The Disappeared
The Burr Rocks

2004 Mark of Excellence Award from Society of Professional Journalists

First Place
- Best Student Magazine
  (published more than once a year)
- Best Online Student Magazine
  The CyBurr

2004 Student Magazine Contest of the Association for Education in Journalism and Mass Communication:

First Place
- Best Student Magazine: General Excellence
- Best Student Magazine: Editorial

Second Place
- Best Online Student Magazine
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2004 SPJ regional competition
- First Place, Best Student Magazine
  (Published More Than Once a Year)
- First Place, Best Online Student Magazine: The CyBurr
- Third Place, Non-Fiction Article: Jamie Carracher, "Isolated Incidents"
- Honorable Mention, Non-Fiction Article: Melissa Ramaley, "Inside Out: How She Became He"
- Third Place, Photo-Illustration: Jacob Stewart, "Lessons Learned"
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(cover) Each stuffed mannequin is meant to represent one of eight women killed in 2001. The mannequins are situated on the floor of a shrine to the women in Juarez, Mexico.
Dear Readers,

Last semester, Lindsay Gebhart came up to me right after I was named editor of this magazine. Her eyes were wild and excited, and she shook her hands around like she was judo-chopping the air.

"Jaclyn, I have the greatest story idea ever," she told me.

She had just seen a documentary about Juarez, Mexico. The city is just across the border from El Paso, and it's home to hundreds of murdered women. Their bodies are found in the desert—abused, mutilated, decomposed.

She wanted to go to Juarez to report on the story and figure out why no one knew who was behind the murders. I nodded, humming her.

"Sure, Lindsay, if you're really up to it, knock yourself out," I said, not actually believing she'd want to go through with it.

That was in May. I talked to her throughout the summer, a few times in June, more in July, every other day in August.

She was serious.

I was excited—we were going to have a truly international piece in The Burr, and Lindsay and photographer Jef Vidmar were going to Mexico.

I was terrified—they were going to Mexico.

Anyone who knows me will tell you this is not the type of story they'd expect to appear in a magazine that I'm the editor of. I'm happy-go-lucky; I don't get stressed out; I tend to like fun, light-hearted stories that will leave readers with smiles on their faces.

Juarez will not leave you smiling.

But it will leave you thinking. It will leave you amazed that this can occur less than 10 miles from the U.S. border, and it will leave you astonished that mainstream media have been so silent on the issue.

If you think 12 pages devoted to this topic is a bit much, rest assured that you'll find something you like in here. Not big on words? Check out the photo story on the transformation of one drag queen. Like issues that stay close to home? Amanda Codispoti talks to three students who fought in Iraq; Katie Hilbert talks to police and students to try to figure out why there's such hostility between the two groups; Steven Harbaugh talks to some jaded roommates who are sick of being kicked out of their dorms so their roommates can get it on.

I went into this thing hoping to put out a magazine with enough diverse stories to interest anyone who picked it up. That's still the goal, but now, I see it as a teaching tool. I learned so much from reading these pages. I hope you walk away a little enlightened, too.

Jaclyn Youhana
Editor
Don’t forget the CyBurr!

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A Magical Philosophy
Meet one student who makes money making magic.

Rest in Peace, Fido
Some pet owners want nothing but the best for their animals—even in death.

The World’s Biggest Garage Sale
EBay is changing the way small businesses operate.
Three students who fought in Iraq share their experiences of being in war and coming home

It's a war in a place that seems so distant—distant from the lifestyle of most Kent State students, from the climate of northeast Ohio and from the feeling of security. But for these students enlisted in the National Guard, gunfire, spiders the size of your hand and dead dogs disguised as bombs became a part of their lives. Now they’re back from Iraq, and they have memories and stories of a place most of us can’t even begin to imagine.

Primitive Living

Almost a year after coming home from Iraq, Spc. Bob Patrick’s watch is still set to Army time. But he’s on his own time now.

Enrolled at Kent State as a political science major, he’s almost a junior. He started college in fall 2000, but he’s spent more time serving in the 323rd unit of the National Guard than he has as a student at Kent State.

Two days into the spring 2003 semester, Patrick was told to report for duty in Toledo within 36 hours.

“It’s the worst feeling I’ve ever had in my entire life,” he says. “How do you say goodbye to family, friends and a girlfriend?”

He spent his last day and a half packing, not knowing where he was going or how long he’d be there. He spent time with his girlfriend and his family. He notified the university of his deployment and got his finances in order. And then he was off, not to return until four days before Christmas.

Patrick arrived in Iraq on May 4, 2003. At the base, things were primitive. Using junk from a scrap yard, his unit made toilets by cutting 50-gallon drums in half and covering them with wood. When the toilets were full, the soldiers set them on fire. They showered with jugs of water in a stall they constructed from a desk and a tarp. In the heat of the desert, the water was always warm—and so were the soldiers. Patrick says ice was a “hot commodity.”

Patrick’s unit patrolled the area where they were stationed, and he says they were shot at sometimes.

“There would be a gun shooting, and you’d look around,” he says. “You couldn’t really light up the countryside. It got frustrating because you wanted so badly to defend yourself.”

At the unit’s second station, the danger worsened.

The unit was escorting soldiers who were consolidating weapons from
around Baghdad. Throughout the city, Patrick says, there were piles of guns and grenades "laying around like a kid left his toys out." Missiles wrapped in plastic were stored in long, rectangular wooden boxes. Some missiles sat in the front yards of buildings.

"Those were the scary times," he says. "Those were the bad days."

Resistance was increasing around their base. Patrick recalls seeing Humvees, damaged from roadside bombs, on flatbed trucks.

"It was just so nerve-wracking driving down the road," he says. Whenever he saw anything suspicious on the roads, like a can or a pile of dirt, "you'd almost instinctively put your hand up to shield your face."

Returning to the base after a mission was a relief.

"You did take a deep breath when you came back to base. There's one more day," he would tell himself.

While working in Baghdad, Patrick bumped into a friend and fellow Kent State student he had served with before, Sam Beall, who was working in Baghdad as a military policeman.

"How weird is that?" Patrick says. "It's funny how many people you end up meeting that you have a connection with."

A year ago, Patrick was making preparations to get his life back in order. From a base in Iraq, he scheduled classes on Web for Students. He used the Internet to find a house in Kent.

"Doing that kind of thing was great," he says. "It gave you a sense of security that you actually were leaving."

In Kuwait, his unit waited for three weeks for a plane to take them to Ft. Bragg, N.C. They had a Thanksgiving feast. They packed. They cleaned equipment. And they waited.

And waited.

And hoped to make it home in time for Christmas.

Arriving at Ft. Bragg, where he had previously spent 10 months on duty, "in a way, was like going back home," Patrick says.

One week later, he flew to Toledo with his unit.

As the soldiers got off the plane and collected their luggage near a hangar, they wondered where their families and friends were and where they were supposed to go. A sergeant told them to get into formation. The soldiers said no. Then the hangar's door opened.

A band was playing, a flag waved and families and friends cried and smiled as they searched for their loved ones and ran to them.

"That was really surreal," Patrick says. "If they could have set it up in Hollywood, it could not have worked out better."

Patrick says he had some anxiety about what things were going to be like when he got home.

"You don't want to feel like you missed out," he says. "When you come home and things are relatively static, you think, 'Maybe it wasn't that bad. Maybe I didn't miss much.'"

There would be a gun shooting, and you would look around, you couldn't really light up the countryside.

It got frustrating because you would see kids too bloody to defend yourself."
Keeping His Cool

It was his first day on the job in Baghdad as a military policeman, and Spc. Sam Beall stood with his back to a wall, avoiding gunfire. The Cypress Hill song, "Born to Get Busy," ran through his head:

I want to learn acquire knowledge of a scholar went to college all
Comes very handy when it comes to pushin', showin' and stuff
Then ask who is he though, I'm not the sissy
I'm stiff to neutral brother, and I'm born to get busy.

"You gotta keep your cool," Beall says, "because if you don't, that's when people die. I wasn't going to die."

In a matter of months, sports management major Beall went from working at Best Buy to being a cop in Baghdad. He broke up a counterfeit ring and patrolled the city and the Tigris River.

The gunfire he dodged on his first day in Baghdad wouldn't be the last.

"One night, I was watching bullets bounce off the pavement," he says. "When we started taking fire, I put the pedal down. I was out of there. I told too many people I was coming home."

The building where he worked in Baghdad was a skeleton—no glass windows, no doors and no jail cells. The soldiers created a jail cell using a desk, which held up a grate. The paint was peeling off the concrete walls. On one wall, American and Iraqi flags hung side by side.

On top of the station, a soldier kept guard behind a barricade of sandbags. On the outside, barbed wire kept prisoners in the station and Iraqi children out.

"If you give a kid over there a dollar, they'd do anything," Beall says.

"They'll just follow you around."

Not all the Iraqi people were fond of the soldiers. Beall says most of the people were nice. The rest threw rocks

"It pissed me off because I didn't want to be there anyway," he says.

While on patrol, Beall visited the Baghdad Zoo. Twice, on his days off, he

Desert Storm: A Perfect War

More than a decade before men and women were being sent to serve in Operation Iraqi Freedom, soldiers like Maj. Joe Paydock, an Army ROTC instructor at Kent State, were being deployed to Iraq for Operation Desert Storm.

Paydock, who joined the Army after joining the ROTC in college, says the war he fought in was a conventional war, unlike the current conflict.

"The biggest difference is that the current force is occupying the country," he says. "When we were there, we went in there, freed Kuwait and we were done.

"In many respects it was the perfect war. The country supported it, it didn't last long and not many people died. We would love to be in a conventional war now."

Paydock says today's soldiers are having an entirely different experience.

"They are staying in the cities, trying to build a new state. I think we had it easier. We knew the danger was out there, but for these guys, it's imminent."

The most stressful part of the Persian Gulf War was heading into it because they didn't know what to expect, Paydock says.

"We didn't know what the enemy was capable of," he says. "They were ordering body bags and predicting thousands were going to die. When they finally said 'cease fire' and it was over, it was hard to believe it was over so soon."

Americans supported Desert Storm because of the lack of support during Vietnam, Paydock says. The lack of support back home was demoralizing to the troops in Vietnam, and people didn't want to see that happen again.

People also supported the war because there weren't many casualties and it didn't last long, so there wasn't time for the patriotism to "go stale," he says.

"This generation of Americans hasn't been through a drawn-out war and losing lots of people," Paydock says. "We haven't been through this, and we don't like it."
swam among fountains in Saddam Hussein’s pool, surrounded by palm trees.

“It was the best feeling in the world,” he says.

For the rest of his time in Iraq, he lived out of a tent in the yard of the former vice president’s palace. He showered in a trailer. He worked an 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. shift. And during the day, he endured 140-degree heat.

“There’s really never any getting used to it,” Beall says.

Camel spiders, which can grow to have a leg span of 5 inches, were something the soldiers never got used to, either.

Beall remembers a time in Kuwait when someone spotted a camel spider in the tent.

“There were grown-ass men jumping on the bed screaming, ‘Kill it! Kill it!’” he says with a laugh. Someone finally threw a boot on it.

Beall’s unit left Iraq on Dec. 22, 2003, but it didn’t leave with everyone it had come with.

On Dec. 10, while some soldiers were patrolling the Tigris River, Staff Sgt. Aaron Todd Reese fell in. Sgt. Todd Bates went in to try and save him, but both drowned. To this day, it is unknown how Reese fell in the river.

“It pretty much crushed us,” Beall says. “The whole Bates and Reese thing showed us a sense of vulnerability.”

Reece’s body was found two days later. But Beall and his unit spent 11 days looking for Bates.

“You’re basically sitting there waiting for your friend to float up,” he says. “It sucks, especially because you know it could have been you.”

On Christmas Eve in Kuwait, Beall heard Bates’ body had been found.

“It kind of makes you feel guilty because you made it home, and they didn’t,” Beall says.

At Hopkins International Airport, Beall was reunited with his family.

“I don’t know how you describe the feeling,” he says. “It was great to be home.”

Beall also met the families and friends of the soldiers he served with, but he felt like he already knew them.

“Twelve hours of sitting on top of a roof in Baghdad will do that to you,” he says.

Looking back, he says his time in Iraq was “like a bad dream. It’s like it never happened, but the memories are still there.”

Recently, Beall was watching TV and saw footage of troops playing football in Iraq. Suddenly the smell of Baghdad and the feel of wind on his face came rushing back.

“It almost made me puke,” he says. “I’d break my fucking leg if I have to go back.”

WHEN I STARTED TAKING FIRE, I PUT THE PEDAL DOWN.
I WAS OUT OF THERE. I TOLD TOO MANY PEOPLE I WAS COMING HOME.

After former Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein was captured, Sam Beall wanders through Hussein’s palace. “Just being there blew my mind,” Beall says. (Photo courtesy of 138th MP Company of the Ohio National Guard)
EVEN AFTER SERVING IN IRAQ FOR A YEAR, SGT. JOLICIA HARPER DOESN'T know why American soldiers are there.

"When I first got there, I was still trying to figure out what was the purpose of us being there," says the 23-year-old sophomore nursing student.

"I don't care if anyone sat down and explained to me why we were there. It might sound funny—I just don't understand."

Harper and her platoon drove trucks to deliver supplies to camps all over Iraq. One of her first missions was delivering toilet paper.

"We were mad," she says. "Why do we have to haul this stuff and risk our lives?"

A group of soldiers were supposed to scout out the area the convoys would be driving through, but sometimes that didn't happen.

"It was a fear of being in danger pretty much every time we left from our camp," she says. "We never knew what was ahead."

Most of the time, Harper was on the lookout for roadside bombs. She recognized a dead dog on the road as a bomb because there were wires coming out from under it. Other times, the bombs would be buried in the sand.

"The bombs they'd set up, you didn't even know they were bombs," she says.

Toward the end of one mission, as Harper was driving, she thought about how she wanted to get back to camp, eat and take a shower. She was about to merge into the left lane but changed her mind at the last second.

"Something just kept me in the middle lane," she says.

Then, to her left, she heard an explosion. Through the windshield of the Humvee, she saw dirt in the air. In her seat, she felt the ground shaking.

"It just all happened so fast. We didn't know. We thought we were being shot at," she says. "From that day on, I was scared. I wanted to go home."

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That was in February. In April, things got worse. Insurgents blew up bridges and roads to slow the convoys. Harper's convoy was stuck at a camp because a fuel truck couldn't make it to them. They left two hours before insurgents tried to get into the camp where they had been stranded.

That mission would be one of Harper's last. In May, she and the rest of the 762nd unit were sent home.

"I didn't believe it until the plane was up in the air," she says. From Kuwait, Harper's unit was flown to a base in Kentucky before they were bused to Akron.

Harper got to Akron on her grandmother's birthday, and her grandmother told her it was the best birthday present she could have received.

When Harper got off the bus, a woman she didn't know hugged her and thanked her.

"People I didn't know were just glad for us to be home," she says.

Harper doesn't like to think about being in Iraq, and after she got home, she didn't watch the news or read the newspaper because she was afraid she would see or read about someone she knew.

But the war changed Harper in ways she can't ignore.

She doesn't like being in large groups of people because, for a year, she lived in a tent with 18 people. The sound and sight of helicopters remind her of being in danger. On the Fourth of July, she stayed home instead of going to see the fireworks because the loud noises emotionally disturb her.

These souvenirs will stay with her long after the heat of the war has passed. :)

Amanda Codispoti is a senior newspaper journalism major. This is her first time writing for The Burr.
When Kent State couldn’t provide what they were looking for, these women chose to move to Utah, the headquarters of the Mormon religion.

Seven girls are crammed into the 1997 maroon Dodge Intrepid careening through the wooded hills that line the Potomac River. It is a long drive from Ohio, but the pain of cramped knees is made bearable by the crisp night air and chatter of big plans for the future. Christine Funtulis, a Kent State student and member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is going to be "sealed" to her fiancé for all eternity that evening.
As the car crests a final hill, the atmosphere is electric with the ethereal glow of the temple—it's luminous towers stretch toward the stars. The illumination bouncing off the sandstone of the Washington, D.C., temple blinds their eyes with sudden overexposure of white light. Funtulis lurches halfway out the window and screams, "I'm Mormon!" with all the spontaneity of her soul.

In this moment of euphoria, crammed in the back seat between two of her best friends, former Kent State student Amanda Van Camp, the only Catholic in the car, knows with absolute certainty she is resolved. In her heart, she, too, is a Mormon.

Van Camp says all the pieces came together that night at Funtulis' wedding.

"I felt the spirit of God rush through me, and I knew I wanted to be a part of this," she says, her long, dangly earrings framing her oval face, "I could see my future ahead of me, and I knew it was a good one."

The Latter-day Saints

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints stations missionaries in Kent with the express purpose of evangelizing Kent State students. Working in conjunction with local Mormon congregations, known as wards, Mormon missionaries primarily from Utah testify to their experience with the "fullness of truth" to all who will hear.

As a result of their efforts, some Kent State students' lives have been radically changed. Often those who join the church are alienated by their families and friends who see Mormons as cultish or strange. But the church’s community makes the transition worthwhile for those who convert to Mormonism.

Mormons are inevitably drawn to Salt Lake City, Utah—the center of the Mormon cosmos. Mormon beliefs form the city’s infrastructure and the state as a whole. Brigham Young—a Mormon prophet, former president of the Mormon church and seer—designed the city in keeping with his understanding of the construction of the biblical heaven, Zion.

For the Mormons, Utah is a land organized according to the laws revealed through a number of holy texts: the Bible; the book of Mormon; the Doctrine and Covenants, a collection of divine revelations; and the Pearl of Great Price, a selection from the revelations, translations and narrations of Mormon Church founder Joseph Smith. Utah’s religious foundation has made it the physical kingdom of God on Earth for Mormons.

Mormons believe in progressive revelation, or that the new supersedes the old. For them the New Testament is more important than the Old Testament, and the Book of Mormon more important than both the
Based on the revelation Smith experienced, Mormons believe the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was established as the one true church—founded squarely on the back of a modern-day prophet and a quorum of 12 apostles. This tradition of leadership based on revelation by the Holy Spirit continues today revolving around the axis of the Latter-day Saints in Temple Square in Salt Lake City, Utah.

**Journey of Faith**

**David Odell-Scott**, a professor of philosophy and director of the Religious Studies program at Kent State, says there are a number of motivations for religious conversion.

“We like to think it has to do with deep-seated change—a transformation,” he says. “Conversion is a pretty common phenomenon. It can be a change of attitude, change of relationships or out of love for a mate.

“One of the modes of conversion is for people who are looking for an answer for everything—this is one of the more dangerous motivations. There are no answers for everything. Healthy religious discourse generates good questions and critical dialogue. It may sound hokey, but religions are a path, not a terminal.”

New Mormon converts who move to Utah can enroll in intensified Book of Mormon classes and study groups at Latter-day Saints-subsidized universities and schools. Utah’s atmosphere resonates with overtly authoritarian religious organization. The nearly groomed Mormon missionaries found in nearly every community in America—complete with name tags and going-to-church ties for the men and skirts for the women—translate into nearly groomed yards, traditionally pretty pastoral art and wide streets filled with conservatively colored minivans and luxury cars. It seems there are no Mormon ghettos.

Alexis Corinthos is a Mormon convert who recently transferred to a physical therapy school in Salt Lake City from Kent State. For her, Utah is a haven of peace and security where people take care of one another, unlike the non-Mormon atmosphere of Kent State.

“The biggest thing I struggle with is being with people who don’t believe like me,” she says. “I didn’t even know Utah existed until I talked to missionaries for the first time. They didn’t tell me to go to Utah, but they supported my idea to go to Utah. Support is the best thing you can get from a family.”

**Potential Converts**

Mormon missionaries take each potential convert through a series of five discussions in which they explain the plan of salvation and the structure of the Mormon Church. At the end of these discussions, the missionaries ask “seekers” if they would like to be baptized into the church. At this point, the seekers must make a decision to join the church or discontinue their contact with the missionaries, who are discouraged from making strong personal friendships with non-believers while on their missions.

Corinthos says she did not seriously consider what the Mormons were telling her until her fourth meeting with them. Because she was not raised to be religious, praying was odd.

“I felt calm when I started praying with them,” Corinthos says. “It was really weird. The way I felt was amazing. I’d never felt that safe before. If you feel that in your heart, how can you deny the truth?”

**From Catholic to Mormon**

**Van Camp**, a former member of the Catholic Church of St. Louis in Louisville, Ohio, had a slightly different journey of faith. Unlike Corinthos, Van Camp was an active participant in a church prior to her encounter with the Mormons. When she moved to Terrace Hall in 2001 as a freshman at Kent State, she never imagined she could be anything but Catholic. When her best friend moved out of their room, Van Camp
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ended up rooming with a Mormon woman.

"So she was like, ‘Hi, my name is Christine, I’m Mormon,’” Van Camp says of their first encounter, a broad smile on her face.

Although “it’s kinda taboo to look at another religion if you’re Catholic,” Van Camp says, she and her roommate became close friends. She began to attend Institute, a Book of Mormon study group held on campus by the Latter-day Saint Student Association. The ideas presented were drawing her away from her faith.

Mormons believe their church is the only true church, and other churches lack the priesthood authority granted to the disciples of Jesus to perform baptisms, marriages and other sacraments. Based on the Mormon doctrine, all other religious groups have an incomplete experience of the truth. Sister Quilter, a Kent Mormon missionary, says only the Mormon Church boasts a living and breathing prophet who has the ability to speak the inerrant word of God. Quilter asked that her first name not be used because she was an active missionary at the time of the interview, and Mormon missionaries do not use their first names during the mission.

“I decided I didn’t want to study it anymore because I felt it was drawing me away from my faith,” Van Camp says. “I thought, ‘I just need to get over this bull,’ but life was never the same. I longed to be surrounded by Latter-day Saints. I was starting to question what I believed as a Catholic.

“I kept seeing my Mormon friends. I kept bringing (the Mormon faith) up. It was just their example drawing me to their faith. In my heart I was gaining a testimony for the book of Mormon and yearning for a closer relationship with God.”

Van Camp wears a silver CTR or “Choose The Right” ring—the Mormon answer to the largely mainstream Christian “What Would Jesus Do?” or WWJD, jewelry. Only in this case, the right thing Jesus would do would be to follow the book of Mormon, according to former Kent State Mormon missionary Lauren Johnson. The rings are a way of marketing the Latter-day Saints, and they show that Mormonism is the completion of Christianity.

To ease her worries about her newfound Mormon friends, Van Camp sought counsel from a Catholic priest.

“He said Mormons are people we can look up to in the way they live their lives, but at the same time he was kinda cracking on their beliefs,” she says. “I felt like I was being judged. He was saying I didn’t have any faith.”

Over the next few months, Van Camp started comparing Mormons to Catholics.

“I came to find that there were a lot of Catholics who didn’t believe in Catholicism,” she says. “But I couldn’t find any Mormons that didn’t believe. I saw the light of Christ in their lives. I saw peace, comfort, hope, security and faith. I saw people that weren’t judgmental.

“I felt growing up that I was being judged for every Sunday I missed at my Catholic Church. In the Mormon Church, I saw more unity and fellowship and to gain your own testimony. It’s encouraged to question your faith. You’re supposed to pray about it. In the Catholic Church, you don’t question it. You just do it.”

Being Mormon

Van Camp says she does not know how everything will work out now that she has decided to become a Mormon, but she has found peace at last.

“I feel like I can finally lean on him,” she says of God. “I didn’t know if

The Temple is located in Temple Square in Salt Lake City. It was the first temple built in Utah when Brigham Young led the Mormons from Illinois to escape persecution in the mid-1800s. It represents the center of the Mormon faith.

I would have a job when I moved to Utah. I know things don’t always work like that, but really, I’m not on a journey to find happiness—I’ve found it.”

Van Camp says she wishes “with all her heart” that her family would understand her decision to become a Mormon.

“I know we would be more unified as a family if they came to understand the feeling I have felt,” she says. “I know logically it’s hard to accept at first. But reading this doctrine I’ve come to find power and truth.”

After Van Camp decided to join the church at Funtulis’ wedding in Washington, D.C., she says her parents refused to come to her baptism. “I knew this was what I wanted, but the trials and experiences I had at home were tough,” she says. “It’s hard. You’re sacrificing your family for what you believe to be right.”

As a result of her experiences at home, Van Camp has decided to move to Utah and study at Brigham Young University—its student body is 98 percent Mormon, says Janet Rex, a university spokesperson.

For these Kent State students, Utah—a land of square, logical cities, beautiful snow-capped mountains, great salt wastelands, rugged red rock formations and thousands of Mormons—is the terra firma that answers all the questions they need to know.

Darren Byler is a senior photojournalism major. This is his first time working on The Burr.
This reporter knows nothing about bowling. So he picked up some spare knowledge from the Kent State bowling club.
I have a confession to make: I am a professional bowling virgin. At least, I was. One trip to the Stonehedge Family Fun Center in Akron changed all that.

Tucked behind a diner and a bank, Stonehedge Family Fun Center is the most unassuming yet humongous bowling alley, or "house," as they call it in the bowling world, I've ever seen. I walk through the two massive wooden doors, which momentarily have me thinking I am walking into a massive church (especially since it is a Sunday morning) and into the sprawling, seemingly never-ending bowling mecca that is Stonehedge Family Fun Center.

Forty-eight lanes long, Stonehedge is a good 32 lanes longer than the biggest bowling alley I've been to, although I've only been to a total of three. And it is fully equipped with a bar, two sets of bathrooms and vending machines, its own grill and a variety of other stations. It would take entirely too much effort to walk past all 48 lanes to check these out.

I immediately notice the Kent State club because all the girls are wearing their uniforms, which include sky blue polo shirts with "Kent State" on the back. They pair these shirts with plain black skirts and the most interesting bowling shoes I've ever seen—like tennis shoes, but way cooler. Frankly, all the girls look like diner waitresses. When I find Kimberly Dick, a junior news journalism major, I half expect her to ask me what I want on my burger.

Instead, she is eating food of her own—greasy french fries. I suddenly recall what she had told me prior to the practice: The team is not allowed to eat at all during play because members' hands would get greasy, and their fingers could get stuck in the balls.

Realizing this, I cry, "I thought you weren't supposed to eat!" I half-expect the Bowling Police to come up behind her and seize the fries from her hand.

"I'm not," says Dick, smacking her lips as she licked the grease off each finger. "But I'm not using this hand." She holds up her right hand, instantly identifiable as her bowling hand—her fingers are positioned as if they are holding an imaginary bowling ball.

She gets up and exchanges the greasy hand hazards for this blue and orange-colored hacky-sack-esque thing and rubs her hand all over it. Then, almost in slow motion, she grabs her purple ball...digs her thumb, index and middle fingers into the three holes...bounces on her toes for a few moments...throws her arm back...and bowls a nine.

In the next frame, she knocks down the remaining pin—a spare. Even
though this is a spare (something I instantly squeal with pride upon bowling), she is disappointed. I soon notice this about many other teammates as well. Some of them even look disgruntled when they bowl strikes!

I soon realize this is due to not hitting "the pocket." My eyes scan Dick's skirt for a second—she doesn't even have any pockets! But—silly me—that's not what she means!

An average bowling lane is made of 39 boards, each about an inch long. Lanes also have seven arrows, which bowlers use to aim. In order to hit "the pocket," which is different for every bowler, Dick must plant her left foot three boards to the left of the center arrow. She throws the ball two arrows to the right of the center.

Dick officially introduces me to Rob Malcolm, the Kent State bowling club's president, and several of her teammates.

"He's the kind of person that only comes to a bowling alley to bowl with his friends," she says of me, eyes practically rolling at my inferior bowling skill.

"Oh, one of those get-drunk-and-bowl people," jokes Evan Belfiore, a senior broadcast journalism major.

I laugh in agreement, shuddering at the thought of what would happen to me were I to bowl drunk. I could probably kiss my toes good-bye since I would be dropping bowling balls on them.

The talk then turns to the biggest bowling alleys—sorry, "houses"—in the state.

"That one in Lorain is a two-sided house," says Belfiore, which means the lanes run parallel along both sides of the building. But even Lorain is no match for Western Bowl in Cincinnati, which Malcolm says is likely to take the cake for biggest house.

"It's decent," Malcolm says of the 80-lane house.

"That place is a shithole!" blasts Belfiore. "They didn't even have two sets of bathrooms!" Apparently, Malcolm had to walk all the way down from lane 81 to lane 2 at one point just to quench his thirst.

"Rob was gone for 15 minutes," Belfiore says, laughing. "We're like, 'Where'd you go?' And he just goes, 'I went to get a drink of water!'"
“If you have more than 80 lanes, you should have more than one set of bathrooms,” Malcolm says simply, putting the kibosh on the Cincinnati argument.

Over the next half hour, I watch the team bowl to varying levels of success. At the end of each game, they hand in their personal score sheets to Malcolm, who comments on a few. “Wow, Pat, a clean game—that’s awesome!” he says, congratulating Pat Snyder, a freshman exploratory major. I am a little afraid to ask what a “clean game” is, especially since it seems like such a basic term, but I ask anyway.

A clean game is when a player bowls all spares or strikes without any “opens,” or extra pins. And they’re pretty hard to come by on lanes like Stonehedge’s. “Conditions are really tough on those lanes,” Belfiore explains. “There’s a two-inch margin either way to make the pocket. If you miss, you could end up in the ditch.”

It’s a clean game such as Snyder’s that can secure him a spot on the A team, one of three categories for bowlers. But Malcolm doesn’t seem to take these too seriously.

“There’s really no difference between the three,” he tells me. “A is the strongest, and the people in C are just there for fun. One time we named the teams ‘Kent,’ ‘Read’ and ‘Write.’” I laugh at the reference to Kent State’s unfortunate nickname.

I say my good-byes to Dick shortly there-

(below) Pat Snyder was a Freshman All Conference Honorable Mention and came in second place in an individual tournament in Toledo in 2003.

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after. She appears a tad disgruntled. "You just witnessed my worst game in three years."

Based on all the knowledge I absorbed in the entire hour and a half I was there, I can point to the reasons why her game was so disappointing: Perhaps it is because she missed her "pocket." Or she didn't rub her hands enough on the rosin bag (that hacky-sack thing I saw her use earlier). Or maybe, just maybe, it was because she had one too many "opens" (extra pins) that time around.

Whatever the reason, I leave the bowling alley with an increased knowledge of bowling, a newfound respect for club sports teams and a full stomach. The Stonehedge Grill makes a mean buffalo chicken sandwich. :)

Andrew Hampp is a junior newspaper major. This is his first time writing for The Burr.

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A Buzz Cut Above

One Kent barber is still snipping after 35 years

Emory Vance brushes bits of hair off of his customer's shoulders and spins the rotating chair around to face him for a final inspection.

The barber eyes the man's hair critically, makes one last snip and rests his scissors on the rim of the white porcelain sink beside him, satisfied.

"You're all set," Vance says. His voice is soft, and his smile is kind.

"Have a good day."

The customer returns the broad smile as he eases himself out of the chair. "I'll see you in a few weeks. My hair will be ready for another cut then."

Vance waves as the door shuts, then turns to gaze at his shop.

"That's what makes it good," he says, with a slight southern twang ringing in his voice, "the old ones coming back."

A Downtown Tradition

Old and young alike, Vance's customers have settled into a routine, relying on the sense of tradition their barber has instilled in his shop for the past 35 years.

The wrinkles have deepened and his hair now shines a silvery white, but the work ethic of this Kent barber remains constant.

"Emory is just one of those salt-of-the-earth kind of guys," says Paul Braden, Vance's landlord and the owner of Woody's Music Audio Video Inc.

"He walks to work and walks home to this day. He's the first guy downtown every morning."

Downtown for Vance is 147 S. Water St., the permanent location of Emory's Barber Shop, a haven from the rebuilding and modernization of the city of Kent.

Walking into his shop gives a customer the sense of being thrown backwards in time. The décor is the exact same as Vance's first years as a barber.

Mirrors line the walls, reflecting the four red-and-white antique barber-shop chairs.

"A lot of people talk about the chairs," Vance beams, as if he and the furniture were old friends. "They have always been here."

Locks of hair litter the floor, waiting to be swept up at the end of the workday. A chair for shoe shining rests along the back wall, with a frayed brush and spray on the footstool. Weathered war signs and other posters clutter the walls, fading into a yellowish tone from years of being taped up. His beloved plants line the front windows, making the shop even more welcoming.

The only obvious decorating difference from previous years is the addition of a framed photograph of Vance's five grandchildren.

His shop has remained stable despite the several changes that have occurred in the community. Through the shop's windows, he has watched as surrounding businesses have changed hands and closed, as his business urges on.

"Just about everything in town is different," Vance says, pointing from behind the glass pane. "That used to be a grocery store. The next one there was a shoe store, that other one, where the bookstore is, it used to be a dress

Older barber chairs in Emory's Barber Shop help provide an antique, friendly atmosphere.
A.J. Pritt, assistant football coach for Kent State, gets his hair cut before a game. Pritt says he's been getting his hair cut by Vance for five years.

A Hair-Raising Experience

A MAN OF LITTLE WORDS BUT OF GREAT HEART, VANCE'S WORK ETHIC came from years of farm work growing up in West Virginia. He made the move to Kent during his early adult years to be closer to his uncle, who encouraged him to enroll in barber school.

Vance began as a barber in a shop downtown called Murphy's—a shop which would eventually bear his own name in the front window.

"He was a little short guy. He liked to talk a lot," Vance says about the former owner.

The quiet Vance and chatty Walter Murphy had an undeniable chemistry for 25 years. Vance later bought the shop when Murphy grew ill.

"I remember when we opened, Walter and Emory were in that barber shop," says Braden, the landlord, of his neighboring business colleagues. "They've been in town longer than Woody's has been around."

Over the period of time Vance has been in the barber business, he has noticed generational differences between his older customers and Kent State University students.

"Haircuts are shorter now," he says chuckling. "Back in the '70s, everyone had long hair."

Old-Fashioned Business Ways

VANCE REFUSED TO LOCK UP A SECOND BEFORE THE CLOCK TICKS TO THE 5:30 p.m. closing time.

And if someone comes the moment he is ready to lock up?

"I'll cut his hair, too," says Vance.

"I was real busy yesterday. Today might be a slow day. Some days I'm more busy than others. That's just the way it goes."

As soon as the words escape his mouth, the heavy door jangles, and two customers stroll in.

More follow, and soon Vance has a waiting list of shaggy-haired people in desperate need of his expert trimming skills.

"Who's next?" he asks with his shy smile. He pats the chair and motions for the next customer. "You can sit right here."

The hair clippers are turned on, and a buzzing sound echoes throughout the shop as Vance continues to build on his 35 years of business.

"Why do customers keep coming back?" The Kent barber ponders this question, then grins. "They must like the haircuts."

Katie Phillips is a junior magazine journalism major. This is her first time writing for The Burr. Visit the CyBurr at burr.kent.edu for an extended version of the story.
You'd expect to be, like, so over cartoons by the time you hit college. Cartoon Network is making sure that doesn't happen.
It all began innocently enough. Erin Moore was sitting in her dorm room one night shortly before heading off to bed when a trip through 70-some TV channels suddenly took a turn for the worse. When her dial stopped at channel 29, she found herself staring at a talking chunk of meat.

Although it may sound like the formula for a nightmare, Moore was intrigued. She returned night after night, eventually forming a habit that only the Betty Ford Clinic could cure.

Moore would not be the first or the last to be stricken with Late Night Binge Cartooning, a growing epidemic among college students.

What started out as an attempt to fall asleep turned into her first hit of Adult Swim. Remember, it's always free the first time.

"I think the first show I came across was Aqua Teen Hunger Force," she says. "At first I was like, 'What the heck is this?' I couldn't understand it, but it was just so funny. After a while I started taping some of them and asking people if they'd heard of it. Really, no one else had at that point."

Moore's habit has now extended to watching Adult Swim as often as her schedule allows and homemade cardboard cutouts of Aqua Teen Hunger Force's Mooninites, a set of characters who look like they came right out of an Atari game, adorn her wall.

A Growing Epidemic

As it turns out, Moore isn't alone among her college-aged peers. Viewers between the ages of 18 and 34 have shown a resoundingly enthusiastic response to Adult Swim. While Jay Leno and David Letterman have dominated late-night TV in the past, cable upstarts like the Cartoon Network are now giving the kings of comedy a run for their money.

Adult Swim currently runs six nights a week from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m., and includes everything: Fox rejects—Futurama and Family Guy; classic cartoon revivals—Sealab 2021 and Harvey Birdman, Attorney at Law; original programming—The Oblongs and Home Movies; and anime—Trigun and Cowboy Bebop. The 11-to-2 block continues to be the No. 1-rated time block on basic cable for adults between the ages of 18 and 34. According to a Cartoon Network report released in September, programming has grown by 26 percent and ratings by 17 percent since last year.

Cartoon Network is no longer just for kids. Three years ago the animation junkies at Cartoon Network ushered in a new block of programming signifying that kiddies should leave the premises, much to the delight of bored college students everywhere. Building off of the success of such adult-oriented shows as The Simpsons and South Park, the block has continued to grow.

Where most cartoons are targeted toward younger audiences, Adult Swim thrives on content that is obviously not meant for children. A disclaimer runs before each show during the time block, and the cartoons have been assigned a TV-14 rating. Adult Swim's cartoons take potty humor, sexual innuendo and trippy cartoon characters and mix them with just a hint of political commentary.
Master Shake and Fry, from Aqua Teen Hunger Force, challenge Hanna-Barbera's Snagglepuss to a friendly game of five-card stud.

Most people point to Space Ghost Coast to Coast as the origin of this programming. The show, in which Hanna-Barbara cartoon character Space Ghost was revived to host a late-night talk show, eventually spawned several other late-night, anti-virgin-eyes-and-ears programming.

Moore and her friend Kelly Walsh now make Adult Swim their own must-see TV, watching it as often as possible. The Korb Hall neighbors delight in watching obscenity and animation collide.

Walsh says her first reaction was one of confusion: "This is Cartoon Network? This is supposed to be a kid's channel."

"I was happy to see they were doing something like this because it's obviously successful," Moore says. "It beats showing reruns of Huckleberry Hound and Snaggletooth. It's been great for the network, I'm sure. It's brought a whole different demographic to watch their lineups late night."

Why the Addiction?

So what exactly brings college students back to Cartoon Network night after night to receive their daily dose of Captain Murphy, Master Shake and Peter Griffin? Nick Wiedenseld, manager of program development at Adult Swim, says he thinks it might have some connection to those damn Modest Mouse rockers.

Similar to the increased popularity of college radio, Adult Swim offers a medium experimental enough to bring in college students. Just as fans of music can turn to college radio for an alternative to Clear Channel programming, Adult Swim offers something that normally isn't found in the mainstream.

"There's a reason why college kids and people in that environment are more giving and more understanding and can deal with things that aren't easily palatable," Wiedenseld says. "They don't have to listen to just the hits. You can, but college radio is experimental. This is almost like experimental television. Sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn't, but it is always sort of exciting."

Adult Swim and college radio can thrive on the basis of a homegrown audience. Wiedenseld says just as college radio invites listeners to discover new music on their own, Adult Swim lets viewers find the station themselves.

"We're not in-your-face. We are not saturating the market with Adult Swim," he says. "You can find it on your own. As long as we can keep that sort of very homegrown idea, the response will be as good as it's been."

Surprising as it may seem, viewers and behind-the-scenes folk agree: Part of the appeal to college students is that cartoons have a higher intellectual value than average television does.

On Adult Swim, jokes dart out from the most unexpected places. Imnuendo is the language of choice, and having your mind in the gutter will only help decipher some of the double entendres.

"I think it's the style of humor used. A lot of writing and jokes are just quicker," Moore says. "It's hard to describe, but the pacing and the complete absurdity of it is why college students watch it. Having it not make any sense is part of the appeal."

College, for better or worse, is all about the pursuit of higher knowledge.
Stewie, from Family Guy, uses his killer ray stun gun to zap Space Ghost, from Space Ghost Coast to Coast. The zap bounces onto Space Ghost's sidekick, Brak. Master Shake (right) and Meatwad (bottom), both from Aqua Teen Hunger Force, smile because they survived.

Wiedenseld would argue that the environment offers the perfect breeding ground for Adult Swim's intellectual humor.

"You are in an institution and an environment that is a cerebral environment by definition," Wiedenseld says. "Even if it's anti-intellectual, it is intellectual because of that. College is the kind of place where you are supposed to sit down and read and study and watch TV. You are in an environment where this kind of thing can thrive. You have to spend a little bit of time thinking about it to get a lot of the jokes because they don't make any sense on the surface."

Wiedenseld also attributes the success of the programming block to timing. Even at 11 p.m. college students' minds are still buzzing.

"Maybe it is the end of the day. You want to come home and turn off, but I remember my college experience, and I'm much more tired now when I go home," Wiedenseld says. "Now I just want to watch something sort of mind-numbing, I just turn on BET and watch rap videos."

"In college by the time I got home at 11 o'clock I was just gearing up to go. Now 11 o'clock, I'm ---- retarded. I can't even watch Adult Swim because it requires too much. My synapses are going crazy, and I just want to go to bed. College kids are just not doing that at 11 o'clock."

The shows have garnered enough interest that adjunct instructor Ron Russo started an Adult Swim workshop at Kent State. Russo says the class is the first of its kind in the nation. Fridays from 9:45 a.m. to 1:45 p.m., the upper-division, two-credit hour workshop meets in the Hirsch Lab in the Music and Speech Building to watch cartoons.

The class was offered this semester in two six-week sessions. Russo, who is currently working on an Adult Swim book, says the class is possibly one of the best media classes in the country. Students break down the cartoons, looking at everything from 1960s versions of the remakes like Harvey Birdman, Attorney at Law to dissecting shot angles of the cartoons.

"It is the first chance I've gotten to have to look at cartoons seriously as a connoisseur," says Karl Hopkins-Lutz, an Adult Swim student and senior pre-journalism and mass communication major. "The class is so interesting itself to watch and learn about the writers and the directors and the talent that goes into the animation."

Kyle Rinehart, a senior hospitality management major, says the class has allowed him to take a more analytical look at the shows.

"The class is pretty fun. I mean, you get to talk about cartoons, which I love," he says. "Aside from getting to watch cartoons all day in a group setting, there's some stuff I hadn't made connections to. A lot of the stuff I didn't know was how a lot of the shots had a different effect on you, as well as the technical terms."

As innocently as the habit begins, so it continues. Moore and Walsh have all but given up trying to kick the habit. And as long as the FDA hasn't made a ruling on the toxicity, who's to say they're wrong? Perhaps cartoons can be for more than just kids.

Matt Peters is a senior newspaper journalism major. This is his first time writing for The Burr.
Diego Gray, a former Kent State student, looks across his room in a mirror to check out how well Leah Neff, a freshman nursing major, is doing on bleaching his hair in his dorm room. Gray performs in drag as LaVida Cruz.

Diego Gray, a former Kent State student, spends his evenings performing as a woman, LaVida Cruz, at area night clubs

photo story | Sarah Thompson
Gray powders his face in preparation for a drag show at Cocktail's in Akron. He started performing in drag regularly after he won a contest at Kent State. There were only a handful of nights in April when he did not perform in a club or go out with friends, Gray says.

A friend of Gray's helps him put on fake eyelashes.
Gray studies his appearance in the mirror while continuing to get ready to perform as LaVida Cruz. Cruz adjusts her wig at the last minute.

Gray uses socks to stuff his bra.

Cruz lip synchs to a song by Evanescence. She made her own halter top and skirt.
The audience shows its appreciation for a drag queen by giving her money during a song.
In Juarez, Mexico, hundreds of women have been killed in the past decade. No one knows who is guilty, and police do little to stop the violence.
El Paso and Ciudad Juarez lie beside one another, their hands interlacing at the Rio Grande, a concrete-lined canal filled with brown sewage. At night it's impossible to judge where one city ends and the other begins. But then the red, flashing lights of the border watchtowers catch the eye.

Juarez is a city whose garishness can only be matched by its disorganization. The Mexican city of 1.3 million has more liquor stores than schools. Knickknack shops, burrito carts and bars stand in place of skyscrapers.

Juarez seems to have been built in a hurry, with shantytowns clinging to the edges of the city. People beg for money on every corner. Some stand in front of cars crossing the border. They have mouths full of rotten teeth, and they juggle bean bags, begging for money or food.

Others are peddlers, wearing Ecko jerseys and dodging cars as they hold up poster-sized pictures of Strawberry Shortcake or Spiderman.

The air is thin, softly balancing car exhaust, greasy food and body odor.

Since 1993 about 300 women have been murdered in Juarez. Although many suspects have been convicted of the crimes, women continue to die. For many women, there is nowhere to turn; police lose and destroy evidence, torture confessions out of suspects and take payoffs. To the police, a woman's word means nothing—a man is let out of jail just hours after being accused of rape. Today, even after extensive media attention and social pressure, the police force remains unchecked.

Mobs of rich, twisted men have been blamed by some for the killings. Others have blamed the drug cartels, sexual predators from the United States, the women's lovers and even the police themselves.

Regardless of who is committing the crimes, the question of why remains unanswered. Is it the widespread poverty that has led to domestic violence and substance abuse? Is it the families torn apart when young women go to the city to search for work? Or is it the men of Mexico telling the women to get back in their place—the home?

Juarez is a city where people have given up hope, where the sight of a sobbing mother brings only shrugs, and where the only hope is an impossible escape.

Ignored Victims

The missing and murdered women look eerily similar: long brown hair, caramel complexion, big eyes, beautiful. The bodies that have been found show everything that's been done to them. Women and girls are found with their hands tied behind their backs. They have breasts or nipples missing. Their bodies have burn marks; their hair is ripped out. They've been raped in every way possible. Some have been kept alive for weeks or months—the terror they've experienced caused some to have multiple heart attacks.

One hundred to 140 of the deaths have been attributed to serial killings, committed by persons unknown, according to various Juarez organizations. The rest of the murders were brutal forms of domestic violence, committed by husbands, boyfriends or family members. In the past five years, the murders have begun to spread, first to Chihuahua City, the capital of the state of Chihuahua. From there, the pattern spread to border towns Tijuana and Matamoros, and south to Mexico City.

The murdered women of Juarez were mothers, university students and...
factory workers. They were poor, and their cases were easily dismissed by Mexican officials and police who said the women had just run off with a man or jumped the border.

While El Paso is the third safest city in the United States, the murder rate for women ages 15 to 24 in Juarez is five times that of Tijuana and more than 10 times that of El Paso.

The government, women's groups and human rights organizations offer different estimates of how many women have died. As of mid-September 2004, Casa Amiga, a rape crisis center in Juarez, counted 272 deaths in Juarez alone. Amnesty International, an international human rights organization, counted 370 cases in Chihuahua City and Juarez as of August 2003.

Economic Leverage

Casa Amiga, a white corner house that blends in with its surroundings, is located in a cluttered neighborhood in northern Juarez. Its only distinguishing mark is its maroon awning with big, white letters and the organization's logo. The inside is somber. It's familiar only because it's all too close to the Latin American clinics seen in movies. Middle-aged and young women sit in chairs in the waiting area. The women at the front desk wear high heels and casual business attire, chatting and reading the lifestyle section of the newspaper. The left wall is covered with fliers of missing girls who look innocent and vulnerable.

One of the missing girls, Brenda Estefan Alfaro Luna, 15, took a job to help support her mother and younger siblings after her father was imprisoned in the United States. One day in September 1997, she didn't come home from work. Luna's bones were found Oct. 13 of that year. The cause of her death is still unknown.

Brenda's mother, Maria Esther Luna de Alfaro, cleans the office of Casa Amiga once a week for free in appreciation for the therapy the counselors have given her. Although she is only 39, gray hair fringes her face. Her body is tired, and her shoulders slump forward when she sits down. She wears plain clothes covered by a lime, red and orange flowered apron.

After her daughter disappeared, the police contacted de Alfaro twice, she says. They asked her the same questions about the crime both times, telling her they had lost the first file.

"For five years they had the remains of my daughter in the police department. I tried to claim the bones, but no one would listen," de Alfaro says.

Esther Chavez Caño, the director of Casa Amiga, was one of the first people to speak out against the murders in 1993 when she began writing a column in El Diario, Juarez's newspaper.

When de Alfaro didn't get any results from the police, she went to
Chavez for help. Chavez requested a piece of bone from the police and sent it away for DNA testing. It was Brenda's.

"The police then gave the bones to me," de Alfaro says with glassy eyes, her hands folded in her lap. "I took them to the cemetery and put them into a grave.

"She was a very active child. If I was down, she would always make me smile. She was very lovely.

"I am lost.

"All the women ended up murdered the same way. It's probably the same police corruption. The murderers just pay the police not to investigate. There is no way to try to solve this problem. There is no hope."

Those in charge have more than political power on their side—they have an inordinate amount of economic power, says Irasema Coronado, the co-director of the Coalition Against Violence Toward Women and Families on the Border, a women's organization in El Paso.

"The government will help the mothers find housing or give them money for the burial and some sort of stipend for the month," says Coronado, who is also an associate professor of political science at the University of Texas at El Paso. "The mothers "become less critical of the government," she says. "It happens all the time."

De Alfaro says the police haven't done any actual investigation since her daughter's disappearance, but the government gives her 900 pesos a week, which is equal to about 82 American dollars.

"Yes, it helps, but they are trying to buy us. All the families are poor," de Alfaro says. "I want to see investigations."

### Inept Police

In 2001, eight women's bodies were found in a cotton field in the middle of the city. Today, a large cross made of broken glass and garbage stretches out as a memorial. An emaciated yellow dog sniffs the half-melted candles. Behind the shrine, an ornate plastic spoon and a cream sweater rest on the banks of a sewage ditch where five women were found.

"Even though the FBI has dealt with (Mexican police) for years on how to maintain a crime scene, we did a search in that field two months after the bodies were found," says Victor Muñoz, the co-director of the Coalition Against Violence for Women and Families on the Border. "Two men found the overall unit of the girls had been wearing. Searches are very popular. We just walk across the desert, looking for bodies."

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(below) Esther Chavez Caño, the director of Casa Amiga, a rape crisis center in Juarez. (right) The floor of a shrine where eight women's bodies were found in 2001.
Ana Silvia Gomez Jimenez, 10, is in fifth grade at the Alfredo Nava Sahagun school in Anapra. She says her parents tell her to not take rides with anyone and she feels she must protect herself from others. When she grows up, she wants to be a lawyer.

Muñoz has spent much of his life organizing unions in northern Mexico. He retired in El Paso and spends a warm Friday night in his kitchen painting Mexican designs on a miniature rocking chair and two vases his sister bought him. His tiled kitchen table is covered in newspaper and paint.

Muñoz says the police are corrupt because they are simply ignorant.

"Soon there's this pile of stuff they've missed. (The police) come and just start stuffing everything in a scene bag," Muñoz says. "Months later they burned this clothing because it smelled too bad. They find three bodies, but 1,000 yards away is a big ditch (where five more bodies were found). They just investigate this really small area."

Special Prosecutor Maria Lopez Urbina has published two reports since she took her position in January. In them she says 130 justice officials—including investigators, forensic experts and police officers—lost evidence, contaminated crime scenes and were slow to act to protect threatened women.

Chavez sees this as blatant discrimination against women.

"Some of the (murder) records were water-damaged," Chavez says. "This demonstrates that the life of women isn't important to them."

Funding the police force is a major issue throughout Mexico. Although police in Juarez walk around in bulletproof vests with 9mm’s, police have to provide their own bullets. Through a compensation fund created in July, the Mexican government pays $2.2 million to victims’ families. Muñoz says it would cost tens or even hundreds of millions of dollars to update the area’s police force.

The lack of funding has led to an underpaid police force, making it more likely that the police will take bribes, Muñoz says.

In addition to these problems, police use torture to elicit confessions in Juarez, according to Amnesty International.

The FBI in El Paso has been involved in training Mexican police on proper investigation techniques.

"We really can’t set foot on their ground. We aren’t going to push ourselves into their environment and tell them how to do things—that never works well," says Art Wedge, the media coordinator for the FBI office in El Paso. "We always make ourselves available."

**Cartel Dominance**

Drug cartels flourish in Juarez, which has become one of the primary places to get drugs into the United States. About 200 murders have been attributed to domestic and drug-related violence, according to the El Paso Times.
Colombian cocaine used to run through Florida and Cuba. After those routes were shut down by the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency in the early 90s, the cartels began to channel drugs through Juarez and other border towns. The Dallas Morning News has reported that a group of state and local police in Juarez double as agents for the Fuentes cartel, Juarez’s richest and most powerful drug cartel. About 60 percent of the drugs that come into the United States come through Juarez, says Laurie Freeman, the Mexican associate for the Washington Office on Latin America, a policy group.

“The drug trade has managed to infiltrate and corrupt the police. There is complete impunity,” Freeman says.

The corrupting power of the drug cartels makes police afraid to do anything, says Tom Hanson, the director of the Mexican Solidarity Network, a national network of policy organizations.

“Frankly, there is no political will to change. The best way to end (the killings) is to legalize the drugs, and you get rid of the cartels,” Hanson says. “There is such a market for (drugs) here in the United States. They are worth tens of billions of dollars—we aren’t going to be able to find a police force able to deal with that.”

Murders have occurred throughout the city—women are abducted in broad daylight on Juarez Avenue, a busy street lined with stores. In 2002, a woman was stabbed and killed by her husband just outside Casa Amiga in front of several witnesses.

Chavez says the city has 500 gangs. By taking drugs over the border, a person can make in one day the same amount it would take weeks to earn in a maquiladora, or a foreign-owned factory in Mexico. This temptation overwhelms the system.

“A lot of police officers and government officials protect the drug dealers,” Chavez says. “These same people who commit these crimes can do anything. They have a level of impunity because they have a lot of drugs.”

**Fear at Home**

Casa Peregrina is a temporary shelter in Juarez for women who have survived physical violence or who have been recently deported from the United States. Its director, Kathy Revtyak, was born in Indiana. Her office is dilapidated but tidy, crowded with children’s toys and smelling of mildew. She runs the home, which is run by the Annunciation House, a Christian shelter network, in the United States. The house is in the middle of downtown Juarez, guarded by a white-barred door. American college-age women work
in the shelter with Revryak. With hopeful smiles, they play with the children and do laundry.

In the past, the number of women who came to the shelter to escape domestic violence was not as large, Revryak says. Now domestic violence is the primary reason they seek shelter.

"Look at the social and political interface," Revryak says. "Look at the drugs, the prevalence of women on the border. Look at the signs that say (they are looking for) sexy young women to work. There is a very negative and damaging sexualization of women here."

She says the economic repercussions of Sept. 11 in the United States were also felt in Mexico.

"Look at the U.S. and Mexico relationship," Revryak says. "After 9/11, there was a huge amount of economic stress on families, a tremendous lack of jobs. People have to give voice to the reality of the situation."

Marisela Hernandez Hernandez, 29, lives at Casa Peregrina with her five children. She says her husband drinks and has a drug habit, but he didn't begin to abuse her until they had their third child and it became difficult for them to survive economically. Hernandez now works at the Edusa Plant maquiladora to support her family. She sews garments for 450 pesos a week, the equivalent of about $41.

"Police don't do anything unless there is a cut or a broken bone," Hernandez says, fingering her Catholic scapular. Worn around her neck, the two bits of cloth attached by a string represent Hernandez's religious devotion. "I went to the police and denounced the abuse. They jailed (my husband) for just one day, and then they let him out.

"For a long time my husband wouldn't let me leave the house. He tried to strangle me two times. He told me he wanted to kill me, but (the police) won't do anything. (If he killed me) he would be jailed for some time, but then he would be let out. I wouldn't be able to come back to life again."

Forcing women to stay at home is one aspect of machismo, the cultural practice of acting manly. There is a great emphasis placed on men to protect their images. Recently this image has been threatened by women going out of the home to get jobs in maquiladoras. Laura Freeman, of the Washington

### The Effects of NAFTA on Maquiladoras

**story | Lindsay Gebhart and Jon Dieringer**

Giant complexes of cement and glass stand where vast desert once was. The maquiladoras, American-owned factories in Mexico, are enormous, and their modern design creates a stark contrast with the run-down gas stations, homes and stores in their neighborhoods.

The maquiladoras are a sanitized version of doing business in Mexico that began in 1994 when the North American Free Trade Agreement took effect. NAFTA allows American businesses to go within 50 miles of the U.S. border in an area called the Free Trade Zone. In this area, businesses are not subject to U.S. taxes or many tariff restrictions. The signees of NAFTA—the United States, Mexico and Canada—have set a goal of 2006 for full implementiation of the agreement's many objectives.

But the changes are already apparent. In 1990 there were 1,700 American factories in Mexico; in 2001 there were 3,600. Currently, there are no health benefits and, for the most part, no unions in Juarez, according to Public Citizen, a non-profit public interest group. People interviewed for this story accused American companies of a number of abuses in Mexico:

- Improperly disposing waste, which has led to the contamination of drinking water and an elevated risk of Hepatitis A.
- Working people up to 12 hours a day.
- Showing a hiring preference toward women because they are more docile than men.

Since NAFTA took effect, the minimum wage has fallen 20 percent, according to Public Citizen. Half of the maquiladora workforce makes less than $8 a day.

The women who work in maquiladoras are often from rural parts of Mexico and have no family support system, says Tom Hanson, director of the Mexican Solidarity Network. That makes female maquiladora workers targets for killers.

The best-paid maquiladora workers are in the auto segment, Hanson says—they are paid $70 a week.

Tom Fullerton, an associate professor of business and finance at the University of Texas at El Paso, says NAFTA is not all bad, but some policies passed by the Mexican government have hampered reform.

"Maquiladoras have been in the area since the 1960s, but the Mexican government makes it hard for companies to lay off or terminate workers," Fullerton says. "So when the economy goes into a decline, the wages the employees receive suffer since the companies cannot decrease their employees.

"A lot of people like to claim the maquiladoras don't pay fair wages, but look at the thousands at the border. Mexicans are voting with their feet—they leave behind their family and friends. Their situation could be much worse."

Once, NAFTA was good for the border, says Richard Bath, a retired professor of political science at the University of Texas at El Paso.

"A lot has slipped behind," he says. "A lot of the gains after NAFTA have been negated. The whole concept of NAFTA is antagricultural."

Sales of corn, Mexico's staple crop, have been stunted by U.S. exports. When NAFTA began, nearly one quarter of Mexico's population—8 million people—was involved in agriculture. This number fell to 6.5 million people by 2003.

Global Trade Watch says the Mexican government recently estimated that more than half of its population doesn't earn enough money to cover the basics of food, clothing, health care, housing, education and public transportation.

"Unemployment in Juarez is only at about 2 percent, but if you sell cigarettes on the street, you are considered fully employed," says Victor Muñoz, the co-director of the Coalition Against Violence for Women and Families on the Border.
Office on Latin America, says women getting jobs outside the home has made many women the breadwinners of the family.

"These women have a lot more freedom. Women are killed (going) to and from work, so the message could be, 'The only place you are safe is in your home,'" Freeman says. "Maybe some of (the men) are angry so they punish (the women) to put them in their place. (The women working) has caused a disruption and altered the traditional family role."

**NAFTA's Role**

The road to Anapra, Juarez's infamous shantytown, hugs the border, stretching west from downtown Juarez. Many of the murdered women are from this slum—nine were found on a hill in the distance.

As the paved road becomes dirt, the bright orange sand and plateau clash with the plastic-and-plywood reality of Anapra. No grass, no white picket fences. Barbed wire separates the home of Martha Cecilia Contreras from the street. Children with no shoes play in stagnant puddles in the front yard.

Contreras' home is the size of a tool shed. The house is clean despite its dank construction. Contreras brushes chopped onions off the kitchen table, wiping her hands on her shirt that reads "July 4th Celebration" before sitting down. She has five children in school, and she bounces her 8-month-old granddaughter in her lap. The little girl has light skin and blue eyes. Contreras' daughter and son stand near a large bucket used to wash dishes.

"I tell (my children) that if there's a car following them and saying they will give them candy, don't listen. Don't talk to people," she says. "If someone goes to school and tells them their mother is sick, don't go with them."

One and a half million families who live in situations similar to Contreras' moved to the Mexican border at the beginning of the North American Free Trade Agreement in 1994 according to Global Trade Watch. NAFTA slashed trade restrictions between the United States, Mexico and Canada.

Juarez as a whole has seen a population explosion since the beginning of the trade agreement. Although the Mexican government census has the city at 1.3 million people, the real population could be close to two million because taking a census of its migrants is nearly impossible, says Victor Muñoz, the co-director of the Coalition Against Violence for Women and Families on the Border.
Although Anapra is crowded with makeshift homes and thousands of residents, there aren’t any police officers visible, no police stations. Esther Chavez of Casa Amiga says the lack of police presence in this area makes it easier for women to be abducted on their way to or from work. Combining the lack of justice with the desperate living situations has had a huge effect on the culture of the area, Chavez says.

“All the poverty here joined with alcohol—it’s like a bomb that makes men kill women,” she says.

A Second-Class Culture

The only way to solve the problems in Juarez is to completely change the way women are perceived in Mexican culture, Chavez says.

“A month ago, a 16-year-old girl was raped by two men. We denounced it, and the police denounced a man,” Chavez says. “He was freed because he said he was with a prostitute all night. What this man, a drug addict, told police had more weight.”

“In the United States, people abide by the law. The guilty are penalized. Our laws are not respected. We need to rehire all the police and not just hire men who need a job to feed their families.”

The women of Juarez continue to fight their government, pushing for the political and social reforms needed to be safe. After more than 10 years of murders, few believe a solution is in sight.

On a busy street near a bridge that separates Mexico from the United States, an 8-year-old girl in shorts and a T-shirt blocks traffic. She is begging for her dinner, knocking on car windows and leaning through the driver’s side. She holds up one finger, un peso por favor. Car after car screeches away from her. Still, she continues to knock on car windows, holding out her hand.

Lindsey Gebhart is a senior newspaper journalism major. This is her first time writing for The Burr.

Want to know more?

Web exclusives

• Seven infamous Juarez killings are spotlighted with the details of their deaths. Compiled by Lindsay Gebhart

• While no one knows exactly who is behind the killings, the El Paso Times and a co-director of the Coalition on Violence Against Women and Families on the Border outline their suspects. Compiled by Lindsay Gebhart

• A Kent State ministry group takes a yearly mission trip to Juarez. One woman, who has been to Juarez twice with the ministry, describes her experience. Compiled by Jon Dieringer

• See how some events that created the situation in Juarez are broken down in a timeline. Compiled by Lindsay Gebhart

• Reporter Lindsay Gebhart speaks on what she saw in Juarez—the details that didn’t make it in the story. With audio
A local boarding school has Saturday classes, a rifle team and a price tag of nearly $30,000 a year

IMAGINE A SCHOOL WHERE ALL STUDENTS ARE REQUIRED TO PLAY A SPORT, CLASSES ARE IN SESSION UNTIL NOON ON SATURDAYS, AND TIES AND JACKETS ARE REQUIRED FOR CLASS. AND MEALS.

Welcome to the campus of Western Reserve Academy, a private boarding school in Hudson, about 10 miles northwest of Kent. The privilege of attending the school costs $29,050 a year for boarders and $21,500 for day students.

The red brick buildings and manicured bright green lawns give the academy the feel of an Ivy League university. After all, the school was founded by Yale graduates. But Western Reserve is only a high school.

The school's rural beginning proves that it's not a private high school only for rich kids, Headmaster Henry Flanagan says. Flanagan, who prefers that students call him Skip, is quick to point out that farm kids used to go to Western Reserve.

The school conducts itself "without a smidgen of pomposity," Flanagan says. "We're long in common sense and short on arrogance."

Ken Smith, a landscape supervisor working on the campus, says he hasn't had any bad encounters with students.

"They don't act any different," he says. "It's just that their parents have more than other people. Money doesn't always mean arrogance. My kids would go here, too, if I had the loot."

Most students are sons and daughters of doctors and lawyers, says Russ Morrison, the school's director of marketing and public relations. But the school awards $3 million in scholarships every year, so tuition is made affordable for students who need it.

Alek Hansen, a sophomore from California, says most students he knows receive scholarships, and none of his friends pay full tuition.

"It's a family thing," Hansen says. His grandfather taught at Western Reserve, and his father, uncle and aunt all graduated from the school.

The school may be difficult academically, he says, but will help in the long run.

"I have two hours solid of homework every night, compared to a half hour at regular school," Hansen says. "I don't necessarily learn more, but I learn better study skills."

And proper speaking skills.

"The word 'like' doesn't belong in the middle of a declarative sentence as a filler," Flanagan says. "We're not going to have 'what' or 'huh' here. Instead, we use 'Pardon me'".

CAMPUS LIFE

WESTERN RESERVE IS MORE SIMILAR TO A COLLEGE THAN IT IS TO A PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL BECAUSE MOST STUDENTS LIVE ON CAMPUS. TO GET A BETTER FEEL FOR ACADEMY LIFE, POTENTIAL STUDENTS SPEND A NIGHT ON CAMPUS. ALSO, EACH STUDENT IS INTERVIEWED TO SEE IF HE OR SHE IS WELL-SUITE FOR THE ACADEMY.

About 400 students attend Western Reserve, representing 29 states and 19 countries. About two-thirds of students live on campus. Most dormitories house about 15 students and are separated by gender.

The outside door to Cutler Hall isn't locked, and after climbing the stairs, Hansen uses a metal key to open his white wooden door. The brick-walled stairwell is bare except for a sign-up sheet for dodgeball.

Hansen's room is identical to an Eastway room at Kent State. The beds are bunksed in the far corner and clothes are scattered around the room and the floor. Hansen's class schedule is taped to the wall above his desk and com-
Russell Morrison, marketing and public relations director of the academy, describes the history and interior design of the chapel.

Freshman Michael McCulloch of Salem, Ohio, wears the official uniform of Western Reserve Academy as he studies for his classes in the library.

Jackets Required

Breakfast at 7 a.m. is optional for students. At noon, students enter the dining hall for lunch and fill the space with talking and laughter. Male students wear blue blazers and ties with khakis. Females wear button-down shirts and knee-length skirts.

When it's warm out, the school's dress code allows males to wear shorts, or "Bermudas," as Flanagan calls them.

A student could get away with not wearing the mandatory blazer to class, and if a teacher minds, he or she would probably just ask the student to get his jacket, Hansen says. But proper dress is required for meals.

Ellsworth Dining Hall would be at home in a Harry Potter movie. It appears to be the length of a football field, with a lobby and chandeliers in the middle. The two wings of the hall contain wooden tables and chairs on a maroon cement floor. Light comes from the chandeliers and the enormous poster above that is a poster of a woman in an orange bikini.

Hansen's mother won't walk in and see the bikini, but a faculty member might. Two faculty members and their families live in each dorm. Flanagan says one thing that's missing in public schools is a lack of adult interaction.

Molly Fowler from York, Pa., says the thing she enjoys most about the academy is her close relationship with her teachers. An average class size of 12 helps that teacher-student connection.

"It's great," she says. "You can call them up at night if you don't know how to do a math problem or you have a question about something."

Other faculty members, including the headmaster, live in white houses around the campus. Fowler said it's not unusual for her to babysit her teacher's children. "That would be weird at a public school. There, you're not even supposed to know where your teacher lives."

A typical weekly schedule at the academy:

**Monday through Friday**

- 8 a.m. to 3:10 p.m. Classes—55 minutes long, with six periods
- 3:30 to 5:30 p.m. Athletics—required for all students
- 6:30 p.m. Sit-down dinner (except on Fridays)
- 7:45 to 10 p.m. Study hours
- 10 to 11 p.m. Group study

Monday, Wednesday and Friday community meetings are held in the chapel. Meetings include daily announcements and a short presentation run by seniors.

**Saturday**

Classes from 8 a.m. to noon

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Campus Environment And Operations

An Elite Tradition

All students are required to play two team sports every year, even if they're not accustomed to American sports. Morrison, coach of the junior varsity baseball team, says he once had to point out the correct end of a bat to a German student.

Western Reserve is well known for its lacrosse tradition, and they also play field and ice hockey and have a rifle team. Chandeliers light the Field House lobby, and on the shiny stone floor, a Western Reserve shield bearing the school's motto, "Light and Truth," written in Latin, greets people. Left of the lobby is the weight room. If George Washington had a weight room, it probably would have looked like this. The sun shines into the huge pane glass windows onto the free weight racks and white weight machines. The building contains a six-lane, 25-yard swimming pool and an indoor track. Inside the track are basketball courts.

At 8 a.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, students gather at the chapel for announcements. Like in the dining hall, chapel seating is assigned.
Students walk into Ellsworth Hall.

Seniors sit up front, juniors behind them and sophomores sit in the back. Freshmen peer down from the balcony.

Many differences may separate Western Reserve students from public high school students, but some things remain the same. Students are overheard complaining in the library about teachers and "unfair" tests, and a sophomore was chided by a lady working the mailroom about remembering his mailbox combination.

"Carry that combination with you if you're not going to memorize it. How many times did I tell you?"

Some people at Western Reserve don't see the differences between public and boarding schools. The Western Reserve secretary wondered why her school was newsworthy.

"What makes you think we're so different from a public school?"

You mean aside from the $29,050 price tag? :)

Matthew Forte is a senior magazine major. This is his second time writing for The Burr.

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Student-teacher ratio: 5:1
Average class: 12 students

Where do they end up?

- Harvard
- Dartmouth
- Johns Hopkins
- West Point
- Case Western Reserve
- Yale
- Brown
- Ohio State
- William & Mary
- Case Western Reserve University

Compiled by Missy Pollock

Matthew Forte is a senior magazine major. This is his second time writing for The Burr.
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If the Bunk Bed's a-Rockin'...

Students reveal just how much they'd do to get a little action in the dorms

It happens behind closed doors. Sometimes it happens in study lounges. Sometimes in residence hall showers. And sometimes even on the washing machines. And in lecture halls. And in bathrooms. And on stoves. It's sex in the residence halls. And with 74 percent of 18- to 24-year-olds saying they are sexually active—according to a national research study by Boost Alcohol Consciousness Concerning the Health of University Students, or BACCHUS—it's clear that sometimes sex intertwines with the cramped communal living arrangements of the dorms. It poses new problems—and sometimes a slew of smirk-inducing, incriminating incidents to be shared at parties.

The most common story came from students recounting their embarrassing close encounters of the naked kind—walking in on their roommates doing the deed.

Philip Coron, a freshman nursing major, opened the door to his Heer Hall room to reveal writhing, nude college flesh doing the horizontal tango on the bunk bed.

"I just walked in, and they were doing s— in the bed. Basically, they were almost doin' it," Coron explains.

After the shock and dismay wore off, Coron introduced the "Gettin' jiggy wit' it" sign for the door to signal that lovemaking was occurring and to prevent further mishaps. (See sidebar for more on "Warning Signs")

Coron laughs it off and says he plans on retaliation soon—retaliation of the sexual kind.

Cody Demster, a sophomore exploratory major, lives in Allyn Hall and opts for a safe approach to sexual exploits.

Demster's roommate leaves most weekends, and while he's gone, Demster invites his girlfriend over for private, uninterrupted quality time. Demster stresses kindness and courtesy to his living mate and says it is important to draw boundary lines: His girlfriend visits only on the weekends.

But other roommates don't have it quite so easy.
Josh Coles, a sophomore biology major, came home one evening to discover a sign on his door marked, "Don't come in."

Coles chose to respect the privacy of his roommate and came home the following day. When he entered, what he found disturbed him.

"The next morning, I see that my futon is flipped," he explains. "I hear my roommate come in, and he's talking on the phone about how he let this random kid and other girl come back to our place last night."

Raising his eyebrows and making a face of utter disgust, he says, "He pretty much rented the room out for other people to have sex!"

Coles says the incident resulted in the demise of the living arrangements, and he moved out as soon as he was able.

Other students don't go the route of putting up a sign as a courtesy to their roommate.

Joshua Munck, a sophomore fashion merchandising major, had company over one night while his roommate was still in the room.

"The next day he said to be sure to inform him if I'm going to have 'friends' over to not wake him," Munck says, noting that he doesn't do that often.

Other stories feature much more public places.

"I'm at karaoke in the Rathskeller having a good time, and I went to the bathroom," recounts Jae Lerner, a freshman integrated language arts major. "And in the far stall, someone was getting a blow job. It was 10:30 at night, and all I know is that a couple guys came out at the same time."

An anonymous source admitted to having sex in a lecture hall in Bowman Hall, another lecture hall and then in a bathroom in the Michael Schwartz Center—all on the same mid-August day before school started.

The Rumor Mill

Every college campus has its fair share of urban legends, and Kent State is no exception. But when it comes to urban legends related to sex, Small Group and the Honors Plaza are kings.

Several anonymous sources recounted hearing stories of sexual exploits in the common area kitchens and study lounges—even on a stove. Heer Hall reportedly had a sign listing ground rules for the laundry rooms, and one rule stated, "No sex on the washing machines."

One tale has reverberated across campus: sex in the showers.

Eileen Dorsey, a junior fine arts major, recounts hearing two people having sex in the showers on her floor. She believes the couple got caught doing the dirty work.

Cassie Craig, a senior psychology major and front desk employee at Tri-Towers, says she has often heard residents complain about people having sex in the shower.
Transit for the masses

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Nothing is listed in the Department of Residence Services’ Policy Handbook relating to sexual activity in the dorms.

“One girl I knew who was a resident assistant had to reprimand a girl for having loud sex six times in one week in her room,” Craig says.

A common complaint among dorm residents is hearing their neighbors through the “paper-thin” walls, especially in Tri-Towers.

Ashley Wells, a senior justice studies major, was sitting in her room one night when she started to hear the grunts of carnal desire coming from the room to the left of her. Then she heard more sex noises coming from the room to the right of her.

“I could hear everything from both sides because my window was open,” she remembers. “It was like surround-sound Saturday night.”

The Expert Opinion

Despite the raucous sexual rumors, truths and urban legends circulating around the residence halls, there’s really nothing that can be done about it. The Department of Residence Services Policy Handbook lists no blanket policy on sexual activity in the dorms except those related to sexual assault, abuse and harassment.

Some dorms have more strict rules about visiting procedures, but the rules differ from hall to hall and floor to floor.

“Our policies are enforced regularly throughout our halls,” says T.J. Logan, assistant director of Residence Services. “Olson and Prentice have fairly strict visitation policies, but they don’t differ from those of our First Year Experience halls.”

The majority of roommate problems are due to roommate preference, location and living experience preferences—not necessarily unwelcome sexual activity, Logan says.

“Our RHDs (residence hall directors) and ARHDS (assistant residence hall directors) are trained to deal with a variety of issues in the residence halls,” Logan asserts.

Noise policies, like visitation policies, also vary from hall to hall and floor to floor. “Some halls are quiet halls for students that want a hall more conducive to studying,” Logan explains. “And non-quiet halls may not have the exact same policies.”

Brian Hellwig, a resident assistant at Engleman Hall and Allerton student apartments, has worked in the halls for five years.

“I have encountered a couple of incidents in which the issues of the roommate’s sexual activity in the room became an issue between the room-
mates," he says. "But overall, I believe that students are willing to respect their roommate's privacy and the fact that they share a common living area."

Kicked Out

Katie McNamara probably doesn't feel like her roommate is respecting her. The freshman visual communication design major has been kicked out of her room for four hours and is pacing the Student Center with friends this evening. She disgustingly admits that she was kicked out so that her roommate could have sex. "OK, it's all right if you're going to do it in the privacy of your own place," McNamara says. "But have some respect."

She says she has walked in on her roommate with her boyfriend unintentionally. During that incident, McNamara knocked and received no answer, then called her roommate's cell phone and received no answer. Because she had to get into her room to get her books, she had no other choice but to enter the forbidden spontaneous pleasure haven.

"I wiped my card to enter," she sighs. "And there they were, fooling around on my futon."

As McNamara heads home, she might be hoping that one day she will be able to enter her college dorm room without the fear of opening the door to a pretzel knot of naked bodies—the day she gets a single room.  

Steven Harbaugh is a senior magazine journalism major. He was editor of The Burr last semester.

Warning Signs

An indiscreet sign reading "Gettin' jiggy wit' it" hangs from a doorknob in Heer Hall. Philip Coron, a freshman nursing major, says it signals when his roommate is having sex with his girlfriend. The sign resulted from an uncomfortable situation.

"Basically, they were almost naked, and I walked in," Coron says. He finds the sign on the door nearly every afternoon. "I'm going to start planning out my day around it," he jokes.

Door signs are just one way for college students to let their roommates know they're getting busy. Other signals get more creative than tape over the keyhole or a rubber band on the doorknob:

- "We'll tape a penny to the door because everybody knows what the rubber band on the doorknob means." —Kristen Tassone, sophomore theater major
- "The doors are like giant erase boards, and if you wrote 'Rick Springfield called,' then that meant don't come in." —Laura Eastman, senior nursing major
- "I've seen hair scrunchies and the 'do not disturb' signs (students) got from the condom people in the student center." —Neal Linder, security guard and junior accounting major
- "I took my nametag off, I put it by the doorknob in the crack of the door. I guess (my roommate) didn't notice. I should have marked it clearer." —Kansas Williams, sophomore visual communications design major

But not everyone appreciates the free-wheeling nature of the college sex life. Sophomore political science major Brian George recalls a story about his particularly vindictive friend.

"His d**le roommate just used to do all these wicked hot chicks on [my friend's] bed. So eventually, he just got a black light for the room," George says. When the two roommates got into an argument, the black light was flipped on.

"Semen all over everything: computer, Donkey Kong memorabilia—everything."
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An Officer and

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Why can’t students and the police get along?
Both groups weigh in on the tension’s origins and how to fix it

LAST YEAR ON THE NIGHT OF HOMECOMING, SETH KUJAT WENT TO JAIL.
The senior communication studies major and former member of the
Undergraduate Student Senate was at a party when he was arrested for
questioning an officer’s behavior.

“He grabbed me by the back of my neck collar and pushed me over to
the car and pushed me on the trunk and told me to get in the back seat,”
Kujat says.

But for every student who, like Kujat, has had an unfavorable experience
with a police officer, there is probably a police officer who has had an unfavor-
able experience with a student or college-aged individual.

“Rarely a week goes by where an officer isn’t spit on,” says Kent Police
Chief James Peach.

Kujat’s and Peach’s stories are not the only ones that involve students and
police clashing on Kent turf. The relationship between Kent State students
and the Kent Police is one that has been strained for years.

At a university where student/police relations are often traced back to
the turbulent events surrounding May 4, 1970, and the shootings, it seems in-
evitable that tension and hostility between students and police would become
a constant concern and a topic of debate.

Arrested

AS HE WAS WALKING HOME FROM THE BARS, KUJAT DECIDED TO STOP
at the home of his friend Mike Bailey’s girlfriend. When Kujat arrived, Bailey
expressed concern that the police might come, and he asked Kujat to stick
around because of Kujat’s involvement with the USS.

If that happens, tell everyone to go inside, turn the music down and
keep the door closed, Kujat told him.

Just as Bailey expected, the police showed up at the party. When they
arrived, Kujat was standing off to the side in the driveway. The police told
everyone they had to go home, and people started going in the house.

One police officer told the crowd that if people kept going inside, the
police would go in after them and arrest them.

“Well, I don’t believe you’re allowed in the house without a warrant,”
Kujat told the officer.

“What did you say?” the officer asked Kujat, who repeated what he said.

“Who do you think you are?” the officer said. “You think you’re a
lawyer?”

That night Kujat was charged with obstructing official police business.

“The cops were very unprofessional the whole time,” he says. “When
I got to the police station, the police officer that arrested me, he didn’t even
know what he arrested me for. He had to ask another officer.”

The night he was arrested, Kujat sat in jail for about six hours.

He pleaded not guilty to the charges.

His trial was postponed twice, and he went to court in April, almost
seven months after the arrest took place.

Kujat won his case.

Why So Much Tension?

THE TENSION BETWEEN STUDENTS AND POLICE HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR
decades, Peach says.

“And it’s not unusual. In any university community, this is the same,
whether it be Athens, Youngstown, Toledo, Dayton, Columbus,” he says.

Students often expect accommodations, Peach says, but the police
can’t compromise the values in neighborhoods, particularly when residents
are complaining. The police also won’t compromise the enforcement of city
ordinances or state statutes.

While some students complain that Kent residents are not tolerant
enough of students, Peach says he disagrees.

“Quite frankly, the people are pretty tolerant in this community because
the university has been here since 1910,” he says.

One of students’ biggest complaints with the police department’s toler-
ance is how quickly they respond to noise violations, Peach says. But residents
will complain that the police are not responding fast enough.

“The officers get it from both ends,” he says.

In one student’s eyes, the noise ordinance adds to the tension between
students and police.

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students who live off-campus to worry about when they’re throwing social
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events and also more calls for the police to deal with," says Julie Gumerman, a senior integrated language arts and English major. "I think that it makes everyone more stressed out."

Tensions between students and police begin to form as soon as a student leaves home, Peach says.

"People's behaviors are generally not nearly as good outside of their hometown as it is in their hometown," he says. "People will do things away from their mother and father that they may not otherwise."

Gumerman has attended Kent State for four years. She attributes the tension to the University Townhomes riots in May 2001. The riots resulted from end of the year parties at the apartment complex. When fires and general chaos became part of the scene and people began to get injured, police in riot gear arrived.

"I don't know exactly why they reacted the way they did, but they went into that apartment complex and used rubber bullets, and I believe they used a lot of pepper spray at people," Gumerman says.

Chief Peach also remembers the riots.

A large fire burned in the parking lot, and people threw furniture into the flames, he says. A car exploded after being set on fire. People were injured. Thousands failed to comply with the instructions the officers gave.

Officers in riot gear had to be called to the scene in order to take control of and maintain the neighborhood.

"Unfortunately, that sure shouldn't have been necessary had people complied with being lawful in their behavior and conduct," Peach says. "And that was not the case."

Professors Speak Out

Professors, too, are aware of the tension between police and students.

For David Kessler, associate professor of justice studies, hearing complaints from students about police has always seemed to be part of teaching justice studies. But after a while, Kessler says he began to wonder if there was more to be concerned about than he originally thought.

"The police have no respect for civil liberties or the constitutional procedures," he says. "They're doing what they can get away with because they can, not because it's professional, the way police work should be done."

Kessler admits that tension between students and police is not unique to Kent. He's witnessed such problems in Houston and Kansas City as well. But Kessler does see a difference between Kent's situation and the ones in those other cities.

"Both places I worked, I had confidence that the leadership in those departments would do the right things when an investigation was completed and the facts were in and they had a basis to make a judgment," he says. "They would make a judgment that was legal, moral and right. I lost that confidence in police leadership in Kent. I'm sorry to say."

Understanding One Another

Students will be students, Gumerman says. It's something the police and community members need to understand. Students will throw loud parties—it's just part of living in a college town. But students need to be respectful and keep in mind that not everyone in Kent is a student.

If students respect others and behave in a manner that suggests good citizenship, they can make a good impression on community members so they don't associate college students with rowdiness, she says.

Lt. Michelle Lee sees a need for students and police to understand one another. If both sides learn how to "walk a mile in the other's shoes," she says, students and police might be able to avoid hostility.

"There are some police officers that don't remember or don't understand what it's like to be a college student," she explains, "and there's obviously a lot of college students that don't know what it's like to be a police officer. I think if each could understand the other's position a little bit better, they'd be more tolerant."
Some agree that making an effort to better understand one another would aid the relationship. A majority of Kent police officers attended Kent State, Peach says, and this creates a common bond between police and students.

In an attempt to create a better understanding between the two groups, Lee stresses that police officers are not out to dampen college students’ parties. “As a police department, we don’t want to hinder college kids having a good time,” she says. “It’s just not our stance. If they want to do it lawfully and legally, then that’s great with us. It’s when things get out of control, it’s when we get complaints from other people, that’s when we have to step in.”

How to Ease the Tension

The question of how to improve the relationship between students and police is asked nationwide, Peach says. It comes down to students following the law.

“If students respond as expected, as they would in their own hometowns, they won’t even know the police are here,” he says.

A majority of students comply with the law, he says, and they never encounter the police. But some students have different ideas on how to improve the relationship.

Copwatch, a group put together by students, usually operates on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. A group of four people go out in a car with a police scanner and a map, says Gumerman, a member of Copwatch. They’ll hear about incidents on the scanner, head to the scene and videotape what’s going on. It’s a measure to ensure that citizens’ rights are being honored.

“So it’s kind of policing the police,” Gumerman says.

Peach doesn’t think a program like Copwatch is necessary, but he says he doesn’t mind it.

“We don’t have a concern about people wanting to watch or report or film us,” Peach says. “As long as they don’t interfere with what we’re doing and our duties, we have no problem with it.”

Kujat suggests that police change their attitudes. Police need to realize that students will go to parties, drink and walk home from the bars drunk. Rather than arresting students for this, he suggests that police help the students by following them home to ensure they get there safely.

“Maybe if police officers would actually go a little more out of their way, rather than just using handcuffs and pepper spray and actually maybe using some words of encouragement,” Kujat says. “Or maybe an open hand instead of a hand with handcuffs and shaking some of the students hands. That would probably help out.”

Police should use nonviolent approaches to calm students down instead of violent approaches, Kujat says.

“It’s easier to spray a student in the face with mace than it is to talk to him and find out where he’s going and why he’s doing what he’s doing,” he says.

It’s up to the police to improve the relationship between students and police, Kujat says.

“The problem is, the ball’s in their court,” he says. “The students have no power with the police department.”

Katie Hilbert is a junior magazine journalism major. This is her third time writing for The Burr.

Lt. Michelle Lee has been with the Kent Police Department for 17 years. She says students and police need to “walk a mile in the other’s shoes.”
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