.

Members also compiled a petition asking the administration to dismiss classes until after Thanksgiving in lieu of a semester break so that students could attend funerals of those killed.

The meeting began with Macie Lugo, Bluefield, sophomore, and Miss Black Pearl, reading the 25th psalm and the third chapter of Ecclesiastes. The meeting ended with a reading of the 121st psalm.

Phelix Jordan, team member who did not go with the team Friday, spoke to the group and told them how he was going to transfer but had decided to stay at Marshall.

"They wouldn't want me to leave, and every time I do something it is going to be for them. We're going to make a winning team."

Another BUS meeting was scheduled for 8 p.m. to decide who would be representatives at the 10 funerals.

Chaplain arrives after crash

Dr. Ira Eshleman, chaplain for professional football, traveled to Huntington by plane Saturday night, immediately after hearing news of the disaster.

Dr. Eshleman said he was dining Saturday evening with five members of the New Orleans Saints professional football team at Miami Beach, Fla. when he received word of the crash. Within an hour, according to Dr. Eshleman, he flew to Marshall to be with the families and friends of the victims and to be available for

prayer and counseling.

Dr. Eshleman is serving his fourth year as the only full-time chaplain for professional football. However, he works without receiving a salary. "My payment is seeing a football player achieve a new feeling of inner faith," he said.

Also a part of his "most unique ministry" is the fact that he always wears a white turtleneck sweater rather than a clerical collar. According to Dr. Eshleman, he dresses in this manner because he doesn't

want football players to identify him with the stricter sense of religion.

Dr. Eshleman's duties range from conducting church to handling half time interviews. But, he said the hardest task that he had to perform was visiting injured football players whose careers have been ended.

But, he added, "It will never be quite as difficult now that I've been to Marshall. Because the football players here have not only lost their careers, they've lost their lives."

Memorial held

Approximately 600 people attended memorial services Tuesday at 2 p.m. for Rick Tolley at the Campus Christian Center.

Although only the immediate family, close friends and athletic department personnel were allowed in the chapel, nearly 300 persons attended. Many of them stood.

A reported 200 persons were in the lobby of the Christian Center listening to the service and about 100 were standing outside listening to the service through an outdoor speaker.

The service was conducted by Rev. Hardin W. King, Presbyterian campus pastor, and Father Robert T. Scott, Catholic pastor.

Father Scott's address consisted of the topic "thank God for sports." "God plays a major part in nearly all athletes' lives," he said.

In a testimonial to Rickey Dale Tolley, Father Scott said, "Rick Tolley ate, slept and drank football every day and night of his life. It's somewhat fitting that he should die with his boys."

Tolley was born at Mullens and graduated from Mullens High School. He received his B.S. degree at Virginia Polytechnical Institute, Blacksburg, Va., and his Master's degree at the University of Virginia, where he was an assistant baseball coach.

After graduation, he coached at John Battle High School, Bristol, Va.; was assistant football and head baseball coach at Ferrum Junior College, Ferrum, Va.; assistant football coach at Wake Forest University, Winston-Salem, N.C., and came to Marshall from Wake Forest.

Tolley is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Jane Edmundson Tolley.

Memorial fund set

Dr. Donald N. Dedmon, acting president of Marshall University, has announced that the University is establishing a memorial fund within the Marshall University Foundation.

This fund will memorialize those who lost their lives in the air tragedy last Saturday.

Contributions should be sent to Marshall University to the attention of the Marshall University Foundation, Inc., "Marshall University Memorial Fund."

At this time, the University cannot anticipate the wide range of needs to be served by this fund.

Concerned citizens offer help in MU's time of need

Proceeds from the Friday evening Blue Ash performance at the Electric Underground will be given to the Jeff Nathan memorial scholarship fund, which is being established by faculty and students of the journalism department.

Offers have come from Wichita State University to have Marshall participate in their fund raising program for scholarship funds for members of their team lost in an earlier plane crash.

The benefit for the Wichita members will feature, Jerry Lewis, Tiny Tim, Kate Smith, George Goble, and others.

Many people are participating in different ways, to pay tribute in this time of grief. Some families are asking that money be given to the Big Green Club instead of sending flowers.

Though it may seem hard for some of us to participate this way and it may seem out of place, we the students are in essence helping to build the memories of those we lost Saturday.

You would have loved them

(Editor's Note: The following story is written by George Rorrer, staff sports writer for the Louisville Courier-Journal. Rorrer is former sports editor of the Huntington Herald-Dispatch and part-time instructor with the Department of Journalism at Marshall. He holds A.B. and M.A. degrees from Marshall. The article appeared in the Monday morning edition of the Courier-Journal.)

By GEORGE RORRER
Courier-Journal & Times Staff Writer

If you like the clean-cut, serious young men who play college football anywhere, you would have loved the kids who played for Marshall University, and who died tragically Saturday night in a plane crash near Huntington, W. Va.

If you like citizens who involve themselves in causes in which they believe, then you would have loved the townspeople who died with them.

Many of my closest friends were among them, and it is still hard to believe such a thing has happened. It is hard to imagine their not being alive, these people whose very existence personified vitality and spirit and life.

In all the years I have covered college sports, I have never met an athlete with more potential, or a youngster I liked more, than Ted Shoebridge, the quarterback who perished Saturday. Teddy, the kind of kid you pray your daughter marries, was the product of a remarkably ideal family situation. He and his parents and his two younger brothers had a beautiful relationship, full of love and respect.

Teddy could've signed a pro baseball bonus contract out of Lyndhurst, N.J., High School, but he chose instead to first get his education. In the almost two seasons granted him, he set school career passing and total offense records. In his freshman year, he passed Marshall to a convincing

victory over the University of Kentucky frosh, an achievement which meant a lot to a football program in the throes of the 27-game winless streak. Teddy and his teammates were destined to end last season.

Teddy chose Marshall over Syracuse and Georgia because he wanted to learn to play quarterback under coach Perry Moss, now coach of the pro Chicago Bears' signal-callers. Between Shoebridge's freshman and sophomore seasons, Moss was fired and Marshall was expelled from the Mid-American Conference for rules violations and because its facilities were so poor. Teddy was recruited vigorously by the University of Tampa during this period, but Marshall people worked hard to convince him to return. Even West Virginia Governor Arch A. Moore Jr. telephoned to help recruit the gifted athlete. And so, against his father's advice, Teddy returned to Marshall.

Memories of the other kids are plentiful, too. Rick Dardinger, who chose Marshall over Kentucky and who stayed on throughout the losing streak even though his twin brother quit the squad; who didn't have to play this season, but who wanted to because he had hoped to win after being so long a loser; who had been married only last Christmas; who was a student of mine, and who would have become a Naval aviation trainee on graduation. Roger Childers, a courageous former student of mine who had to drop out last spring for a brain operation, but who was working hard for a possible return to the game and team he loved next fall, and who was married early last summer.

Larry Sanders, Joe Hood, Bob Van Horn and Freddie Wilson, all black athletes of excellent future pro potential who saw a better chance for that future at Marshall and went there from Tuscaloosa, Ala. Bob Harris, Shoebridge's back-up man, who worked as hard as any athlete I have

ever seen, and who could have been a starter at many other colleges.

Roger Vanover, who once helped Russell, Ky., to the state basketball tournament.

You'd have liked coach Rick Tolley, who at age 29 accepted The Streak and broke it last year, and who was building for the future. Frank Loria, so recently an all-American defensive back at Virginia Tech, and so recently married. Shorty Moss, the hometown hero who played at West Virginia University, but who had become dedicated to Marshall. Young Al Carelli, who only joined the staff last summer. Young Jim Schroer, a dapper bachelor who left the University of Cincinnati to become Marshall's trainer.

You'd have liked Deke Brackett, the happy-go-lucky coach who began his football career as successor to the legendary Bobby Dodd as quarterback at the University of Tennessee, and who was an assistant under Red Sanders for 13 years at UCLA. Mike Prester, the fiery University of Alabama grad and trucking executive who adopted Marshall and led a drive which raised \$109,000 for its athletic program last year. Parker Ward, the young, handsome auto dealer who liked to do his own television commercials.

You would have liked Gentleman Gene Morehouse, the sports information director and play-by-play man on the Marshall Sports Network. He came to Marshall after a distinguished career in broadcasting, and this fall he turned down a chance to broadcast the games of the pro New Orleans Saints because he liked it at Marshall. Gene leaves a wife and six children. You'd have liked Ken Jones, a long-time friend of mine who last year was voted West Virginia's outstanding sportscaster. And Charlie Kautz, the athletic director whose dedication to his alma mater was unexcelled; who

(continued to page 19)

A reflection: 'Everything seemed quiet, distant'

The cold wind blew in from Canada rustling through the remaining leaves on the trees lining Fifth Avenue. Maybe it was just the shock that I still felt, but everything seemed quieter, more distant. There were no fraternity men playing football on their front lawns. They were inside their houses together—all mourning their personal losses. Fraternity pin lights were draped in black, all activity was at a standstill.

Entering campus near Northcott Hall there were no students talking on the steps, no maintenance men raking leaves, no couples sitting on the grass. There were no students in the always busy Smith Hall lounge. There were no bridge players, discussion groups.

The cold air became more biting—too cold for November. It was so odd to see roses and leaves and still see occasional snow flurries too. It was unusual to see the campus deserted on Monday.

It was unusual to walk into The Parthenon office and not see Jeff Nathan pounding away at his typewriter, always energetic. It was unusual to see always cheerful friends with tears in their eyes. And at that time I joined them and I cried too—not in sobs, but in tearful shock, tears which force themselves out even when sounds do not.

I once again stepped out into the gloominess of the campus. A few students now had appeared but they walked straight and slow; they looked at no one with their red eyes. They walked almost in cadence—a march, something that had to be done—they would not do it if they didn't have to.

Downtown on Fourth Avenue the green and white Marshall flags flew at half mast along with the United States flags and the West Virginia flags. Somehow it hurt more to see them.

There were hardly any people shopping and those that were looked very serious. No one smiled and if they talked it was among themselves and in whispers.

The community had suffered a great loss, too. Busy Old Main, was busy. Not with the business of running Marshall University, but with the business of consoling it, and helping the parents who lost their sons. There were no smiles. Talk was at a whisper, and a few people eyed the flowers in the hall, sent from sympathizers.

The information office was busy receiving telegrams from throughout the nation, sending condolences to us. And my mind switched back 36 hours.

I ran into the Varsity Saturday night to escape the rain falling steadily. I found the place quiet except for a blaring television and several screaming, crying coeds. I looked at the screen. "plane down with Marshall team."

I drove to the fraternity house. Immediately in front of me was a Fraternity brother who had missed the plane for Greenville and was alive. He sobbed incoherently and leaned against the wall in the house.

It had happened. They were dead. Nearly all of them I know. One was close. One's daughter I knew.

I sat up all night with a friend, I calmed my little brother. I helped with the parents. I watched the memorial service, I went to news conferences. I watched television and read the papers. Then I cried.

I cried because I knew the tragedy was true. Reality came again and I stepped out of the information office into the air. It couldn't have sobered me anymore.

I walked back to Smith Hall, down the empty corridors, and the noon bell rang. No one came out of the rooms. Perhaps even the building is paying a tribute to the dead, I thought. Or perhaps it shows the campus has died along with her heroes. Regardless, November of 1970 is a dark time for Marshall. What can we do to revive her?

WAYNE FAULKNER
Editor-in-Chief

A small college--'There are those who love it'

(EDITORS' NOTE--The following article was written by W. Page Pitt, professor of journalism, at the request of the staff of The Parthenon. Professor Pitt has been on the faculty since Aug. 6, 1926.)

"It is a small college, and yet there are those who love it."

It does not matter that this was said more than 150 years ago about another school; it still expresses exactly the way I feel about Marshall—and there are thousands of others who also love Marshall and its Sons.

When we sing, cheer, and pray for the Sons of Marshall, we mean all the Marshall family, living and dead—all creeds, all colors, both sexes, rich and poor, the famous and the humble.

I have been on the faculty longer than anyone else on campus. During those wonderful years I have taught three generations of the Sons of Marshall—parents, their children, and their grandchildren—all of whom were dedicated to the search for a better life.

For the 44 years I have been with Marshall as it fought the good fight—the struggle to serve all of those who came to its halls seeking help through higher education—I have been encouraged, spurred, and inspired by the vibrant, flaring spirit of Marshall which knows no defeat, no despair.

Many have fought, lived and died for Marshall, in war and in peace, but none go unsung, unhonored, or unrewarded. The heritage which is theirs is the legacy of perpetual identity with the mission of Marshall.

Our university was conceived in adversity. Every active year of Marshall's existence has been characterized by a battle against unbelievable odds and seemingly insurmountable obstacles. Stout pioneer souls broke trail through the virgin forest, fighting Nature every step of the way, to build the first building, a cabin in the wilderness at Holderby's Landing on the Ohio River. No land grant luxuries lured great educators to its halls. Strong men of vision with abiding courage and a will for personal sacrifice led a small band of settlers in a quest for a better life. After 133 years of hardship, ingenuity and persistent struggle, it is a distinguished University in the heart of West Virginia's largest city.

Since 1926, my first year on the campus, Marshall has been fighting for its very life—not against the forces of Nature, but against the bigots and special interests of the state who would, if they could, throttle Marshall's most minuscule growth. Fighting a common and known enemy is child's play compared to the infighting with your own people in a struggle to serve your own people. Even the newspapers of the state, except for the loyal press of Huntington, fought Marshall's recognition as a University. The story could go on and on. It is a saga of struggle. But in spite of the voices that yammer "It can't be done!" Marshall has succeeded in providing more and more opportunities for more and more people to find a better way of life through higher education.

The young men of our football team who died in their prime while fighting this fight, their coaches and the patrons of Marshall—leaders in the community whose tenacious courage joined in that fight—cannot have died in vain. They, with other Sons have spread the fame of Marshall throughout the land, and Marshall will stand as a monument to them, their identity preserved and exalted by all those who serve and love Marshall.

In our hour of tragedy we empathize with the great Chief Justice John Marshall, who, sustaining in 1819 the entity of another school, sat with "the deep furrows of his cheek expanded with emotion and his eyes suffused with tears" as he heard those timeless words: "It is a small college, and yet there are those who love it."

W. PAGE PITT
Professor of journalism

Reporter recalls old friendships

This team . . . coaches. . . Jeff. . . All good friends who left memories behind. How can one write about them for two years, see and talk with others who lived with them and played football beside them? How does one quite express the sorrow and loss?

The hurt is great and the tragedy terrible, but I want and need to remember them as they were. The funny little incidents that happened on the field or sitting in the football office or traveling. Let me share them with you. Reminiscing helps me savor their friendship even more.

Talking to Rick about Wichita, how he was so glad the Herd would fly once. . . Repasy grabbing me in Gullickson and cracking my head against the cast which should have kept him out for the remainder of the season. . . Bobby Harris coming over for a steak dinner when we were frosh. . . the time he and Jack tried to drown me early one morning as they broke training. . . Dennis showing me how to do the Football at the Zeeb house one Monday night. . . Jimmo kidding me about only writing about Jack and then Dardinger telling me that's the only reason I wrote about Jim. . . Deke and Al the time they couldn't think of the name of Deke's favorite comedian—it was Buddy Hackett. . .

Frank Loria as he tried so desperately to get the Babes started on campus and spirit stirred—he was one of the main reasons for our '68 campaign of Stop the Streak. . . "Shorty" was the one to ask Rick for my Toledo tickets because I was too embarrassed to go into his office—he told me I was crazy. . .

Or the time Joe Hood came into a film meeting late and one of the coaches kept saying, "Joe who?" . . . Dardinger used to drink the coffee pot dry and laugh at the married players. . . Shoe told me last year he would never leave Marshall, when so many thought he would. . . sitting in the V watching Kev, Kathy, Shoe and Niki cutting up, enjoying each other. . . Marcello, he wasn't as tall as I pictured him before we met. . . the time Dennis worked so hard as a pledge—who was it that made him run two miles for a beer? . . .

Charlie—he never could get my name straight, he always called me Ginny. . . all the times I pestered Gene for info, the trivia I bothered him with, but he always found time. . . Jack and Bob knocking on my door at 2 a.m.—they wanted to go to the donut shop, they said they were "Big city boys, giving a little country girl a break". . .

Jeff, the day before he left, he promised me his pictures would be better than Toledo's—he was so proud to be flying with the team. . . he was so funny on that other trip, since we were on a spending account, instead of eating at a restaurant, we stopped at a store and he did the shopping—a package of balogna and a gallon of milk, it was as big as him, we laughed for weeks. . . Artie, sitting in Monti's kidding everyone about being Mickey Mouse. . .

Nothing. . . no words can adequately express the hollow feeling within me. None.

Things like this separate the weak from the strong. It's up to the weak to ask for help and the strong to be there when they ask. Quote Mike Gant: "there is much more living to be done and we need one another." Those lost have children, spouses, friends, co-workers, classmates surviving and to keep on living, struggle it may seem.

To go on is an effort that has to be made. They would have wanted it that way. The team would want MU to continue playing; the parents would want their children to go on living full healthy lives; all those who are gone would want to know that there are good friends or neighbors to look after their loved ones and give the needed help.

It's now a time to join together, absorb strength from those who have it, and continue to live as those who perished would have wanted it done.

CATHY GIBBS
Staff reporter

Greek organizations express sentiments

INSIGNIAS DRAPED

Greek insignias on sorority and fraternity houses has been draped in black cloth as a memorial to those who died in the airplane wreck last Saturday night.

Greek Council president Pat Farrell, Hinton senior and president of Kappa Alpha Order, said the KA's pin light would remain covered for 30 days, but the length of time would probably vary for each of the Greek houses.

SIG EPS 'ENGROSSED'

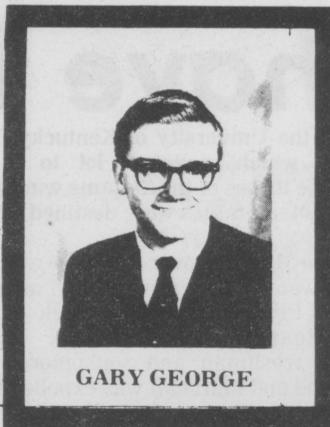
"We are deeply engrossed. I guess you can say that the best word to describe our feelings is hurt. No one can believe that it has happened. They were so strong and healthy and now they are dead. We had two brothers and two alumni members on the plane." This is a statement by Rick Medley, Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity president, on the fraternity's feelings about the crash.

LAMBDA CHI STATEMENT

The following is a statement from Philip Petty of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity:

We, as Marshall students, are especially grieved by the loss of our fellow students on Nov. 14, 1970, but we also can share the tragedy that has hit so many Huntington families. Words cannot express our feelings as we suffer through the aftermath of such a disaster.

As members of Lambda Chi Alpha, we also feel a very personal loss in the death of our beloved brother Marcelo Lajterman. The knowledge that a young man with such great potential is gone brings the stark reality of such a tragedy into the hearts and minds of every brother of Lambda Chi Alpha.



GARY GEORGE

Appreciated his warmth, friendliness

Gary George was a student in a hurry. He never really seemed to walk, but used instead a forward-leaning, elbows-swishing movement that gave the appearance that he couldn't wait to get where he was going.

He wanted to be a journalist and he was particularly interested in radio and television. Because graduation seemed too far away to begin his professional career, he started while a student, working with WMUL-FM station and gaining summer employment with WJLS in Beckley, his home town area.

Spare time and Gary were strangers. In addition to being a student and a radio announcer, he was a cadet in MU's ROTC program, served as statistician to Sports Information Director Gene Morehouse, and last summer decided that a young man with such responsibilities needed a steadying influence. So he took Kay Alford, an MU student from Hurricane, for his wife.

He was a fine student and a promising journalist, having received a top rating in his beginning reporting class. But like most people with such a busy schedule, Gary constantly ran about two minutes late and often just beat the deadline on his well-written stories.

He'd come huffing and puffing into the journalism newsroom after rushing up the Smith Hall stairs, dressed in his cadet uniform, carrying books and a tape recorder under one arm and waving notes for his news stories to his instructor to let him know that although he was late, he was prepared. A backward tilt of the head, accompanied by a quick roll of the eyes communicated to his teacher a "you-just-wouldn't-believe-what-a-day-this-has-been" message. The gesture stuck and became a habit between the two, substituting for the customary "hello."

Gary's most common expression, however, was a smile that fashioned itself easily from a round face topped by a head of sandy-colored hair. That's one of the things his instructors and fellow students appreciated most about him—his friendliness and warmth.

We are proud of Gary. He was the kind of student and young person who makes teaching worthwhile.

We shall miss him.

GEORGE ARNOLD
Journalism faculty

Profits donated

Consolidated American Industries, Pizza Hut division, located in Wichita, Kan., announced Tuesday that all of the Pizza Huts in West Virginia will donate all sales and their time to the Marshall University special memorial fund Nov. 23.

Helping students O'Connor's task

Dr. Brian R. O'Connor had been at Marshall only 15 months, but the young, innovative director of admissions had gained the genuine affection not only of the University community but also of hundreds of administrators, teachers, and students throughout the Tri-State area.

A native of Staten Island, N.Y., where he was born 32 years ago, Dr. O'Connor came to Huntington from the University of Denver, which he had attended as a doctoral candidate and had served as an educational counselor.

Through his academic studies and occupational training, Dr. O'Connor prepared himself for what he considered his primary task—to serve students.

"Brian was very student oriented," says his friend Dr. Richard (Dick) Mund, whom Dr. O'Connor brought to Marshall three months ago to serve as his assistant director of admissions. "He was a very ethical person, always concerned that student needs come first in our office."

"One of the things he was most proud of was the admissions catalog which he wrote last year to provide applicants for admission with

all the pertinent information in a form that would be easy to understand.

"He also originated the counselor's news letter and sent it out regularly to all the high schools in West Virginia area, informing counselors and teachers of Marshall programs. Brian also sent information to University departments so that they could write and explain their programs to student applicants who had indicated they wanted to attend Marshall and major in a particular area," Dr. Mund said.

Dr. O'Connor also worked directly with high school students, making regular visits as MU's representative on "College Day." It was only two weeks ago that he had earned membership in the "Road Runner Society," a name coined by Jim Huffman, assistant registrar at West Virginia Tech, for representatives of colleges and universities who were regular members of the high school tour.

And despite such a demanding schedule, Dr. O'Connor managed to pursue a number of other interests.

"Brian was well known among his friends as an avid bridge player, a camping enthusiast, and a great football fan," says Dr. Mund, who shared in these activities at Marshall and while they were students at the University of Denver.

Dr. Mund is serving as the University's coordinator for Dr. O'Connor's family during this period of mourning and requests that all cards of sympathy be addressed to the O'Connor family at their residence at 6162 Rosalind Court, Barboursville.

A former counselor at Geneva College in Beaver Falls, Pa., Dr. O'Connor received his bachelor of arts degree from Wagner College in Staten Island, his master of science degree in education from Indiana University, and his doctor of philosophy degree from the University of Denver.

He was also active in the Trinity Episcopal Church, where he served as a Sunday school teacher.

Dr. O'Connor had been the author of a number of papers which he had presented at various educational meetings and was a member of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars and Admissions Officers, the National Association of Student Personnel Administrators, and the American Personnel and Guidance Association.

He is survived by his wife, Katherine Klimacek O'Connor; a son, David, six; and a daughter, Ruth Ann, four.

Tragedy goes deep; all feel the loss

I was sitting in John Calleb's office waiting for more information on the plane crash when a man walked in, a picture of a man drained of everything. He was Red Dawson, one of the Marshall University assistant football coaches who had ridden back in a car instead of taking the plane.

The last time I spoke to Coach Dawson, except for an occasional greeting in the halls, was last spring, the day Coach Kokor was hired. There was a talk at that time, of Marshall scheduling an eleventh game for the upcoming season.

Coach Dawson was sitting at a desk on the far side of the room as I talked with Coach Kokor. I asked him how many games Marshall expected to win this year. He laughed and turned to Coach Dawson and repeated my question.

Then Coach Dawson turned to us, leaned back in his chair, and without a trace of a smile said, "We'll win ten games this season—unless we play eleven." This was the spirit that infused the team and coaching staff.

But today, Red Dawson walks the halls shaken, close to tears and in a semi-daze. The shock which has stunned this entire University can be seen in Red Dawson.

The newsmen are familiar faces seen a hundred times on television who somehow look different, more human, less poised in person. The dried mud on some of their shoes and pants cuffs, along with the strained looks on their faces was mute testimony of what they had already seen.

They sat, crouched or stood outside the closed double doors

(continued on page 19)

These losses cannot be overcome

How can a community overcome such losses as these? Three medical doctors and an oral surgeon. . . a state legislator who was a trucking company executive. . . a city councilman who was also a businessman. . . a lumber company executive. . . an insurance company executive. . . an automobile agency executive. . . a television sports director. . . a university sports information director. . . a university director of admissions. . . an IBM data-processor who devoted his spare

time to making films for this university. . . all these and many wives and mothers. . . over two dozen children orphaned partially or completely.

These were community leaders, they were vitally interested in the educational facilities of their community and, thus, vitally interested in Marshall University.

The community and the university are sore stricken to lose such leaders as these.

These men and women who died with Marshall's football team were the life's

blood of Marshall-- people for whom no service to Marshall was too small nor too large to perform. Only last Wednesday Head Coach Rick Tolley was flown to Ferrum Junior College, Ferrum, Va., in a private plane by Parker Ward.

Coach Tolley had gone there to sign several possible recruits for next year's team. No service too large or too small. . .

And in the end, they all gave the last full measure of devotion to the University and the team they loved so

much. They will not be replaced. . . They cannot be replaced. . . Along with their terribly bereaved families, we are all the less for having lost them.

Many of these men were staunch members of the Big Green Club, a big factor in helping raise \$150,000 in the past year to help rebuild Marshall's football fortunes. The money was to be used for football scholarships. Along with the \$1 million granted by the West Virginia legislature for an astroturf playing surface and 7,000 additional seats

at the stadium, the scholarships pointed to a brighter future for Marshall's football teams.

These were the kind of men and women who loved their team well enough to follow them through thick and thin, fair weather or foul (it was raining Saturday) to cheer the team on. . . to try to help sagging team morale, which was so badly needed.

Who will now cheer next year's team in the drizzling rain and snow? Who will fly the long distances to be with them in victory and defeat?

Leaders lost in crash

Twenty-one area residents died Saturday night with the Marshall football team -- a state legislator, city councilman, leading businessmen, and industrial executives, a dentist, physicians.

State delegate elect Michael Raymond Prester, 206 Forest Road, would have been 61 on Nov. 18, four days after the crash which ended his life.

Prester, president of C. I. Whitten Transfer Co., was president of Marshall's Big Green Club, 1968-69, and had two sons attending the university--Michael Raymond, 20, a sophomore, and Robert Anthony, 18, a freshman. He is survived by two other children, Michael, 25, and Mary Anne, 15, and by his wife Nancy.

Mr. Prester also president of P.R.P., Inc., and Prester Trucking Co., was a member of 12 civic and business clubs, five societies and 14 charitable organizations.

Mr. and Mrs. Murrill Ralsten, 1510 Washington Boulevard, were both graduates of Marshall University, class of 1960. Mr. Ralsten was a Huntington City Councilman and owner of Ralsten, Ltd. Clothing Store.

Mrs. Ralsten, the former Helen "Flip" Banda, was from Weirton, W. Va. They are survived by two children, Matt, 5, and Molly, 3, and by Mr. Ralsten's parents, Dr. and Mrs. M. M. Ralsten of Beckley, W. Va.

Funeral services for Parker Ward, 36, of 85 Copper Glen Drive, vice president and general manager of Hez Ward Buick in Huntington, were conducted Tuesday.

He was a graduate of Marshall Laboratory School, Augusta Military Academy, Augusta, Ga.; University of North Carolina and the General Motors Institute at Flint, Michigan.

Survivors include the widow, Mrs. Mary Plyde Marsh Ward, two sons, Parker L. Ward, Jr. and Stephen Huntley Ward, and two daughters, Sharon Grace

and Elizabeth Kathleen Ward, all at home, and his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Jarrell, of 338 Woodland Drive, were graduates of Indiana University. He was manager of Guyan Lumber Company, and president of Guyan Homes, Inc.

Mr. Jarrell, 37, was a member of the Big Green Club, and the Stag Club, and has long been a supporter of MU. Mrs. Jarrell, 34, was a member of the Junior League of Huntington and the DAR. They are survived by two sons, Scott Edward, 6, and James R., Jr., 11, and Mr. Jarrell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jarrell, 104 Woodland Drive, Huntington.

Ken Jones, Sports Director of WHTN-TV Channel 13, Huntington, was a 1952 graduate of Marshall. He had accompanied the team to make films of Saturday's game for his Monday night television program, Marshall University Highlights.

He is survived by the widow, Mrs. Lois Anderson Jones, three sons, Kris, 14, Jeffrey, 12, and Philip, 6. Other survivors are his mother, Mrs. Jessie Pangburn, of Cincinnati, Ohio and a half brother, Rev. Howard Jones, of Sarasota, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Arnold, residents of Huntington for only two years, were strong supporters of Marshall, according to friends.

Mr. Arnold, 43, was general agent for Mutual of Omaha Insurance Company. "He and his wife were just great football fans, and would go anywhere to see a game," said Paul Young, a friend of the family.

Donald Booth, 42, of 1473 Spring Valley Circle traveled with Marshall teams for ten years to film football and basketball games, for use by the coaches.

He attended Marshall in 1955, was a member of the Big Green Club, and was a data processor for H.K. Porter Co.

He is survived by the widow, Mrs. Anna Ferguson Booth.

E. O. "Happy" Heath and his wife, the former Elaine Lois Keeper, of 301 West 11th Ave., were both members of the Big Green Club.

One son, Geoffrey, 19, is a sophomore at Marshall, and a son-in-law, Charles A. Watrous, Jr., is also a sophomore here. Three other children, Kathleen Watrous, 18, Holly, 15, and Kevin, 11, also survive.

Mr. Heath and his wife had been residents of Huntington for 12 years, and he was owner of the Midas Muffler outlet here, as well as sales representative for Jantzen Sportswear.

Norman Weichmann, 49, of South Point, Ohio Rt. 4, served Marshall as a photographer for the athletic teams.

A native of Piketon, Ohio, Mr. Weichmann graduated from Indiana Technical College and was operations manager of Chemtron Corp. here.

Survivors include the widow, Mrs. Betty Wagner Weichmann, two daughters, Misses Cynthia and Kathryn Weichmann, both of South Point.

Art Harris Sr. died with son

Arthur Harris Sr., a Harrison, N.J., baker and the father of Marshall halfback Art Harris Jr., had a round trip airline ticket from Newark, N.J., to Greenville, N.C., last Saturday.

His wife, Sarah, was expecting him in Newark at 9:30 p.m. but, according to a report, the elder Harris changed his plans in Greenville, after seeing his son play.

Mr. Harris returned to Huntington with his son and the other team members and coaching staff. Both were killed.

In addition to the widow, Mr. Harris is survived by two daughters.

Crash decimates medical ranks

Huntington lost four doctors and their wives in Saturday's crash -- a surgeon, an oral surgeon and two general practitioners.

Dr. Ray Hagley, general practitioner, was committed to Marshall University. Next to his family and medical practice, Marshall and its athletic department consumed 99 per cent of his available time, according to James W. St. Clair, Huntington attorney and personal friend of the Hagley's. "He did a million things for the school and the boys that no one knows about."

Things such as single-handedly putting together the first Christmas basketball invitational tournament, paving half of his back yard for a basketball court to serve a day basketball camp in the summer with the money thus obtained used for the MU team.

He and his wife, Shirley Mealey, went all through school from the first grade on through graduation from Huntington High School. He graduated from MU in 1957.

He was president of the Marshall Alumni Association from 1966 to 1968.

He not only gave medical support to the players, but his commitment was total -- according to St. Clair -- time, money and feeling.

Dr. Hagley recently heard that some MU's black athletes were having difficulty finding decent housing. He bought a house on Seventh Avenue, which he rented to them at a very nominal rate, according to Mr. St. Clair.

Dr. H. D. (Pete) Proctor, surgeon, and his wife Courtney Phillips, often traveled to Marshall's away football games. He was presently vice-president of the MU alumni association and termed by Howard St. Clair, alumni director, as one of the most loyal supporters of the Big Green. He is a 1949 Marshall graduate.

Also graduating in 1949 from MU was Dr. Joseph Chambers, general practitioner, who donated time and money, not only to the athletic department but other university functions -- the history department and any

where else he saw a need. He and his wife, the former Margaret Hall, had their attention even more closely aimed at Marshall's football squad this year -- two of their daughters, Debbie and Cindy are Marshall Varsity cheerleaders.

Dr. Glenn Preston, oral surgeon, was not a Marshall graduate but had attended MU in 1948. His wife, Phyllis Charles, decided late last week to go to the East Carolina game with her husband.

Like the Chambers', the Preston family interests centered around the MU activities. One daughter is a freshman at MU, one a nursing student, and one a 1970 graduate.

Four couples left seventeen children. The Hagleys had six--Denise, 13, Kimberly, 11, Debbie, 9, David, 7, Doug, 6, and Karen, 4.

The Proctors oldest daughter, Margaret Kimberly, 19, is a member of Alpha Chi Omega sorority at Marshall. Their other four children, James Dickerson, 17, Patricia, 8, Courtney Jo, 6 and John Anderson, 5.

The three Chambers daughters, Debbie, 20, Cindy, 18 and Tara, 14.

The Preston's also had 3 children, Carol Lee (Mrs. James) Wright, Kimberly (Mrs. Larry) Lewis and Beverly.

These four men were doctors -- their lives were crowded, their schedules full. Their wives likewise had full schedules -- serving as doctors wives, being mothers of three and more children, but they found time, after their families and their practices -- to serve another consuming interest -- Marshall University.

Huntington lost four doctors which it desperately needs.

Marshall lost some of its most hard-core supporters.

The Herd still had spirit

The same fate that has plagued Marshall University's football team since 1967 has finally dealt the most cruel hand of all. The team is gone.

The sharp pain which came so suddenly Saturday night was, to a small degree, cushioned by the shock of what had happened. But now, there is nothing left but the naked horror and the first realization of that empty feeling which follows the death of someone close. . . very close. A feeling that promises to haunt us for a long time.

Marshall has seen peace marches, a student strike, a riot and demonstrations ranging from ecology to racism. But no one group has involved this university so closely as this football team.

They have born the barbs, insults and degradation of the M.A.C. They endured the apathy and dissatisfaction of many of their fans. But, every Saturday, they played football. And they played it the only way they knew how -- with every ounce of effort and energy they could muster.

The team lacked depth. It lacked size. But it never lacked heart. That team personified something we all seek. It had character.

The team possessed that singleness of purpose common to all teams worthy of the name -- to win football games. But to this, the Herd added it's own brand of courage. They never, never gave up.

The most fitting epitaph for

the Herd is one they wrote themselves, on the turf at Fairfield Stadium.

It was late in the game against Western Michigan. The Broncos had driven the length of the field against a fatigued, outmanned Marshall defense. They now stood poised on the Marshall goal line. Everyone knew the touchdown was inevitable.

But, as I stood there near the Marshall bench, I was amazed. Without a quick glance at the scoreboard, I could've easily convinced myself that it was early in the first quarter, instead of too late in the last. Such was their spirit.

On the sidelines, players screamed, pleading with the defense to hold the Broncos back; and pounded their helmets against the turf in helpless agony.

On the field, the exhausted Marshall defense dug it's fingernails into the turf and braced for the next onslaught from a line which outweighed theirs, in some places, by as much as fifty pounds.

The charge came, and was met with every ounce of

strength and ferocity the defense could muster. But desire can only carry you so far when you're outweighed.

The Broncos scored. They won the game. But they couldn't break the Herd's spirit. Nobody ever could. . . and nobody ever will. This is the legacy left to us all by Marshall University's 1970 football team.

CHARLIE TITLOW
Arlington, Va. senior

The Haunting Void

An emptiness now floods the new laid green
And magnifies the grief that fate has stirred.
Tenses change from 'will' to 'would have been'
---Marshall is without the Thundering Herd.

Who knows what wields the ruthless hand of fate
Whose arbitrary grip was felt that night;
What had they done in their short lives to rate
The tragic, shattering ending to the flight?

The sports directors, newsmen, fans and wives,
Who supported Marshall's team through thick and thin,
Gave so much: they gave their lives;
Against the odds of death they did not win.

The sky that watched was cruelly cold and grey
As seventy-five hearts were turned to flames,
Those who played, and those who watched them play:
There's no one left, just memories and names.

And we who weep at that which has occurred
To brother, husband, son, Mom, Dad and friend,
Must face the fact the thundering we heard
Was not a storm beginning, but an end.

As life goes on the tears and grief will fade,
An empty green will echo cheers again,
But memories of those who watched and played
For the Sons of Marshall ever will remain.

LESLIE FLOWERS
News editor



A DESERTED CAMPUS MOURNS
Symbols of sorrow

The articles on this page are the contributions of students in response to The Parthenon request.

'Good times, bad times, sad times'

The incidents that the average college student experiences are quite varied--there are the good times, the bad times, and the sad times. At these different times our hearts may laugh, and they may sing, but unfortunately too many times they also cry. Today our hearts cry, and the tear stains will remain forever in remembrance of some 'Sons of Marshall' that were also brothers of the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity. In reflection of the lives lost we have all profited by knowing, sharing, and loving them.

Words are inadequate. One can only say in prayer--gentlemen, we knew you, we loved you, and we will never forget you . . . and we, the brothers of Pi Kappa Alpha are even more troubled, for we could never replace you.

Pi Kappa Alpha

To the editor

I've never been a rabid supporter of the Marshall University football team, I've avoided lending my voice to the organized cheers at every home game and I've turned my back on the team when it lost because it didn't matter to me HOW the game was played.

I did all of these things because I did not agree with the PRINCIPLE of intercollegiate athletics, but Saturday night I was forced to remember that surrounding every principle there are people, people who are "doing their thing," and I "stood up and cried".

I can not retract my feelings about the PRINCIPLE but I can admit and apologize for having insensitively ignored the people who gave the life force to that principle.

I can now only remind myself that principles are replaceable.

NEAL BORGMAYER
Huntington junior

Pep Rally

How, amid the poverty, war and hate, did he dare to ask us
To "get behind our boys" on the football field?
How could we so easily forget ghettos, hunger and cries of pain
To cheer our boys on to victory for just a numbered score?

We are met again.
The crowd is large, but silent.
The need for cheering is done.
Like the boys across the sea, caught in a more futile conflict,
They, too, are gone.
The waste is the same.

Too late the lesson learned,
That as each death is significant
So each part of life, from the heedless cheering
To the earnest hard-fought struggle
To the endless heartless battle,
Has its season.

Next time I'll not resent the careless laughter of the young,
But, thank God, the sound is still among us.

SHIRLEY KLEIN
Beckley junior

But take me gently

I was lying in a void abyss
without shape or form
And you came and said it is time
to go--and I went
Knowing that I was but a visitor
for an indefinite duration
And all I ask is that when
it comes time to depart
That you drop no subtle hints
or be brazen enough to say it is
time to leave
But take me gently by the
hand and lead me quietly
and swiftly away.

Phi Phi KA
CORKY HALE
Logan senior

What went wrong?

(I'm from Marshall, I feel like this)

The world is hustling by us
while we are standing still
our legs are crippled
and given cause to halt
while others continue still.

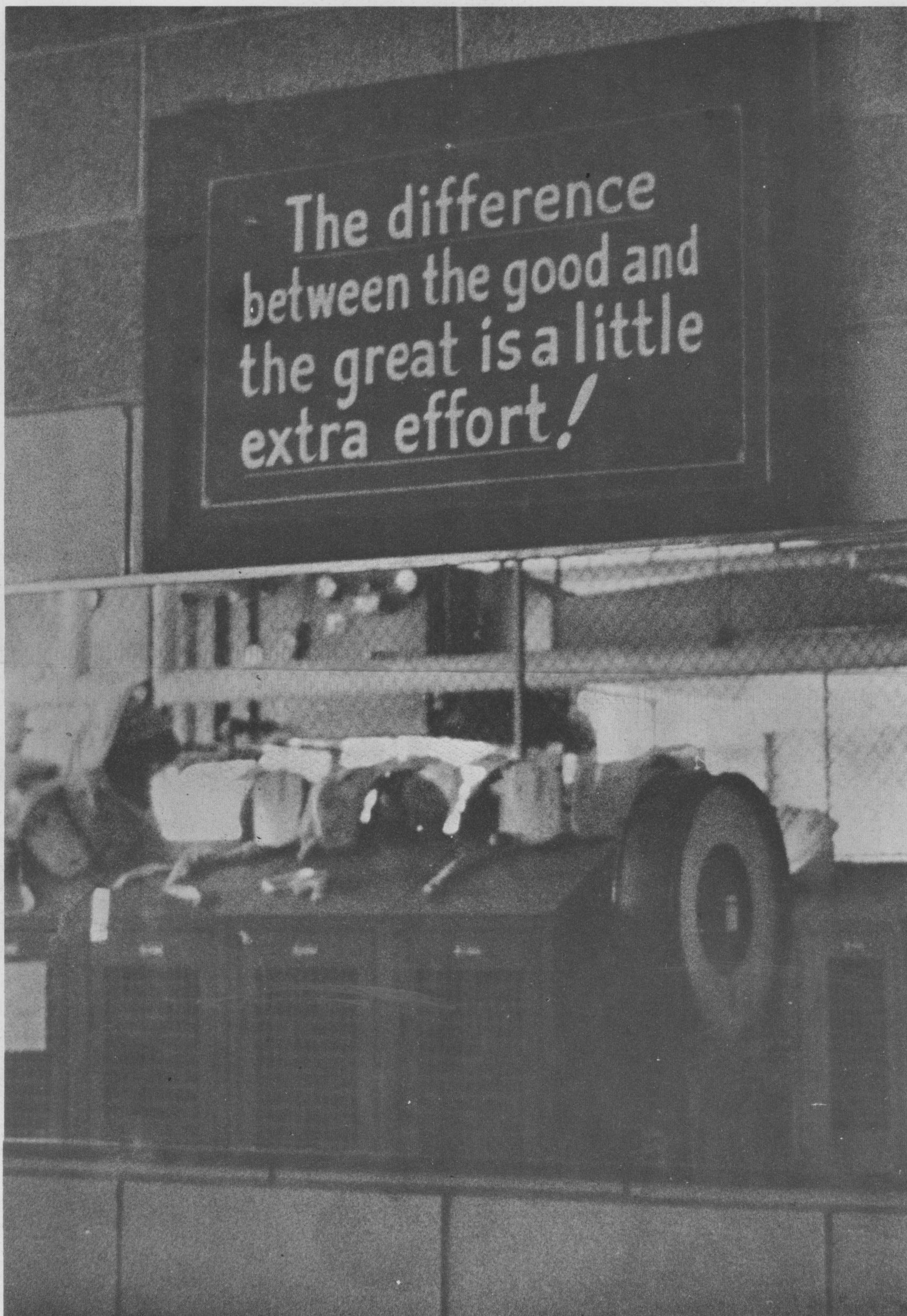
The sun is shining for others
while we are blanketed in gloom
our hearts beat slow
our pulses nearly stopped
while others begin to grow.

The weather for others turns warm
while ours seems appropriately cold;
the mournful, howling chill of the wind
cries out our sorrow,
through it our tale is told.

The days of others seem so short
while our days seem so long
the minutes and seconds
take hours to pass
as we ask, what went wrong?

ROBERT WAYNE FORT
Frederick Md. junior

Spirit of locker room sign prevails



Our team gave that 'extra effort'

We missed Jeff today...

Jeffrey Nathan or Nathan Jeffrey?

I remember the first day in the beginning reporting class.

Was that student's first name Jeffrey or Nathan? They both sounded like first and last names.

The name stood out. At that time—in September, 1969—it was because of the unusual ring of the name alone.

But in a few days Jeffrey became Jeff. The name didn't stand out anymore just because of the "ring" of the name.

Jeff Nathan was something special.

In Journalism 201 beginning reporting. Students do very little actual reporting for the University newspaper. Work is mostly confined to classroom exercises.

I made a special notation beside Jeff Nathan's name in my class book early in the semester. It was to remind me he was doing something special.

"He writes stories" was the note to myself. It was a reminder that Jeff did more than required. He was not satisfied with writing only the required articles. He was out covering news events, interviewing and writing stories for publication.

The next semester came Journalism 202—advanced reporting. This is the class where aspiring journalists really begin to get their feet wet. They write for actual publication.

The class requirement—two stories a week.

Again Jeff was something special.

I don't need to look back at the class register.

I can well remember what Jeff did. But it's there in the class records—five, six, seven stories a week.

Reporting 202 was more than a class to Jeff.

Jeff not only covered his own assignments, but was always available, anxious and ready to do whatever else was needed.

He became a major part of The Parthenon.

Editors picked him "reporter of the week" several times. At the end of the semester there was no doubt in any editor's mind as to who they would pick for "reporter of the semester." They went through the process of discussing all the top writers, but they knew who it had to be. Jeff.

And Jeff carried the title well.

To some the honor of being one of the "reporters of the week" didn't mean that much.

But to Jeff it did. He was proud of it.

"You know many people recognized my picture in the paper and said you're the reporter of the week," Jeff once remarked.

Then came last spring.

Jeff was one of the first to sign up for a reporting summer internship on a daily newspaper. He wanted to be near home during the summer so he worked for the Marietta, Ohio, newspaper.

It was no surprise last September when Jeff was one of the first students back on campus anxious to start the new publication year with The Parthenon.

Jeff was a natural to be sports editor.

Again, he wore the title well.

Some often joked with Jeff that he should install a bed in the newsroom. He was almost always there except when covering an assignment. He was there long after his paper had gone to press. He was working on a sports column for the next day—

perhaps another "Fearless Fosdick" prediction on college football game outcomes.

"We should call this the Jeff Nathan edition," one copy editor commented one day when Jeff had written about half the copy for that day's newspaper.

Then came the Oct. 8 disturbance near campus.

This had nothing to do with sports, but Jeff was one of the first ones on the scene to cover for his newspaper. He joined the handful of other editors working all night to put out a special edition.

And the Thundering Herd football team—Jeff stood by them all the way.

The record was three wins and six losses.

Jeff as "Fearless Fosdick" predicted a win almost every week. The two times he didn't, he had The Herd losing by only three points and then he hoped he would be wrong.

"Miami 20-Marshall 7—I hope I'm wrong," he wrote, "but Miami's defense appears to be too much for The Herd. Miami's the pick, but with all the spirit generated by the 'Buffalo Babes' watch for a possible upset."

Sports editors for the school paper are expected to go to all the home games and some away games, but few have made it to every game.

Jeff did.

RALPH TURNER
Instructor in journalism

All's too quiet-- Jeff isn't here

The newsroom is busy today, just like every day. The task is a little different. We're putting out a paper, but it's not a regular paper. We have the sad task of putting out the memorial edition of The Parthenon. The first of it's kind, and hopefully, the last.

It was sports and we needed our sports expert, Jeff Nathan. But Jeff wasn't here and we were floundering without him. Not one knew the players and their numbers, no one knew what was in the sports files, no one knew anything—except Jeff and Jeff wasn't here.

Jeff was a lively person, the most lively I've ever known. He was always on the go—somewhere. He rushed everywhere he went and it was a job to keep up with him. But he managed to get it done.

When he was a reporter, he turned in three times as many stories as anyone else. He even got the title "reporter of the semester."

We used to kid him unmercifully about that one.

I came into the office Friday morning like I always did. And there was Jeff, on the phone, just like he always was. This time it was to the sports information director of East Carolina. Jeff didn't have his tickets yet and he was worried because he thought he wouldn't get to go to the game, something he wanted very much to do.

Friday afternoon I went out of town. As I was waiting for the cab to pick me up, Jeff walked by. He was in a hurry, as usual. This time he was coming back to the office to see if his tickets had gotten here. He was very excited about the upcoming plane trip. He was exalting over the fact that he had gotten his expenses for the next two out of town trips and now he was going to spend it.

Then the cab came and he went his way and I went mine.

And now Jeff isn't here anymore.

His absence is greatly felt by all of us.

MARTI VOGEL
Managing editor

Jeff played the game well

Jeff Nathan is dead! Thursday I saw him at The Parthenon offices, live and vibrant. Why is he dead? Why did the crash happen? The questions come easy, the answers do not.

Thoughts are muddled at a time like this. You pray for the immortal soul and for a fair judgment on that day of last judgment. But you still do not understand why his mortal life was snuffed out so quickly and so terribly.

One line keeps running through my head. It was written by Grantland Rice, the greatest sports writer of all-time, "When the One Great Scorekeeper comes to mark against your name, win or lose it matters not, it's how you played the game." Jeff Nathan played the game well.

Jeff worked hard, always trying to win, but knowing how to lose. And he felt deeply. He loved Marshall and West Virginia. Through his spirit and drive it seems he wished to make his adopted home state a better place. He did.

Students and teachers do not usually get to know each other outside the classroom situation. For me, this was not the case with Jeff Nathan.

Only a few weeks ago I went over to Gullickson Hall and played a pick-up basketball game with him. We had several times eaten lunch together and discussed future story possibilities. There seemed little of the stilted relationship which is so common between student and teacher.

I will never forget Jeff—he was a friend.

CARL DENBOW
Instructor of journalism

Please note:

Jeff Nathan was sports editor of The Parthenon. He died Saturday night along with 74 other persons in the crash of the DC-9. These are the recollections and reactions of The Parthenon staff and the faculty of the Department of Journalism.

Hoof Beats



by Jeff Nathan

-30-

You would have...

(continued from page 13)

had patiently worked for years to rise to his position.

You would have loved my family physician, Dr. Ray Hagley, and his wife, Shirley, who left six children, the oldest of whom is about 13. Young Doc Ray, known to his friends as the Highlawn Healer, about 35, almost a father to Louisvillian Bob Redd when Bob was a Marshall basketball; former president of the Marshall Alumni Association; former Golden Gloves champion; former Navy doctor with the Marines in the Cuban crisis; a tremendously involved young leader who lived almost as though he suspected his fate.

You'd have liked Murrill Ralsten, a schoolmate of mine throughout high school and college, and his wife, Flip, a classmate in graduate school. . . Murrill, who said I'm the only journalist who can spell his name correctly, who established a highly successful clothing store adjacent to the Marshall campus, who involved himself in Marshall's sports program.

Bought Team Mascot

You'd have liked Dr. Pete Proctor and his wife, Courtney, who in August bought a live baby buffalo to serve as a mascot for the Thundering Herd. . . Pete, who quit teaching school and went back to medical school, who often found time to watch Marshall practice and kibitz with sports writers. . .

You'd have liked Dr. Joe Chambers, whose daughters, Debbie and Cindy, are pretty Marshall cheerleaders, and who liked to mix his rooting for the team with his hobby, taking pictures. . . Jeff Nathan and Gary George, journalism students who were just learning to cover football games. . .

Together, they made up almost the whole of the football program of my alma mater. And they were dedicated as only those who have shared adversity can be. Their similarity to the people at the University of Louisville, which I now cover, never ceases to amaze me.

You would have loved them. I did, and I'll never forget them.

Sense of loss in tragedy

(continued from page 14)

which shielded the FAA experts from their pointed questions.

Then, the voices inside rose, almost imperceptibly and the muffled word "adjourned" filtered through the doors.

Then the doors opened and the news media flooded into the room. This was no ordinary assignment. A slightly trembling hand adjusted camera controls or the two matches needed to light one cigarette testified to that.

A group of FAA experts had just finished reporting their preliminary findings and now those findings were to be revealed to the press. This is how it began at the Holiday Inn at approximately 7:30 Sunday evening.

CHARLIE TITLOW
Arlington Va., senior

Ticket loan ends in death

HUNTINGTON AP - A state delegate-elect rode to his death on a borrowed ticket in the Marshall air disaster.

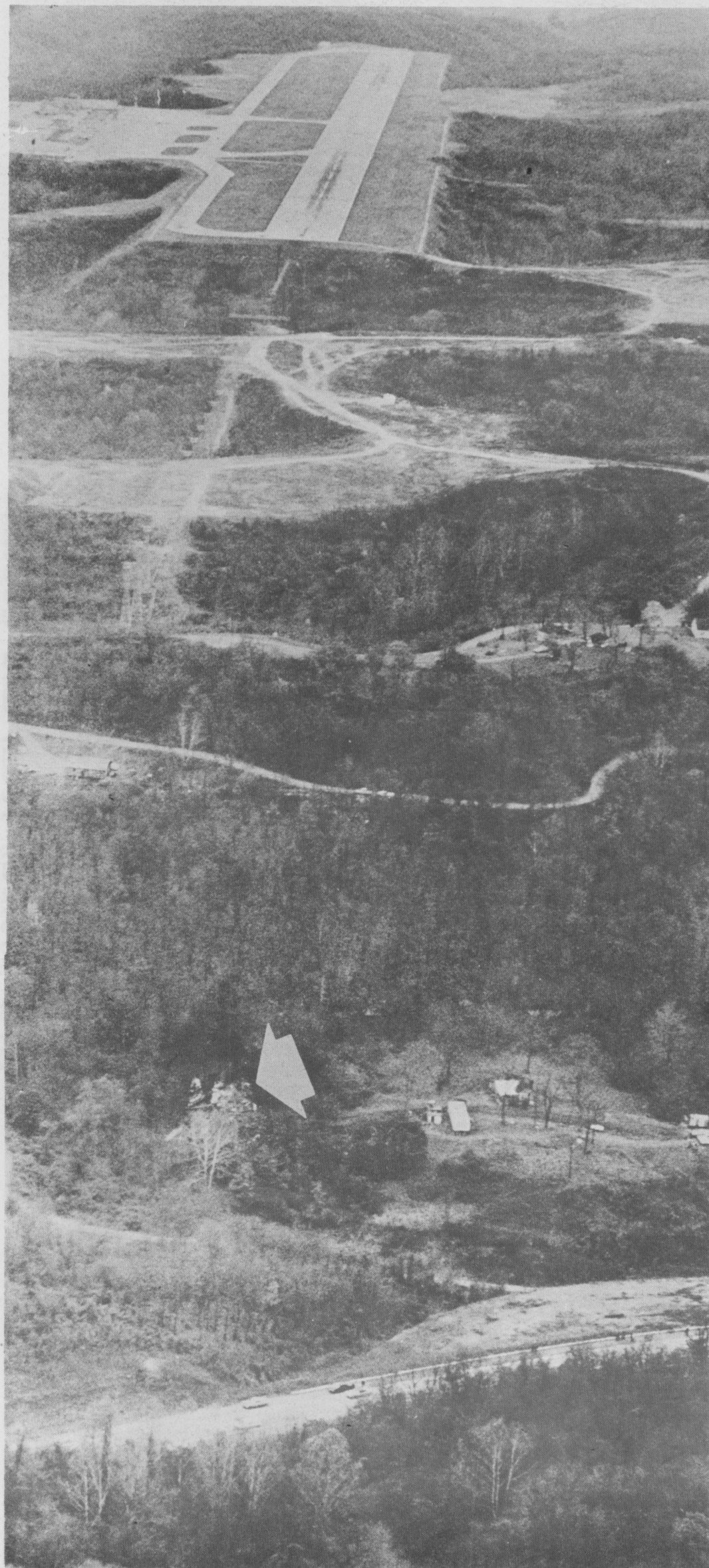
Michael Pretera of Huntington "took my ticket," said Coleman Trainor Jr., president of the First Huntington National Bank here.

"I mentioned I was not sure if I was going and he grabbed it

eagerly from my hand and said, "Well, I'll use it."

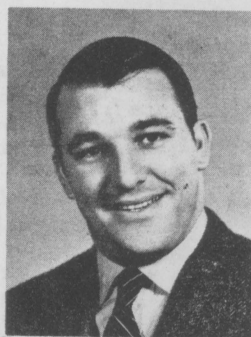
Trainor said Pretera flew into the airport Friday from Washington, D.C., just in time to make the flight with the team to Greenville, N.C., and just had enough time to pick up

mail that his wife had left him at the airport.

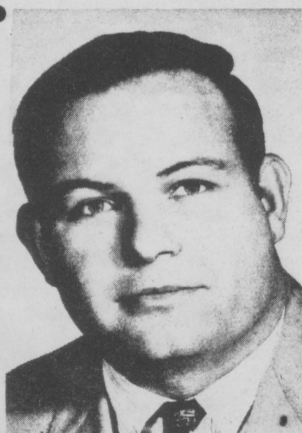


THE ARROW in this aerial shot designates the crash area and shows the nearness of the wreckage to Tri-State Airport.

The staff...



AL CARELLI
Offensive Line Coach



RICK TOLLEY
Head Football Coach



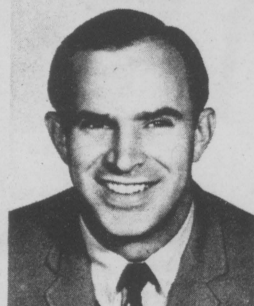
CHARLES E. KAUTZ
Director of Athletics



GENE MOREHOUSE
Sports Information Director



DEKE BRACKETT
Kicking Coach



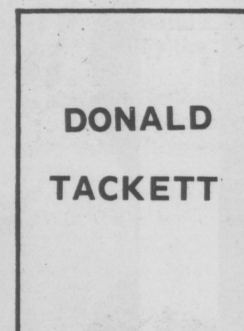
JIM 'SHORTY' MOSS
Offensive Coordinator



FRANK LORIA
Defensive Backs Coach



JIM SCHROER
Head Trainer



DONALD TACKETT
Student Trainer

Five coaches, the athletic director, the sports information director and two trainers were among those who perished in the tragic plane crash.

Rick Tolley, Jim Moss, Deke Brackett, Al Carelli, and Frank Loria were coaches, but more important they were men.

As coaches, they were praised and cursed by fans as a game would go well-then poorly. The coaches and staff who worked daily with them held the highest regard for them as men and coaches.

RICK TOLLEY

Rick Tolley, head football coach, was described as a man who was very dedicated and sincerely interested in all of his players. He was a strong disciplinarian but was fair.

"Hard but fair" is the phrase used by the team in practice to describe him.

"He was a man of self-sacrifice and pride. He gave so much time and effort to the football program, night and day, sometimes around the clock he would work for the program. He wanted to improve it and make it among the finest." These are the words used to describe Coach Tolley by Phyllis Turner, secretary at the football office. "He was a quiet person and always had a grin on his face," she said.

"An iron claw with a velvet glove" is the way Dr. Frederick Fitch, chairman of the Department of Physical Education described Tolley.

"A quiet person with few emotions showing, yet with a strong personality," is the way Jack Cook, baseball coach, described the head coach; Ed Prelaz, physical education instructor said, "Tolley was a fine man to work with. I respected his discipline and fairness."

Robert Saunders, swimming coach, said, "The coach would have an open house after a home game and talk to us. He was a man that came on as a strong and rough, but talking to him showed that he was quiet and easy-going."

"He was a strong man. He desired and knew how to go out and make things work," were the words of Dan D'antoni, freshman basketball coach, in describing coach Tolley.

Ed Starling, assistant athletic director, said, "I was very close to him and all of them. I think the unfortunate victims were the cream of the crop," he added.

Gail Parker said Tolley was "tough when he had to be, but knew when to let up."

Carl Koker, line coach, said of Tolley, "He made everything

go. He lived what he believed."

DEKE BRACKETT

"Deke was a strong believer in profession of strong football coaching," was the way Carl Koker described Deke Brackett.

Dr. Fitch said of Deke Brackett, "Deke was the 'old pro' of the business. He kept everyone's morale up. He was a very capable guy."

Jack Cook said, "Brackett was one of the most jovial of the coaches. He was down to earth and told many funny stories."

JIM 'SHORTY' MOSS

Jim "Shorty" Moss offensive coordinator, has been described as "a hard working, dedicated and efficient person." He constantly spoke of his pride in the team, and his desire to excel was contagious," according to football coach Carl Koker. "He also had compassion for the players and people and was a very capable coach," said Coach Cook.

A native West Virginian who was dedicated to Marshall," is the way Dr. Fitch described Moss.

AL CARELLI

FRANK LORIA

Al Carelli, offensive line coach, and Frank Loria, defensive back coach, were described by those who worked with them as enthusiastic,

energetic, and dedicated. They had confidence in themselves and the team and were always involved with the improvement of the football program.

CHARLES KAUTZ

"Charlie was the most likeable person I have ever known--always looking for challenges, things to do." This statement by Ed Starling easily sums up the personality of MU's director of Athletics, Charles E. Kautz.

From the moment "Charlie" became director in November, 1969, he set out repairing the damage wrought through summer 1969. He was always trying for more and better facilities, such as his guiding the reconstruction of Fairfield Stadium, finished this year for the Big Green football games.

Charlie was a native of Huntington and a graduate of Marshall.

GENE MOREHOUSE

"The Voice of the Herd" came to Marshall in July of 1968 after a 22-year career in broadcasting.

Morehouse was responsible for the production and play-by-play broadcasting of the Marshall radio network. He was one of the country's few sports information directors who handled both the sports information and the network.

The Newark, N.J., native came to W. Va. in 1949. Before he came to MU, he was a sports announcer for WJLS in Beckley, which he considered his "hometown."

Beckley shares our loss. Various churches in the area had special prayers for him during Sunday services.

JIM SCHROER

A personable staff member and a capable and excellent trainer, Jim Schroer joined the MU staff in January of this year. Jim was a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, 28 years old and unmarried.

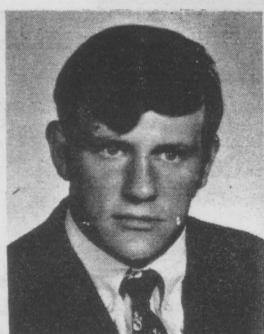
Ed Prelaz, who will be replacing Jim, said that he had ingenuity and foresight as a trainer. "He handled the team well," he said, "and improved the program with new ideas. He upgraded the profession."

DONALD TACKETT

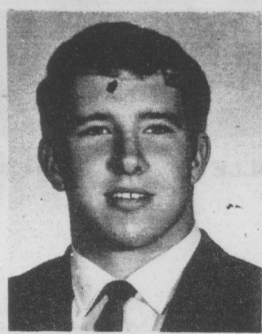
Donald Tackett, student assistant trainer from Dingess, W. Va., was a senior physical education and special education,

"Don was a quiet type guy, and those who knew him thought he was personable, easy to get along with, and he really enjoyed his work," said Louis Teake, student trainer. Teake said Don was planning to go into physical therapy or athletic training after graduation.

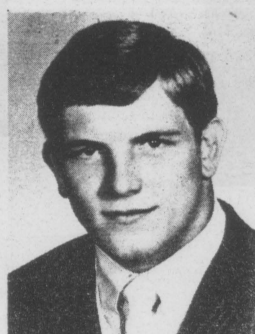
The players...



JIM ADAMS
Mansfield, Ohio senior



MARK ANDREWS
Cincinnati, Ohio junior



MIKE BLAKE
Huntington sophomore



DENNIS BLEVINS
Bluefield junior



WILLIE BLUFORD
Greenwood, S.C. junior



LARRY BROWN
Atlanta, Ga. senior



TOM BROWN
Richmond, Va. senior



ROGER CHILDERS
St. Albans sophomore



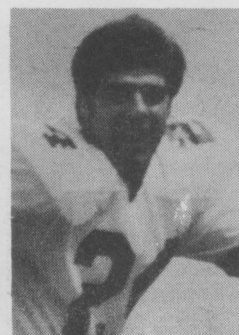
STUART COTTRELL
Eustis, Fla. sophomore



RICK DARDINGER
Mount Vernon, Ohio senior



DAVID DeBORD
Quincy, Fla. senior



KEVIN GILMORE
Harrison, N.J. senior



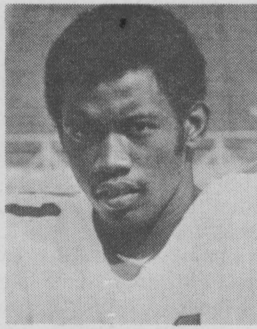
DAVE GRIFFITH
Clarksville, Va. senior



ART HARRIS
Passaic, N.J. sophomore



BOB HARRIS
Cincinnati, Ohio junior



BOB HILL
Dallas, Tex. sophomore



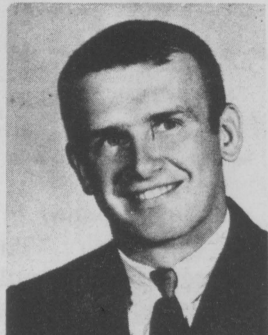
JOE HOOD
Tuscaloosa, Ala. sophomore



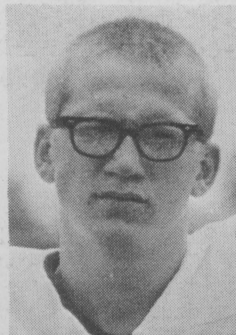
TOM HOWARD
Milton junior



MARCELO LAJTERMAN
Lyndhurst, N.J. sophomore



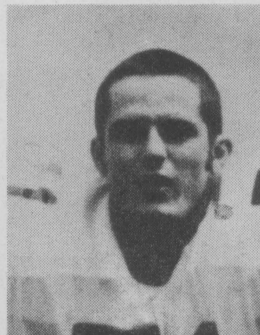
RICHARD LECH
Columbus, Ohio junior



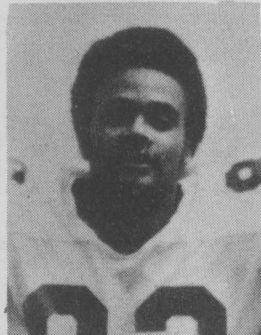
BARRY NASH
Man sophomore



PAT NORRELL
Hartsdale, N.Y. senior



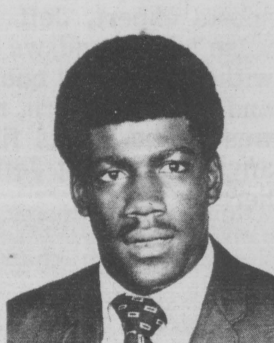
JAMES ROBERT PATTERSON
Louisburg, N.C. junior



SCOTTY REESE
Waco, Tex. junior



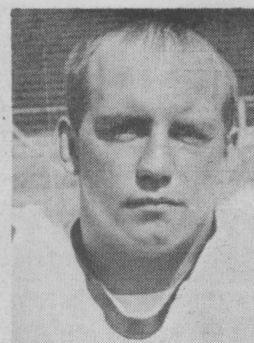
JACK REPASY
Cincinnati, Ohio junior



LARRY SANDERS
Tuscaloosa, Ala. junior



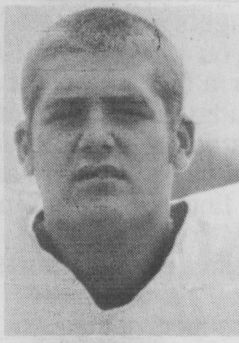
AL SAYLOR
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio sophomore



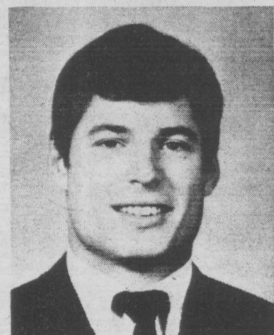
ART SHANNON
Greensboro, N.C. junior



TED SHOEBRIDGE
Lyndhurst, N.J. junior



ALLEN SKEENS
Ravenswood sophomore



JERRY STAINBACK
Newport News, Va. senior



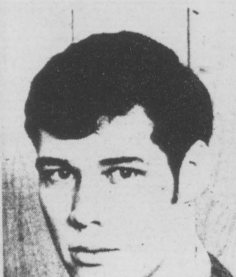
BOB VAN HORN
Tuscaloosa, Ala. sophomore



ROGER VANOVER
Russell, Ky. junior



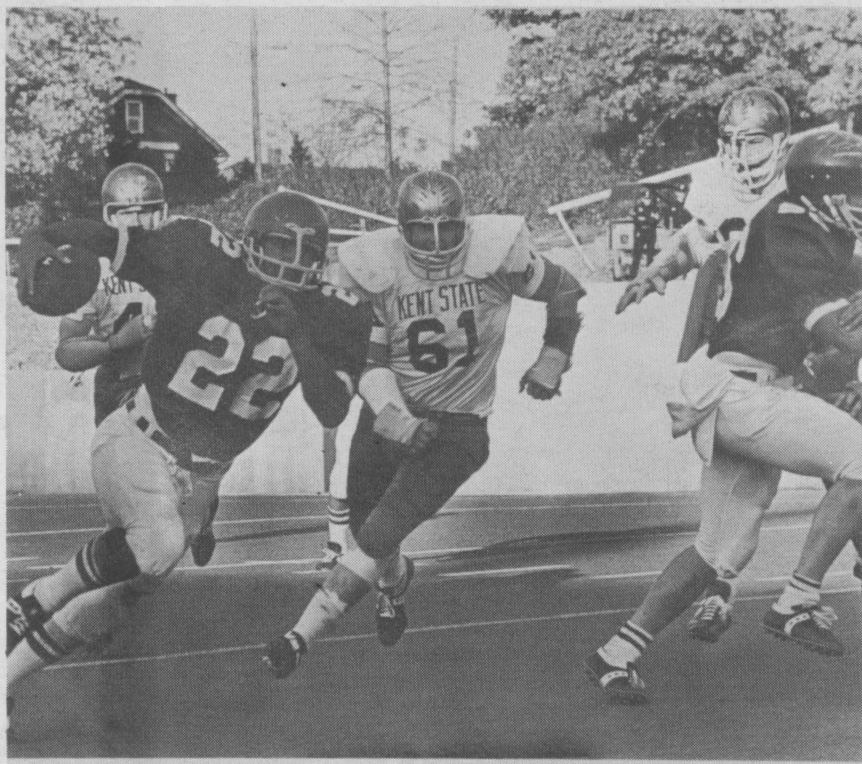
FRED WILSON
Tuscaloosa, Ala. sophomore



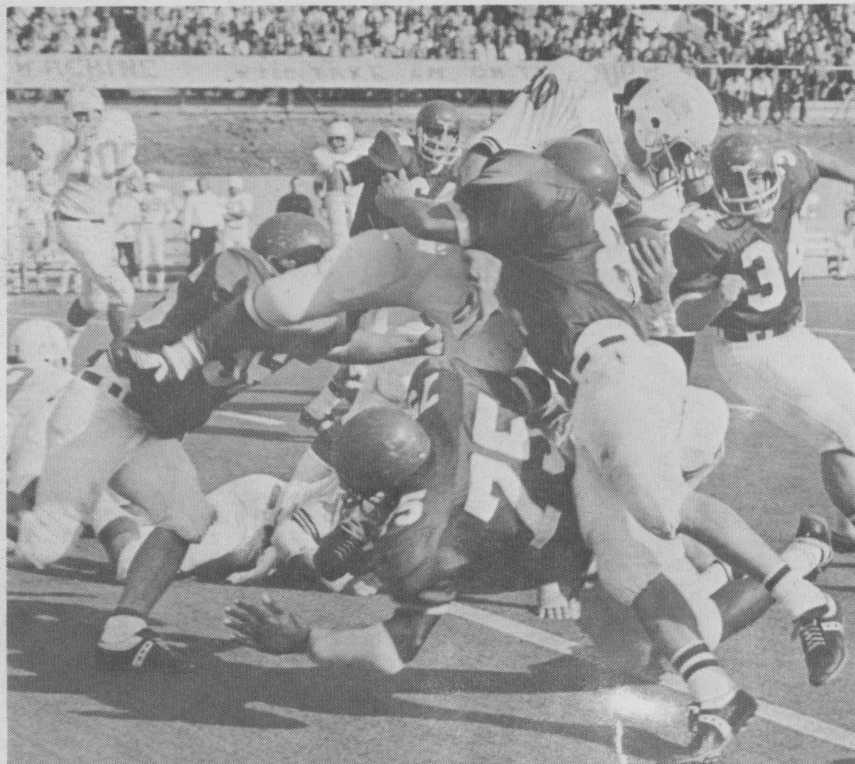
MU's players scored big with fans



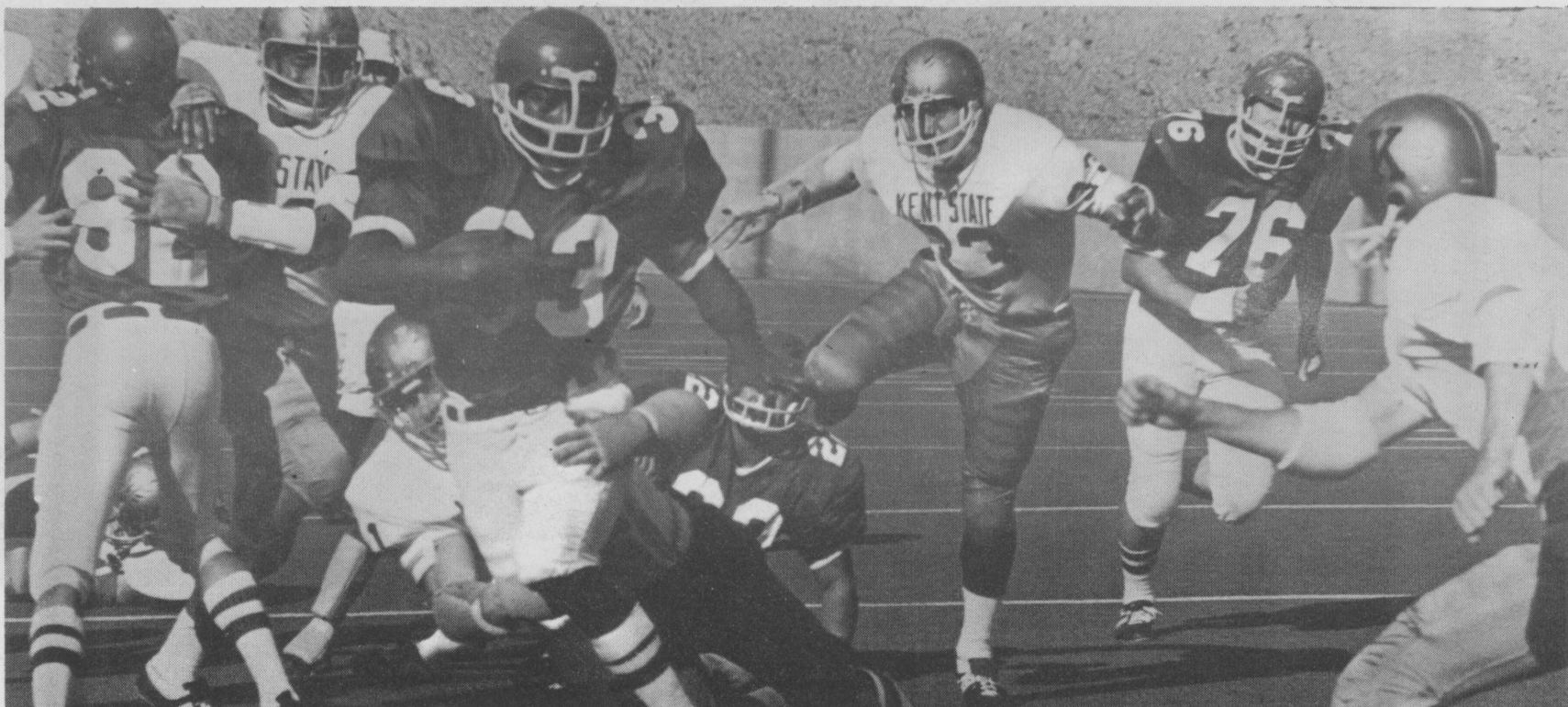
TED SHOEBRIDGE (14) PASSES TO BOB HARRIS (12) AT THE LOUISVILLE GAME WHILE BOB PATTERSON (89) AND MARK ANDREWS (61) BLOCK



ART HARRIS (22) SWEEPS THE END WHILE PAT NORRELL (66) BLOCKS



VAN HORN (75) AND GRIFFITH (81) MAKE TACKLE WHILE SHANNON (34), STAINBACK (56) COME TO ASSIST



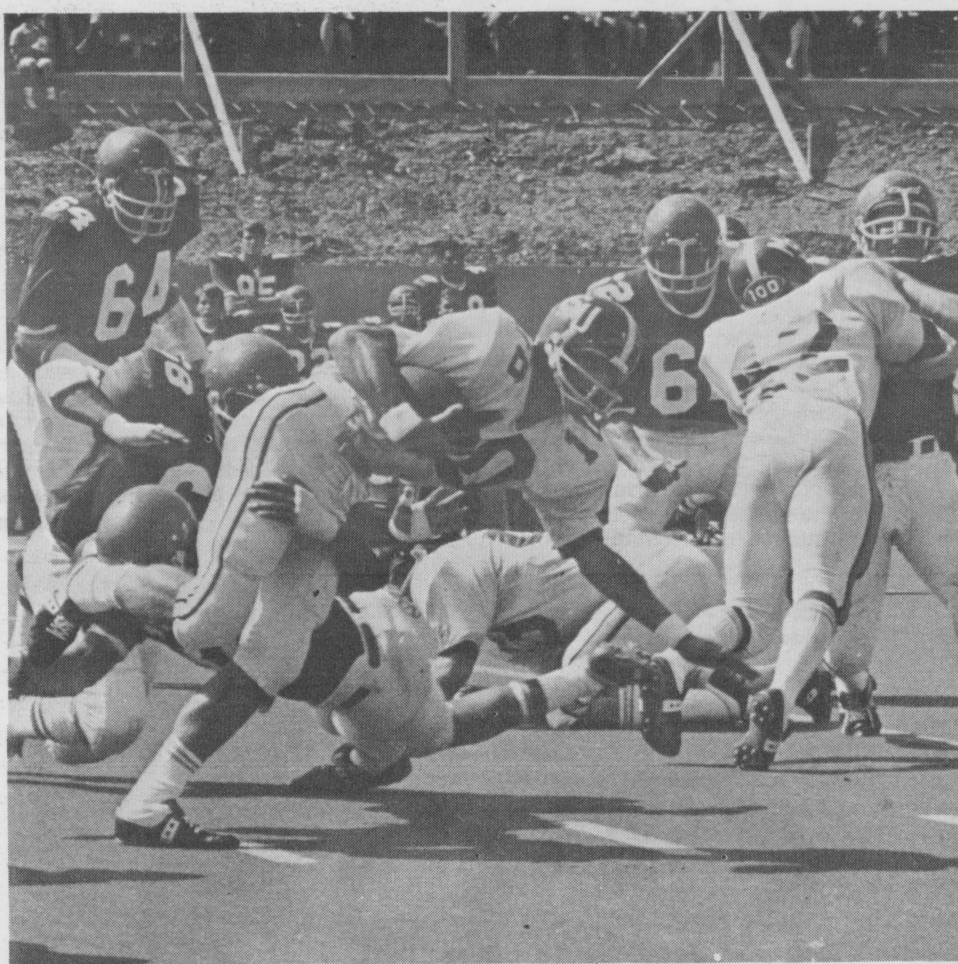
JOE HOOD (33) CARRIES THE BALL WHILE JACK REPASY (82) BLOCKS AND DAVE DeBORD (76) CHARGES.



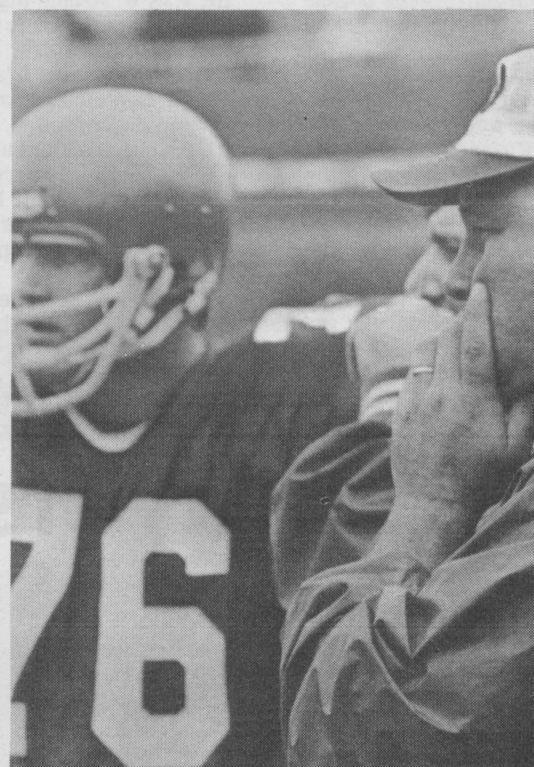
SANDERS ANTICIPATES



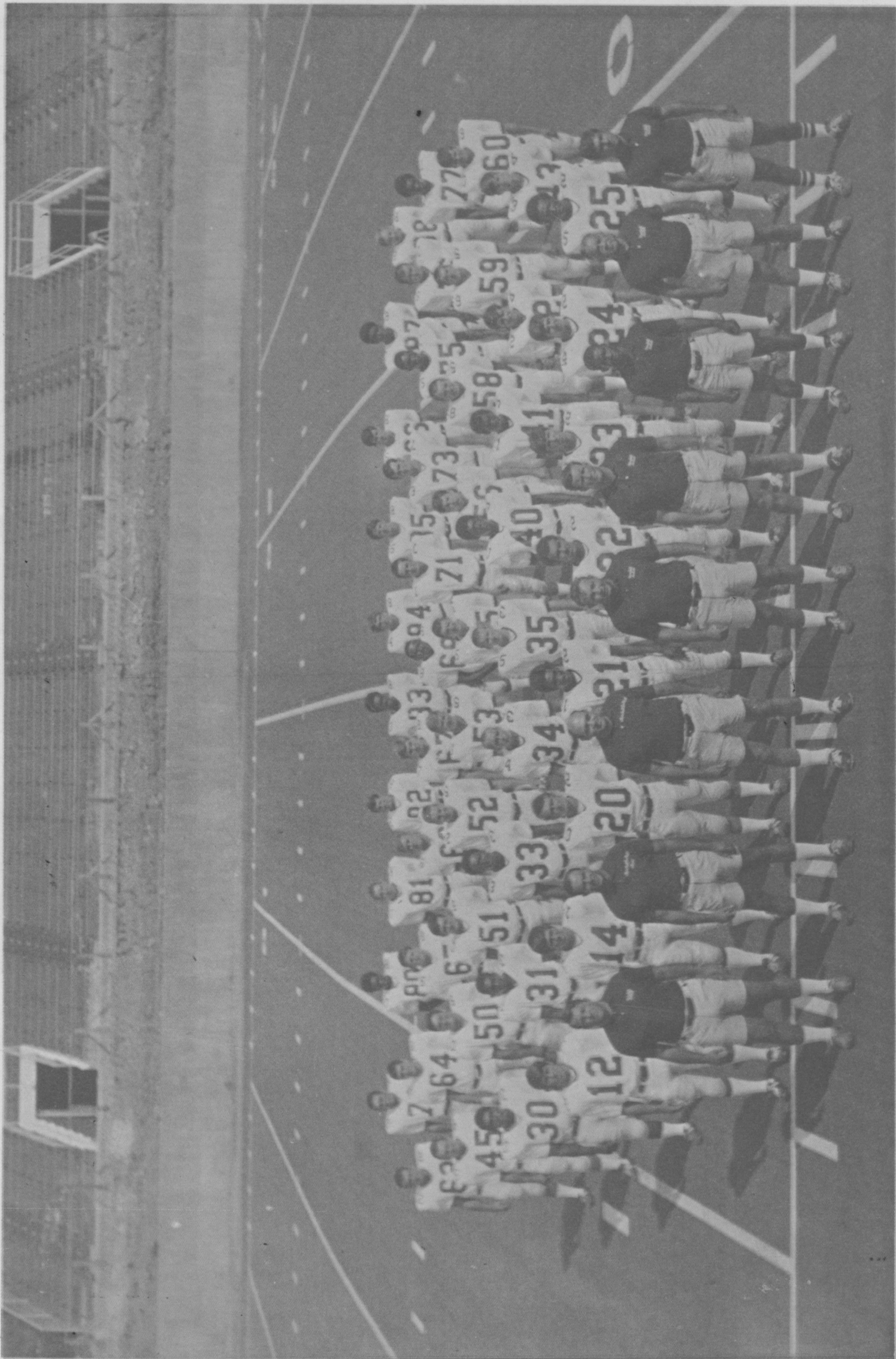
TED SHOEBRIDGE (14) SCORES AGAINST MOREHEAD



FINN (64), ZBORILL (62) AND LARRY BROWN (68) CONVERGE.



TOLLEY AND DeBORD (76) WATCH PLAY



1970 Football Team and Coaches