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We like to think of ourselves as the forgotten Burr. We had no office. The May 4 Burr took over the tiny cubicle we would have typically occupied in Taylor Hall. We had no budget. Our business manager told us we didn’t even have enough money for office supplies. But here it is: the third Burr of the year, the one you’ve all been waiting for.

Oh sorry, we don’t have any drag queens. No May 4, either. What we do have is an inside look at what a game day in the M.A.C.C. is really like. And we couldn’t have picked a better game: Kent-Akron. One fan even referred to this as “civil war.”

But for those of you who might not be basketball fans, we’ve got stuff for you, too, ranging from etiquette tips to engagement stories to Kent State trivia every good student should know.

So here’s your ticket.

Enjoy the game.

Erin Kosnac

Editor’s Note

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Cover:
The men’s basketball team huddles at center court prior to the start of the Kent-Akron game.

Below:
The M.A.C.C. slowly begins to fill. Cover photos by Kathryn Deuel.
Inside the mind of a cartoonist
Meet the man who puts the price tag in Carol's hair

story by Lisa Hofmann
photos by Gary Buchler

He calls it his office. An antiquated computer sits on a desk near the door and an old, sizzling heater. Newspapers have accumulated into piles stacked against the wall. An orange and white cat named Ernie slinks about the room, stopping sporadically to rustle the newspapers with its paws. Papers with half-formed illustration ideas clutter the wall above a large drafting table. This room is where creativity has its outlet. This is where Patrick O'Connor draws his cartoons.

Kent native O'Connor has been the editorial cartoonist for the Daily Kent Stater since his high school days. In addition, his work runs in The Washington Times and the Record-Courier. Through TMS-Campus, a syndicate, he also sends his work to other college newspapers.

But the O'Connor era at Kent State is about to come to an end.

"That's what I want to do"

O'Connor, a senior news journalism major, chose his career path early on. Like most children, O'Connor read comics such as Garfield. He enjoyed and showed a talent for drawing. But it was not until about sixth grade when O'Connor became aware of Calvin and Hobbes, a comic strip by Bill Watterson, that he wanted to become a cartoonist.

"When I read that, I was like, 'That's what I want to do,'" he says.

O'Connor still admires Watterson's work and strives for his style of brushwork in his own pieces.

"It's rich," he says. "The reason I like it is because it's different than what's ever been done in a comic strip."

At Kent Roosevelt High School, O'Connor honed his skills, drawing mainly one-line gag strips. He showed his work to his art teacher.

"He really didn't like them," O'Connor says. "He just looked at me and said, 'You're not saying anything.'"

Then it clicked.

"That's when I really started reading the newspapers," O'Connor says. Reading Mike Royko's syndicated column in the Akron Beacon Journal made O'Connor notice the editorial cartoons.

O'Connor's work then began to progress into editorial cartoons.

During his sophomore year of high school in 1993, he started drawing editorial cartoons for the school newspaper The Colonel. By the summer before his senior year in 1994, O'Connor was submitting his artwork for publication in the Daily Kent Stater.

In 1995, O'Connor began at Kent State, where he continued drawing editorial cartoons. Testing his skills, O'Connor made a foray into comic strips in fall 1998.

"I wanted to see if I could do it," he says.

And he could. He produced a daily panel strip called "Sherman Street" for the Daily Kent Stater, chronicling his own living experience with several roommates in a house on Sherman Street in Kent.

"Nothing can offend you as much as a drawing"

O'Connor tries to make a statement with his cartoons, and he likens his work to a tool that elicits thoughts or reactions from people.

"I think they're the only thing in the paper that really can get a reaction out of someone," he says. "Nothing can offend you as much as a drawing."

Carl Schierhorn, an assistant professor

Opposite: Patrick O'Connor, winner of the national John Locher Memorial award, lies surrounded by a pile of his cartoons.
of journalism and mass communication, has known O'Connor since he began drawing for the *Stater* while still in high school.

"Cartoonists, in general, and Pat, in particular, wear it as a badge of honor to tick people off," Schierhorn says.

Despite his tendency to activate people's emotions with his work, he is a subdued person.

"It's kind of weird because I'm a really kind of quiet person," O'Connor says. "I don't go around hitting people with my opinions."

He has, however, developed a more anonymous fashion. Likes he'd says, he does not receive as many responses to his cartoons, but says that means he's pleased.

"Part of the editorial function is the freedom to express," she says.

One would think Cartwright a harsher critic because it is often her caricature in O'Connor's cartoons. But she is good-natured about the portrayal.

"I don't mind it at all," she says. "I have some displayed. I have a couple personally signed."

O'Connor developed Cartwright's caricature while drawing for the *Stater* in high school. Since then, O'Connor has grown accustomed to drawing her and has added a price tag to her head of fluffy, white hair.

"I think it's actually very clever," Cartwright says. "But I don't know if I've taken to that price tag."

Despite his depiction of Cartwright, O'Connor respects her.

"I think she does a hell of a lot for this university that people don't give her credit for," he says. "She does some wonderful, wonderful things. But unfortunately that's not good for editorial cartoons. Good news isn't good for cartoonists.

"So when she gets a raise, when something goes wrong, that's when I draw a cartoon. When people are trying to oust her from the university, that's when you
draw cartoons."

It is often a difficult dichotomy to maintain — what to think and what to draw. Cynicism is what this particular art form calls for, though.

"I can't draw happy-go-lucky stuff because that's not what it's about," O'Connor says. "That's not what makes funny cartoons."

"Cartooning is really a lonely business"

O'Connor struggles to describe his creative process.

"I can't really tell you how I do it," he says. "I just come up with ideas."

Because of the contemporary content in his cartoons, O'Connor often turns to newspapers and magazines for ideas.

"Lots of people think that cartoonists in general are just this bank of cartoon ideas," he says, "that there's a book that they secretly have under their beds that they pull out and go, 'Haaa — I'll do that tomorrow.'"
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Composing an editorial cartoon each day is not an easy task.

After conceiving an idea, O'Connor goes over a couple different sketches of how the cartoon could be drawn. Then he chooses one and sketches it in greater detail. The final step is to go over the sketch with a brush.

"Cartooning is really a lonely business," he says.

Because drawing a cartoon can take two to three hours and because he does this daily, O'Connor sometimes feels isolated in his office at home. So he usually runs ideas by people to see if he is hitting the point in the cartoon.

"My cartoons are never really funny to me after I've spent so long on them," he says. "The joke has worn off."

But the jokes don't seem to be wearing off on anyone else.

Tatum praises his wit as well as his being informed of the larger picture. She says he is "very good at finding an insightful, succinct way of helping you understand a current event in seconds flat."

O'Connor is hard at work on another cartoon to spark the interest of Daily Kent Stater readers. Having been an editorial cartoonist for the Stater since his high school days, O'Connor is preparing to leave Kent after graduation and head out to California.

"If you can get an original O'Connor cartoon before he graduates, snap it up"

Tatum lists many qualities O'Connor possesses that will propel him to success: tremendous wit, groundedness, diligence, smarts. And she is aware of his immense talent right now.

"I think Patrick is now, if not the most talented, one of the most talented student cartoonists in the country," she says. "His will be a name we remember."

Schierhorn agrees.

"If you can get an original O'Connor cartoon before he graduates," he says, "snap it up."

O'Connor may well be on his way to Tatum's and Schierhorn's predicted fame. Following his graduation in May, he is packing up to move cross-country. He accepted an editorial cartoonist position at the Los Angeles Daily News.

But O'Connor notes the impact Kent has had on him and how much he has learned. He maintains he won't sever ties with the area.

"I'm sure my brain is going to burp up Kent for years to come." <B>

O'Connor is preparing to leave Kent after graduation and head out to California.
ART ACCESS:
A look into the creative side of Kent State

“Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once he grows up.”

– Pablo Picasso

These Kent State students have grown up but still have a passion for art.

To start her new painting, Lauren Marsh, a senior art major, begins by spreading blue paint upon the bare canvas.

Photo by Alex Capaldi
To make the clay easier to work with, Diane Whitney, a post graduate art major, removes excess water from a bucket of clay.

Turned bowis and other pieces line the shelves in a studio in the Ceramics Lab located across the street from the Michael Schwartz Center.
Amid a sea of mannequins, Liz Pavka, a sophomore fashion design major, sews a piece of fabric while working in a fashion lab in Rockwell Hall.
Philip Wilkinson Jr., a graduate student in architecture, works on a series of blueprints in The Urban Design Center. The center, located in Cleveland, opened a new studio in November as part of the Kent State School of Architecture.
Andrea Buck, a first-year graduate student in jewelry and metals, hammers a copper bowl. Each bowl begins as a flat disc of copper and is then hammered over metal and plastic stakes.
Roughly 85 percent of all the resident switches are upgraded at present, Futey said. "Funding dependent, we hope to have the areas we designated to upgrade completed this summer." On

Tom Baglackas and Shannon Hines, both graduate students, discuss his piece "Number 1," which is made of Bullseye glass, Plexiglas and latex paint.
With pieces hanging on the wall behind him, Jason Zamecnik, a sophomore interior design major, works on a loom in his three-dimensional weaving class.

Using various yarns, Julie Divelbiss, a senior finance major, works on a weaving study to see what various techniques look like.
On a late Tuesday afternoon, Michelle Pajak, a senior metals major, assists Alex Hanlin, a junior glass major, as he molds his glass that just came out of the oven in the glassblowing studio.
Elbows off table. Salad fork. Sit up straight. No belching. Soup spoon please. And thank you. Take small pieces.
One vision from a faculty dinner several years ago still haunts Elizabeth Sinclair-Colando.

"The wife of one of the faculty members just picked up her knife and licked it," she said. "The person with me noticed, too, and we just sat there with our mouths hanging open."

Other people in the room also noticed. And stared.

"Maybe they eat that way in their house, and maybe she just wasn't thinking," Sinclair-Colando said.

But the image of a woman licking her silverware is burned into her brain. As associate dean of undergraduate studies in the College of Business Administration, she emphasizes the importance of etiquette to students' future careers.

"You could be the best person for the position," she said. "But if you can't communicate that in a way that's culturally acceptable to the organization, you aren't going anywhere."

Etiquette experts believe the laid-back atmosphere of college may be keeping students from learning the p's and q's of socializing in a formal setting. Translation: Sitting in the dark eating Chee-tos out of the bag and watching The Jerry Springer Show prepares students poorly for the very public world of business. In the Roman arena of business competition, the interviewee without manners is the Christian running from the lions. He or she will be eaten alive.

Organizations across the country have recently launched etiquette programs to save students and young businessmen and women from making a career-stunting faux pas. Kent State is no exception.

Since January, schools like Ohio State University and MIT have held programs for their students with the help of outside etiquette consultation companies.

"A lot of this was taught years ago around the family dinner table," etiquette expert Darcy Matz told the Minneapolis Star Tribune during a training dinner for the University of Minnesota. "Now we don't do a lot of dining at the table. We're using paper napkins and plastic forks, eating out of fast-food containers, eating in the car."

Sinclair-Colando said her generation, which raised today's college students, is much more involved with careers and activities than previous generations. Some of the in-home training has fallen by the wayside.

"We educators assume often that students just know these things, when in fact that's not the case," she said. Kent State has discussed adding an etiquette class for credit, but nothing has been done yet.

Rebecca Erwin, president of the Kent State chapter of Golden Key National Honor Society, said in daily life, a person's manners show others something about him or her that doesn't always come across in conversation.

"When I think about (etiquette), it's like a date," she said. "That's one of the first tests. If they burp at the table, if they pick their teeth, I find out that the person is someone who I'd be embarrassed to be with."

Erwin noticed the need for a manners refresher when the chapter officers went to the national convention during fall semester 1999. Group members were awkward in social situations and when they attended dinners in formal restaurants.

She contacted University Food Services, which had given 11 previous etiquette programs, and set a date. Golden Key would pay much of the cost of a six-course meal in Kent State's Schwebel Garden Room Restaurant for members who chose to attend.
The Immaculate Reception

Honor society members clad in business suits began getting off the elevator onto the third floor of the Student Center at about 6:40 p.m. They were 20 minutes ahead of schedule but better early than late. Red-cheeked from the biting February air, some people warmed their hands hurriedly in anticipation of handshakes.

The doors to the Schwebel Room stood open, but clusters of attendees huddled safely in the hallway, examining hanging photographs of past professors and looking at anything to keep occupied. People hung back with faces uncertain, not knowing whether to enter and interrupt the bustling staff.

At five minutes to 7, the group of 30 trickled into the room. Coats went to the coatroom, and students with majors ranging from science to music hovered hesitantly in the doorway. Candles flickered across precisely folded napkins and pristine white tablecloths. Robert Zuckerman, adviser to Golden Key, reassured the group with a gesture toward the bar area and a table spread with tiny, unidentified foods.

“One of the functions of the reception is to meet other people,” Zuckerman told the crowd. Lines formed at the food, and a few brave souls ventured to introduce themselves. A few silly, nervous laughs and some handshakes later, the group was on its way.

It soon became awkward to hold both a stemmed glass and a plate brimming with canapés (cold appetizers) and fruit. People filtered into seats at nearby tables. Senior Melody Moore recognized a woman from a music class she was taking, and she made her way to the round table where her classmate was sitting. A minute later, Sheila Galeano hesitated near a seat and asked if she could join the group. A round of introductions followed. Galeano began to speak of her adventures with the College of Arts and Sciences.

“I’m on the 25-year plan,” the middle-aged French major told the table with a laugh. “I am going to graduate this May.”

After the diners had fumbled with red grapes on the stem and chased pepper poppers around their plates with a tiny fork for several minutes, the imposing figure of Chef Ronald Perkins wove his way to the front. A former army drill sergeant with piercing eyes and an even sharper sense of humor, Perkins seemed an unlikely figure to be teaching the niceties of formal dining.

“If I come on a little bit strong and it bothers you, tough,” he said, cracking a grin.

Perkins re-emphasized the importance of mingling during the given social time. The practice is vital to career networking, he said.

“How come you’re all sitting? The way you’re sitting, you’re saying, ‘This is my space. Ha ha! I’m going to sit in the dark.’”

He singled out a lone woman in the back of the reception area. “Not only am I going to sit by myself in the dark, but I’m going to sit behind a pole!”

Too late, the diners were told to take only three appetizers at a time instead of heaping plates. We’re here to meet people, not to eat.

Perkins offered his hand to a man in front of him. The chef clucked at the returned shake.

“Your name is Jack,” he said. “Shake like a JACK.”

After a few more handshake guidelines (firm, but don’t break the hand of an 86-year-old woman and don’t hold on too long or it will seem a little personal), Perkins relocated the group to dinner tables across the room.

Let the games begin.

The First Course

As if Perkins had crashed an imaginary gong, white-clad servers sprang forward with shellfish samplers. The silent diners sat erect (posture aids in digestion) in front of three forks, two knives and three spoons arranged as if on a surgical tray.

“What if I’m a vegetarian? Is it polite to refuse food?” one woman asked. Perkins said the best way to avoid these problems is to call ahead and request a special meal.

“And if you’re allergic, don’t eat it,” he said. “Up to 8,000 people (per year) in the United States eat something and begin choking or have an allergic reaction, and they excuse themselves from the table. Then they are found dead in the rest room.”

On that note, Perkins began teaching the polite way to pull apart a crab claw. Take the two sides of the claw. One side moves. Wiggle it back and forth until the meat falls out the bottom of the shell. Juice squirted and ran down arms. Perkins told everyone to wait to use the napkins in their laps until the next course. Special napkins would be served after the seafood.

“This is messy,” Galeano said, frowning in concentration. Heidi Brown, a senior geology major sitting across the table, grew impatient with the polite way and dug the meat out with a tiny seafood fork. She stopped when the crab nearly shot across the table. The sticky, shell-covered group truly appreciated the plates that appeared containing Wetnaps, warm towels and lemons to combat the smell.

Hurdle No. 2: A Daunting Salad

Comparatively, the shellfish were no big deal. Sixty incredulous eyes turned to the servers, who were bringing hard bread bowls stuffed with romaine lettuce, standing on end 6 inches tall. The Standing Caesar Salad, a tiny edible palm tree, was surrounded by diced tomatoes, olives and croutons.

Perkins instructed the group to saw a bite-sized piece off the bread bowl. Then the lettuce can be pulled out, laid on the plate and eaten neatly. Perkins said he follows a foreign custom of eating the salad after the entrée.

“I’m convinced we, as Americans, have
Your name is Jack. Shake like a JACK.” Chef Ronald Perkins, assistant director of Dining Services, demonstrates the proper handshaking technique. After one diner shook Perkins’ hand in a wimpy fashion, Perkins enlightened the group with some handshake guidelines.

A horrible name would have to be handled with grace, he said. Use the name. Don’t laugh, no matter how much you might want to. And watch the alcohol intake, Perkins warned.

“Some people become much more open with alcohol,” he said. “Some people become just ugly little craps. You know which you are.”

His guideline was a half cocktail for every hour of attendance at a gathering. Perkins said he just keeps a drink in his hand so people aren’t constantly pushing more drinks on him.

2,200 dining rules in her book, which is widely considered the bible of manners. This group only hit on the essentials.

Perkins discussed origins of etiquette, which had sprung from necessity in the earliest days of human beings. Why are dinner knives rounded? During the time of Louis the XIV in France, Cardinal Richelieu watched a man picking his teeth with a pointed knife. It disgusted him so he gave an edict that all dinner knives would be rounded. History was made.

The serrated edge of the knife should face inward toward the plate. This is a diplomatic sign that you are at peace with the person you are dining with, Perkins said.

“If the blade were out, you could pick that knife up and slit their throat with it,” he said.

Feeling more comfortable with the setting and the other diners, people loosened up.

“When I first heard about (the dinner), I thought ‘How much can you learn?’” Galeano said. “Far more than I ever imagined.”

As a geology major, Brown doesn’t know if she’ll ever use what she gained. “But you never know,” she said.

The table was served white chocolate mousse in a marbled chocolate cup with piping hot coffee on the side. It was time for the spoon above the plate. The mousse was light and smooth and sooo...

“THERE’S A FLY IN MY DESSERT,” a surprised voice called out.

“It’s a sterilized plastic fly,” Perkins reassured. He advised the group on how to be polite but assertive in the case of a complaint: Tell the manager exactly what the problem is. There’s a hair in my food, and it’s not my hair color. I’m sure it might be the hair of someone passing, but that’s a long shot. I just thought you would want to know that you have a problem with your sanitary hair containment.

And if the problem isn’t solved satisfactorily, he said to send copies of a letter about the experience to the restaurant, the restaurant’s central office and the health department. You’ll see results, he said.

“I used to live in California, and the service was excellent,” Perkins said. “I came back to Ohio, and it sucked. I think it’s because people here don’t know how to complain.”

At Ease...Well, Maybe

Honor society members had polished off their entree of Chicken Gallentine, chicken sausage poached and served with dill butter sauce. They had learned the odds and ends of dining custom.

Don’t burp. Keep elbows and hands off the table. Place the fork, tines downward, on top of the knife on the plate to signify being finished with the meal. Don’t fish objects out of your mouth with your hand. Use an appropriate utensil. Emily Post lists
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Quiz: How polite are you?

1. Always pass objects to:
   a. the right
   b. the left
   c. the most important person at the table first
   d. children first

2. In a formal place setting, the water glass usually sits on the:
   a. top right
   b. top left
   c. top and center

3. During the reception, attendees should:
   a. introduce themselves to as many people as possible
   b. drink as much as possible before the bar closes
   c. find a seat to keep from spilling the hors d'oeuvres
   d. wait for others to approach and introduce themselves

4. A correctly placed nametag sticks to the:
   a. right
   b. left
   c. center

5. You run into your boss, John Davis, at the mall. You call him:
   a. Mr. Davis
   b. John
   c. Boss
   d. both a and c
   e. both b and c

6. Escargot is:
   a. the name of the first course in a six-course meal
   b. the French tradition of introducing the more important person to the person of lesser stature
   c. the gourmet delicacy of snails usually eaten as an appetizer

Judgments are always being made about us. Etiquette may seem like a lot of confining rules. But etiquette can also be a way to empower yourself. It helps us to get along with each other."

Good night and good luck.

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d. another name for the social time before a business dinner.

**Answers**

1-b. You pass to the left so that you are passing into the person’s right hand. Most people are right-handed so this makes for a smoother exchange.

2-a. Because most people are right-handed, the practice of placing the water glass on the right has become standard.

3-a. The reception is a time to network. Your goal at a business dinner generally is to advance your career, not to eat. Introduce yourself to people instead of waiting for others to come to you.

4-a. The nametag goes on the right so the eyes of the person with whom you are shaking hands can travel from the hand shake up your arm and straight to your name.

5-a. This is a tricky question. It comes down to what your boss has asked you to call him. When in doubt, you can’t go wrong with a courtesy title like Ms. or Mr.

6-c. Don’t be afraid to try new things at a business gathering. Unless you have a specific reason like an allergy for avoiding unknown foods, you will look silly and stubborn for refusing to try exotic things. If you don’t like it, at least you’ll know next time.

**Scoring**

5 to 6 correct — Martha Stewart

You don’t need to attend these programs. You need to be teaching them.

3 to 4 correct — Joe Average

You just need a little work. Polishing your manners can put you at ease and put your career on the right track.

0 to 2 correct — Fred Flintstone

What rock have you been living under? Ignorance of etiquette these days can keep your career (and possibly your social life) stuck in the Stone Ages. It’s time to look into a program or find a good how-to manual.

---

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It's a cold, gray Saturday morning, and the Memorial Athletic and Convocation Center stands stoically against heavy winter clouds. In about 6 1/2 hours the M.A.C.C. will draw the largest crowd for a Kent State men's basketball game since 1971. But for now, the lights inside are dimmed, and the halls are silent except for the echoes of a few voices coming from inside the gymnasium.

Standing just inside the Lobby B entrance are two of the site's maintenance workers, Dave Boettler and Lonnie Scarlett. The two are discussing their game plan for the rest of the day.

Boettler says they are responsible for fixing "basically anything" that goes awry during the game, as well as setting up the gym for basketball by pulling out the side bleachers and raising the auxiliary hoops to the ceiling.

Scarlett says the maintenance workers will also test the three scoreboards repeatedly to make sure all the lights work, and they need to check the 12 to 15 mechanical rooms that serve as a passageway for air to reach the M.A.C.C.'s air conditioning system. With more than 6,400 people crammed into the gym, the temperature will certainly be on the rise. After explaining that the two will also check the electrical system, Scarlett pauses and begins backing his way to the exit.

"I got stuff to do, so I gotta go before I get my butt chewed out."

Clad in a Kent State sweatshirt and navy blue shorts, Associate Athletic Director Ken Long hurries through the gym on his way to the Lobby B exit. He talks of how important it is for all the workers to plan on preparing for a full house.

"We want everything set up so there are no surprises," he says as he glances through one of the M.A.C.C.'s side exits at a semi trying to back down the road between the gym and Lake Hall. "We've already had our first surprise of the day."

"As long as everyone stays flexible," he says, "we'll have half a chance."
8:58 a.m. Back inside the M.A.C.C., Bill Wynes, a free-lance lighting technician for Sports Illustrated, works to string four strobe lights to the ceiling, which will benefit the Sports Illustrated photographer who will be taking photos at the game. In the background, the scoreboard suddenly comes to life as it flashes the score: Kent 90, Akron 50. The scoreboard must be psychic.

9:15 a.m. The concession workers arrive and immediately begin preparing the cornerstones of any sports fan’s diet: nachos, pretzels, hot dogs, sauerkraut and pizza. Senior student manager Jeff Culbreth says the vendors will “way too much food” on hand. But he estimates there will be 32 Papa John’s pizzas available in addition to 30 cases of hot dogs and eight to 10 cases of pretzels, just to name a few. Culbreth says for this game all of the concession stands will be open, and two additional stands will be set up on the second floor. The main stand, where Culbreth works, usually accommodates four lines of people. But for the Akron game, they will try to service 12. “Overall it usually isn’t bad,” Culbreth says. “But halftime is going to be just ridiculous.”

9:35 a.m. Three-quarters of the way up in the second-level seating, Don Clements and Jim Orack are putting together the television cameras for the game. Clements says most of the maintenance workers at the game are free-lancers.

“I work for the ‘Anything for a Buck Corporation,’” Clements says. After adjusting one of the camera’s legs to the dark blue platform, Clements takes a couple moments to watch the Kent State basketball team’s practice.

“Hey, do you know what their secret play is?” he asks. “Neither do I, and we aren’t gonna find out because they always kick us out and lock the doors right before their real practice begins. I must’ve worked a couple thousand basketball games, and I’ve never seen a team practice its secret play.”

9:50 a.m. On the floor, Kent State coach Gary Waters puts his team through a variety of ball-handling and layup drills. Seven-foot redshirt John Edwards stands in the paint as 6-foot-9-inch forward Mike Perry is driving toward the bucket. As he goes up for the shot, Edwards sticks out a right hand, which seems as though it will never stop extending, until he effortlessly swats the shot away from the rim.

“Yo, you gonna let him do that?” one player yells at Perry. With renewed spirit, Perry retrieves the basketball and again charges Edwards. This time, Perry slides to the right of his defender, and the ball finds its target rather than the middle of Edwards’ palm.

In the background, players all over the court hustle, scream and fly after one another. This practice seems to have life or death consequences attached to it.

11:15 a.m. Perry stands alone at the basket in the empty gym. Dribble through the legs. Layup off the glass. Turn and sink the jump shot. He passes the ball to someone at the other end of the court and makes his exit. The gym is silent except for the sound of the basketballs hitting off the floor.


11:25 a.m. "It's more like being a tour guide," says Angela Gergley, a sophomore early childhood education major.
She stands at a table at the entrance to the M.A.C.C. Before her loom 150 stuffed, straightened and stacked information packets touting the benefits of a Kent State education. And a place on the football team. Gergley and about nine other volunteers like her are helping the football department today, as they often do throughout the week. Today 150 high school juniors — and potential Kent State football players — are here to see the university. And the Kent-Akron game, which they get in to for free.

11:29 a.m. At Tielemans shoots for Sports Illustrated. Today he will take about 400 photos for a five-page story on the Mid-American Conference. Of those, maybe one will be used. It’s up to the editors — Tielemans just takes the pictures. And it has been a busy week for Tielemans as he has traveled throughout the MAC. Tielemans says he hasn’t slept nearly enough this week, but he nonchalantly rattles his hectic schedule off like it’s nothing he can’t handle. The Nike running shoes he wears have definitely proven their worth.

It’s hectic, but this week’s work is a special opportunity. “Normally I just show up, walk in on Saturday morning, shoot the game and leave,” Tielemans says. “To me this is a choice assignment. It’s not just shooting the games. You’re trying to tell a story about what it’s like to play in this league.”

12:02 p.m. The junior football recruits are herded into a section of bleachers at the end of the gym. “Kent Athletics” flashes on the scoreboard.

12:05 p.m. Cheerleader Anthony McAtee, a senior criminal justice major, stands calmly in his workout pants and Kent Cheerleading shirt. But there’s a built-up energy about him, as though any minute he is liable to break out into a front handspring.

“A crowd gets me psyched up big time,” he says. “When the players are out there doing their best, I get really pumped. That is like the ultimate rush — adrenaline. I have a ball in front of the crowd.”

12:15 p.m. Heather Walsh, a senior elementary education major, is busy hanging up clothes in the Kent Shop. She proudly displays her “Flush Akron” shirt, which has a picture of Flash flushing a Zip down a toilet. She thinks these will be hot sellers today — and for just $10.

12:28 p.m. On the court, the folding chairs that will serve as each team’s bench are being set up.
12:30 p.m. Perry walks through the lobby, singing *American Pie*. Only 2 1/2 hours until game time.

12:35 p.m. Kent State’s Marketing Associate Steve Sefner, who also does the play-by-play radio announcing for the men’s basketball and football teams, arrives at the M.A.C.C. Sefner has brought the games to life over radio for the past six years, and this game marks his 167th broadcast for the men’s basketball team. Sefner says this game, despite being against the Golden Flashes archrival Zips, doesn’t excite him any more than the past 166 games he has called.

“They’re all very special and unique,” he says. “Whether it’s against Akron, or Bowling Green or Buffalo, this one is no different. I guess it is a little more exciting since it is Akron, but it’s business as usual.”

12:45 p.m. Malcolm Williams could bust your head in a second. He doesn’t say so, but it’s obvious. The part-time security guard for Hall Entertainment Services leans against a column in the lobby of the M.A.C.C., coolly surveying people as they pass. In his left ear gleam two earrings — a big gold hoop and a shiny diamond stud. His arms are crossed in front of his chest. He’s tall and solid and looks prepared for anything.

Not that he expects any problems. A Saturday-afternoon Kent State basketball game is nothing compared to some of the concerts Williams handles for Belkin Productions. On a danger scale of one to nine, this is a one.

12:58 p.m. Tom Gray, a freshman criminal justice major, stands behind the front doors of the M.A.C.C. A small group of people has gathered outside. But today the doors don’t open until 1:30 p.m. Gray looks out at them as he lets someone with a pass in.

“I feel like a real jerk making them wait.”

1:02 p.m. A urinal in one of the men’s bathrooms begins to overflow.

“It’s Niagara Falls over there,” Sefner says about the growing pool forming underneath the urinal that will have a brown garbage bag draped over it 40 minutes from now.

1:05 p.m. The game is sold out, but Mark Hatch and his mom Nancy are determined to get in.

“We come to every game,” Mark says. “And here it is the most important game of the season, and we’re standing out in the cold.”

He sees his friend walking up to the M.A.C.C. from the parking lot. “Hey, do you have any extra tickets?”

His friend does.

“All we need is one more,” Mark says. “And we’ll be in.”
1:17 p.m. Thirteen minutes until the doors open, and ticket taker Rebekah Raley, a junior nutrition major, has taken her post on one side of the elevator. Students must swipe their ID's and have corresponding tickets. Outside the doors, a crowd has formed.

1:20 p.m. On the other side of the elevator, ticket taker Marilyn Sessions takes her position.

"I think we're just going to be swamped the whole time," she says. "You can just feel the excitement build. This is like the adult version of a rock concert."

1:30 p.m. The doors are officially opened. The first mass of people begins to rush through the adult line, with cheeks reddened from the cold but with smiles on their faces. Three people frantically rip the tickets as fast as they can. The women's softball players begin yelling, "50-50 tickets." The M.A.C.C. is beginning to fill with life.

1:32 p.m. Two Union soldiers from the Civil War have worked their way through the student line. Mark Hovencamp, a Kent State grad, and his brother Matt, a sophomore technology major, are donning blue and gold face paint along with their soldier attire.

"It's Kent-Akron," Mark says. "This is civil war."

1:39 p.m. Lines are starting to form at the concession stands as people continue to trickle in. What was almost silent an hour ago is now bustling with activity.

1:46 p.m. She sits at the same site where five hours earlier Long had watched a semi back its way down a narrow road. The lone sentry, also known as freshman photo journalism major Ashley Trainer, is seemingly oblivious to the rush of people flowing past her as she sits quietly reading her book and keeps an eye on the doorway in front of her.

Her job, as well as the three other door-watchers located at other exits in the gym, is simple: Keep people from entering the M.A.C.C. through the side entrances.

"It's nice," Trainer says about her job. "I work until halftime, and then I go to the game. It's the perfect job — I do my homework and get to meet people."

2 p.m. Six psychedelic clown wigs sprout from the heads in the student section. A student dressed as a superhero models the Kent State flag he wears as a cape, his red face mask and his ill-fitting fuzzy yellow gloves.

"I feel like a superhero," he says. "I feel like I could do a lot of damage."

"Hey man, these two seats are saved, just so you know," somebody tells the superhero.
The superhero looks offended. "Eight thousand people here, and they're saving seats," he scoffs. The superhero laughs at such paltry mortal threats.

2:07 p.m. In the officials' locker room, Terry Wymer, Dan Fouser and Sam Lickliter are preparing for the game. Clad in their striped shirts, the three men move around the small stuffy room.

"As we get dressed, we talk about the situation," Lickliter says. "We try to cover the game — mentally and verbally."

2:29 p.m. The crowd that had been pouring in for the past hour begins to lull ever so slightly.

2:30 p.m. Jim Brown and Magnolia McCall are on Kent State's daytime custodial staff. Brown just got finished dry-mopping the basketball court, and now the two take a break for a moment before they get back to work. They've got to stay on their toes whenever the fans are sitting in their seats.

"Clean the rest rooms, mop up all the spills, try and keep it as neat as you can," says Brown, describing his duties. "Restock the toilet paper and paper towels sometime between the start and halftime. Clean it all up again after halftime. It's all right. It's a job."

Brown shrugs and smiles. But there's one thing that wears on him — the band and its confetti. He points at where the pep band sits across the gymnasium.

McCall's gold front tooth shines when she smiles. She's looking at all the students who fill the bleachers in front of her.

"Some of them are crazy!" she says. "Especially with all that — what is that on their heads?" She's spotted all the rainbow-colored clown wigs. "I think that's team spirit, though. That's really nice. And that one kid's got his face painted all blue and gold!"

She smiles and laughs and watches a little longer. Then Brown and McCall are heading out of the gym, back to work. The game hasn't even started yet, and they're already bracing for halftime.

2:34 p.m. The Golden Flashes take the court to a standing ovation.

2:37 p.m. They are two of the brave ones. Among the sea of Kent State fans they proudly wear their navy shirts with "Akron Basketball" written in white across the front. Bryan Hipsher and Keith Matthews, both students at Hoban High School in Akron, sit a few rows behind the Zips' bench. Hipsher is the son of Akron head coach Dan Hipsher and
brother of Akron forward Andy Hipsher.

"It's a great feeling with all these people around here," Bryan says. "It's going to hopefully feel better when we beat Kent today."

2:40 p.m. Kent State Provost Paul Gaston makes going to a basketball game look like an intellectual activity. He sits in the second row of seats, gazing across the court at the players warming up. He appears contemplative, thoughtful but not serious, and occasionally sips on a cup of coffee as he speaks.

Gaston is good-naturedly diplomatic as he discusses the game.

"I love college basketball," he says. "Especially when Kent's playing."

And Akron?

"It's very easy to root against a team named the Zips," he says, "if for no reason other than their name."

2:45 p.m. Kent State President Carol Cartwright is standing courtside, cheering on the Golden Flashes as they warm up. She's dressed for the day, with a navy blue suit and a golden-yellow blouse. Cartwright says she has no problem getting excited for the Kent-Akron game.

"Oh, yes. I think it's a natural rivalry," she says. "Especially this year, with both teams doing so well. It takes the rivalry to a new level.

"I'm fond of saying that institutions of higher education need to do a lot of collaborating — except, of course, on the basketball and the football field."

At that moment the Flashes trot off the court. Immediately, Cartwright pivots towards the players and applauds as they pass her. She shakes a few hands, too.

"I think it's going to be Kent by 10," she says when they have all left the court. "And I've got my last year's championship pendant on as a good luck charm."

2:47 p.m. The pep band begins to blare the tune Eye of the Tiger. The upper and lower levels of seating are packed. It's almost game time.

2:50 p.m. On the scoreboard, the clock begins to count down. 16:13...16:12...16:11... The team huddles on the court, raises its hands in the air and then departs from the gym. The crowd gives them a huge round of cheers and screams as a farewell.

The Akron team remains shooting on the floor for a little while longer. As these players head to the locker room, the cheers and screams are replaced with a deep booooo.

2:53 p.m. Fans in the standing room only sections jockey for a good position from which to watch the game. They will spend the next two hours stacked two deep.

2:55 p.m. Reginald Holmes stands at center court with a microphone in hand. In his red shirt and black pants, he sings the national anthem as a handful of fans searches desperately to find any last remaining seats.

2:57 p.m. Proudly waving their flags bearing the letters "K," "E," "N," "T," the cheerleaders run onto the court. The fans have risen to their feet and have started clapping furiously.

2:58 p.m. Cartwright makes her way to center court where she greets the four senior players who will be making their final home court appearance: Ryan Lehrke, Al Moore, Geoff Vaughn and John Whorton. As Whorton walks out with a parent under each arm, the crowd rises to its feet once again. He takes Cartwright in his arms and gives her a hug.

3:10 p.m. It's finally time for tip-off. Andrew Mitchell takes control of the ball, and the "Let's Go Kent" chant fills the gym. The Flashes start off on an emotional high, which they will ride for the entire game. An early Whorton slam triggers a roar from the crowd, and then a Demetric Shaw layup off a turnover increases the volume.

3:20 p.m. The game is barely 10-minutes-old, and the Kent State crowd has already begun to chant "FAT-BALD-CON-VICT" in reference to stocky Akron guard Jami Bosley, who had been arrested a few years earlier for breaking into a car at Ohio State.
3:25 p.m. Ticket takers Sessions and Raley are still standing at their ticket booths, but things have slowed down considerably. Now the action is inside the gym.

3:35 p.m. Culbreth wanders out of the main concessions stand after the mob of people, who rushed his booth before the game, have gone into the gym.

"This is ridiculous," Culbreth sighs for at least the fifth time that day. "We can't keep up. We have at least five cases of everything gone, and halftime hasn't even started. We've got people running over to the Student Center to bring us extra cases of food." Culbreth says in the short time the public had been in the M.A.C.C., they had already gone through dozens of pizzas.

3:42 p.m. There's a timeout on the court. The dancers and cheerleaders rush out as the pep band begins to play, with the back row of tuba players moving from side to side. The cheerleaders and Flash are hoisted into the air. The Akron players walk out onto the court amid all the festivities.

3:49 p.m. A weak voice from the pep band begins to chant, "K-S-U!" Others soon follow.

3:52 p.m. Two free throws by Huffman put the Golden Flashes up 41-24 before going into halftime. "Let's make some noise" flashes on the scoreboard as the fans begin to exit out of the bleachers. On the court, preparations are being made to honor the Varsity "K" Hall of Fame inductees.

3:55 p.m. A line of about 13 men has formed outside the men's restroom.

3:57 p.m. Evon Whorton, John Whorton's mother, sits courtside, holding a basketball in her lap. She is all smiles — and not just because her son's team is up by 17 points.

"It's my baby's day," she says. "It's special whether they win or lose."

4 p.m. The Akron cheerleading squad joins with the Kent State cheerleaders and dancers for a special halftime extravaganza. As the dance team is showcased, hoots and hollers are bellowed out of the student section. High-flying bodies are being launched across the court. The back row of the pep band proudly holds a sign telling the dancers they love them.

4:06 p.m. The Golden Flashes come back out onto the court. Catch Us If You Can begins to fill the M.A.C.C.

4:10 p.m. Let the second half begin.

4:15 p.m. The "FAT-BALD-CON-VICT" chant begins as Bosley steps up to the foul line. He misses his first shot. And the taunts of the crowd intensify.

4:18 p.m. Paul Mastriana, a 1970 journalism and accounting graduate of Kent State, rides the elevator up to his seat in the loge. This is his first time sitting in the loge, which allows its patrons to watch the game from beyond a
“It’s very comfortable,” he says. “There’s room to move around, and it’s more relaxing. But you don’t have the crowd noise up here. When you are out in the arena hearing the crowd, it’s a whole different thing.”

4:20 p.m. With 15:59 left to play in the game, the “We-Love-Kent-State” chant begins.

4:30 p.m. With a timeout on the floor, the cheerleaders rush out onto the court and launch shirts and balls into the stands. People are waving and yelling, hoping to be one of the lucky ones.

A man behind a media table holds up a sign: “Zippy Burgers for the homeless.”

4:32 p.m. The scoreboard reads Kent 57, Akron 39. Gene Carson doesn’t mind that he has been sitting the entire game in the farthest corner of the topmost row of the bleachers in the upper level. The view’s fine from here, he says.

“This is a 20-point game no matter where you’re sitting,” he says. He does not say it happily, as the Akron University logo emblazoned on his sweatshirt might suggest.

Akron’s been playing badly lately, he says with a shrug. And Kent State, he has to admit, is the best team in the MAC. Regardless, though, he can see just fine from his lofty perch.

4:35 p.m. Out in the lobby, away from the noise and excitement of the game, McCall, begins sweeping. It’s been a busy day.

“I can’t hardly keep the toilet paper filled,” she says. “I finish one side of the bathroom, and by the time I finish that side, the other side is empty.”

4:38 p.m. The lobby is empty. Only a handful of people is moving around. The lines at the concession stands are nonexistent.

4:39 p.m. The first fans are shaken from their seats as Kent State’s lead expands to 65-47.

4:41 p.m. Flash begins body surfing through the student section at the far end of the gym. The students pass him along until he reaches the top of the bleachers right under the Marshall banner.

The pep band begins to play The Final Countdown as the attendance of 6,402 is announced.
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4:51 p.m. With 2:48 remaining, Whorton comes out of the game. He hugs his coaches and teammates. In the same substitution, Lehrke comes in for the final minutes and is met with a small eruption from the crowd.

When the clock has almost expired, Mitchell, the junior point guard who scored big on Senior Day with 22 points, comes out of the game with the score at 74-53. Mitchell walks with purpose toward the bench, and he is met with a big bear hug from Whorton. Mitchell gets the seniors for at least a little while longer.

Lehrke, the senior who doesn’t see much playing time, finds a way to make his time count today. The crowd bears witness as Lehrke finds his way to the hoop, receives the ball and scores on a reverse layup. Whorton and Mitchell both seem to jump higher than they have all year. The score at this time doesn’t matter — this day is complete.

4:57 p.m. The scoreboard shows Kent State’s victory: 83-54. The fans rush the floor, forming one giant screaming, jumping mass at half court. “Revenge is Sooo Sweet” flashes on the top of the scoreboard.

5:02 p.m. Having been fairly empty a couple hours before the game started, the Kent Shop is now packed.

5:14 p.m. The chairs that served as each team’s bench are now being folded up again and placed on their racks. Hall Security is packed up and preparing to leave. The concession tables on the second floor are bare. No lines. No workers.

5:22 p.m. Four workers begin cleaning the upper section of bleachers. Tonight they are lucky — usually they only have two or three workers. But it will still take them close to eight hours to clean up the mess that is scattered throughout the empty gym.

“It’s a pretty big mess,” says Bill Ross, custodial working supervisor, with a nod and a grin. “Yeah, it’s a really big mess.” That’s an understatement.

5:30 p.m. Activity has ceased in the Kent Shop. The door is closed and locked. Business is done for the day.

5:35 p.m. The Akron players have left their locker room. It is now empty, but their presence is still felt. Coke cups, ice bags, bandages and rubber gloves are strewn across the room. A few of the blue locker doors are ajar.
6:18 p.m. The workers cleaning the bleachers have progressed about half way down the upper sections. Two more people have now joined in helping them. The gym is now silent with the occasional sound of a broom on the bleachers or some piece of garbage being tossed into a barrel. There’s no yelling, no cheering.

6:20 p.m. While workers continue to clean the bleachers, the battlefield still awaits them. The aftermath. The student section is deserted, but the fans have left their mark. Daily Kent Staters blanket the aisles. The carcasses of blue and yellow balloons have been abandoned on the battlefield. Pieces of confetti are mounded everywhere. Popcorn kernels lie dribbled about in trails that lead nowhere. Candy wrappers and bare sucker sticks, an empty carton of Reiter orange juice and half a hot dog, McDonald’s french fries and the mangled remnants of a Whopper are all scattered about like roadkill on the expressway.

Photo by Greg Ruffing
Custodial worker Cathy Robinson works on clearing trash from the reserved section following the game.

Scores of losing raffle tickets ooze unluckiness from where they have been left in the bleachers.

Two lights snap off overhead.

Dozens of leaflets are scattered in the bleachers. "3 Tha-REE" they read. Some have had their corners ripped off to be used for confetti. They look moth-eaten and weary. "RAY -N- GEOFF THE CENTER OF R WORLD" proclaims another sign. It is scrawled in big, bouncing letters, written in blue and green marker on a piece of poster board. "GO KENT — Beat Akron" reads a third sign.

They did. <B>

Redmond Carolpio contributed to this story.
You are cordially invited to meet some Kent State students who are preparing to receive both diplomas and wedding rings.

**An Engagement Story**

story by Michelle Cioci

Whether they have known each other all their lives or have just recently met, getting engaged is one of the biggest steps in a couple’s life. Because these students have made this step during college, they have even more to think about. But they insist they are making the right choice and are going to make it.

Meet four couples who are engaged. Hear the stories of their love, their relationships and their proposals. Join them as each couple prepares to begin a new life together.
Tiffany Petrosky, 21, and Robert Marek, 23, met when they were very young, but it wasn’t until 19 years later that they actually got to know each other. It wasn’t as if they didn’t have a lot pushing them together: Their mothers had been best friends in high school. They had played together as babies. They went to school together through seventh grade. And years later they worked out at the same gym.

Fate was bound to kick in eventually. Both grew up in Garfield Heights, a suburb of Cleveland. Petrosky’s mother and Marek’s mother were very close during high school. When both women married and started families, the friends started to grow apart. But not before their children had played together a few times.

Even though Petrosky and Marek were later in the same class at William Foster Elementary School, they never became friends. When Petrosky was in seventh grade, her parents divorced, and she moved with her mother to New Mexico. She finished high school there.

In 1997, Petrosky returned to Ohio to live with her father in Garfield Heights. She enrolled at Kent State. After a year on campus, she moved back in with her father for the summer. Marek noticed her when she was working out at the gym one day.

“She concentrated really hard while she was working, and I couldn’t get her attention,” says Marek, a junior accounting major. “She never even noticed me, but I noticed her. Then a few days later as I was getting out of my car at home, she was getting out of hers only two doors down. She lived on my street.”

“He came over and introduced himself, but neither of us realized the connection in our pasts,” says Petrosky, a junior middle childhood education major. “He didn’t ask me out right away, but I later found out that it was because he broke up with his girlfriend so that he could get to know me.”

Marek felt the connection right from the beginning.

“I said to my friends she was ‘the one’ before I even went out with her,” Marek says. “I knew there was something between us.”

The two started dating and eventually talked about marriage. They picked out a ring together in October 1999.

“I was there when he bought the ring, but I wasn’t allowed to talk about it or even think about it,” Petrosky says. “I knew it was coming, but I just didn’t know when.”

In December 1999, the couple flew to New Mexico to visit Petrosky’s family for Christmas. They had a layover in St. Louis and spent it at the airport.

“He had been acting weird all day, and I thought it was because he didn’t get enough sleep or something,” Petrosky says. “He was getting on my nerves, and then he started pulling on my jacket when I was talking to this older man in the airport.”

Marek was kneeling on one knee beside her, but he couldn’t get her attention.

“She just kept on talking, and the man that she was talking to is staring at me because I am trying to propose and she doesn’t even know it,” Marek says. “He knew what was going on, but I couldn’t get her attention.”

Finally she got the hint.

“I couldn’t believe it,” Petrosky says. “I was crying, and the whole airport was cheering and clapping. It was amazing. In all the excitement, I didn’t even say yes. Later when we were in the air, he asked me what my answer had been.”

The couple insists it has something that is going to last.

“I couldn’t believe it. I was crying, and the whole airport was cheering and clapping. It was amazing. In all the excitement, I didn’t even say yes.”
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“From our first date, when he took me to play miniature golf, instead of to somewhere like a bar or a movie, I knew he was different,” Petrosky says. “And then when my mom met him, she thought he was wonderful. She never liked any guy that I went out with. Once we got to know how close our families had been, it was even better.”

“It was never awkward with us,” Marek says. “We just clicked.”

Jocelyn Thompson & Scott Kalberer
Dating since June 1998
Engaged since May 1999
Wedding date: April 21, 2001

Despite a six-year age difference, Jocelyn Thompson, 20, and Scott Kalberer, 26, have built a relationship together. A bigger struggle they will have to face will be balancing married life with student life.

“We know it will be hard, especially at first,” Kalberer says. “But anything that is worth anything is hard. We’ll get through it together. We plan on living somewhere close, so we can finish school and be close to our families.”

Thompson and Kalberer’s romance began in 1997, when they both began working separate games at Geauga Lake Park in Aurora. They still noticed each other. Kalberer had a girlfriend at the time, but he still knew he was interested.

“I spotted her,” he says. “As soon as I saw her, I knew I wanted to be with her.”

Thompson took a little bit longer to come around.

“I was very cautious at first,” she says. “He is six years older, so I wanted to be careful and find out exactly what he was after. Then we hung out more, and it drove me crazy to be away from him.”

But because Kalberer had a girlfriend, the relationship was not moving past friendship. Thompson grew frustrated, wanting more.

“I started dating someone else that summer, almost trying to make him mad,” says Thompson, a freshman family studies major. “Then in March of the following year, I wrote him a letter, telling him how I felt. He was single, and so was I. We started talking again.”
Jennifer Glotfelty & Corey Loman

Dating since August 1996
Engaged since Nov. 25, 1999
Wedding date: Sept. 22, 2001

Jennifer Glotfelty, 22, and Corey Loman, 21, were best friends in high school, but they didn't begin dating until two weeks before she was to move to Kent State from Clarington in southeastern Ohio.

The two have had a long-distance relationship ever since and talk almost every night on the phone, but they sometimes have to go months without seeing each other.

“Even when I’m home, we live 30 minutes apart, so there is some distance there, too,” she says.

Glotfelty, a senior individual family studies major, met Loman during their freshman year of high school, and the two of them became close. During the summer after their high school graduation, things began to change between them.

“He told one of our friends that he had feelings for me,” Glotfelty says. “And he already knew that I felt the same way. Then one day we were waiting for my dad’s cancer results. They were supposed to be in, but the doctor was called to emergency surgery.”

If the doctor had not been called into surgery, the two might not be together today.

“When I went to his house, we talked and decided to try to start dating” she says. “We knew we couldn’t make any promises because I was leaving for school, but we decided to try. The next day I found out that my dad had cancer.”

After dating for three years, the topic of marriage had come up, but Glotfelty wasn’t expecting a proposal yet.

“I was thinking he would probably do it after graduation, and he had told me that he wouldn’t do it on a big holiday that I suspected. But I was home for Thanksgiving, and he had figured out that Thanksgiving was our three-year, three-month, three-day anniversary. He chose to do it then.

“We were in his car at this special spot where we used to always go and talk,” Glotfelty says. “He was telling me how much he loved me and how much I meant to him. He said he had a surprise for me, and I was oblivious to what was going on. Then he used my full name, and I knew he was proposing.

“And it is definitely even harder to be apart since we got engaged. The phone bills are huge.”
John Sattelmaier proposed to Megan Aron at a fast food restaurant, but he wasn't serious. It was just one of his fake proposals leading up to the real thing. “He got down on one knee in McDonald's, and I was crying and telling him not to do it there, and he had been joking in the first place,” Aron says. “Another time we were in the mall, and he started screaming, ‘I love you, Megan,’ and he got down on one knee. Another fake one.”

Aron, 21, and Sattelmaier, 23, had their first date on March 27, 1998, after they had met through a mutual friend who worked with Aron at Longhorn Steakhouse. They clicked so well that from then on they were together, she says, and they consider their first date to also be their anniversary. “The first time I saw him,” Aron says, “I thought, ‘Oh, my God, this is my dream date.’ Then he didn’t ask for my number, and I was disappointed. But the next day he thought I was working, so he came and sat at the bar for a couple of hours, just waiting for me. “He finally felt weird and left, but I thought it was sweet when I found out. My friend Adam later gave him my number.”

They had a lot in common from the beginning. “The first time we talked, we were on the phone from midnight until 7 a.m.,” says Aron, a junior public relations major. “We talked about everything, and we had all of the same views and beliefs. “After we had been dating for a while, we picked out the ring, but he kept it and told me I would get it soon. Every time he would give me a card, he would draw a ring at the bottom and write the word ‘soon.’”

Aron never knew when he was going to propose because of all of the fake proposals. She thought she might get the ring around Christmas because they had the holidays, their nine-month anniversary and her birthday all within a week. But she wasn’t sure. “He was taking me out to see The Nutcracker, and we went to dinner first,” she says. “He had bought me a new dress and shoes, and I had gotten my nails done. When we were eating, he was picking at his food, even though it was our favorite restaurant, and I didn’t know why. “He grabbed my hands under the table, and I thought he was handing me his
"The first time I saw him I thought, 'Oh, my God, this is my dream date.' Then he didn’t ask for my number, and I was disappointed."

wallet, but then he got down on one knee, and I knew what was happening."

The night was just perfect, Aron says. "It was so us," she says. "It was at a place I loved, and I was taken aback. I expected it, but I didn’t expect it.

"And then a couple came up to us at The Nutcracker. They had been at the restaurant and had seen what happened. The man told us that it was their 50th wedding anniversary that night, and that the night was lucky. He said that he hoped we would be as happy through the years as he and his wife had been. That made the night even better.

"When you meet that person, you just know. You can’t live life without him." <B>

"Inquire, learn, and reflect."

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SO MANY CHANNELS, SO FEW ALTERNATIVES

TIRED OF BRITNEY, PUFFY AND THE BACKSTREET BOYS,
LISTENERS TUNE IN TO A HIGH SCHOOL STATION

story by Carrie Garzich
photo by Alex Capaldi

There was supposed to be a scramble — not a void.

When Cleveland’s alternative radio mainstay, 107.9 WENZ, changed to an urban format in May 1999, somebody was supposed to pick up that niche. For seven years, The End had thrown bands like Nirvana, Pearl Jam and the Smashing Pumpkins from the airwaves at the end of the dial. Rumors of the change had wrought petitions and letter-writing campaigns.

Popular support was strong. Somebody was supposed to recognize that.

Somebody ended up being a 1,000-watt station run by students at Streetsboro High School.

The station, which covers Summit and Portage counties, is the only one dedicated to alternative/modern rock music in northeastern Ohio’s broadcast airwaves.

Inside the main entrance, a left turn moves you down a concrete-block hallway that smells like Windex. Pictures of past high school classes hang over rows of lockers. Wide, neat and antiseptic, it makes you long for a little chaos.

The chaos is at the end of the hallway, beyond the hand-painted fluorescent green and black sign announcing the home of 88.9 WSTB, The AlterNation.

Inside, beige dividers crowd a narrow hallway. It channels past two small rooms, labeled with plastic “On Air” signs. There isn’t any mistaking this is a student-run operation, with stickers bearing band names plastered everywhere, camouflaging the occasional algebra or chemistry book.

Students sign up for a variety of reasons, says Bob Long, a teacher and WSTB’s general manager and weatherman. Some are interested in broadcast careers and look to the station, which has moved several graduates into the professional ranks, as a way to get valuable experience. Others sign up, Long says, because it’s fun and a “neat technology thing.”

“Coming from commercial radio and being in college radio, I can’t imagine being a junior in high school, for example, and talking to tens of thousands of people,” Long says. “You don’t even know who these people are, and they’re calling you. You go out, and you have these moments where they go, ‘Oh, I listen to you.’ And you don’t even know who they are. That’s got to be such a high — a natural one — for a high school student.”

To be considered for the station, which has been in place since 1972, students have to take an introductory course, meet attendance qualifications and pass a test on Federal Communications Commission rules and station policies. When students reach their junior and senior years, Long says, they have an 83-minute period in which they’re assigned to the radio station.

“And that’s cool,” he says. “It’s almost like going to the student center and cutting.”

When students get to their senior year, they can move into management positions on the staff. Long says he tries to make things “as real-world as possible,” which means students do most of the managing and problem-solving.

The station carries alternative music
But, led by an initial explosion in the early 1990s of flannel-clad grunge rock, the alternative genre seemed to be the "in" music of the decade. The numbers indicate otherwise. According to Arbitron statistics, urban music has always had a larger radio audience than alternative music, with more than twice the listeners as the modern rock format for much of the '90s.

"You'd hear, 'You have a collect call from: Play Acid Bath or you're gonna die.' We'd go, 'This goes out to our friends who are currently incarcerated'"

The original title, Venom Rock, was scaled back to V-Rock.

Long gave it three months. It lasted eight years.

With a name like "alternative," it would stand to figure the music is a little hazy — both in terms of genre and audience.

"The alternative format is a slippery beast," says Ben Whaley, an assistant professor of journalism and mass communication at Kent State. "Almost by definition, if something is alternative it cannot be widely popular. This is counter to the commercial aims of radio or any business. Only college radio seems able to pull off this trick of riding the edge of the wave, and they are not hampered by financial pressures."

"Most people don't know it's a high school-operated radio station," Long says. "I've heard high school radio. The kids stammer. They stutter. They stumble all over the place. Our DJs may not be real up-tempo and slick, but they don't often stumble and stumble."

Program Director Matt Fredmonsksy, a senior at Streetsboro High School, runs the the on-air studio of 88.9 WSTB, The AlterNation, which has become the area's main source of alternative music.
THINKING ABOUT YOUR DRINKING BEHAVIOR?
You might be interested to know that ...

Based on survey data collected by the office of Student Health Promotion (1998)
from a representative sample of undergraduates on the Kent Campus.

65% of KSU students have 4 or fewer drinks when they party!

“We knew the end was coming July 10. We had to live with that for a couple of weeks, and it was tough. But none of us squealed”

Has is an older demographic. And this is one of the problems consistently. Arbitron skews to an older demographic because they're the responsible people who mail in the books.”

Stations that appeal to a younger audience, Long says, don't do well unless they also appeal to an older demographic. Alternative does that, he says, so 107.9 had some good numbers, but they were not reflective of its true audience size.

But Whaley says audience size isn't the only factor in the success of a radio station. “Any market can only support a limited number of formats,” he says. “Audience numbers for any size have to be of sufficient size to be attractive to advertisers.”

“Audience isn't just defined by size but by things like disposable income. The folks that own and run WENZ just didn't find those numbers attractive.”

Beyond market share is the slow decline the genre has taken nationally since Arbitron recorded a high in winter 1996.

Isidoro Aguinaga, general manager at 107.9, says alternative market labels aren't selling well right now. The big groups in the genre, like R.E.M., basically died about five years ago, he says, and haven't been replaced.

“I think if the artists themselves start putting out better products, it's going to come back,” he says. “There's not a lot of new products out there right now that are selling. Different formats go through different cycles of life.”

Howie Greene, a former WENZ DJ, disagrees with Aguinaga's assessment of the market, citing new releases from Oasis, No Doubt, Bush and the Smashing Pumpkins.

Whatever caused it, the dip in the alternative genre has combined with a surge in urban format music. When urban radio specialist Radio One purchased 107.9 and did market studies, it found the Cleveland market was missing that format, Aguinaga says.

At 5 p.m. on May 12, 1999, WENZ concluded another loop of the R.E.M. song. This time, it was the end of alternative
music in Cleveland, as fans' campaigns to save the station were futile.

"When I found out the format was going to be changed, I was completely outraged," Suzelis says. "The End was something that we were so used to, and it was being taken away from us totally by surprise."

Under the new format, Z-1079 more than doubled in size in eight months, Aguinaga says, which moved it from the 14th-ranked station in the market to Cleveland's No. 6 station. No station moved to take the former End's place. Akron Public School's 91.3 WAPS continued to carry some alternative programming in its eclectic mix, which ranges from jazz to polka. Greene started up his own Web site, www.howieradio.com.

"I started it up for a couple reasons," Greene says. "I know that Internet radio is the next great thing, and I wanted to be in on that. And it was a need for alternative music in Cleveland. None of the radio stations were going to do it."

By early 1999, metal had gone off the deep end. The music was being linked to violence and the shootings at Columbine High School.

"I think the worst thing about it was we had to deal with the fact that people were going to discriminate against all of us because of what we listened to - because of the music we liked," says Music Director Liam Lowery, a senior at Streetsboro High School. "People were going to hear that and say, 'Well, automatically you're a bad kid because you listen to Rammstein or Metallica or some other bands.'"

Long says he could see pressure building to change formats, so he called another breakfast meeting. He and his senior staffers decided to change voluntarily in the summer. With 107.9's change in formats, they recognized a large audience searching for alternative music. They kept the change a secret until July 10, when V-Rock went off the air.

"We knew the end was coming July 10," Long says. "We had to live with that for a couple of weeks, and it was tough. But none of us squealed."

The station signed back on as The AlterNation in late August, adding a Web site in September.

"Overnight we basically went from having a very big library of music to having absolutely nothing, and we had to get all new phone numbers, all new contacts and just totally start from scratch," Lowery says. "We had to get just enough CDs to start a
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Marching Band (Music 45222) M.W. & F 3:20-5:15 pm / Fall Semester
Basketball Band (Music 45224) M 3:20-5:15 pm / Sp. Semester
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Radio station within a month."

The WSTB play list has moved from groups like Acid Bath and Rammstein to Nirvana, R.E.M. and Live. Some, like Nirvana, were controversial acts in the early V-Rock days but appear tame by today's standards, Long says.

There are still limitations in the station's play list. The automation system, which started with the alternative format, sometimes doesn't rotate songs properly, so the same 10 songs play over and over again.

But WSTB has found an audience in people who have moved from the other end of the dial.

Amanda Woletz, a Kent State freshman biology major, says it's nice to be at school and be able to listen to a station that plays alternative music.

"They don't play as good of a variety as 107.9," Woletz says. "But they do play older stuff, which I forget about and then get re-excited about."

While Suzelis doesn't like the limitations of The AlterNation's still-developing play list, she says it's the only station that plays the kind of music that she likes.

"I think that overall 88.9 is pretty cool and came just at the right time," she says. "And it has a lot of potential to become pretty great."

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Between howieradio.com, 91.3 and 88.9, there are options out there for alternative music in the Cleveland area. But many fans are still looking for an End-sized station — missing in particular The End's promotion of local bands and drawing power for national concerts.

Dan Kemer, in charge of advertising and marketing at Belkin Productions in Chagrin Falls, says national acts like the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Rage Against the Machine are skimming Cleveland.

"There's a lot of acts out there that aren't getting their dues, aren't getting their spins, that are selling a lot of tickets," Kemer says. While the current alternative radio outlets are helping, Kemer says things are "pretty rough right now."

Edmund A. Rossman, a former End business manager, is using his Web site, www.1079.com, to promote and spread the word about alternative acts.

"Most major alternative acts are bypassing Cleveland, and newer national acts are having an extremely bad time building a base here," Rossman says. "Word about them filters out through the Internet, but it's way hard for them to get exposure. They can have all the paper publicity they want, but unless they have a member who
was originally with a big band that people can relate to, people won't know what to expect from their music. And unless they take a political stance people will identify with, or have some other hook, they'll have a tough time of it.”

Aguinaga calls it a catch-22. The market is in a down cycle right now and needs new national acts to bring it back, but local bands can't get the air play necessary to join the national ranks without stations like The End.

Rossman says it would be possible for a band to break out of the Cleveland area if it uses the Internet, has an honest talent and a smart business plan.

At 88.9, which broke bands like Mushroomhead during its V-Rock days, students say they try to help.

“I like giving local bands their start because it’s not like we're a huge station,” Fredmonsky says. “We’re not very small, but we’re not very big either, so it just kind of sticks within our roots as well. I like to help people out as much as I can through the station because I feel it’s helping us get a start in a career, we might as well help other people out, too.”

Aguinaga says it's unfortunate The AlterNation doesn't have a signal that can reach the market and says he's a little bit sad no one picked up The End's format. For college students, he says, there are not a lot of choices on the radio dial unless you like urban music.

This is one of the reasons why Rossman says he's been active with his Web site.

“I'm not going to watch kids I see in middle school and high school having to grow up with only canned gangsta or pop role models,” Rossman says. “Molded consumers make bad fellow citizens, in my humble opinion. Having these kids never hearing views or satire expressed in songs like Lust for Life, by Iggy Pop, would make me very bummed.”

Because much of Cleveland radio is currently involved in mergers and other changes, a new alternative may not be in the immediate future. But Greene, the former 107.9 DJ, says an End-sized alternative station will eventually return to the area.

“I think the fact that we have 8,000 to 10,000 hits a week on an internet radio station that isn't being advertised anywhere shows that there is a need for alternative music in Cleveland,” Greene says. “Somebody’s missing the boat.”
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Mystery No. 1: The black squirrel
Is it really a product of twisted animal love?

The Truth...
The black squirrel was brought to Kent State on Feb. 16, 1961, according to the Admissions Office. Larry Wodel, superintendent of grounds, thought it would be cute to have a new breed of squirrel on campus. Wodel went through the Davey Tree Company in Kent to acquire 10 black squirrels from Ontario, Canada. Nearly 40 years later, they’ve taken control.

Mystery No. 2: The tunnels
Were they part of the Underground Railroad?

The Truth...
Thomas Dunn, assistant director of energy for campus environment and operations, sets the age-old debate to rest. “The tunnels, despite popular opinion, allow for utilities such as steam, condensate, electricity, telephone, fiber optics and data communications to be distributed to all those buildings attached to them.” Dunn says. “These tunnels are very dangerous for those without experience.”
The tunnels are not for trains, buses, janitors or students to travel in. Dunn says the tunnels make maintenance easier and help the campus look better by hiding everything below ground.

Mystery No. 3: The Student Center
Was it really designed as a wind tunnel?

The Truth...
Thomas Euclide, director of the office of the university architect, says the windy environment of the Student Center was not intentionally designed. “I believe the combination of the 12-story library and the curved front of the Student Center have caused the wind tunnel effect,” Euclide says. “But this was not planned. We have had many comments on the wind, and we added trees to the planting beds to try and buffer the wind effects.”

Mystery No. 4: The 10-minute late rule
How long is too long to wait for that late prof?

The Truth...
Jerry M. Lewis, emeritus professor of sociology, has a simple answer to this one. “It is a rumor very rampant at the regional campuses,” he says. “I tell my students to wait: I’ll be there. Too many students believe it’s real, but it’s not a policy of the university.”

Mystery No. 5: The dead roommate
Is this the easiest route to the perfect 4.0?

The Truth...
Lewis explains the formation and invalidity of urban legends. “It’s called an academic myth,” Lewis says. “Urban myths are another term for a rumor. Urban myths really are something that captures the urban, or big city experience.
Lewis says no university policy would ever allow this. The grading system of universities is up to the professor. But he can understand how this myth came about.
“People begin to believe them,” Lewis says. “You may not necessarily want your roommate to commit suicide, but the A’s are desirable.”

Claudia Kovach contributed to this story.
The Mysteries of Kent State Revealed!

Many times it seems as if the truth is as hard to find as a parking space in the commuter lot

ONE MAN’S TRAGIC STORY: “I KILLED MY ROOMMATE FOR A 4.0!” THE INQUISITOR REVEALS ALL!

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Our award-winning Schwebel Garden Room Restaurant features Steak Diane prepared table side. Experience our seasonal favorites like Grilled Bass and Chicken Ashley. The Schwebel Garden Room boasts a selection of wines from around the world, and delectable desserts.

Highly rated by local magazines and newspaper restaurant critics, the Schwebel Garden Room features daily lunch buffets, Sunday Brunch and private rooms for small groups, celebrating memorable occasions.

Elegance on the go? We prepare upscale meals in a basket for concerts, picnics or other special events. Call us for menu options.

More than just delicious meals.

The Schwebel Garden Room Restaurant –
An education in dining excellence!

Sunday Brunch: 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. • Lunch: 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Monday through Friday • Dinner: from 4 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday • Reservations Requested •

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