Atheneum, 1988-1989

USC Coastal Carolina College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/yearbook

Recommended Citation

https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/yearbook/22

This School Yearbook is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives and Special Collections at CCU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Atheneum: Yearbook of Coastal Carolina University by an authorized administrator of CCU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact commons@coastal.edu.
ATHENEUM 1988-1989
The Annual Publication of the Coastal Carolina Community

Editor-in-chief
Paul B. Orr

Associate Editor
Kelvin Watkins

Business Manager
Michael Clark

Asst. Business Manager
Kelly Burt

Campus Life Editor
Debbie Briggs

Sports Editor
Joey Froelich

Photographers
Clay Farrington
Jim Steck
Kurt Russell
Bill Edmonds

Typists and Hired Help
Richard Schenone
Rusty Ammons
Mindy Spires
James Adams, Jr.
Garlinda Hollings
Valorie Gore

Advisor
Glenda Sweet

Layout and Design
Mary Klein
Suzan Epling
Joy Klein
James Polly

Literary and Visual Arts Committee
Chairman: Tomm Hardee
Glenda Sweet
Linda Schwartz
Paul Rice
Martha Thomas
Maura Kenny
John Beard
Laura Pharis
Bobbi Lawson

Moral Support Personnel
Pat Singleton-Young
Jean Slabaugh
Kent Lamb
Robert Squatriglia
Kathy Watts
Sabrina Posey
Mirinda Chestnut

Official Mascot
Joe Dog
# Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Campus Life</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Student Events</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clubs</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literary Works</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faculty and Staff</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campus Features</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sports</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomores</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freshmen</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Staff Comments</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Many people are unaware that Coastal Carolina College was first affiliated with the College of Charleston (1954). Coastal Carolina College signed its first contract with the University of South Carolina system in the summer of 1959 and started operations in the fall of 1960. From 1960 until 1973 Coastal served as a two year campus within the USC system.

In the fall of 1973, Coastal added a junior year to its program and in the fall of 1974 Coastal became a four year campus.

They say a picture is worth a thousand words, we say make up your own . . .

"Great! Great . . . Perfect!" John Elder’s famous words to a writer for the Chanticleer.
Coastal has an abundant mixture of faces from all over the U.S. and several foreign countries. Whether someone is from Aynor or Holland they blend into the campus life. The various interests on the campus provide the means for interesting and rewarding friendship.

Photo 1: The average Coastal student: tee-shirt, shorts, and a smile.
Photo 2: Melinda Inman from Conway walks to a class in one of our "borrowed" portables.
Photo 3: Students and animals alike are welcome on campus.
Photo 4: Annette Attena from Holland is always attracting men.
WINNERS OF ATHENEUM ART COMPETITION

Dave Bell
"Self-portrait lit strangely from below"
1st Place

Deanna Starling
Picnicking on the Indian Grounds
2nd Place

Mary Klein
"Wrapped in Blue"
3rd Place
Students can be found in all kinds of places on the campus. Whether it’s “borrowing” a tractor or wrecking cars on campus, there is always something to do.
The Past
The Present
The Future

Some of the Best Things Never Change

Pepsi Cola

Pepsi Cola Bottlers of Conway/Myrtle Beach
Conway, S.C.
Hwy. 501 W
Photo 1: "Lady Leonard" and her court.

Photo 2: Kay and her cash box.

Photo 3: This Coastal Student gets scared when surrounded by books.

Desire
Descending upon arguments of sea.
Artist, dancing in somber flight
Pressing against blue canvas.
Ignorant and bursting with life.

Climbing sunbeams envisioned
through rain
Sunbeams which are stairways to touch
the sky

no Desire
no ambition
no sentence
no religion
Just lust for life and longing to fly.

Jeff Sanders
In the fall of 1987 Coastal opened its first residence halls. The apartment-style dorms house approximately four hundred twenty students. The apartments contain four bedrooms, a kitchen, a den, all bathroom facilities, and storage space. Telephone service, cable, water and utilities are included in the dorm fees.

The attractive buildings are an enhancement to the campus. The dorms overlook a federally protected quagmire. Students are able to observe various forms of small wild creatures while looking out of their windows or cooking out on the provided grills.
CHECK IT OUT

Photo 1: Dorm dwellers are animals — PIGS.

Photo 2: Two students enjoy the lenient visitation policy.

Photo 3: John, "The Gooser," lights a cigarette while making plans for the weekend.
GOSSIP

Joy, Sorrow and Good Gossip

Noteworthy Memos

“Sabrina and Lisa, have you heard the news about Drew?”
“No, write us a note and explain.”

Notes. Everybody likes getting them but does everybody like writing them? Sophomore Noelle Rigney said, “Most of the time people don’t understand my notes, so it’s really a waste of time.”

On the other hand, Senior Jason Thomas said, “Writing notes is a fun way to get a professor to stop his lecture.”

A note is made up of three parts: a heading, a body, and a signature. They also come decorated, plain, and folded into fancy shapes.

One of the bad things about writing notes is that a lot of them are confidential and if they get into the wrong hands, there could be trouble. Some people even write notes in secret codes.

Junior Michael Clark said, “Notes are great when they have those subtle touches such as a perfume scent or a lipstick kiss.”

So, the question seems to be, to pass or not to pass?
“Calculus”
By all means, you must follow the rules, formuli, theorems, laws, etc. They dictate, with an odd sort of logical beauty: Graphs that must be recognized, objectives that must be realized, answers apparently valid. Imagination must be held to a minimum. Creativity can confuse. Hold yourself to what has been proven. Add it all up. The final sum . . . ? “Math is Communism.” (A truth . . . most logically attained.)
Carlton Bridges

BOREDOM
DORM LIFE

Photo 1: Charge! Kill those bugs.
Photo 2: Lounging and being lazy.
Photo 3: Scott Dew enjoys a little quiet.
Photo 1: Buying books is always a bummer.
Photo 2: Clay has that colgate smile.
Photo 3: A time to relax.
Photo 4: Five minutes into class and I'm ready to cruise.

Dinner Time
"Where's the munchkin?"
I heard you ask
sliding past the kitchen table
"She's pouting in her room."
they said
between bites
I heard this
overhearing
pouting
pouting
and I couldn't eat
"Pass the potatoes"
you said

Yvette Fowler

Swan Song
Hey! Did you hear the news?
Crazy Carl took a header —
a swan dive off a building
that's just up your alley.
Did he know that's where you live?
Mikki heard steps creeping
outside her window at three —
say! Were they looking for you?
Well, don't you worry now;
Crazy Carl can't bother you
anymore anyway —
still, his bloodstained pavement . . .

Beckii Olenchak
Photo 1: Jim looks old for his age; He’s really only four.

Photo 2: Is this natural or did she stick her finger in an electric socket?

Photo 3: Phil, the Q-tip man, always has his finger in somebody’s business.
SMILE . . .
YOU'RE ON CANDID CAMERA

Flash . . . A million dollar smile
A picture is worth a thousand words

"Life is a series of chemical reactions combined with remarks from smart-aleck photographers," quipped Kelvin Watkins, Associate Editor of the Yearbook.
These remarks are often aimed at the students who are always nervous about getting their pictures taken.
Look at these million dollar smiles.
It would be the most unique College in South Carolina!!!

Being Chancellor of a college is a tough job. You are constantly making decisions and rules. A lot of people would love to have the opportunity to be the Chancellor for one day.

If you could be the Chancellor of Coastal Carolina College for one day, what would you like to do?

"If I were Chancellor, I would kill the attendance policy," stated Junior Kelvin Watkins. On the other hand, Senior Vera Blake said, "I would not change a thing."

Junior Coleen Dall said, "I would definitely improve the parking."

Freshman Kurt Russell said he would increase the salaries for some of the tenured professors.
Photo 1: Ally has that touch.
Photo 2: Dan gets back to reality.
Photo 3: A true surf addict is always known by what he wears.
BRING YOUR REPORT CARD TO HARRIS MOORE AND SAVE!!

4.0 GPR = 1% OVER DEALER COST

**FORD MUSTANG** Open Up and Say “Ahhh”

3.5 GPR = 2% OVER DEALER COST

New Supercharged Thunderbird SC.

3.0 GPR = 3% OVER DEALER COST

**FORD PROBE**
Performance You Won’t Forget

2.5 GPR = 4% OVER DEALER COST

**FORD RANGER**
Fun Tough

Nationwide
448-4431 1-800-225-9941 527-3461

HARRIS MOORE
FORD LINCOLN MERCURY
“Our Success Is Built On Low Price!”
Located on a 240 acre tract of land, Coastal Carolina College is nestled comfortably between Myrtle Beach and Conway. There are several buildings on campus that are vital to the success of the college.

The Williams Brice Building is home to the Physical Education and Health Department. The building houses the basketball gymnasium, a twenty-five meter competitive size pool, handball courts, activities gym, a dance studio, and a weight training room.

Kearns Hall houses the Computer Science, Education, History and Business Programs.
The William A. Kimbel Library is often called the “Kimbel Building.” Along with the library it also houses the School of Humanities and Fine Arts.

The Student Center is where you will find most of the students between classes. The cafeteria, the T.V. room and the lounge are located in the Student Center. It also houses the bookstore and Student Affairs.

The Fine Arts Building is home to the Little Theatre and several Arts programs. The Wheelwright Performing Arts Center is where the music majors will be found. The Science Building houses the Science and Psychology departments.
Fall Officers
President — Lora Mauney
Vice President — Sue Smith
Treasurer — Leatha Mullens
Secretary — Nancy Glaze
Chaplain — Debi Burroughs
Historian — Georgia Burroughs
Pledge Master — Beth Edmonds

Spring Officers
President — Georgia Burroughs
Treasurer — Shana Rogers
Secretary — Darcy Jones
Chaplain — Debi Burroughs

Photo 1: Sharon Jackson, Georgia Burroughs, Daphne Zissette, and Lora Mauney share that sisterly love.

Photo 2: Activities Day, in fall 1988, Sigma Delta Phi vice president Sue Smith and pledges Tera Isenhour and Darcy Jones enjoy the free chicken.

Photo 3: President Lora Mauney and sisters Julie Hair and Wendy Dowey try to recruit new faces for the sorority.
Photo 1: Students can do some strange things.

Photo 2: Lora and “Bam Bam” enjoy being in pictures.

Photo 3: Amazing! A student and her book.

Photo 4: Catch of the day: Seagull!
State Legislators Participating in Coastal

South Carolina Lt. Governor Nick Theodore asking Coastal SGA Officers, V.P. James Adams, Jr. and Secretary Mindy Spires, for some sound advice on how to approach the 1990 Gubernatorial Race.

S.C. State Attorney General Travis Medlock explaining Mobile Home Zoning to a concerned student.

One of Coastal Carolina's Founding Fathers and a former State Senator from Horry County, Ralph Ellis, joined by two Coastal students in eager anticipation of the fine luncheon they will enjoy in the Blue Room of the Wheelwright Auditorium.

Jim Elliot and Sandi Goodyear of Coastal ask U.S. Attorney Henry McMaster about the problem of prison overcrowding.

"Representative Robin Tallon"
Carolina’s “Distinguished Statesmen Forum”

“Fish Tales”
Representative Ken Corbett of Myrtle Beach exclaiming to Senator Hugh Leatherman of Florence, “As it snapped my line, I swear its head was this big! I almost fell in trying to pull it out!”

Sun-News founder Mark Garner and Chancellor Ron Eaglin listening to Hugh Leatherman’s account of his latest escapades in Columbia.

Campaign Contributions Are Hard To Come By
Left to Right: Myrtle Beach Businessman Jim Creel, Professor David Bomar Smith, Senator Hugh Leatherman, and Chairman of the Board of Conway National Bank Willis Duncan.

Representative Corbett conferring with Attorney McMaster on the upcoming legislation restricting hazardous waste disposal here in South Carolina.
"Faces only a mother could LOVE"
CHANCELLOR EAGLIN’S MESSAGE TO THE STUDENTS

This year has been one of adjustment and change, and I believe you have met these challenges well. In September, we were faced with a nine percent increase in students and a severe shortage of classroom space. Reluctantly, we found a temporary solution to our facilities crunch by bringing portables to campus. You were very patient and willing to adjust to the inconveniences of more distant classrooms and less comfortable surroundings. Our entire staff worked many long hours to improve the conditions and, again, you were patient throughout the process.

I have good news for the future. Our plans call for a substantial increase in classroom and laboratory space, more paved parking areas, and more facilities to make your time at Coastal both pleasant and rewarding. Those of you who will be with us for the next few years will be able to enjoy these changes, and those of you who graduate in May will be able to return to your campus with pride as you see the changes take shape.

Already underway is the renovation of the former maintenance building. It will become the new art building, and at last, you will have attractive exhibit space, modern laboratory facilities, and a more pleasing environment in which to study.

The fine arts building will become the center of Continuing Education programs and activities, and I hope many of you will return to participate in the variety of professional conferences and special programs this division offers.

You will see improvements in safety and comfort in the residence hall section with the paving of Chanticleer Drive and installation of new lights.

We will move ahead with construction of a new bookstore complex later this year. It will be located on the right of Chanticleer Drive, opposite the Student Center. It will also contain laundry facilities for resident students.

Perhaps the best news is approval and funding for construction of the E. Craig Wall, Sr. School of Business Building. Increasing classroom space on campus by one-third, its state-of-the-art design will make it one of the finest facilities of its kind in the Southeast.

Our campus is changing. Coastal is already one of the fastest growing colleges in this region, and now partly through your patience and flexibility, our physical growth is beginning to catch up with our enrollment growth. In the years to come, I know you will look with pride at your alma mater and know that you played a role in the emergence of this beautiful campus.
Photo 1: Brett Altman and her friend Wally.

Photo 2: Some students are better with books than others.

Photo 3: Joey struts his stuff in style.

Photo 4: Egads! Another student with a book.

Photo 5: Vera and company cut up as usual.
Coastal has been changing at an outstanding rate. It has grown from a small commuter college to a campus with dormitories. Coastal is still changing. It is growing into a whirlwind of activity fueled by eager students, knowledgeable professors and beautiful grounds. As Coastal changes it will still be known as a college that cares. Coastal is "THE USC."
Tacky, Tacky, Tacky. That’s what you saw if you attended the Tacky Tourist Dance held at the Sea Mist Resort. The Kays did a great job providing the music. Aniza Rowe and Jim Polly were awarded the “Tacky Tourist Couple” of the night. If you need lessons on being a Tacky Tourist, please contact Aniza and Jim and they will be more than happy to give you pointers.
Miss Coastal Carolina College 1989

Master of Ceremonies Rober Starling provides music for our lovely contestants

Posing together are Rebekah Vereen, Miss Coastal 88-89 and Louanne Moore, Miss Coastal 87-88

The seven finalists of the 1988-89 Miss Coastal Pageant

“Good Grannies In The Morning; I really Won!”
Isn’t She Lovely?

Miss USC — Coastal Carolina Pageant was held on November 9, 1988. The Pageant’s coordinators were Rachel Drakeford and Mark Porter. The theme of this year’s pageant was “SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE.” Each contestant was definitely simply irresistible! But Rebekah Brown Vereen walked away with the crown and title of Miss Coastal. Mindy Spires was first runner-up and Garlinda Hollins was second runner-up. Larnell Blount took the talent award, while Mindy Spires was awarded Miss Congeniality. Kimberely Thomas, Julie Edwards, Lisa Emanuele, and Kristie Anderson were among the seven finalists. The other talented contestants were Kelly Burt, Rachel Smith, Dawn Fowler, Shannon Wood, Deborah Pittman-Page, Kimberely Baker and Jennifer Parmley.
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND
CHRISTMAS DANCE 1988
CAMPUS COMMENTS

In memory of Diane Silipigni . . .

"Don't bother us, we are on our lunch break."

Above: Jim Steck Our Photographer — What a duff.
"The things I go through for a facial."

Below: Mindy and Lindy say; "Hi nom... Ain't we pretty?"

"Security officers in Love on Coastal Campus"
Black History Month

On January 29, 1989, the Coastal Carolina College Afro-American Club hosted the Black History Month Annual Gospel Singout. Vanessa Hill, co-anchor newscaster for WTBW T.V.-13, was the moderator of the evening. Music was provided by the Coastal Carolina Gospel Choir, Greater Inspirational Mass Choir of Horry County, and The Cheer-ileers of Cherry Hill Baptist Church, Conway, S.C. Talking about a good time, it was had by all who attended.
This year the Sig Eps decided to participate in the Homecoming Parade. The funny part is they didn’t know they were taking part in a Parade of the Queens!!?
Dancing — Talking — Romancing

Dancing, Talking, and Romancing weren’t the only things that went on at the Homecoming Dance. The biggest happening was the announcement of the Homecoming Queen 1989, Mindy Spires. Dance, Dance, Dance! That’s exactly what Mindy did. She danced the night away. Campus Union would like to thank everyone who came and supported the Homecoming Dance.
THE ATHENEUM . . . IT HAS THE LOOK

A MARK OF EXCELLENCE
PLAYS — A GREAT FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT
Alumni — Mention a reception and everybody comes.

No. Don’t get me wrong because we have the best alumni in the Carolinas. Students from the Coastal Carolina College join and welcome our alumni with open arms. Debbie Schmitt, Director of Alumni Affairs, seemed to be very pleased with the turn out.
GRADUATION
WITH
ROBBIE BENSON
OMICRON DELTA KAPPA

CAMPUS UNION
STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

JAMES POLLY — PRESIDENT

JAMES ADAMS, JR. — VICE PRESIDENT

MINDY SPIRES — SECRETARY

DEBORAH PITTMAN-PAGE — TREASURER
AFRO-AM
PSYCHOLOGY CLUB

INTERNATIONAL CLUB
FELLOWSHIP OF CHRISTIAN ATHLETES

COASTAL CONCERT CHOIR
BUSINESS CLUB

ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA

SOCIETY OF THE UNDERSEA WORLD
CHANTICLEER STAFF

ANOTHER
DAY
ANOTHER
DEADLINE
HERE WE ARE . . .
YOUR 1988-89 ATHENEUM STAFF


An image from hell; Paul's desk.
But Dad, I’m too young to work on the yearbook staff"
— Amanda Jo Orr

Kurt Russell cutting mandatory meeting to go surfing.

All play and no work makes Mike a Business Manager.

Inventor of the stupid human trick, Kelly Burt practices her own.
OFFICIAL YEARBOOK PHOTOGRAPHER

CARL WOLF STUDIO, INC.
SHARON HILL, PENNSYLVANIA
(215) 522-1338
A Visit From Saint Holderman
By John Elder

Twas the week before Christmas and all through the college
Not a creature was moving at this center of knowledge
Diplomas were placed at the Wheelwright with care
In hopes that President Holderman soon would be there
The grads were all sleeping all snug in their beds
While visions of ceremonies were dancing in their heads
They all had their gowns and mortarboard caps
And had just settled down for a brief winter’s nap
When over at Singleton there rose such a clatter
Alert campus guards sprung to see what’s the matter
Away to the window they stumbled with a crunch
Knocking over their T.V. and spilling their lunch
The moon on the breast of the new fallen guards
Gave lustre to their prone figures in the campus yard
When what to their wondering eyes should appear
But Holderman’s limo grinding down in fourth gear
With a bright young driver looking serious and stern
You knew in a moment it was a President’s intern
More rapid than eagles the luxury car came
And the President called all the interns by name
"On Billy and Tommy and Sue and Diana
What the hell are we doing at Coastal Carolina
I really don’t care about this graduation crap
Let’s head for the Dunes and help my six handicap”
As dry leaves before a wind hurricane race
They met with an obstacle, a guard flat on his face
So away from Singleton the interns they flew
With a limo full of golf clubs, and President Holderman, too
And then in a twinkling, like some shore leave sailors
They took a left turn and headed straight for the trailers
As they passed by the annex and were turning around
Holderman fell from the limo and landed with a bound
His clothes were all dusty and covered with coquina
And the lack of a parking place made him even meaner
His eyes were all raging, he spoke with a sputter
He’d just snapped his three wood and ruined his putter
Brushing himself off, he felt like a dope
After all he’s a friend of Mrs. Sadat and the Pope
He surveyed the damage and then clenched his teeth
When he saw his pitching wedge shaped like a wreath
He had a broad face, but there was pride in his chest
He had just passed the Columbia urine drug test
He returned his clubs to the back limo shelf
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself
A blink of his eye, and then a slight pause
He realized he’d lost his tees and his balls
He then spoke a word, it was really quite more
About the USC students, graduating at the shore
"I really can’t come to campus on the strand
You must come to Columbia, and I’ll shake your hand”
He ran for the limo, to his interns gave a whistle
And away they all flew like a damned guided missile
But I heard him exclaim as they were driving away
"Happy December Graduation — If you do it my way”
Sciendum est

At one thirty five, it's amazing how one can survive
As in acid black, racing fast and high,
It's no wonder how it turned into a lie.
With body slim, it's no mystery with those
Substances being popped in.
At five foot eight, he never learned to appreciate
As a chimney stack, so goes the marijuana smoke
With gleaming smile and sparkling blue eyes, one must
Be aware of the various disguise.
Like the mood stone, the eyes change their color,
Blue one moment red another
In a gift of trust, to turn your back you'll feel the thrust
Like a snake in the grass, be aware he'll strike
You in the back.
The lying and cheating, the screwing and beating
Keep him hiding and fleeing.
Being smart in education, doesn't mean he'll beat the
System.
The law not always performs in just,
But sooner or later, it will surely make its bust.
Sciendum est 'Little Fry' C.W.S.

Stephen 'Pops' Reardon
Coastal Alumnus “Class of 1987”

Art By
Andrew Wilson
“Look What They Left Behind”
Linoleum Cut

Money:
Organized Anomie

Stand on a skyscraper
Never looking back,
The future's not based on
Our biodegradable past.
That "paper god" will save,
Each day our plastic souls
Promising many neon tomorrows
With which to pursue our
meaningless goals.
Climb the concrete mountains,
Paved with the hearts of innocent men.
With our disintegrating conscience,
We can achieve our toxic wish.

Money is the answer
When everything has a price.
In an age of nuclear opportunity
Nothing means less than our lives.
We'll know when we achieve it —
The pinnacle of our existence.
When the currency we worship
Takes us to our atomic mushroom death.
Yes, we'll know we've reached at last
Our elusive, synthetic success!

Betsy R. Yancey
Sailing out of the dulldroms

The lawn the halls, the rooms the stalls.
In route to be gone, I carried on
from class to class, tyrant's rule to tyrant's rule,
I memorized and played the fool.
Played the game and arrived on time,
from time to time.
and from time to time, I took my time.
There were bad times.
There were good times.
It was all timing.
Played the game of letters.
sat through intimidation
and never surrendered my imagination.

Robert B. Sullivan

College Life

College life is like unto a raging forest fire!
It burns brightly and creates a spectacle at night.

To those who watch from a distance too far to impart,
The fire that burns within their sight is but a mere impression.

The student who dons the tools for his job to accomplish is like unto the smoke jumper who into the fire is dropped.
He scratches, pulls, rakes, and shoves until the fire at last had burned
Its flickering finality of spectacular sparks!

The desolate wasteland that's left behind is oft not thought to be so bright.
But upon the passing days does smile
The brightness and the newness of a renewing life
That is imparted from the embers that came so hardly fought.

It is the diploma that we have forever sought!

Farewell to you my college friends,
Forever will I cherish these days of now,

Jim Polly
1989
"Of course, we're Twenty-one!
It's lemonade anyway" — Yeah! That's the ticket.

It's gotta be Halloween — or April Fool's Day

"Welcome to my parlor," said the student to the Pigs.

Over the bridge and through the woods ... and across the marsh and between the ditches ...
"And for the last time... draw in the spine first!"

"Where's the party?"

"Please don't make me go to that graphics class!"

"Those damn tourists!"

"And what do you suppose this is?!"
The Student Government Association Officers of 1988-1989

James E. "Jim" Polly
President
James Lee Adams, Jr.
Vice President
Mindy Spires
Secretary
Mark A. Porter
Treasurer Fall '88
Deborah Pitman-Page
Treasurer Spring '89

salute all the clubs, organizations, and students for your help and cooperation to make this a most rewarding school year for all the students of the great college!
Poetry

Don't take me away.
I like it here.
Everyone's happy.
Everything's weird.

I'm not afraid to smile.
I'm not scared to scream.
Love, peace, and happiness...
Acting out impossible dreams.

My lyric asylum...
That helps keep me sane...
It all sounds so crazy,
But it all seems so plain.

My lyric asylum...
Insanity with a name.

Dreams

Dreams...
Always seem to tell
The things about me
That I don't really
Want to know...

...Like I'm homesick,
...And lonely,
...And that I love you,
...And it hurts so badly,
...And I cry all night,
...And I want so much for things
to be different;
And then, I wake up.

All Poetry This Page
By Betsy R. Yancey
The Photograph

By Mimi Wrobel

Looking through a book of photographs of women by women, I was captured by one of an elderly woman standing, backlit, in the doorway between a kitchen and a humble dining room with its dark, old, wooden side chairs pushed tidily in at the oil-cloth draped table. The table is pushed up to a wall on the left, and there a window with ruffled floral curtains brings in a narrow shaft of light. A number of things are on the table. Though the light is dim, I can see that among them are papers and a few small boxes, and that they are stacked in a somewhat orderly fashion near the wall.

The mystery of the photograph is that it evoked in me, for the first time in all eleven years since my grandmother died, a sense of loss, of the tragedy of our mutual mortality. Though my mother says her mother was an impatient woman, demanding and critical of her husband and her own children, with me she was never that way. At least I cannot remember her ever being less than loving with me. I was left at her apartment in Chelsea along with my little sister many times when we were small, and for the weeks and months that we spent there it was home. Grandma had a dark, tidy dining room a lot like the one in the picture, and we would eat or have tea there if company came. Other times we would bring out baskets and tins full of old beads, sewing tools, fabric remnants, ribbons, glue, and other handy valuables, put them on the table and from them manufacture the most exotic of costumes, the most artistic collages, and the daintiest of clothes pin dolls. Not only that, but when my grandma made kugel, a traditional Jewish noodle pudding which we loved, she would bring the ingredients from the kitchen to the dining table where we could help her “cook” it. Later it would be served at that very table, and it would taste like heaven itself. How proud my sister and I were when she would acknowledge our help in creating such a wonderful thing. Indeed, sometimes she would admit that she could never have done it without us.

We knew we were loved and wanted at my grandma’s. Her house and she herself belonged to us; the sights and smells were of familiarity, of love, of comfort. In each room with its particular furniture, curtain, cabinet or shelves full of little porcelain people and animals and shoes, its particular array of friendly ancestral clutter, a different muse lived and beckoned. They were there then, and they reside within me now.

Grandma, you were a part of me, we were one! Oh how fortunate the child who is loved.
"Colors"

How would I distinguish you if I didn't know, for certainly you wouldn't glow and freedom would it matter if I didn't know mud from snow?

Morning, the sun shining so bright, beaming reflections of a weary night, we often wonder was it worth our sight: well man, why have you not colored light?

I'm not able to understand, why must there be something I lack, because I was propelled on earth Black.

I refuse to know hate, color, or fear. I'll force myself to shed a tear, releasing these emotional threats without any regrets; sad, simply be glad, for rain must show before color will brighten the rainbow.

"The Humbler"

sometimes I think . . .
maybe the elephant
or whale, with
their wonderfully large
brains (IQ.34 & 31.46 lbs. of
pulsating neurons
respectively),
languages and religions
all their own,
and ancestral
precedence . . .
have discovered
the fountain of youth
and have knowledges
of nuclear physics
that would make our heads
spin,
but have deemed this
information inconsequential.

Carlton Bridges

"WISDOM"

WHEN ALL WEATHER BECOMES ENJOYABLE . . ., AND
ALL MINDS ARE AS
ONE . . ., AND ONLY THEN!!! . . ., WILL WISDOM GLOW
LIKE THE SUN.

EITHER YOU KNOW OR YOU KNOW NOT . . ., EITHER
YOU SHIT OR GET OFF
THE POT . . . SIMPLE FACTS OF LIFE . . ., GIVEN TO US
THRU THE
IGHT OF A BUM EATING FOOD FROM A PARKING
OT . . ., WHILE A
ILLIONAIRE RELAXES ON HIS YACHT . . ., OR
ERELY BEING BORN INTO
A FAMILY SMOTHERED WITH BILLS . . ., WHILE THIS
OTHER KID RESIDES
N BEVERLY HILLS.

THE ACT OF KNOWLEDGE IS EASILY OBTAINABLE TO
ALL . . ., YET ONLY
USED BY SOME . . ., TO WHOM ARE BLESSED WITH
WISDOM".

WILLIE SHAW, JR.

Patrons

Stephen Nagle
Jill Sessoms
Trenna Page
Col. and Mrs. Paul F. Orr
Acura of Myrtle Beach
Congratulations and Welcome to Class of 1989

From Your Coastal Alumni Association

Coastal Alumni
The "Best" of Carolina
Greetings from Your Chancellor
Dr. Ronald G. Eaglin

Many individuals and groups have contributed time, effort and money beyond the call of duty — and often beyond anyone’s expectation — to make USC-Coastal Carolina College a place of promise and purpose.

Whatever the perspective, one viewpoint is universal: USC-Coastal Carolina College is a brilliant kaleidoscope for the future.

Chancellor Ronald G. Eaglin

As evidenced by these photos, Chancellor Eaglin shows us that college can be a place of fun as well as a place to learn.
COASTAL CAROLINA'S STUDENT ACTIVITY LEADERS IN ACTION!

Dr. Bob and Jeff Hobson marvel over the latest Sports Illustrated Swimsuit issue.

“Can I please go home now??”

“Smile, Pat, Smile — Show us those pearly whites.”

Dr. Bob — The Ladies’ Man!

“And where are you going, Dr. Bob?”

“Now, Pat, you know that’s not your desk.”
Barfield complains — "All I ever do anymore is take damn messages."

While sipping a cold one, Professor Robinson demands more appetizers. (Third request)

Professor Riley gets excited over a rumor of faculty member spiking the inch!

Another "F" perhaps, Professor Collins?
Down and out in the dorms, Kim Montegue, Dir. of Housing, counts complaints.

“No, no, no, Dr. Jaudel, the word is cheese not Scheel.”

History in the making; Professor Prince is smiling (until now).

“Professor Goettel — No one wants to copy those discs! Besides stealing is illegal in South Carolina.”
"FACULTY LIVE"

Dr. Millus

Yeah, Yeah, You're dreaming if you think the Yankees are ever going to win the World Series again!

Dr. Russell hard at work trying to figure out who the Dallas Cowboys are going to pick as their #1 draft choice.

"Business as usual, eh, Doctor Molander?"
"If Dr. Millard gives me one more thing to do, I'm going to tell him exactly what to do with his exclamations!"

"Shirley Williams, if this is what work study is about, some give us a job!"
Lirinda Chestnut, Business Manager at Coastal, hiding from our photographer under her desk.

Yoo Hoo!

“Come on now Brenda, it’s only paperwork and it won’t bite, cut maybe.”

Haven’t you heard, Carol? A watched phone at work rings off the hook.”

“Dr. Barr, have you ever noticed how much you resemble David Letterman with your eyes closed?”
WHY
STOP
WHEN YOU’VE JUST
BEGUN . . .

Let Coastal Carolina College
Help You With Your
Graduate Studies

FOR MORE INFORMATION, STOP
BY GRADUATE OFFICE IN EMS 208

CONGRATULATIONS
SENIORS . . .
YOU’VE EARNED IT
Lunch Staff: "Flip them burgers, Baby!"

Left to Right: Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil (a.k.a. Carolyn Cox, Paul Gayes, Mike Ferguson.

Penna Page pretends to work only when the camera is obvious — Gotcha babe!"

"Hey, hey, no conniving, Jimmy Soles! At least not while the Atheneum is on the scene"

return of the living dead? No — just the Student Development Staff turning from a weekend boat trip.

Explaining is a pleasure when it's your job. Just ask Doc. George Williams.
Now Hiring — Men & Women
SUMMER & CAREER OPPORTUNITIES
EXCELLENT PAY, WORLD TRAVEL.

CRUISE SHIP JOBS!
$12,000 to $50,000
Call now!
1-206-736-7000
ext. 120C (Call refundable)
HAWAII • BAHAMAS • CARIBBEAN

Cafeteria Staff, led by Deborah Brott, a moment before beginning another day's work.

"Would you trust a term paper "spell checked" by this man?"

"Sure, Bob Nielson loves Prince!"

MYRTLE BEACH WATERCRAFT INC.
4023 Hwy. 501 W
PHONE: 236-7077

CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 1989

"New recruits for the fall, Joe?"
"Can anyone figure out what this *?G is?"

Doc. Rock discovers the boat "Miss Coastal" is actually sea worthy.

Dr. Albiniai consults professional help.

If you have to ask Ms. Patrick, then you know you can't do it at work.
Something Special!

Comedy Tonight

STU MOSS

Jane Powell
UNION
for Students

Euphoria

chris brady
GUITAR · VOICE · ENERGY

with BENZZ

ROBERT STARLING
Fulbright Grant Expedition To India
USC — Oxford Summer Program
Two Great Successes at Coastal

Playing the typical tourist, Dr. Fred Hicks poses in front of the Taj Mahal.

"Could it be Marlon Brando himself? Oh, sorry, Dr. Lance Bedwell."

"Get it, Preston McKeever-Floyd!" New male pinup of the subcontinent!

:Student Cars at Coastal:

Only approximately 33% of our students are from South Carolina. The other 67% are represented by states all over the U.S. Here are just a few states represented by our students at USC-Coastal Carolina College. Sorry we didn't get all, but we know you exist.
Coastal Carolina and our "wonderful" parking situation! As you may have noticed, there is a slight parking problem. You may have also noticed these cute No Parking signs appearing all over the place. The most envied parking spot of all, belongs to our Chancellor, Dr. Eaglin. On a typical morning, most students prowl for parking spaces. Next year our parking situation should be much better after our new parking facilities are constructed this summer.
On the prowl for a parking space? Good luck!

Campus police looking for another victim.

Wouldn’t you like to have this spot for a day? If so, talk to Dr. Eaglin.

Shouldn’t we have signs like this for students, too?

This is what most parking spaces look like here at USC-Coastal.

Want a parking space every day with no problem? Drive a motorcycle!
CONGRATULATIONS GRADS

Compliments of

The Chanticleer
GRANDMA’S KITCHEN

By Heather Boyd

One step into the door, and the smell of country cooking races to your nose to tickle your buds. The thickening smell of ointments and medications soon overtake the previous sensation. A light layer of dust acts as a reminder of the age of the house’s occupant. An occupant who in earlier years could have performed surgery on the sterile kitchen table. To the right, the faucet keeps the only accurate time here. In the corner sits the familiar black and white Zenith that once seduced us on Saturday nights. The physical state of the room is far from the Reagan’s White House, though humans needs can be met here. The ancient cabinets, counters, shelves, and the sink, rest in the normal place. Two new utilities have replaced the old, unsafe ones. Where the old green gas stove used to rest, now sits a new electric one. Almond in color, the new stove proudly shined like a teen’s new sports car. Next to it sits a matching microwave, suitably nicknamed Mac. The walls bear several layers of paint upon which the color of the kitchen was changed according to the fashions of the times. The room itself holds time, old and new, and floods my memory with my own childhood expectations.

Why is it that time must bring with it old age and weakness? Why are so many people, like myself, afraid of the effects of time? Is the only thing we have to look forward to in the future, age and dilapidation? Why as time twisted and distorted my grandmother’s hands, much like the rusty nails of the kitchen walls? Are er insides failing just as fast? Will mine?

We have always been told that time takes its toll on all things. My grandmother and her kitchen are no exception to the rule. Maybe we should not be so scared of old age. I am sure that it is no fun experience, but is it one we all must share in order for the world to expand and grow. If time could stand still, as we all wish it could, there would be no youth and new hope for the future. Our body must be on a timer that depreciates until time reaches death, and it is death that is the most frightening thing for me. My grandmother tells me; not be scared of growing old for it is a privilege. The older you grow, the greater the privilege. Yet I can not help to feel sad to see her now frail stature that was once so strong and powerful to me. I hug her gently now she is once again as delicate as a newborn. The kitchen is the only place that slows the aging process or my grandmother. It is much as it was years ago, and this is what slows the time for her. Though probability has it that the house will outlive my grandmother, in my eyes it must die with her for she is its

Emily: My Inspiration

I met a girl named Emily. She made me laugh until I cried. She faked a New York accent loudly, jokin’ with the crowd. I knew right away I liked her and like a thrash of lightning I knew where she had been for the last 23 years. There was never a dull moment. The sky was the limit.

No matter how bad things seemed to be at the time, she always had the courage to survive anything. She loved the gift of gab, not to mention the gift of gab. She wrote her poetry like she lived, straight and to the point. Physically she bopped while everyone else walked. She had a spring about her that could never be duplicated by anyone else. She had a smile that reflected the sun's light. It covered her face but never hid the beauty that was naturally only hers.

Forever she lives in my thoughts of all the fun, all the long talks, all the laughter and in all the secrets we shared. As Christ rose from the dead on the day Emily layed down to rest, She will also rise again and in my heart she already has

With all my love, Allison Celiberti

93
TRAILERS, TRAILERS,
THEY’RE EVERYWHERE!

Looking for a restroom? Try Coastal’s new sanitary portables. An experience you’ll never forget.


Snapshots from USC-Coastal Carolina Mobile Home Park
Mary Klein
Closed in

Donovan Elmore
Bedroom scene

Betty Bee
Pressure on our stone

MONTICELLO
PHOTO FINISHING INC.

5919 North Kings Highway
Myrtle Beach, SC 29577

JOHN A CUMMINGS, Pres. (803) 497-0211
The Addict

Steam...
I've been seeking,
Trying to penetrate,
Hot like the sun,
To evaporate
Your soul from what you
Do to me.
But your love
Like your beauty is
From the outside in.
Stripped of your body
There's evil within.
Then I try to let go
But your bad grabs my hands
And sticks to my flesh
Like the dew on the grass
Until I'm not the sun
With the heat and the power
But part of the water
I sought to devour.
In the sin with many —
But still alone
With lonely tears
That only add to the water
That drowns my soul.

INDECISION

Unsettled directions
Rattle around the barnyard mind
putting one foot before the other
Sneaker treaded,
Watching the traffic.
And the odd, badly hidden mouse
Shivers in hawk shadow,
Frozen.
One way or the other;
A hop footed jig.
Nothing's together,
Held tight by its love for itself
Which way?

By Elsbeth Lane

Apart — i

Raise the wall
Of hate and loneliness!
Lay each brick
With hands of anger.
Don't forget
What you're building
Is your death.
The invisible wall
Is your destruction
And others danger.

And you remember how I loved you
And how you loved life
While you were laying a foundation
With mortar make of strife.
Who can survive the double-standard
Developed by that nature,
When all your mixed emotions
Blend into perfect hatred?

Raise the wall
Of hate and loneliness!
Lay each brick
With hands of anger.
Don't forget
What you're building
Is your death.
The invisible wall
Is your destruction
And others danger.

By Betsy R. Yancey

Friendship

by Jim Polly

True friendship is likened unto the mustard seed,
Which is indeed among the least of all seeds.

However, when friendship is sown with true love,
Nurtured by true compassion,
And watered by much understanding;
It shall grow into a thing of beauty,
And be greater than a tall tree.

The birds of happiness shall land in its branches,
And sing the song of peace.

To those who shall read
And understand what is written here,
May you go about sowing the seed of friendship,
And may God bless you richly forever.

By Betsy R. Yancey
“THE BABES”
Our Coastal Carolina Cheerleaders

COME BACK ALUMNI

Top Row:
Lorie Ramsey
Lindy Mickle
Dawn Fowler
Tabitha Dozier

Bottom Row:
Garlanda Hollins
Kristen Grace
Lisa Emanuele
Crystal Watts

“Ready ... O'TAY!”

“CHANTY Struts His Stuff.”

Spirit is the key.
AWARD WINNING
CROSS COUNTRY


THE LADY SPIKERS — Volleyball


THE BAGGERS — Softball

THE LADY CHANTS


Coach Markland steers her girls to victory.

Holly about to make her move

"Shoot it, Debbie, Shoot it!"
LADY NETTERS


Susan hits another WINNER.

Jane shows off her “Eyes Closed” serving technique.

How did he get in here?
COASTAL KICKERS


INTRAMURALS

Who is this person?

Joel blows yet another volley.

Surf's up!

Match point
THE CHANTICLEERS
MEN'S BASKETBALL

Back Row (L-R): Coach Michael Murphy, Coach Gary Leiner, Ernie Williams, Will Ratliff, Duwayne Cheatam, Craig Hodges, Derek Wilson, Richard Scantlebury, Coach Michael Murphy, Head Coach Russ Bergman. Front Row (L-R): Todd Coleman, Joe Bergman, J. J. Foster, Bion Shoemaker, Brian Penny, Jason Haynes, Robert Dowdell, Jim Dupre, Tony Thompson.

Coastal's own All-American DEREK WILSON

Head Coach Russ Bergman

Scorekeepers are important to basketball, too

"Get back on defense!"
This one is going down her throat.

"OOPS... Hey that's not the graveyard!"

"I hope he hits it to me!"

"You block it! No... you block it!"

Wet T-shirt night at Conway Stadium
Palmetto Chevrolet
“SERVING THE AREA FOR OVER 40 YEARS”
Sales — Leasing
Service — Parts — Rentals
New and Late Model
Cars — Trucks — Vans
Full Service and Body Shop

1124 4th Avenue
Downtown Conway

Myrtle Beach
448-8585

Conway
248-4283

Loris
756-7270
SENIORS:
CLASS
OF
1989

PRESIDENT:
DAPHNE STEWART

MARK ALFORD
GOVERNMENT

CAROL ALLISON
MANAGEMENT

WENDY ANDERSON

CARLOS ARAUZ
MARINE SCIENCE

MICHEAL ARDIS
PSYCHOLOGY

SANDY BARFIELD
ELEMENTARY ED.
RICKY CAMPBELL
PHYSICAL ED.

ELNIRA CARERS
ELEMENTARY ED.

JENNIFER CAPPERS
BUS. ADMIN./MKT.

JOANNE CARLSON

RON CASSIDY

CHERYL CATOE
RECREATION

PATRICIA CATURANO
EARLY CHILDHOOD

GILES CHAMBERS
MARINE SCIENCE

MARTI CHILDRESS
EDUCATION
Congratulations are in order for Bill Keener. He graduated from high school in Pennsylvania and attended the Univ. of PA for a while. Bill will be receiving his degree from Coastal as the "Senior Senior" of the Class of 1989. Way to go Bill!
JUNIORS:  
CLASS OF 1990

PRESIDENT:  
MIKE PEARSON

Adams Jr., James  
Alexander, Amy  
Alexander, Patsy  
Alford, Andrew  
Allen, Gary

Avin, Lynda  
Ayers, Ronald  
Baigis, Thomas  
Bailey, Terri  
Baker, Keith

Barron, James  
Becher, Beverly  
Beck, Kurt  
Biggs, Hugh  
Black, Sherrie

Booth, Julie  
Branton, Tina  
Bridges, Carlton  
Brown, Guy  
Burgo, Lisa

Butler, Pam  
Campbell, Kim  
Cantey, John  
Carmichael, Stephanie  
Cashion, Steve
Jordan, Elizabeth
Jordan, Robbie
Kern, Teresa
Kirkley, Steven
Klein, Mary

Kline, Richard
Lane, Robin
Langston, Richard
Lanham, Logan
Letson, John

Livingston, Margie
Lundgren, Julia
Marsh, Mandy
Massingill, Janet
McCauley, Joeanne

Medeiros, David
Mellen, Timothy
Mickle, Melinda
Milark, Patricia
Mitchell, Marie

Nguyen, Thi
Nichols, Marie
Noel, Billy
Nordeen, Dianne
Nordeen, Lou

Obeck, Christine
Owens, Robbie
Pacheco, Luis
Pacileo, Patricia
Parker, Senetta
Sullivan, Grit
Sullivan, Hack
Sullivan, Joe
Sullivan, Timothy
Surdyke, Kevin

Sutton, Darin
Taylor, Darren
Toogood, Tamera
Tyler, Denise
Viers, Brenda

Wakefield, Lowell
Walker, Cindy
Ward, Kelli
Watkins, Kelvin
Watson, Ashby

Weed, Tadgh
Weglarz, Angie
Werner, Linda
Whittley, Amy
Woody, Stephanie

Yingst, Jacqui
Zaborowski, Lisa
Zissette, Daphne
SOPHOMORES:  
CLASS OF 1991

PRESIDENT:
JOEY FROELICH

Acree, Mary
Adkins, Joni
Altman, Amy
Ammons, Rusty
Andrews, Jon

Astralaga, Ivan
Baird, Allison
Baker, Stacia
Baldwin, Henry
Baughman, James

Baxley, Russell
Baxley, Tammy
Beck, David
Becky, Lee
Bell, Robin

Bell, Stefanie
Bellamy, Cynthia
Benedict, Lee
Benfield, Crystal
Bennett, Libby

Bethea, Pamela
Bishop, Deanne
Black, Paula
Boyd, Amy
Boyd, Christina
Boyd, Marc
Britton, Juanita
Brock, Sheila
Brown, Brent
Bryant, Bridget

Bryant, Rhonda
Burroughs, Georgia
Burwick, Norma
Byrd, Melissa
Cabanaw, Sherrie

Cail, Robert
Camp, Helen
Campbell, Paul
Cannon, Blake
Cannon, Leisa

Cannon, Vicki
Carlucci, Peter
Carter, Teri
Cashwell, James
Catoe, Nicole

Celiberi, Allison
Cheatam, Duwayne
Christensen, Barbara
Clarkson, Ken
Collins, Annette

Collins, Traci
Colwell, Carol Ann
Condrey, Stormy
Cook, Brian
Corley, Jeffery
Corley, Sean
Cosmen, Kathy
Craft, Dreama
Crosby, Connie
Davis, Mike

Decker, Kelly
Dougherty, Meegan
Dowey, Wendy
Drakeford, Rachelle
Dupre, Jim

Dutton, Lynn
Edwards, Joanne
Edwards, Steven
Edwards, Terry
Elliott, Kimberly

Etheridge, Amy
Everett, Donna
Fabry, Daniel
Floyd, Deborah
Floyd, Richard

Fogner, Rodney
Ford, Doretta
Fowler, Dawn
Fowler, Emily
Freeman, Curtis

Froelich, Joseph
Garland, Stacie
Garrick, Tammi
Gause, Stephanine
Gielstra, Neal
Glaz, Nancy
Gleaton, Marie
Godsey, Leah
Gore, Cornelius
Gore, Valerie

Gowans, James
Graham, Veronica
Grantham, Michelle
Green, Rhonda
Green, Sharon

Gregory, Jeffrey
Grissett, Mary
Hagler, Butch
Hair, Tonya
Hancock, James

Hanna, Loria
Hardee, David
Harrington, Catherine
Heffron, Michael
Hendrick, John

Henton, Jeff
Herndon, Laura
Hillard, Rich
Hines, Debbie
Honea, Matthew

Howard, Janette
Howe, William
Hucks, Annie
Huggins, Jack
Hustead, Jeff

Picture
Not
Available
The sun sets on a sad note this year. We mourn the loss of Emily Fowler. Many good things can be said of her. She had a cheerful smile that she always wore, baby-like eyes full of wonder and amazement, and a bouncing carefree attitude that was fun to be around. The most important thing about Emily was the warmth that she always radiated. No words were necessary to understand her. One look deep into her eyes was enough. She brightened many a student’s day with her presence. Emily shall not be forgotten so long as the sun rises every morning bringing in a new day.

Michael Clark, Class of ’90.
FRESHMEN: CLASS OF 1992

PRESIDENT: DEB BRIGGS

Adelman, Ladawn
Altman, Mitch
Anderson, Cheryl
Anderson, James
Anderson, Kristie

Anderson, Tony
Armour, Gareth
Asher, James
Attema, Annette
Bacchus, Sallie

Baker, Kimberly
Baker, Rebecca
Barfield, Patrick
Barnhill, Norma
Baxley, Kim

Bazen, Glenn
Bellino, Brett
Bennett, Chris

Bernasconi, Teena
Bessellien, Alice
Blake, Kelly
Try Banking On A First Name Basis...

People To People

BANKING

Only At Peoples Federal

Conway/Florence (2)/Georgetown/Litchfield/Loris/Myrtle Beach/North Myrtle Beach/Surfside

Member FSLIC.

Each depositor insured up to $100,000.
Skeleton in the Closet

I see it in their eyes
as they scan my feral hair and my
reckless dress and I
see them read the minds
of strangers present
whether or not to
view me with recognition
or a misconception —
me I just rattle away
like a good skeleton should.

Beckii Olenchak
Compliments
of
Myrtle Beach Farms Company

Myrtle Beach Pavilion and Amusement Park
Midway Par 3 and Driving Range
Myrtlewood Golf Courses
Oak Street Plaza
Kings Crossing
Myrtle Offices
Myrtle Square
Mall Plaza
Cane Patch
"No, it isn't Candid Camera, Kathy Watts, but close enough."

Taking a break!

Work, work, work!

"Just what I needed — another obscene phone call" — Prof. Jill Sessoms.

"What do you mean 'out to lunch'? It's three-thirty already?"

"Now, now Barbara Prevatte, no personal calls at work!"
The Man Under the Bed

The man under the bed
who waits for my floating bare foot,
is silent, as dustballs riding the darkness.
The man in the mirror whose breath blackens silver
is again at the end of the end of the line.
  For years he has waited to drag me down
  and now he tells me
  he has only waited to take me home.
If he's my dream he will fold back into my body.
His breath writes letters of mist on the glass of my cheeks.
I wrap myself around him like the darkness.
I breath into his mouth
  and make him real.

A. L. Dalton

Leftovers

It remains
to be seen
its remains
to be seen
by the whole world
and China
what remains
of my feelings for you
what little is left
of vodka and tonic
and hair spray and gel
and nights in black leather
wondering whether
you'd remain
but you didn't
and so
it remains.

Beckii Olenchak

turns

cool dawn with a slice of pale green
pries at the right-hand edge
of a cold indifferent night
when I was young I believed
I could hold up the day
with the strength of my own heart

there are lessons in finitude
the unchosen darkness
has its own wisdom

and this crescent of light
color of robin's eggs
has another wisdom

Mardi Deichelbor
All Poems on These Two Pages Are From
Dr. Paul Rices's Fall 1988 Poetry Workshop

Walker

The white cap
Covers the red hair
Of the big-nosed boy
Who badly needs a haircut.

Wendy L. Rhodes

Untamed Stuff

Soon the doors will begin snickering
in this place where a left front tire
can show bad manners and refuse
to hold its breath. Here bird feeders
stay hungry because daily they give
away their supper. Last year's Christmas
checks make a game of hiding in the attic
'til August. The resident trunk captures
its keys in silent ambush during the slamming
of the lid. Young shirts sent off
to the laundry become like homesick campers;
they consider calling a cab to get back
across town. Before long the walls
will chortle at life in this place,
this tilted place where the unruly rule.

Susan Meyers

North of the Coffee Table

I have a paper harbor in my living room.
Glassy waters await the weekend storm.
Ashes swirl,
Toast bits drift,
Bottle rings eddy.
Brochures fall from cumulus clouds
on their way to the wicker basket abyss,
A boat named “Someday” waits here,
to hoist her yellowed sails.

Mary Mc.
COMMENTS from your Yearbook Staff

This year has been a very decisive one in the life of Coastal’s Yearbook history. From the beginning we were under extreme pressure from our Administration to either show student support for the annual or have it abandoned permanently next year.

The students and interested faculty and staff members responded. We had more club photos, (apologies to the Education Club) and more participation from faculty and staff than ever before. When we put out the call for student portraits we ended up with 975 photos of interested students, more than twice the total of any past year in Coastal’s history. Our staff of twenty-two students worked with mounted enthusiasm and displayed an excess of constructive energy in assembling this year’s Atheneum. The final two weeks saw them invest over 289 man/woman hours in the layout and design aspect of this year’s issue alone. The results are here before you and speak for themselves. You be the judge.

Paul Bradford Orr
CLASS OF 1989
Editor-in-chief,
Atheneum

I would like to thank the 1988-1989 Atheneum Staff for all of their help. Being Associate Editor is not an easy job. The position is listed second on the totem pole but I felt that I was on the bottom. I guess you would have to be in my position to understand. Do not get me wrong. I really enjoyed putting together this yearbook for all of my friends here at Coastal. I feel that this will be the best yearbook that Coastal has ever had. I hope you all enjoy the yearbook because we did it for you. The hard work was hell, but it was well worth it.

Kelvin Watkins
Abused Associate Editor

Benjamin Franklin once said there are two ways to be remembered, one is for doing something worth writing about and the other is writing about something worth doing. Benjamin Franklin apparently didn’t consider working on a yearbook staff as a way of being remembered. Long live anarchy.

Michael Clark
Business Manager

My organizational skills are shot to hell, but Michael Clark is now officially off my --- list. I would like to thank Joey for loving me extra special and for putting up with my moods during this challenging time of layouts. Talk about commitment. Hang in there, Paul. You’ll make it. Kelly, take it slow and life will be okay. To the rest of the staff, thanks for doing your part.

Deb Briggs
Campus Life Editor and head complainer

The Atheneum family would like to thank you for your support through these rough times. I personally would like to thank Mike for his tolerant self and Paul’s daughter for her services rendered.

Kelly Burt
Assistant Business Manager

My staff is the greatest! Thank you for the long hours you’ve spent creating Atheneum ’89. It’s the best yet.

Glenda Y. Sweet
Advisor

P.S. We’ll miss you, Paul. Good luck!