THE RETURN OF PAUL HAYNES

Kent State’s new football coach on the game, his faith and why he’s HERE TO STAY

a story about fish

BY MARK HAYMOND

+ Life Lessons from HBO’s ‘Game of Thrones’

WHY
17 STUDENTS SPENT SPRING BREAK IN A MEMPHIS CEMETERY
According to a recent job outlook study by the National Association of Colleges and Employers, communication skills rank first among most important job characteristics employers seek. Second and third are analytical skills and teamwork skills. Consider programs in CCI to teach you these necessary practices.

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Cultivating a Culture

Last Exit Books serves not only as Kent’s bookstore, but a creative space where poets, writers and bibliophiles gather to share their love of the written word.

By Lucy Merriman

Why Not Popcorn?

One of Acorn Alley II’s quirkiest new shops is run by Gwen Rosenberg: wife, mother, writer, beekeeper, entrepreneur and gourmet popcorn artist.

By Matt Polen

From Brazil to Tree City

With an ever-expanding menu and a second location on the way, Tree City Coffee & Pastry appears to be a success. Is the experimental direct-trade model something that will continue to thrive?

By Kelsey Husnick

A Story About Fish

Mark Haymond spends a day fishing — and reflecting on hot dogs, heartache, Thoreau and voodoo.

Paul Haynes

Paul Haynes, Kent State’s new head football coach, talks about his foundation, his career and his quest to build men.

By Nick Shook

Game of Thrones

In defying our expectations for how fiction ought to behave, the critically acclaimed HBO series “Game of Thrones” teaches us key life lessons.

By Matt Polen
THE TAKEAWAY:

"[G]One is the yellow helmet once displayed by former Flashes head coach Darrell Hazell, who once sat in the same room and proudly declared the golden dome as the team's 'bowl helmet.' Sitting in its place is a weathered, 1980s-era navy helmet with a golden, arched lightning bolt on the side — a tangible piece of evidence that Kent State was once and is again Haynes' home." — PAGE 36

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Four fashion students try to design their way to the top spot on the runway.
By Audrey Fletcher

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Seventeen students spent their spring break restoring a cemetery in Memphis, Tenn. — a project that has left a lasting impression on their lives and the local community.
By Daniel Moore and Jacob Byk

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Students rarely consider the health implications of alcohol consumption. While a few beers might not seem like much, frequent drinkers will soon discover, over time, the calories add up. By Alicia Balog

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The culture of a gluten-free diet might seem like a trend to some people, but to some it represents a very real obstacle that affects the way they live their lives. By Kelly Tunney

{CAMPUS ★ PROGRESS}
Campus Progress works to help young people — advocates, activists, journalists, artists — make their voices heard on issues that matter. Learn more at CampusProgress.org.

#59
A note from Anthony Dominic

As early as November 2012, I knew I wanted Kent State football to make the cover of The Burr. What that meant, I didn’t know at the time. But by early December, I knew it wouldn’t mean Darrell Hazell.

In the following weeks, I continued to ask myself who or what represented Kent State football?

My answer came on Dec. 18 in the form of Coach Paul Haynes.

Through Haynes' fervor, both in his introductory press conference and in Nick Shook's cover story (pg. 34), I was reminded how much I love this university, this city. It has become my home — as it has for thousands of students — and as it will again for Haynes.

The story of Paul Haynes is a story of redemption. To this day, he’s haunted by two losing seasons, now more than 20 years past, when he was a captain of Kent State’s football team. But it was in those shortcomings he rediscovered the drive to succeed — a drive that brought him back to Kent State. And not as a student or a player, but as a coach.

Beyond the gridiron, we found inspiring stories among the city storefronts (pgs. 10, 20 and 24), the performing stage (pg. 18) and the fashion runway (pg. 48). One story — which will be familiar to those who read “Finding Thomas Moss” in our April issue — led a writer and a photographer to an overgrown cemetery in southwestern Tennessee (pg. 54), where 17 students spent spring break.

If there is a time we ought to reflect in Kent, it’s May. Amid preparations for finals, internships or graduation, find time for yourself. For writer Mark Haymond, this turned out to be a nap in the middle of Southgate Park (pg. 28). While I wouldn’t necessarily encourage (or discourage) this, I hope you find that time. If you decide to spend it reading this issue, thank you.
In the spring of 1973, graduate student Jerry Persky organized an alternative May 4 commemoration event, having become disillusioned with the annual candlelight vigil. Persky said the vigil's sponsor, the Center for Peaceful Change (now the Center for Applied Conflict Management), had purposely removed the "negative aspects" from the May 4 discourse; instead, Persky wished to "educate" the student body and the public about the reality of May 4, 1970. "I think it leaves me somewhat demoralized to stand there with a candle, if I don’t have any sense of progress," Persky said.

On May 4, 1973, Persky gathered with approximately 200 anti-war demonstrators at the corner of Main and Water streets. They marched eastbound in the rain and "biting cold" to the commons, near Taylor Hall, where guests John Froines, one of the Chicago Seven, and Vernon Bellecourt, longtime national director of the American Indian Movement, spoke to the crowd. Musician Barbara Dane also performed.

The alternative commemoration's most controversial moment came when an effigy of the ROTC building was burned. (The actual building was lit aflame two days before the May 4, 1970, shooting.)

Despite the event's controversy, it launched a new dialogue about the way in which May 4, 1970, should be remembered. According to the 1974 Chestnut Burr, only four vigil attendants remained in the Prentice Hall parking lot by the morning of May 5, 1973. It was also noted that vigil crowd sizes had diminished each year since 1971.

In 1975, Kent State announced it would no longer sponsor May 4 commemoration events. The May 4 Task Force, a student organization still active today, was promptly formed to serve this purpose.

Persky’s alternative commemoration was captured in the 1974 issue of The Chestnut Burr. On the issue’s first page, the following quote from an anonymous letter to the editor of the Daily Kent Stater, dated March 12, 1974, was also published: "Is it all so far behind us? Did all of that ever happen? Can we really return to the inane college games of the fifties? Where in the world are we?"

The Chestnut Burr was Kent State's student-produced yearbook, published from 1914 to 1985. In 1986, students Laura Buterbaugh and Thomas Lewis transformed the yearbook into The Chestnut Burr Magazine, which was shortened to The Burr in 1988.
On April 13, Kent State hosts its first "Out of the Darkness Campus Walk," an annual suicide-awareness event held by the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention.

Filmmaker Oliver Stone and journalist Gwen Ifill to speak at this year's May 4, 1970, commemoration.

Laziza Restaurant to expand after buying Funky Ladles.

Ray LaHood, U.S. Secretary of Transportation, visits Kent for the second time in three years.

Kent finally has donuts! MaryAnn Donuts opens on East Main Street.

Colonel Eileen Collins, the first woman to pilot a space shuttle, speaks at the Stark Campus April 23.
Randall Durant, the former owner of Funky Ladles, pleads guilty to charges of disorderly conduct after blocking Tree City Coffee & Pastry's drive-thru lane with a truck, then making an offensive comment to a juvenile employee when asked to move.

Durant is then court-ordered to pay back wages to a former employee he had not paid for a nine-day period in January 2013.

The Ying Yang Twins perform at The Outpost April 25.

The men's basketball team loses to Akron in the Mid-American Conference Tournament for the third year in a row.

To comply with the Patient Protection and Affordable Care Act, all student employees will be restricted to 28-hour work weeks as of May 12. Policy violations may result in termination and a loss of future employment eligibility.

THE BAD
I may be nuts, but I don't see any.
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO KENT IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TO RAY'S!

MUCH GREAT BEER!

LOVE RAY'S FOOD!

FOLLOW US ON FACEBOOK AND TWITTER!

WHO LOVES YOU?!
OF COURSE – RAY'S!
Last Exit Books, located on East Main Street, has become a Kent staple. While major sellers such as Barnes & Noble and Amazon may threaten independently owned stores, Last Exit thrives by catering to its audience and embracing local culture.

In the back wing of Last Exit Books, with the air of restlessness that characterizes Friday nights, 30 or 40 poets gather. Some are draped over the mismatched furniture; others huddle on the carpet, or stand, wedging themselves between the sitters and shelves of manga and paperbacks. It’s a nice area, and new; construction for the wing went from September to October 2012, wrapping up right in time for Halloween festivities. There are still empty shelves off in one corner, surrounded by a clutter of paintings and a stack of books. There’s a cheerful implication that yes, these will all be set up in their correct order soon, but please, in the meantime, enjoy the mess. Tonight, the poetry floats through the air, some words slipping out through the backdoor, but others catching on corners, lingering: “I am an old man, I walk with ghosts,” one begins, and indeed he is old. He talks about his life as someone who rehabilitated junkies, only to watch them slip back, again and again, until all that was left were their chalk outlines on the sidewalk. “We were a Carter-era Bloomsbury in Kent, Ohio,” says another, and: “Praise be, I swear, I hear poets singing on the radio.” The other writers nod. They hear them, too.

Sarah McIntosh, president of Kent State’s English club, rolls back her shoulders as she pages through her spiral college-rule notebook. Eventually she picks a piece, something new, and her reading is almost apologetic. But the other poets are quiet for her, and after she’s finished, there’s a smattering of claps and bohemian finger-snapping. She smiles to herself, and it encourages her enough that later in the night, she recites her midterm poem from memory.

For some, there is laughter, a friendly camaraderie that goes back long before this place existed. For others, it is their first night reading aloud. They’re nervous, or their lines are slow and clumsy. But their poetry, too, is celebrated. It’s about the art here — creating it, sharing it. Giving up those little pieces of oneself in a space that’s absolutely safe.

On this night, the veteran poets mourn the passing of Merle Mollenkopf, one of their own. He was a larger-than-life man, a traveling bard or sorts, who would always be at these readings, and places like Scribbles Coffee Company and Art in the Park, reciting Robert Frost and Irish verse from memory. Kent was his home, but he had traveled far from here and kept his poems with him. Not everyone knew Mollenkopf, but they listen about intently, as the tales about are not about an ending; they are the beginnings of a myth. “We are telling tiny truths,” says a man named Adam, who looks to be in his 30s. “We’re celebrating their stories.”

For bookstore owner Jason Merlene, this type of connection
between writers and lovers of writing is at the heart of Last Exit Books. “I’ve always wanted it to be a creative arena,” he says, when reflecting on the new space used for the poetry readings. The store, he hopes, “creates a culture, rather than somewhere where you just go shop.”

Merlene is an affable, creative-minded guy. He is an artist and writer, and he looks the part, sporting a beard and knit cap he affectionately calls his “bald-spot warmer.” Merlene says Last Exit Books arose in part because of his wife, Kate. Growing up in Kent, she had fond memories of Heartland Books, a bookstore that sat on Main Street when the rest of the strip was comprised of bars and tattoo parlors. It was a picturesque little shop, with wooden furniture, decorated shelves, and a children’s reading room. Unfortunately, when they returned to Kent as adults, the Merlenes discovered that Heartland Books closed down in 2003.

“I’ve always wanted it to be a creative arena. [I hope the] store creates a culture, rather than somewhere you just go to shop.”

- Jason Merlene

“A Kent without a bookstore?” He shakes his head at the memory. “Impossible.”

Merlene was working at Half-Price Books at the time after a brief period as an accountant, and he couldn’t get the thought out of his head: Kent needed a bookstore. One day, he was walking down Main Street and saw a vacant property for lease, and that was it.

Within six weeks, the property was set up, and he was ready to move in. “Almost half of the bookstore was my own personal collection,” he says. This initial collection steered his direction during the first few months of running the store. He wanted to cultivate a focal point for literary things in Kent and create a space dedicated to art, writing and philosophy.

“I would love for a bookstore to just be a place where you can just sit around and read and discuss books,” Merlene says, “but, of course, there’s more that goes into it.” The biggest challenge was getting all of the materials and content put together as quickly as possible, so that he could start selling books and make a return on the investment.

It can be a nerve-racking experience, starting a new business,
and jumping in with both feet might mean some time spent eating Ramen and floating in uncertainty. Merlene stresses the importance of those few, initial bibliophiles who fell in love with the shop from its conception. “We did very little advertising,” he explains. “It was all word of mouth from a few stalwart supporters.”

The collection has expanded from Merlene’s personal tastes to include books on any conceivable subject. This includes, and isn’t limited to, children’s books, popular fiction, comics, manga and poetry. A table in the center of the store displays crates of vinyl records, and there are entire shelves dedicated to CDs and DVDs.

The store is a symphony of color. Not the overwhelming vibrancy of a children’s playground or Warhol painting, but a myriad of inviting hues painted by book covers, hanging wall tapestries and splashy prints from local artists. Maybe a month ago, they were the watercolors of Robert Wood, a man who, like Mollenkopf, was an omnipresent figure about town; a man of passion, he was slowly pressed into legend, flat between newspaper obituary pages and sketchbook sheets. His paintings here were of frogs and gangly men, but they’ve been replaced now, possibly sold.

Walking through the door, one is enticed by the smooth peals of The Beatles early 1960s rock, streaming from a retro record player in the corner by the cash register. The music changes throughout the day, from rock to acoustic to blues and jazz, but never in an overpowering way, and never anything contemporary. Rather, in a way that, like much of Kent, seems to thread this moment with the moments that spell out the stories of our history books. It’s an old hippie town, in a way. Last Exit acknowledges that with a sort of smile and nod to the past that still lets one beckon the future with open arms. The children’s selection has its own area now, complete with comfy armchairs and a step-stool for books on the top shelf. Someone left a copy of Judy Blume’s “Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing” face-down and propped open on an armrest. Someone else squats on the floor in front of the poetry shelf, skimming the pages of Maya Angelou’s “Still I Rise.”

Merlene wasn’t a book-lover at a young age. Instead, he went through much of his childhood, and even his time as an accountant, not considering books much. “I was a latecomer to reading,” he says. But things change, and in a time of personal disillusionment, he felt a
powerful creative urge inside himself.

"I went through a period of several months where I isolated myself and just started plowing through books; I read maybe 10 to 12 books per week. In that initial period I was reading Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Kerouac — anything. I read 'Tropic of Capricorn' [by Henry Miller] and it really gave validation to the choices I was making at the time." Eventually, he says, he read Miguel De Cervantes' 'Don Quixote,' which remains his favorite book to this day.

This is what books do for us, and this is what makes Last Exit Books such a special place. Right now, Merlene makes Last Exit Books; he runs the store, manages sales, stocks shelves and infuses the place with a warm, vibrant energy. But making Last Exit often means putting other creative endeavors on the back burner.

In some ways, “running [Last Exit] has stunted my art and writing more than it enhanced it. It takes all my time. I've been stepping back a little bit, letting others be the face of the store for a while,” he says.

Still, just being in Last Exit is sometimes enough to stir creative juices. Merlene says this is, hands down, the best thing about the job. "Hardly a day goes by where somebody doesn't tell me about a book, a movie, or an idea," he says. "There are a lot of creative people in Kent."

But how does Last Exit Books manage to attract all these people? And how does it maintain a variety of genres and options for book lovers? Merlene says the main ways the store acquires and expands its collection are through people selling books to the store, ordering discounted remainder or overstock books, and people, often retired professors, donating their collections. Anyone is welcome to sell or donate to the store, and it’s easy to see what trendy books have become old fads by looking at the clearance section: a pyramid of Twilight books, all priced at $1, might hang around for a few more months before they’re dumped.

In some ways, despite Jason’s assertion otherwise, it seems impossible that Last Exit Books can exist.

When Heartland Books closed down, it was seen as a sign of the times. Google search newspaper clippings about the book industry from a decade ago, and you’ll see shrinkage. In the future, he hopes to be able to connect with authors and artists, both local and distant, who have great works they want to share. Readings, book signings and other public events might start to build on one another, making Last Exit Books the literary hub of the city.

Showing films is another idea he brings up — everyone huddled on the floor or on couches, a projector humming along.

Interestingly enough, when he originally dreamed up the notion of this small business, it wasn’t solely meant to support itself by book-selling, “I was interested in setting up a publishing arm,” he explains, when the conversation turns to engaging local writers. While thus far that branch of the business hasn’t quite panned out, it is still an opportunity for more expansion in the future.

The idea would definitely be supported by local writers themselves. One of the first displays one sees upon entering the shop is the shelf of local authors’ books: Cleveland mystery novelist Les Roberts’ books share space with writers diverse as inspirational essayist Regina Brett, fantasy writer G.T. Anders and sportswriter Bob Doglan. For unpublished writers, the notion that Last Exit Books could put them on that shelf is an exciting prospect.

On a street once struggling with a dearth of culture, Last Exit Books is now part of a line of businesses dedicated to art, music, ethnic food and creative entertainments. Whether it's the jovial welcome of an eclectic bunch of poets, or the quiet, hideaway corners where one might spend hours drifting between pages, it beckons.
Three local artists make a statement by selling their work at South Water Street’s Firefly Hookah Lounge.

BY MEGAN WILKINSON

Firefly Hookah Lounge comes to life as young adults filter in throughout the early evening. The lounge is a toss up between a bar and a coffee shop. Alternative rock plays in the background as people order hookah flavors, bubbles and coffee on the dusty, black couches in the venue.

Grungy artwork hangs on the walls from several different artists. An abstract, nude woman surfs in a desert on one of the walls; a bald head with a split personality float on top of a serene landscape on another wall; above the main window, a spray-painted Mother Mary holds a hand grenade. Customers in the hookah lounge glance at the artwork on the walls, checking to see what’s new and what’s been sold.

“Art and hookah sell well together,” says Becca Kess, an employee at Firefly Hookah Lounge. “I think this is a very chill atmosphere and this style of art that hangs here, along with the crowd that smokes hookah, match.”

All of the pieces hanging on the walls in Firefly are created by young, local artists who either attended Kent State or have grown up in the Kent area. Becca says the trend of artists hanging their work in the shop started only a couple years ago and has grown since.

“The art comes in by word of mouth,” she says. “People come in here, see some of the artwork, and they just ask to hang their work.”

Becca says the owner of Firefly is usually open to giving all artists the opportunity to sell their work in the lounge, as long as there is room on the walls. Logan Thyr, Zach Stephenson and Ron Armour are three of the local artists who have had recent success in getting their pieces hung and sold in the Firefly this past year. Each artist has a distinct style, but their pieces all fit into Firefly’s youthful atmosphere.

Thyr, a 23-year-old caregiver, and Stephenson, a 24-year-old local artist and audio visual technician at Kent State, currently live together in a two-floor, white house on Lake Street, close to Kent State. Enter the house, and there are lights on in every room, guitar playing in a bedroom and people playing beer pong in the living room.

Art projects are scattered throughout the house, all of which have been produced by Thyr and Stephenson, both with their own distinct styles. Thyr's pieces feature moody characters in
post-apocalyptic settings; Stephenson’s feature dream-like characters behind free-flowing streams of paint. Despite these differences, the pair goes back and forth, asking each other for input on their work.

“No collaboration,” Thyr says. “Zach, he’s got his own unique styles and colors. Everything has meaning. Mine is more like doodles in notebooks.”

Thyr stirs a pot of noodles as he makes dinner before heading to his late-night shift as a caregiver.

“I take care of a kid with cerebral palsy, and while he watches ‘Barney,’ I draw,” Thyr says. “Another client is deaf. He watches TV, plays video games, I draw. I kind of have to divide my time, but it overlaps.”

A black and white cat named Nebuchadnezzar comes to the kitchen by Thyr, moves past the living room and stops to lick his paws at the foot of the stairs. Thyr walks over with his noodles and pets the cat, who stands next to a spray-painted self-portrait of Thyr, wearing a hooded sweatshirt on top of particle wood. The portrait has a cut out, burning hole where his heart should be. Thyr says he was going through a rough time when he made that particular piece.

“I was very, very angry at myself, so I cut the heart out,” Thyr says. “I don’t know. It was therapeutic.”

Nebuchadnezzar meows, heading up the narrow stairwell. He struts into a small den, littered with canvas boards, boxes of art supplies and cans of spray paint. This is where Thyr leaves most of his works-in-progress. Thyr sits over by his work to finish his bowl of noodles. Three canvas boards lay face down on the ground, all of which make up a three-panel piece that Thyr says he has been working on for a year and a half.

“The concept of the three-panel piece is really good,” Thyr says. “I just think I executed it badly.”

Thyr flips the left and middle panels over and props them up by the wall. The boards are covered in newspaper clippings with red paint on top of them. In the middle panel is a guy wearing a gas mask with his hands over his ears. On the left panel, a 1950s man in a suit screams sentences at the man in the gas mask. Thyr says he has yet to finish the final panel to the piece.

Thyr says the right side of the piece is supposed to look just like the left side; however, he still has to figure out how to make the sentences look normal.

“I didn’t think about that when I was making it,” Thyr says.

Thyr finishes his bowl of noodles, sets the bowl down on the floor and walks over to his room. A sketched-out girl with wings and a helmet is propped on an easel toward the window in the room. Although the piece looks like it was done in watercolor, it was all done with yellow, red, blue and black marker.

“When you draw pink on yellow, the yellow starts to look red,” Thyr says. “And then the white looks more pink. I added blue, and it turned out how it is. I was never so happy with it.”

From a desk, he pulls out his 365-day sketchbook that he plans to bring to his work shift that night. He flips through the sketchbook, which has a handful of intricate doodles, including an elephant man standing in a suit, an abstract face and a girl with an astronaut helmet. Thyr says these pieces take an hour and a half to create, but some are simple, sketched-out ideas.

“More or less, I can do them at work,” Thyr says. “That’s where I’ve been doing them lately.”

Thyr flips open his phone to check the time. He picks up his sketchbook, heads downstairs and out the door for work.

Nebuchadnezzar sulks his way from upstairs by Thyr’s work, to the first floor bedroom of the white house. Stephenson sits at a large, desktop computer, looking at different tattoo designs for inspiration. His bedroom serves as more of a work space than a sleeping space, as some of his unfinished pieces are scattered around the room. Stephenson says he has not quit painting or working on artwork since he graduated from Kent State as an art major in spring 2012.

“I’ve always drawn [since I was a kid], but I went to school for painting,” he says. “That was a whole new challenge.”
One of the more memorable pieces is a mesmerizing, 54-by-38-inch abstract painting of a man with a black river spewing from his mouth that hangs in Thyr and Stephenson's kitchen.

“I'm into spiritual themes,” Stephenson says. “Just showing balance between pairs and opposites like life and death.”

Stephenson says his artwork generally takes months or years to complete because of its complexity and size. He says one of his biggest struggles he has encountered since he began commercializing his artwork is either too big or too expensive. He says most people think his work is either too big or too expensive.

“I am trying to sell them,” he says, “but I'm not very hopeful. I guess I would say that I'm more hopeful than successful, though.”

Nebuchadnezzar walks into Stephenson's room, and curls up on his bed. Stephenson pets him. Stephenson has had some luck selling his artwork with his cat's help. He says a year ago, he managed to sell a piece he made for a course to Kent State for about $500 that features Nebuchadnezzar.

“It was a kind of photo collage where I took a picture in my old bedroom in Ravenna,” he says. “Nebuchadnezzar was walking through while I was taking pictures. I collaged all the photos together and painted a picture from it.”

Through his artwork, Stephenson hopes to tell a modern tale of life and how it “feels to be alive nowadays.” He says that he also wants his artwork to provide relief for this generation's challenges.

“I just like to maybe offer different solutions on how life could be,” Stephenson says. “I just want to tell a grand story.”

Although Armour's days are spent working at Allstate Insurance, most of his nights are consumed by his artwork. Armour, 24, says he has been working in the insurance industries in both the Columbus and Akron, areas since he graduated high school because he didn't want to waste time or money by going to college for art when he could do it in his spare time and profit from it.

“College is kind of trap nowadays because of the cost,” Armour says. “If you're an adult supporting yourself, it's hard to put in time for school and pay for school. With my art, I'd like to go to school, but [I'm] happy with where I'm at.”

Armour says he has been interested in pursuing art almost his entire life because his mom is an artist and got him involved at home as a kid. He says his mom would often create nature drawings or paintings of nude female forms and faces.

“We have similar styles in a weird way,” he says. “Except I would normally paint asexual figures while she would go toward female faces or forms.”

Armour says he began to take art seriously and save his work when he was about 15 years old. He says he started by doing black and white ink doodles. As time passed, he added more mediums and color to his work. He looks to artists such as Salvador Dali or Ralph Steadman for inspiration. Now, most of his pieces fuse paint, ink and spray paint with a wide variety of color.

“I feel it's a kind of compulsion,” he says. “If I have five to six colors, I need some balance. It works out in the end.”

Since he began painting, he has used a similar technique with most of his pieces. His hands will circle the canvas to fill every inch of it in a shade of paint. He pulls out purple spray paint to smooth out what he smeared with his hands. Armour continues by taking a black Sharpie to draw the outline of a picture he wants to convey. Once he finishes drawing, he squeezes an island of white paint onto an easel, dabs his brush in it and paints the interior of what he drew on the canvas. He takes a picture of the finished product with his iPhone.

Armour says one of his favorite pieces he has produced is currently hanging at the Firefly Hookah Lounge, where he has been hanging his work for more than a year.

“My favorite pieces [I make] are just the ones that turn out the way I wanted and are what I try to go for in my style,” Armour says. “A lot of color, eye catching and original. Once I nailed that, it's my favorite.”

Armour's work tends to be cartoon-like yet refined. He likes to create chaos, while ensuring his pieces remain aesthetically pleasing to the eye.

“I'm inspired by everything in human nature,” Armour says. “Things that go on in the world — everything. The main thing is to do something no one's ever seen before and cannot imagine. I put it down on canvas.”

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If you're an adult supporting yourself, it's hard to put in time for school and pay for school. With my art, I'd like to go to school, but happy with where [I'm] at.”

- Ron Armour
**BLACK SQUIRREL RADIO** | **SPRING 2013 SHOW SCHEDULE**

**MONDAY**

10-12 PM The Wake Up
casual talk, indie, rap and underground

12-2 PM Mainstream Apocalypse
indie rock, pop culture and local artists

2-4 PM The Constant Detour
a happy, upbeat, silly, dance party

4-6 PM The New Noise
pop-punk, 90's emo and alternative

6-8 PM All I Ever Wanted Was A Radio Show And I Got One
indie, alternative, rock and music talk

8-10 PM Sleazy Beatz
alternative, pop-punk, pop and weekend stories

10-12 AM The Real Is Back
hip-hop, rap, relationships and trending topics

12-2 AM Flip The Tape
rap, vinyl, underground, obscure, punk and alternative

**TUESDAY**

10-12 PM Tuesday Tailgate
sports previews and recap

12-2 PM Soup for Sides
food, Indies and oldies

2-4 PM Hipster Garbage
indie, alternative, rock and electronic

4-6 PM Back To The Past
music history, anthems, folk, jazz and blues

6-8 PM Kitty Kat Chat
improvy, funny and random

8-10 PM Euphoria Radio
classic rock, alternative and indie

10-12 AM League Radio
video game talk

12-2 AM The Tex and Danny Show Part II
explosions and heavy metal

**WEDNESDAY**

10-12 PM TBA

12-2 PM Kickin' It
football, soccer and everything in between

2-4 PM Animalistic Affirmation
classic rock and politics

4-6 PM The Hit List
entertainment news and top 20 countdowns

6-8 PM Pretty Hair and Thunder (P.H.A.T.)
comedy, talk and Hair-metal

8-10 PM Sedetophobia
saving you from the silence

10-12 AM Moontime Radio
indie, punk and folk musical adventures

12-2 AM Women Who Rock
females, feminists and feminism

**THURSDAY**

10-12 PM Straight Talk Radio
funny and honest talk

12-2 PM The JJ Morning Takeover
celeb, music and theater talk

2-4 PM Mastering Ceremonies
local, hip-hop, ciphers, odd school and R&B

4-6 PM Black Noise
R&B, soul, real talk and campus event

6-8 PM Three Guys and a Girl
your weekend pre-game

8-10 PM Word Play
pop, punk, rock and live in-studios

10-12 AM Power of Words (POW)
talk, hip-hop and conscious

12-2 AM Double J's Mixtape
country and hip-hop

**FRIDAY**

10-12 PM As The Crow Flies
foreign music and culture

12-2 PM Elephant in the Room
philosophy, controversy and discussion

2-4 PM Sports With Shook
sports talk, entertainment and comedy

4-6 PM Finders Keepers
unsigned and undiscovered pop-punk/alternative

6-8 PM TBD
unicorns, pizza, glitter and music

8-10 PM The Future
indy, throwback and acoustic

10-12 AM Goon Squad
noise and experimental

12-2 AM The Horizontal View
honest indie fun

**SATURDAY**

10-12 PM TBA

12-2 PM The Battle of the Ages
old and new school hip-hop and R&B

2-4 PM Rubber City Rockhouse
local rock, indie and alternative

4-6 PM Get Stacked On It!
pop-punk, metal and hardcore

6-8 PM Face Value
alternative, hip-hop and music facts

8-10 PM Radio Gravy
crabcore, dancing, and Arizona Flop Dragon

10-12 AM Rage Radio
electronic dance music and dubstep

12-2 AM Radiodrome
zany talk and new music

**SUNDAY**

10-12 PM Eclectic Electrocution
variety, improv, comedy and music

12-2 PM Hangover on a Park Bench
alternative, sports and video games

2-4 PM Hour of Glower
metal, electronic, rock and foreign music

4-6 PM A Double Shot of Sean
Kent State and pro sports

6-8 PM Keeping It Classy
a classy mix of genres and movies

8-10 PM Rik & Rob Radio Rockstars
A rockapocalypse of music news, reviews and interviews

10-12 AM Flash of Metal
metal, hard rock and death metal

12-2 AM Weekend Wind Down
alternative, rock and KSU news

www.blacksquirrelradio.com
Envoi added a bit more pop to its rock when vocalist and Kent State student Maddie Finn jumped in to front the Cleveland five piece. While it was one of many lineup changes to occur in the past year, she has since become an integral part of the band’s sound — which also includes lead guitarist David Tirpak, rhythm guitarist Steve Perrino, bassist Ian McQueen and drummer Joe Czekaj. “Changes,” Envoi’s latest (and appropriately titled) EP, dropped April 5.

INTERVIEW BY RACHEL CAMPBELL

RC: How did you all meet and begin playing music together?
David: This band has been a band since February 2011, and it has had a lot of rotating members. It’s just a matter of some people just don’t click when they’re writing music together. I feel like this group has been working very well for a steady four months or so now, so it’s going well and we’re just pumping out some jams.
Joe: We all came together pretty easily. It was never really too much that we had to work out.
David: It’s just transitions and finding people.
Steve: We are all acquainted with each other at one point or another. We get along really nicely.
RC: How has the transition from your previous male vocalist to your current female vocalist, Maddie, been for all of you?
Maddie: You know, that’s a really good question. I think that we are very musically based, and we’re very proud of our musical talent. We’re proud of our song writing. We enjoy the music we play, but when you want to make it your career you have to treat it like a business. A lot of people will be like, ‘Oh, it’s all about the music. It’s all about this,’ which, in theory, it really is because that’s the reason we’re working so hard for it. But in order to work for it and really get to the place you need to be, you’ve got to think about money. You’ve got to think about marketing, so you’ve got to think about image.
RC: What do you think makes you unique in this ever-evolving scene? Whether it’s locally or nationally?
Ian: We kind of break the mold in the scene to be honest. If you go to a lot of shows around Cleveland, it’s mostly metal. The metal is very dominant in Cleveland, and the fact that we’re just a straight rock band is different. It’s somewhat harder finding acts to play with, but in the end we enjoy being that — Maddie: refreshing presence.
RC: Haley Williams, the vocalist of Paramore, commented on the finished product of the “Ghost” music video. What was your reaction when you saw that?
Maddie: I may or may not have peed myself again.
Steve: It was just really validating to just randomly see somebody so — Maddie: influential — Steve: professional, influential, and just saying something as simple as “awesome.” You know, it’s like anything, any positive thing that she could have said. It’s very reassuring. It helps us push forward.
RC: What do you have planned for the future of Envoi?
Ian: So much. We’re going to dominate the world. That’s what we’re going to do.
Joe: We’re going to sell more copies than the Bible.
Maddie: No, no we’re not. Don’t say that.
David: We have an EP release coming up in the next few months. We’re wrapping up everything with the EP in the next couple of days. It should be ready to get mixed and mastered in the next few days, and then basically, it’s just pushing it very hard with as many out-of-town shows as possible.

Visit TheBurr.com to for more interviews with local music artists.
A Great (popcorn) Adventure

Gwen Rosenberg is the owner and operator of the gourmet popcorn shop Popped! that is rapidly becoming a fixture in downtown Kent. From cayenne pepper to caramel and espionage to beekeeping, Rosenberg isn’t the typical entrepreneur.

BY MATT POLEN

Not many people know what a nut warmer is, let alone have a need for it. Sure, the concept isn’t too hard to grasp — it’s basically a food warmer designed specifically for nuts. Anyone hoping to obtain one for business purposes might do research online or over the phone with possible distributors and manufacturers, but honestly, that takes all of the fun out of it. Gwen Rosenberg, proprietor of Popped!, doesn’t operate that way. Rosenberg does what she likes to call “popcorn recon,” or small-business espionage, if you will. That’s why, rather than make a phone call, Rosenberg found herself crawling around on the floor of Malley’s Chocolates in Lakewood, Ohio, trying to scope out the underside of an industrial nut warmer so that she might catch a glimpse of a brand name or model number. Naturally, as most establishments will take notice of customers lying flat on the sales floor, Rosenberg’s cover was blown. Such is the life of an intrepid entrepreneur.

Rosenberg remarks that when she was gearing up to start her business, popcorn reconnaissance was a huge part of her life. “I went everywhere looking to scope out everything,” Rosenberg says. When you’re starting a business and you don’t have an abundance of experience, it just makes sense to see what others have already done.

Rosenberg isn’t the shyest person on the planet, so crawling around on the floor, clandestinely photographing heat lamps, wasn’t something she hesitated to do. According to Rosenberg, Malley’s has a penchant for hiring “grandmother-looking types,” so when she was caught, it was hard not to tell the truth. “When in doubt, I just go full honesty,” Rosenberg says. Most of the time, that turns out well, but now that Rosenberg’s in business herself, she gets a taste of her own medicine. “Now, since I’ve opened the shop, I have been the subject of it,” Rosenberg says. One man even offered to pay her to show him how to operate the equipment so that he could open up his own popcorn shop in Akron. Rosenberg politely declined.

Popped! sits nestled in Acorn Alley around the corner from Tree City Coffee & Pastry and facing the renovated remains of the Franklin...
The storefront is all green paint and spotless glass. Taking a look around Acorn Alley, it’s not hard to notice how new everything looks. The shops look like a town square from the early 20th century transported to modern downtown Kent. Walking inside Rosenberg’s shop, the first thing that hits you is the smell of caramel and chocolate. There’s merchandise: T-shirts and popcorn tins (made locally, of course). The equipment is all out in the open, and it looks like a cross between the Industrial Revolution and a steampunk novel. Glass display cases are filled with small oceans of popcorn, and the wall behind them is a giant chalkboard. There are letters from happy customers, the traditional “first dollar,” the less traditional, but still thoughtfully placed, “first Afghan dollar,” and naturally, a corner dedicated to the scientific classification of corn.

Come at the right time and you’ll catch the artist at work. She’ll be dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, along with a custom zip-up hoodie adorned with the Popped! logo (also locally designed). Rosenberg will no doubt greet you with a warm smile, and you’ll find yourself wondering how someone who spends her days surrounded by sweets, concocting solutions of caramel and chocolate like some mad confectionery scientist, could possibly be so thin. Customers who haven’t been there before might find themselves overwhelmed by the sheer amount of flavors, but Rosenberg is always more than happy to provide suggestions. Depending on what kind of mood you’re in, there’s a flavor to match.

Popped! doesn’t deal in the typical popcorn flavors. Sure, you can buy regular, old buttered or caramel popcorn — and they are as high in quality as you would expect — but you would be doing yourself a disservice. Firehouse caramel, which the store’s website touts as being the “original recipe taste-tested by Kent firefighters,” is perhaps the most intriguing flavor in Rosenberg’s repertoire. Take a bite and you’ll notice the sweetness of the caramel. With a name like “Firehouse,” you’ll probably start to wonder why it seems to have more sweet than heat, but about the same time that thought pops into your head, you’ll start to feel the burning sensation on your tongue. It’s the cayenne pepper, but Rosenberg masterfully contrasts the sensations. The cayenne isn’t heavy-handed; it certainly doesn’t taste like you’re crunching into a handful of spicy jalapeños. It’s a perfect example of the expertise and artistry that Rosenberg puts into her craft.

As the owner of a local business with a decidedly unique product, Rosenberg is no stranger to interviews. She says that there’s one question she’s asked the most: “Why popcorn?” She admits, there’s a certain degree of difficulty in answering it. “Why not popcorn?” she responds, laughing. There may have been a time when that was a valid question, but now that Rosenberg’s life is saturated with the minutiae of running a business, such thoughts are exercises in futility. Making popcorn is no longer a conversational icebreaker or a quirky hobby; it’s her livelihood. Instead of “why popcorn,” Rosenberg contemplates “why Firehouse Carmel?” She weighs things like whether to buy the ingredients for a new flavor or to hire someone to help her run the shop. The uncertainty of what choices to make when running a business is a completely different type of mystery than the uncertainty of whether or not to start a business at all.

When Rosenberg’s grandfather died more than 15 years ago, he left her some shares in the Stock Market. When asked about it, Rosenberg pointed out that it wasn’t much — certainly not enough money to start a business.

“All told, it would’ve gotten me a used Honda, maybe ... I didn’t blow it on a Honda, though. That would have been stupid,” Rosenberg says. She attempted to raise money through Kickstarter, though she was hesitant at first, because she wasn’t quite sure she understood how the process worked. “I kind of put it out there as a social proof. Like, does anybody think this is a good idea?” Rosenberg says. Rosenberg can be pretty frugal, and with four children, it can be difficult for her to spend money frivolously. It’s always business first and pleasure a distant second.

“I’d get money for birthdays, and [my family] would beg me not to spend it on the water bill,” Rosenberg says. Essentially, Rosenberg was looking for a way to justify spending this money on something so intensely personal and financially risky.

The stock from her grandfather was different. This wasn’t money she was taking out of a savings account or her children’s college funds. She felt like she was meant to use this money to follow a dream. She believes her grandfather would have approved.

It was winter time, it was freezing cold, and the only place that's open is this popcorn place.”

- Aaron Rosenberg
I kind of pride myself on the random and terrible jobs that I’ve had. I was a federal probation officer, I sold used cars, I was a waitress at Denny’s third shift — I just kind of collected these jobs.”

– Gwen Rosenberg

“He would have thought it was a riot, and he would have thought it was a great adventure ... I imagine that was sort of the point of it,” Rosenberg says. Rosenberg wanted to strike out on her own and follow a dream. The stock, as if things weren’t already meant to be, happened to be from a company very much in the business of dreams: Disney.

Popped! is rapidly becoming a staple in downtown Kent. It’s a local business, and supporting other local entrepreneurs is something that’s important to Rosenberg. The store’s logo was designed by a former Kent State student, as was her custom display case. All of the ingredients, and, of course, the popcorn, come from local sources. The website blooms with statements, including “honey from our own backyard.” While claims like these are normally meant to be taken with a grain of salt (local salt, no doubt), this one can be taken quite literally. Rosenberg is an apiarist, or beekeeper, with hives of bees that she maintains and cares for on her property. Rosenberg discovered that a hive was available nearby, and Medina County was evidently a beekeeper’s mecca. Aaron had been talking about it for so long, and it was almost too good to be true. The Rosenbergs’ bees serve more than just a passing interest, as they provide more than enough honey for Rosenberg to be able to sell it in her shop.

When Rosenberg decides to dedicate herself to something, she doesn’t waste an ounce of effort.

The idea for curating a bee hive actually originated from a childhood wish of Rosenberg’s husband, Aaron. He remembers having a Guinness Book of World Records when he was a child. “There was a guy from Akron, and he was, like, the only guy in Ohio with a world record.” That record happened to be for a bee beard. Aaron was captivated by this and wanted to someday don a prosthetic piece of facial hair comprised of the winged insects.

Rosenberg discovered that a hive was available nearby, and Medina County was evidently a beekeeper’s mecca. Aaron had been talking about it for so long, and it was almost too good to be true. The Rosenbergs’ bees serve more than just a passing interest, as they provide more than enough honey for Rosenberg to be able to sell it in her shop.

Even Rosenberg’s life as a writer is unconventional. In one of her articles, she wrote about panning the use of “canned” recipes containing honey, specifically the idea that mixing processed foods together constitutes a “recipe.” As Rosenberg puts it, “pouring honey into chili doesn’t make it a recipe.” After it was published, she felt that she had come off a bit harsh and it didn’t best represent her feelings. She wrote a response to her own article under the pseudonym Karen Miller, attacking the holes in the logic of her original article. As she put it, self-deprecatingly, “Who better than me to tell me what an idiot I am?” As Rosenberg’s luck would have it, Miller’s piece was so well-received that she was invited to speak at a conference of the West Virginia Beekeeper’s Association. And as honesty is always Rosenberg’s policy,
when her editor asked her how she wanted to handle it, she told him, "Just tell them the truth. Tell them I wrote both articles! So he told them, and I never heard from them again."

Though one might assume that someone who would open their own popcorn shop might be a whimsical, free-flowing spirit, that assumption wouldn't do Rosenberg any justice. Rosenberg didn't just decide out of the blue to open a popcorn shop. Popcorn has always been a passion. Aaron recalled that one of the first times they went out on a date together, it was a snowy night in Chicago. "It was winter time, it was freezing cold, and the only place that's open is this popcorn place," he says. While the shop they visited, Garrett's, has since expanded to become an international phenomenon, the idea itself, and that memory in particular, still sticks with the Rosenbergs. That's why, after years of testing popcorn recipes at home, the idea didn't come as a surprise, but rather as a gradual realization. Rosenberg's family, from her grandparents to her husband, have all shown their support.

Rosenberg has been around the block, as far as jobs go. "I kind of pride myself on the random and terrible jobs that I've had. I was a federal probation officer, I sold used cars, I was a waitress at Denny's third shift — I just kind of collected these jobs." It seems that she's finally settled in on something. Rosenberg isn't the stiff oak tree that blows over in the storm, she's the willow: strong and independent, but flexible. She may not know exactly what the future holds for her or her business, but Rosenberg will no doubt meet it in style and with a flair for the creative, leaving the kind of mark that only she can. Rosenberg remarked that one thing her grandfather said had always stuck with her: "Whatever you are in life, just don't be a middleman."
van Bailey sits in his office: a small, overlooked room located behind the wine rack in Tree City Coffee & Pastry. His lanky frame sprawls back in his rolling chair, and he alternates between twirling a wooden No. 2 pencil in his hand and spinning the recyclable paper cup that houses the remains of his cappuccino.

Despite co-owning a coffee house for a year and opening a second store in nearby Hudson, Bailey believes that he is still on what he calls, “a search to find the world’s sexiest cappuccino. I try, in every city, to look for this thing.”

It may be an absurd search, but not an unreasonable one with the latest changes in the coffee business. Shop owners are becoming more invested in the coffee beans they buy and use in their final products, meaning better quality cappuccinos in the long run for Bailey and his business partner, Mike Beder.

Tree City uses a buying practice called direct trade, in contrast to the more popular model of fair-trade buying, which is used by corporations like Starbucks. Practitioners of both models strive to help plantation workers, in addition to setting business standards that they want their growers to adhere to. In turn, they offer to pay a higher, or “fair,” price for coffee they purchase.

The difference between fair and direct trade? The middleman.

And it’s a big difference. An article, “The Problem with Fair Trade Coffee,” from the Stanford Social Innovation Review states, “the concerns are that the premiums paid by consumers are not going directly to farmers, the quality of Fair Trade coffee is uneven and the model is technologically outdated.”

One could argue that Fair Trade USA is used as a marketing tool more than anything else, allowing a corporation to put a stamp on its products to encourage consumption. Customers may see the Fair Trade USA mark and think that they are helping the environment by buying a particular latte, but that purchase goes against the assumption: 10 cents of every pound of coffee bought by wholesalers goes to Fair Trade USA, not to the growers. That’s how the non-profit business stays afloat; it requires service fees.

“Really, you’re still dealing with the cartel,” explains Bailey. “You have a guy who owns a warehouse in New Jersey, or wherever, and he’s importing this stuff. There’s still a middleman, and there’s still a big question mark: Is that money really going back to the grower? But the direct-trade angle, basically, you need to either personally — or your roaster needs to — purchase it directly from that farm. Otherwise you just don’t know if the fair price is really being held up.”

“I’ll admit, I haven’t visited the farm where we get this in Brazil,” Bailey
says as he lifts up his cappuccino, “but it’s not out of the question to basically develop that relationship with the grower more and more so that you are invested in the product. You watch it get planted, you watch it get harvested, and you’re basically interested in the actual conditions in which it’s produced.”

Bailey jokes about the Portlandia skit “Ordering the Chicken,” in which Carrie Brownstein tells the waiter, “it tears at the core of my being, the idea of someone just cashing in on a trend like organic.”

Few are going to ask their waiter for the name of the chicken they’re eating or whether or not the animal had friends before it was cooked, but people value the direct and fair-trade labels, and they value locality. Tree City can tell its customers that the house blend comes from a farm in Sao Francisco in the Alta Mogiana region of northern Brazil. They entrust Solstice Roasters, based in Cleveland, to make sure that the purchases adhere to the principles.

Bailey and Beder try to incorporate environmentally friendly practices into their business. Tree City uses organic coffees, high-quality, non-fructose syrups and encourages recycling. Its menu features many vegetarian options, including fresh-baked peanut butter sandwiches. Community involvement is also important to the owners.

“We have a file of donation requests, and it’s hard for us to do them all, but when there’s a holiday coming up where we cannot use product the next day, we’ll take it to the police or the fire department,” Bailey says. “We donate to everything from babysitting clubs to high schools, and we try to become involved with a lot of college organizations. We do gift card sales, all kinds of things.” Bailey rambles off the list. “That’s how you get on people’s radar, but also how you become part of the fabric of the community, and that’s something a lot of corporate places cannot do.”

But do customers really understand what direct trade and environmentally friendly practices mean? Bailey admits that not all customers do, but it’s something he tries to educate people about through conversations at the coffee counter.

Twenty surveyed customers didn’t understand the difference, but they had heard of fair trade coffee and assumed it was pretty close to direct trade.

Marilyn Norconk, an anthropology professor at Kent State and frequent visitor to Tree City, says, “I don’t know what ‘direct trade’ is. I do know about fair trade products and support them for fair compensation to producers around the world.”

Tree City utilizes social media to enhance this “cool” factor and connect with the college community in Kent.

Beder is the main voice of the coffee shop’s Facebook and Twitter pages. He and Bailey make an effort to follow customers on Twitter, as well as retweeting Tree City-related posts. Bailey says he tries to make their connections on social media platforms an extension of the atmosphere created in the coffee house.

Having a flexible menu is also a perk of being a small business. It allows the team to adapt to the needs of its customers — something chains like Starbucks logistically cannot do.

“If I were a franchise, I cannot change the menu. If a mom came in here and told me they wanted something over and over and over, there would be nothing I could do.” Bailey taps his pencil on his knee with every word, seemingly frustrated just at the thought. He rolls his eyes. “I’d have to wait for corporate to

“...You know, risking a lot, if not everything, is one of those big things that you can do in life.”

- Evan Bailey

Mike Beder (left) and Evan Bailey (right), co-owners of Tree City Coffee & Pastry, sip on coffee from their shop.
come up with the new coconut latte or something gross and then serve it. And I think people know that.”

This connection is something that people want along with their quality coffee and service. Bailey observes that customers are willing to pay more for a cup of coffee than for a gallon of gas, then muses that a gallon of latte would probably cost more than $25.

Included in this price is a sort of coffee-bar culture. It’s what makes corporate chains like Starbucks successful, and it’s a model Tree City has been trying to improve upon.

“People have a pretty high expectation. They want a half skim, extra hot, sugar-free caramel macchiato, they want you to know what that means, and they want you to deliver it quickly,” says Bailey, but they also want a relaxing and convenient environment. This is why Tree City has out-facing espresso machines, so workers can look at and interact with customers while making drinks. It’s why they installed electrical outlets under every seat along their main wall for students and why they have a drive-thru for commuters. Bailey wanted to fulfill the needs of every coffee drinker in Kent.

“That’s business: You look for a need in the market, and you try to jump in early, and you take a risk. A huge risk.”

Bailey’s voice trails off a little, and he shakes his head as he adds, “It’s the riskiest thing I’ve ever done.”

The risk paid off for Bailey, and he says he is happy with what the business has become. He will not release dollar amounts of how profitable his business is, or how much he pays for his direct-trade coffee; however, Tree City’s second location and evolving menu are indicators that the model is currently a success.

“There are very different aspects of life,” Bailey begins. “For example, completing an education or getting married, or even running a marathon or writing a book for some people, but for me, taking an entrepreneurial venture past the home office and signing a five-year lease, you know, risking a lot, if not everything, is one of those big things that you can do in life. I guess I’m looking forward to being here for a long time.”

As for Bailey’s search for the world’s sexiest cappuccino? Well, he’s still searching, but he may have found a new drink in the meantime. Coconut water and a little bit of espresso and milk sounds like a good hang-over cure to Bailey — and it could end up on the menu soon. He warns that not everyone will like it though, dubbing it a “hippie drink.”

With direct-trade coffee, fresh-baked, organic products and more than 1,400 Twitter followers, Tree City Coffee & Pastry is a “people business first, and a coffee business very closely second.”

The world may not be aware of the differences between fair-trade and direct-trade coffee as of yet, but Bailey will continue to serve coffee-shop education, one cup at a time.
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This is a Story About Fish

Author’s note: I have foreshortened the events of an entire summer into a delicious, day-long concentrate, with the occasional pulpy flashback. Just add (pond) water.

BY MARK HAYMOND
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC PLATT
The channel catfish, the guy in just about every pond around Northeastern Ohio, looks like a mix of a bull shark and a Chinese dragon.

The uglier ones look like a mix of a pug and an eel. They have barbs inside of their pectoral and dorsal fins that leave a nasty welt. They are covered in a mucus-like slime that smells like a rotting mix of everything they eat, which is everything. They can be caught with hot dogs. The nastier the better. I recommend you leave them in the trunk for several days, midsummer. Go with natural casings. Price-wise, it seems extravagant, but they will stay on the hook — even when rotten to the point of total tissue breakdown. Use a bigger piece to catch a bigger fish and avoid nibblers.

Once cast, it will sit on the bottom, releasing a miasma of stinking essence that draws in the big guys like a pheromone. Beware: Bees are also drawn to this scent, as are dogs. Bag them up.

In addition to hot dogs, I would also recommend cheese; ready-made catfish bait (which also makes great fake dog poop, in a pinch); chunks of Power Bar (the crappy kind without the chocolate coating); and soap (Ivory unscented — no shit).

Sunrise, Southgate Park, Green, Ohio. Summer. Birds sing one at a time, like they are not sure if it is cool to break cover yet. I am a fisherman; today is the day.

Last year, I was at this park with someone I love, who is no longer part of my life. We watched catfish swimming into the shallows, great long things out of their prehistoric time, leaving clear contrails across the light green moss. This someone — he looked up at me and asked if they would be hard to catch. I told him that I didn’t know, but I would like to find out sometime. It was an offhand comment, the kind of answer an adult gives a child when his mind is elsewhere. Say, the failing state of his relationship. It was a small lie, the kind that may someday be made true, if there is time; there isn’t always. We didn’t make it back with fishing poles that summer.

Last year, fishing, like all things unknown, was magic. The world seemed to be increasingly populated by mysterious people doing these types of things — alien activities and rituals for which I had no frame of reference. Last year, I had a family, a domesticated life of familiarity. I sat in my bathtub and read “Suttree” by Cormack McCarthy, the story of a depressed and alcoholic man who abandons his family to live on a houseboat and catch catfish.

“He had divested himself of the little cloaked godlet and his other amulets in a place where they would not be found in his lifetime,” McCarthy writes, “and he’d taken for talisman the simple human heart within him.”

A column of steam rises over the pond, 40-feet-tall, swirling in slow motion like a tornado in a museum, captured and slowed down for field-tripping children or tripping teenagers. Smaller spires of steam rise around it, maybe 10-feet-tall. I think about the water molecule at the very edge of the pond; one second it’s part of a mossy mess, fish and goose crap everywhere, the next it’s warmed by the sun and hurdling skyward.

This seems like a pleasant enough place to cast out.

I tree it, yanking at the pole for a few seconds, practically begging the hook to rip down and impale me. I end up cutting the line. It dangles like a spider web, my bobber a warning to all other men in their 30s who are contemplating a new hobby. I feel stupid. This whole thing may
have been a bad idea. I am here in the noble and timeless pursuit of sticking a hook in a fish's face, not petty littering.

Here's the thing: Fishing is more of a cover than anything else. I want to stand by a pond for hours without anyone thinking me some kind of crazy Thoreau wannabe. In our society, the single guy in his 30s hanging out alone in the park is someone to be weary of, but a dude with a fishing pole is a sportsman enjoying the great outdoors. Come for the fish, but stay for the steam tornado.

In the first hour, I spend what seems like a lifetime untangling line and creating new and intricate combinations of swear words. I spend about one minute with my bated line in the water. What a glorious minute. The ash grows long on my Pali Mall. (Sorry, Mom. I quit; I swear.) Something hits my line, and the hot ash falls onto my belly. It's warm like a sip of hot chocolate. Whatever is on the line feels huge. I imagine myself as Chief Brody in Jaws, chumming away as something monstrous lurks below.

My line breaks almost immediately. It turns out that I am tying my hooks on with knots that are more commonly used for shoelaces and gift wrapping. Still, it's a start, enough to stoke my interest. I put a new hook on and decide to move to a different spot.

My pond is not some kind of supernatural nexus, a la "Ghostbusters" or "Poltergeist." In the growing light of the early morning, or the fading light of evening, there does seem to be a strange energy here; the light is cut by the tree line, creating an odd mix of bright blue sky and dark woods. I am not the only one who thinks there is secret power here.

The pile of burnt letters and pictures is near the spot known as Gabrielle's Bench. The photos are burnt into thin leaves. One picture is only partially burnt, the profile of a young woman faintly visible, gold against the black, leaning against a person who is burned away. I feel for the person who did this. In my mind, she was a young woman experiencing her first heartbreak. I feel for the one who was burned away.

I think about my first heartbreak, Katie, half a lifetime ago. I think about those wet, brown eyes when she told me that she had kissed another boy, a German exchange student with knots that are more commonly used for shoelaces and gift wrapping. It is nice to feel connected again. My pole bends but holds. With the voodoo doll and his various gods as my witness, the fish almost pulls me in. I see him, eyes black, and reel away. He rolls like an alligator, kicking up mud in clouds. I pull him on shore, drag him from his world into mine. He gasps, just like I would, and makes a sound like a choking dog trying to bark.

I can see the hook coming from his bottom lip, its barbed tip nearly splitting one of his barbels, the whisker-like appendages that hang from the face of all catfish - the only cat-like thing about them. I instantly feel bad for what I have done. The hook is tough to get out, the barb catching a small flap of skin underneath his lip. He continues his wet bark as I try to cut the hook with my wire cutters, which turn out to be grossly misnamed. Smoke goes in my eyes. He bleeds from his mouth. My eyes water. More bars, Snap - finally. He slips free. I forget myself and let go of his dorsal fin. The barb at the end of his fin goes in right above my thumb, a tiny poke compared to what I gave him. Another pained smile. The fish literally walks himself back into the water in three quick motions, while I stand there, my hand throbbing slightly. I glance at the charred voodoo doll, still perched at the end of the bench. Maybe we both had it coming. There are band-aids in the car.

Jim is walking to his truck with a bucket full of bluegill. If you have ever seen a fish in an Ohio lake, chances are it was a bluegill. I ask Jim what he is "using," a common question among fishermen - and one which may be met with a blank stare that says, "Mind your own beeswax, kid." There is no blank stare here. As a rule there are two kinds of fishermen: talkers and ninjas. Talkers want to share their time and knowledge.
while ninjas disappear in the face of social interaction.

Jim is a talker, a Poor Richard of fishing.

He is 87, but he flops the bucket onto the bed of his truck like a younger man (maybe because he knows I am watching), and then gets half in his truck, one foot on the ground, one in the cab.

"Well, I have been using these today," he says, opening a dented tin hip pack full of gray-yellow maggots and sawdust. He fishes one out. It squirms between his thin fingers.

"They work great on small hooks. Let me show you," Jim says as he reaches for a woman's purse that sits on the passenger seat. The purse is in nice shape compared to his hip pack. It is filled with tackle and evidence of a brief affair with nature. It is as close as I will get to the mystical communion described by Emerson and Whitman, the sensual inhalation of the world, and it happens in my sleep. So it goes.

I think I might be sleeping in a park. Thank God I have my tackle box, in case anyone comes across me and wonders about the situation. I awaken and brush myself off, grass and leaves falling away, vanishing like tires on the highway or jet engines at cruising altitude that brings me to the door of sleep, the window even, through which I can see and feel the coming dreams, but not clearly.

By afternoon, the water level is extremely low. I stand on parts of the bank that were under water this morning. The air is still and heavy with heat. Nothing is biting but the horseflies. I spray one with bug repellent in hopes that he will be shunned by his friends, an outcast in the fly world, and add insult to injury.

"May Jim feed your children to bluegills," I say. I am alone out here, insulting flies. Even with my pole, I feel like a creepy guy standing in a park. All summer long, this activity has sustained me, and yet now it feels ridiculous.

My phone vibrates, a thrum matched by the frogs and cicadas. A text message comes in, a rarity these days. The number is familiar, but in the heat it feels like a mirage. I read it. I think about that day last year, those monsters swimming in the shallows, my son asking me if they are hard to catch. I wipe my eyes and read again. Cornelius Suttree never got a text message from someone he missed. Neither did Thoreau. In spite of their commune with nature, I suddenly feel sad for these people, seekers who may also have been hiding in plain sight.

"Hey it's me. This is my number. I have a phone now. Call me if you want."

I don't reply for a few minutes. My stillness reduces me to scenery, a trick that I have been trying to master all summer long. I pick up my phone and open it, afraid that I may have forgotten how to express emotion appropriately, that my day at the pond has left me uncivilized. I want to tell him that I have missed him more than I thought it was possible to miss someone. I want to know everything about his summer. I want to tell him all of the details of mine that he is old enough to hear. I think about those details and realize that most of them involve rotten hot dogs. I steel myself. There may be time for all of that.

"Hey kid. Tell your mom hey, too. How would you like to go fishing sometime?"
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THE RETURN OF

Paul Haynes

Paul Haynes, Kent State's new head football coach, has returned to his alma mater. After time in the NFL and alongside former Ohio State coach Jim Tressel, Haynes is stepping into the shadow of his predecessor, Darrell Hazell, and the best football season in university history. In an exclusive interview with The Burr, Haynes speaks about the game, his faith and why — if he has things his way — he's here to stay.

BY NICK SHOOK
PORTRAITS BY MARIANNA FIERRO
Paul Haynes bounces from room to room inside the football offices at Kent State’s M.A.C. Center. The Flashes’ 21st head coach is dressed in a plaid, collared shirt and gray sweater, leaning on door frames and speaking with his assistant coaches in the midst of another day at his new job — the first he has ever aggressively pursued, he says. He moves in and out of his office before returning to apologize in advance for any upcoming yawns. His appearance doesn’t suggest it, but he explains he drove 12 hours through the night from Arkansas to Kent.

This is the life of Kent State’s newest head coach. While his family is still rooted in Little Rock, Ark., Haynes is spending hours of an early Monday afternoon in February back at work. The barren appearance of his office suggests he is still in the moving stage of new employment, and it’s true; his wide room includes a desk, a conference table, a mini-fridge left behind by the previous occupant and one vertical glass display case. The contents of the case signify change and a past filled with success.

The middle shelf of the case is filled with championship rings from Haynes’ days as an assistant coach at Ohio State, but gone is the yellow helmet once displayed by former Flashes head coach Darrell Hazell, who once sat in the same room and proudly declared the golden dome as the team’s “bowl helmet.” Sitting in its place is a weathered, 1980s-era navy helmet with a golden, arched lightning bolt on the side — a tangible piece of evidence that Kent State was, and still is, Haynes’ home.

Haynes was once a three-sport, standout athlete at St. Francis DeSales High School, a Catholic school in Columbus, where he finished as a state runner-up in track and field and won state titles in basketball and football. Haynes joined the Kent State football team as a walk-on defensive back in 1987, and by the time his freshman season started, he had earned a scholarship from then-head coach Glen Mason. He started at safety in his first game and led
the team in interceptions as the Flashes finished with a 7-4 record. His 116 tackles were the most on the team in 1988. However, it is the disappointment of the 1990 and 1991 seasons that still drives Haynes as he attempts to keep the Flashes at their pleasant, yet unfamiliar position atop the Mid-American Conference.

"It still eats me up that I let that happen," Haynes says of his last years. "As a captain, you cannot let that happen, and there was no way to change it after I left. Now I can have an opportunity to take that flame out because it still burns in me that we went 1-10 when I was in charge."

The disappointing finish to a season that ended more than 20 years ago still bothers Haynes each day, but it reveals a greater quality about the coach: The man is a fierce competitor at heart.

"I don't care what job you're in," Haynes says. "If you don't compete to be the best, there's other people who are going to beat you."

Less than two weeks after National Signing Day, preparations for spring practice and the 2013 season continue. Haynes is a hard-working man, and his work ethic — which he learned from his parents and a strong Christian upbringing in private schools — drew praise from former Arkansas head coach Bobby Petrino, who called Haynes a "grinder" upon his hiring.

Plenty of work is left to be done, but Monday is a media day — an interview with The Burr comes first, followed by a photo shoot and an appearance on TV2-KSU's "Sports Corner" later in the day.

Haynes is open to those who want to know all about the newest man leading the Golden Flashes onto the gridiron. But his influence reaches far beyond the field at Dix Stadium. His Twitter biography lists him as a Christian, a husband, a father, a mentor and the head football coach at Kent State University.

Haynes is a family man, married to a southern woman who loves to cook — "everything's from scratch," he says with a laugh. She was not a football person when she met her in Jacksonville, Fla., while working as the defensive quality control coach for the NFL's Jacksonville Jaguars. That has changed during their 10-year marriage, as Danita Haynes has learned what it means to be a coach's wife.

"One of the things that a lot of people sat there and told me when I was early in this career is, 'You better have the right woman,' because your time is consumed so much," Haynes says.

In a phone interview, former Ohio State head coach Jim Tressel echoes Haynes' words on the importance of having a dedicated partner as a coach.

"When you're a college football coach, the time demands, the pressures, the expectations are extraordinary," Tressel says. "The only way you're going to be able to do those as well as you possibly can is if everyone is on the same page."

Haynes was "a little bit unorganized" when he met his wife in Florida, so much that his cell phone was shut off during the first two months they were together.

"She paid for my phone within the first two months that we met. She has completed me," Haynes says with a laugh. "He always worked, nothing was in order," Danita says. "A lot of it was being young and coaching and always busy."

Danita accompanied Haynes when he moved to Louisville in 2002 where he says she got "her first taste of college football."

"It was a little crazy and chaotic," Danita says. "I had no idea how much time and how many people went into making a football program work."

Haynes moved on from Louisville to Michigan State,
but had enough time during the offseason to pledge lifelong vows to Danita. The two were married in a small wedding at a bed and breakfast in New Orleans, just weeks before the start of the 2003 season. The couple now has three kids: daughters Jordyn and Kennedy Rose and son Tarron.

“Her kids are very important to her,” Haynes says. “If something goes wrong with her kids, momma bear comes out.”

The couple has since made stops at various schools, including a seven-year stay at Ohio State and an abrupt, one-year stint at Arkansas before coming to Kent State.

“She knew that this job was important for me, being my alma mater,” Haynes says. “The last two years, with the things that happened at Ohio State and the things that happened at Arkansas, her big thing is stability.”

Haynes left Ohio State to accept the defensive coordinator position at Arkansas after a tumultuous 2011 campaign that saw the forced resignation of Tressel in the aftermath of NCAA violations. Things didn’t get any easier in terms of job security for Haynes at Arkansas in 2012. Less than four months after Haynes was hired, head coach Bobby Petrino became embroiled in a scandal involving an affair with a football employee and was soon fired. Haynes coached the 2012 season knowing it would be his first and last in Arkansas.

“I felt like, going through all of the changes that had happened the year before at Ohio State, in some ways it prepared you,” Danita says. “I was not happy — ‘Oh, we’ve got to move again’ — but I was open-minded. We try to be faith-based; God has a plan.”

Haynes didn’t have to sell the new job on his children, who consider Ohio their home. As soon as they learned he was going to become Kent State’s head coach, they started dialing old friends in the Columbus area.

“They didn’t know the distance between Columbus and here, but they got connected with their friends,” Haynes says. “They were chomping at the bit to get back to Ohio.”

Also mentioned in Haynes’ Twitter biography is the phrase “building men,” which Haynes spoke about in his introductory press conference.

“One of my greatest things in coaching is that I’m still friends with guys from Ferris State,” Haynes says. “When guys from Bowling Green see me, we had that relationship. I still stay in contact with a lot of those players, and a lot of them sit back and say ‘thank you for the things that you taught me or you did for me’.”

“That’s the most rewarding result that you can get in coaching. All the rings that I got over there are fine, but the gratitude is more important. Even guys that I was super hard on that you would think would never even thank you, call me and thank me later for what I did for them when they finally got it.”
A criminal justice major while at Kent State, Haynes didn’t plan on getting into coaching. After back-to-back, one-win seasons to finish his career, he needed to mentally get back on track.

“Winning and losing are such a fine line. When you consider yourself competitive and a winner, when you start losing, you start seeing yourself drift to compromising. You don’t have the same gut feeling that you had when you lost before.

Following graduation, he went back home to DeSales, where he built his moral foundation.

“The people in that community have the eye of the tiger that I needed to get back,” Haynes says.

One of the most influential men in Haynes’ life, former DeSales head football coach Tony Pusateri, made a lasting mark on the to-be leader when he was a freshman in high school. Haynes had failed three tests, and per team policy he was suspended from the next game. Instead of keeping Haynes – who was not a member of the varsity team at the time – off the field, Pusateri spent the next two weeks in the cafeteria with Haynes doing schoolwork.

“He didn’t have to do that at all,” Haynes says. “I’m just a freshman, I didn’t play varsity, but he promised my parents he would take care of me. Even starting from there on that relationship with him, [that] kind of guided me on how I want to be as a coach.”

Haynes is taking the job vacated by Hazell, who in two seasons turned Kent State from the perennial cellar-dweller of the MAC to East Division champion and conference title contender. In his short time at Kent State, Hazell went 16-10, including an 11-1 regular season finish in 2012, good enough for an appearance in the conference championship game and the program’s first bowl berth in 40 years. The Flashes’ success — unexpected by virtually everyone outside of Portage County — pushed Hazell to the forefront of hot coaching commodities, and when Purdue called, Hazell answered with yes.

Many have compared Haynes to Hazell, and the two do share similarities. Beyond physical appearance, both coached on the same staff under Tressel at Ohio State, and both were interested in the job following the departure of former head coach Doug Martin at the end of the 2010 season.

“Paul has a lot of the same qualities as Hazell,” Joel Nielsen, Kent State director of athletics says. “Paul’s just a genuine guy. He’s easy to be around, fun to be around, much like Darrell – off the field and dealing with them as an administrator.”

Both Nielsen and Hazell agree that the Flashes’ new coach is more animated on the sideline than his predecessor — in separate interviews, both described Haynes as “a little more fiery” than Hazell — which both attributed to Haynes’ background as a defensive player and coach.

“I don’t tack my sweaters in like Darrell, I actually wear shorts and I do wear short-sleeved shirts,” Haynes says with a laugh. “I don’t yell a lot, but I do yell — and I know Darrell didn’t at all. I may have a couple choice words come out, and I know Darrell didn’t. I can tell in a couple team meetings that I had that when I said something, it was like, ‘Whoa, wait a minute, that’s different.’”

Haynes is a coach who firmly believes in giving all possible effort and putting in extra work, which he learned is necessary from an unsuccessful senior season at Kent State. Haynes’ coaching style is built upon lessons learned from Pusateri, as well as wisdom gained from time spent coaching under current Baltimore Ravens defensive coordinator Dean Pees, who coached at Kent State from 1998 to 2003. But his seven seasons at Ohio State under Tressel were his most successful, and arguably his most important years as a coach.

“He was very detail-oriented, passionate and took things very personally,” Tressel says of Haynes. “He took very personally the behavior of his players, the performance of his players.

Tressel, who refers to Haynes as “a quality guy,” endorsed Haynes when speaking with Nielsen about the Flashes’ new head coach.

“I said, ‘I know how much you love Darrell, and I love him too, but you’re going to love Paul just as much,’” Tressel says. “Students come first. It’s all about the team, but they have different ways of carrying themselves. The one common denominator is they both love kids.”

Tressel taught Haynes by example, starting with the basic task of interacting with employees at Ohio State.

“It’s about people,” Haynes says. “No matter if it was the custodian cleaning, to former Heisman trophy-winning...
quarterback Troy Smith, Tressel treated them the same, with the same smile and the same amount of time.

"Anyone can sit there and have a 'hi and bye' with a smile on their face, but to actually stand there, talk to them and have a conversation with them, they feel important, or just as important and saying thank you. I think he had that ability to make everyone feel that they were a part of it."

Haynes’ interview with Tressel for the position at Ohio State was eye-opening to the coach because Tressel spent the entire interview talking with Danita.

“He talked to my wife the whole time,” Haynes says. “He never even looked at me once because he knew I wanted the job — he knew he had to sell her on Ohio State.

Tressel explains the thought behind his unique interviewing approach.

“You can tell a lot when you recruit a student-athlete with how they are around their parents,” Tressel says. “You can tell a lot about a male or female with how they are around a significant other. You cannot trick the person you live with.”

The interview stuck with Haynes, and after a career that began as a graduate assistant at Bowling Green — where he says he “was a terrible G.A.” — and included stints as assistant at Ferris State, Northern Iowa, Louisville, Michigan State, Ohio State, Arkansas and even one season with the NFL's Jacksonville Jaguars, the former Flashes’ safety is now back at Kent State, aiming to put his stamp on the program by continuing its recent success.

“One of the strong characteristics of Paul is he’s an alum,” Nielsen says. “The way that he projected how badly he wanted the position — it wasn’t overbearing because that can turn people off — it was succinct, it was specific, it was directly to the point of how he wanted this position and he wanted it now. Not the next job, or the next job; he’s ready for it, this is his time to be the head coach at his alma mater."

Haynes wanted the job so much that he actually accepted a lower salary — $100,000 less per year — than what he received while working at Arkansas. His history with the university is also evident when he speaks with passion — with “a little extra twinge” in his voice, as Nielsen describes it — about the program, school and surrounding community.

“When he talks about being a Kent State football player, a Kent State student or someone from Kent State, the passion is different,” Nielsen says.

Tressel had similar thoughts about Haynes’ enthusiasm

A 20-year-old Paul Haynes is pictured in a 1989 Kent State football program found in the Kent State Library’s Special Collections and Archives. Below, Haynes sits in the fourth row of a team photo taken at Dix Stadium that same year.

PHOTO COURTESY OF KENT STATE LIBRARY'S SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND ARCHIVES

PAUL HAYNES
"When you’re sitting with Paul, you can feel the emotion, and that’s him. He’s an emotional guy, he’s a genuine guy, and what you see is what you get. He bleeds blue and gold."

- Jim Tressel

for the game and for Kent State.

“When you’re sitting with Paul, you can feel the emotion, and that’s him,” Tressel says. “He’s an emotional guy, he’s a genuine guy, and what you see is what you get. He bleeds blue and gold.”

Unlike Hazell, Haynes says that, assuming he keeps the Flashes on the winning side of the ledger, he might not be so quick to leave for greener pastures.

“Money has never driven me, but it is important,” he says. “People would be lying if they said it wasn’t. But I’ve never taken a job because of the money — I think that’s when you take bad jobs.”

“If my family is happy, they’re good at where we are, I don’t have to leave. I tell all my assistants, if you ever have a chance to better your family financially, I will never be upset at you leaving this place,” Haynes says.

“But I just don’t look for the next job. That’s not why I’m going into this as ‘Man, I hope it happens to me what happened to Darrell.’ That’s not what I go into this job for, and it’s a little bit different for me, being an alum. I care about this place, I want this place in good standing, so I could be here for a long time — or they could get rid of me after a year if I don’t do a good job.”

Haynes’ two youngest children made the move to Ohio with their mother at the end of March and attend school in the Kent school system. His oldest daughter is currently a freshman at the University of Arkansas and will move north at the conclusion of the spring semester.

Community and university involvement is also important to Haynes. He spoke to the crowd in attendance during halftime of the Kent State men’s basketball game against rival Akron and brought the fans to their feet by having four players — running backs Dri Archer and Trayion Durham, defensive tackle Roosevelt Nix and safety Luke Wollet — bring out the coveted Wagon Wheel trophy to mid court at the conclusion of his address. Haynes also ushered his entire team to a late-season women’s basketball game, and he could be seen on the floor of the M.A.C. Center with his daughter after the men’s basketball team defeated Fairfield in the first round of the CollegeInsider.com Postseason Tournament.

Less than a week after completing their move from Little Rock to Kent, Haynes is back at work, while Danita is getting familiar with her new surroundings. She located the grocery store, along with other points of interest, thanks to the help of others.

Nielsen has nothing but praise for Haynes, which can be uncommon for a man who hasn’t coached a single game for the program. But much like the characteristics that stood out in their December interviews, Nielsen likes what he sees so far.

“He’s going to do very well here. I certainly hope he’s here five years from now, because that means he has chosen to stay, and that would be something pretty special, something that we haven’t seen and don’t see very often in this level of position in college athletics.”

Tressel sees similar success in Haynes’ future at Kent State, calling him an “emotional, passionate leader,” driven by a “responsibility to represent his alma mater.”

Much like fans of the Flashes, Haynes hopes that he can continue the program’s newfound success. With standout playmakers like Archer, Durham, Nix and Wollet returning for the 2013 season, odds are in Haynes’ favor to quench his burning desire to bring trophies to his home, where he has returned with the goal of keeping Kent State atop the MAC.

But aside from winning games, Haynes would like to be known as a good man by those associated with Kent State.

“I don’t want to just be known as a good football coach,” he says. “I want to be known as a better person.”

Visit TheBurr.com to continue our conversation with Paul Haynes.
Ned Stark is a lesson. By the end of the first season of HBO’s wildly successful “Game of Thrones,” you finally begin to understand what you’ve gotten yourself into. If you want something with a happy ending, Sam and Frodo are just waiting to be serendipitously scooped up by those eagles ad nauseam on DVD. If you’re longing to cheer as the diabolical villain seizes what’s left of his humanity to save the day, Darth Vader will always toss the Emperor down the reactor shaft. “The Deathly Hallows” was exciting, but was there ever a doubt in your mind that Voldemort would be defeated? Of course not, and that is why you watch “Game of Thrones.”

Familiarity and stories that meet the expectations of every viewer are not why this HBO hit series is so popular. It’s a success precisely because it’s dark, gritty and hopeless. There’s something invigorating about not knowing if the characters you’ve invested all your time and emotion into are going to pull it off, or if their heads will end up on a pike high atop the walls of the Red Keep. The denizens of George R.R. Martin’s fantasy world face death and destruction every day, and they aren’t granted fortuitous rescues simply because they’re characters in a work of fiction. “Game of Thrones” isn’t merely trying to entertain you; it’s trying to teach you a lesson: Fiction doesn’t have to be predictable. Life sure isn’t.

No one is going to save you but yourself.

“Game of Thrones” isn’t a show that you could accuse of being overly reliant on deus ex machina. How many people (readers of the literature excluded) saw Ned Stark’s execution coming? More often than not, moments like these are there to tease us and create suspense, or to provide opportunity for development by allowing another character to save the day. Darth Vader wasn’t really going to shoot down Luke Skywalker’s X-Wing in the Death Star trenches; it was merely a moment crafted specifically so Han Solo had a chance to prove that he’s a hero and not a selfish spice smuggler. Most of the time in fiction, you can count on your friends. When the weight of the One Ring becomes too heavy for Frodo to bear, Sam carries it (and Frodo) up the slopes of Mount Doom. And when Frodo cannot bring himself to toss it into the fire, Gollum finishes the job.

If these stories took place in a setting created by George R.R. Martin, we all would have had darker, sadder childhoods. Han would run off, leaving Luke to get turned into microscopic space dust. Frodo and Sam would sit on the ever-shrinking island of rock until they were burnt to cinder — because giant eagles that always seem to know when a precisely timed rescue is needed are far too good to be true. Ned’s death, in a way, is an exercise in self-reliance. Most viewers were probably expecting Arya to jump up there with Needle, or that maybe Cersei would put a stop to her son’s murderous ways. Alas, the only comfort to be gleaned from that scene is that Arya didn’t have to watch her father’s head leave his body — by his own sword no less. Too bad for Sansa, though.
Everybody is looking out for number one: themselves.

Altruism isn’t exactly a common trait in Westeros. Just like the real world, you can count on most people to look out for number one: themselves. If somebody in real life, and especially someone in Westeros, is trying to do you a favor, it’s probably because they expect it to be paid back later. It might seem like Obi-Wan Kenobi is training young Luke out of the kindness of his heart and a lifelong dedication to the greater good; however, to “Game of Thrones” fans, it looks more like he’s attracted to the irony of his evil, failed student being killed by his long lost son.

One of the tropes of fantasy fiction is that there always seems to be some old, grizzled war veteran just brimming with the desire to train a young pup, for no other reason than he’s got nothing else to do. That’s not how it works in the real world, and that certainly isn’t how it works in Westeros. One would think that with how desperately the Night’s Watch needs men to man the Wall, they would be pretty grateful if anybody actually bothered to volunteer. That simply isn’t the case — take a look at Samwell “Piggy” Tarly. The men of the Night’s Watch, if they knew what was good for them, might give Sam a chance. Instead, they bully and intimidate him. Sadly, that’s probably more true to reality than we would like to admit.

Honor is for the dead.

You cannot reasonably expect everyone to play by the same rules. Ned Stark lived by his honor and died by it. Rather than have the Lannisters locked up while the whole royal lineage was sorted out, he played honorably and gave Cersei and her children an opportunity to flee — and she promptly turned against him. When Bronn took up his sword as Tyrion’s champion in the Eyrie, he did so against the most honorable Ser Vardis, who fought in full armor with a shield as an honorable knight must. Honor is a burden in Westeros, and it weighed heavily on Vardis as he plummeted to his death.

Characters in other stories are far too honorable. Boromir, also played by Sean Bean of “Game of Thrones” fame, overcomes his human nature and doesn’t steal the One Ring from Frodo. Toss an omnipotent artifact into Westeros and see how long his loyal friends stay that way. At the climax of “Return of the Jedi,” Luke throws his lightsaber aside, refusing to kill Vader, whom he still believes has good in him. Then the Emperor almost kills Luke with Force lightning before Vader saves him. In Westeros, Luke abandoning his weapon would have resulted in a swift and unceremonious death. Honorable people make for nice role models, but the reality of it is that honor is far too impractical when there are lives on the line — especially your own. Just ask Ned Stark.
Just because everybody else believes something doesn’t make it true. Not by a long shot.

Everyone in Westeros likes to squabble about this kingdom and that pretender to the Iron Throne, but nobody seems to realize that the real threat is cold, icy, reanimates of the dead that are steadily making their way South. The Wall might be a formidable obstacle to wildlings and Others, but without anyone except a scant few prisoners and royal bastards, it’s not going to do much good when the dead come knocking. Even Tyrion, one of the wiser, more intellectually inclined characters in the series, sees the stories of creatures beyond the Wall as just that: stories. But as the second season finale shows, the Others are far from a fairy tale.

Characters in other stories seem far more willing to believe in the supernatural. After all, it seems like one in 10 of the average bar customers in Star Wars has lost a limb to a Jedi, or has at least been tricked into believing that those aren’t the droids they’re looking for. The only character that seemed to doubt the Force — Imperial Officer Motti — ended up receiving a highly effective demonstration, as Darth Vader closed his windpipe off with nothing but the power of his mind. The citizens in Middle-earth just seem downright gullible, though. All it takes is the semi-coherent ramblings of an old bearded man in a robe, and everyone and their brother is willing to sacrifice their lives to destroy a tiny golden ring that’s apparently a supernatural lynchpin of existence. The lesson here is the same as it was in grade school: What’s popular isn’t always right, and what’s right isn’t always popular.

Nobody is going to hand you anything on a silver platter. You’re going to have to work for it.

Tyrion is real proof that you’re going to have to overcome some hardships. Simply being smart doesn’t mean people are going to listen to you. You might have to persuade them, or just be really charismatic. Being born a dwarf in Westeros is just asking for a short, brutal life. Being of noble birth meant that Tyrion gets to live, and live luxuriously, though he is forever a stain in his family’s eyes. Knowing that he’ll always have physical limitations, he exercises his mind until it is as sharp as a sword. Because of his keen sense of tactics and his rapier wit, Tyrion eventually seizes the position of Hand of the King and falls in love with a girl named Shae. It is about as inspirational of a story as is likely to be seen in “Game of Thrones,” and it’s still filled with more drinking and whores than any other “hero” arc in fiction.
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If you've ever dreamed about being on the radio or TV, or you've always wanted to write articles or take photos, now's your chance. Student Media is a student-run department engaged in providing news, information and entertainment to the Kent State University campus and surrounding community. You don't have to be majoring in a media-related field. We train you!

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This year alone our students traveled to cover the College World Series of Baseball in Oregon. About 100 students worked to cover President Obama's visit to campus in October. We sent students to Boston and Chicago to cover the election November 6.

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• FEEL LIKE YOU BELONG
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Are you struggling to find something to fill those last few credit hours so you can graduate on time? We combed the course catalog, and we've got you covered!

BY MATT POLEN

Then why are you reading this? Turn the page!

Yes

Good! Are you a theoretical physicist?

No

Don't worry, it's not for everyone. Do you want to get in shape?

Good for you! Can you swim?

Yes

Great! Take Scuba Diving. Do you want to climb a mountain?

No

Show off.

No

Take Quantum Mechanics! By the way, are you good with computers?

No

No

No

No

No

No

No

No

Lame. Go read a book, nerd. You like books, right?

Print is dead, anyway. Don't tell The Burr staff. Want to watch a movie?

Yes

I am not here to entertain you, you know.

Can you now give Bear Grylls a run for his money?

No

No

No

I am not here to entertain you, you know.

Take a film class! Do you want to laugh?

Yes

Take Ethical Hacking!

No

No

No

No

What, are you weird or something?

Yes

Take a film class! Do you want to laugh?

No

Yes

That's OK. Do you at least have a zombie apocalypse plan?

No

What, are you weird or something?

Yes

Take Disaster Preparedness! Are you tired of the undead?

No

Yes

Take the JMC Adam Sandler and/or Will Ferrell classes!

No

No

No

No

What, are you weird or something?

Yes

Take Ron Russo's Adult Swim class.

No

Yes

Take Archaeology of Death!

No

Yes

Take Architecture of Death!

No

Yes

Take Disaster Preparedness! Are you tired of the undead?

No

Yes

Take the JMC Adam Sandler and/or Will Ferrell classes!

No

No

No

No

What, are you weird or something?

Yes

Take a film class! Do you want to laugh?

No

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That's OK. Do you at least have a zombie apocalypse plan?

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No

Yes

Take the JMC Adam Sandler and/or Will Ferrell classes!

No

No

No

No

What, are you weird or something?
Rockwell REVAMPS
HIP-HOP
This year’s Rock the Runway student fashion show was inspired by the Golden Age of Hip-Hop, which spanned from the late 1980s to the early 1990s. Designers could work alone or in pairs to create three looks and a large accessory as part of their runway challenge. The Burr followed two individuals and one team of designers through the creative process leading up to this year’s showcase.

BY AUDREY FLETCHER

Karolina Kucerova, junior fashion merchandising major, models Greg Hanwell and Michael Phillips' fully functional metal backpack at this year’s Rock the Runway, held March 9 in the Student Center.

PHOTO BY ISAAC VERSAW
"I try to challenge myself, so I try to work with things I haven’t worked with before.”
- Amber Graham

Amber Graham drew her inspiration from color blocking and neon fabrics. Corinne Brothers started her collection with lace and focused on sophistication with a hint of hip hop and street. Greg Hanwell and Michael Phillips focused on European inspirations and the use of black, gray and gold metallic accents.

Two Weeks Before the Show

Amber Graham looked to popular movies and TV shows from the 1990s for inspiration. She went to her friend’s house to watch the movie “House Party.” She examined Will Smith’s clothes in the “Fresh Prince of Bel-Air.” She watched the beginning of every episode of “In Living Color” on YouTube, specifically for the Fly Girls.

Sitting on a heating vent in a third-floor sewing room of Rockwell Hall, feet dangling, she discusses how the moment the theme was released she started thinking about how she would craft her collection. After sketching, Graham walked the aisles of Jo-Ann Fabric and Craft Stores, holding her designs up to different textiles.

“As a fashion designer, I don’t look at the difficulty level. A lot of people do. I really don’t. I feel like I’m still learning,” Graham says. “I would love to win Rock the Runway; that would be awesome, but I don’t necessarily focus on that. I try to challenge myself, so I try to work with things I haven’t worked with before.”

She spreads different fabrics across the cutting table at the store.

“I know the Jo-Ann Fabrics people are really sick of me at this point,” Graham says.

Corinne Brothers had some of her fabric before the theme was even announced. She received a bolt of lace as a gift and told friends and family she would use it for Rock the Runway. When the theme was released, she started to wonder how she would make it work.

After much thought, the idea of graffiti and lace got her started. She now feels more confident about the theme and her vision.

“This is the first year I’ve known what I’m doing completely, from the shoes to the hair and the makeup — everything,” Brothers says.

Brothers ordered her other fabrics from Mood Designer Fabrics in New York City. The store sent her swatches of fabrics to choose from. She paid a premium, but says the more expensive fabric was worth it.

Back in Rockwell Hall, Greg Hanwell and Michael Phillips sit across from each other in a drawing room, their fabrics stacked on the table. Hanwell looks at a fashion design textbook in front of him for instructions on how to craft their bustier. They discuss their designs and what they still need to accomplish. They first thought the theme was 1990s pop. When they heard the theme was more specifically hip-hop, they saw it as a challenge.

During winter break, Phillips and Hanwell thought about their collection. They say it worked out
well because Phillips is good with coming up with a concept, and Hanwell is good at thinking about construction. Hanwell says when he sees a sketch he thinks about how he would sew it to make it work. They took European inspirations into consideration and decided to make sportswear for the majority of their pieces. They knew they wanted to use some stretch knit fabrics.

“Even knowing that you’re making sportswear, you kind of knock out 90 percent of the fabrics that there are because you know that you don’t want to use silks and expensive fabrics,” Phillips says. “You want to make it something that could be washed constantly.”

At this point, all of the designers have countless hours of work ahead of them. Graham started sewing two weeks ago; Brothers has been pleased with how her lace is holding up; and Phillips and Hanwell have one piece, a cropped sweatshirt, completed.

Each designer has also selected models. Graham says most of her models dress to the theme every day. Hanwell and Phillips designed their collection to complement each of their model’s bodies. Brothers has worked with all of her models before.

“I tell my models you have three requirements: You have to not flake out on me, like I will go and break your arm. Two, you cannot have stage fright,” Brothers says. “I tell them you have to be able to get up there and work it. And I ask them to buy their own shoes because I spend money on the fabric, and the shoes fit them so they get to keep them.”

None of the designers have decided exactly what their large accessories will be at this stage of the process.

“Whatever I make, I am going to have to make it from scratch because I hate buying things and just putting them in the show,” Graham says. “I like to make things from my hand.”

### One Week Before the Show

Graham makes herself a list of everything she needs to finish. She pulls her garments out of her bag and spreads them on the same table she was working at the week before. She says she has small details to finish so everything can be zipped and buttoned.

Soon, she is running to her male model’s dance practice so she can fit him for a pair of jeans.

“He’s going to have to stop dancing so I can slap these pants on him and get him fitted because I haven’t seen him all week,” Graham says.

Graham says her large accessory will be two four-finger rings. Her model will punch them out at the end of the runway, but Graham doesn’t know what they will say.

At College Towers, Brothers has a half-finished blazer on a flowered mannequin in her apartment. Her other garments, nearing completion, hang in the coat closet. Pieces of inspiration hang on her kitchen wall, and buckets of blue dye sit in her bathtub. She is dying more lace to sew down the side of her lace pants.

Brothers says she was in a dark place last week.

“It was so much stuff that was started, but not finished,” Brothers says. “I kind of took a break Monday through Wednesday, and just didn’t even think about stuff and just focused on school, and then yesterday I picked it back up again. I just realized I’m so close to being done. I’m going to finish and I’ll be fine.”

She says two garments are figments of her imagination. If she can get to a point where everything is tangible, she says everything else will be minor.

Back in Rockwell Hall, Hanwell walks into the sewing room with a bolt of gold fabric in his hand. A few minutes later, Phillips, who couldn’t find a parking space in the lot, walks in with a box containing the backpack he fashioned out of stainless steel at his father’s steel foundry.

They are going to paint it gold. The gold fabric will become the full skirt, and Phillips is going to hand paint a leopard pattern on it. Hanwell puts a muslin mock up of the bustier on the table. Next to it, the real version made of black vinyl, sits unfinished.

“It just shows the challenges you can have when you’re sewing because this fabric is much thicker and then this lining fabric is much thinner. So kind of you’ve that going against you,” Hanwell says, pointing out he had no problem sewing the muslin.

### Showtime

Phillips says they are happy they are still doing the show. They had moments when they second-guessed themselves.

Graham’s collection is 100 percent finished the day before the show. She wakes up, packs a bag with everything she could possibly need for the day, but forgets to eat. Her models arrive, ready for the day.
"I was so grateful to have models who were just as excited about the show as I was because when I saw them, they had their hair done, cut and everything," Graham says.

Brothers says that in a perfect world she would have had her collection done two weeks before the show. Instead, the days before the show had long nights with little sleep. Friends of hers spent the night at her apartment as she worked to finish her three looks.

Hanwell and Phillips have worked two straight days with essentially no sleep to finish their collection in time. The day of the show, Hanwell finishes their skirt around 5:30 p.m., a half-hour before check in. He rushes home to shower and get ready. Phillips' father is cutting a chain for the straps of the backpack in the kitchen, putting final touches on the accessory.

Before the show starts, Graham says all of the designers are nervous backstage. Two of her models are ready to go. Her third model is a part of the dance team that opens up the show.

"He was like running, like sprinting backstage, ripped off all his clothes," Graham says. "We had to hurry up and dress him and wipe off his face because he was just dripping with sweat, and he was ready in like three minutes. I have never seen a wardrobe change go on so fast. It was hilarious."

Brothers says waiting for the show to start is the hardest part of the night. "Baby Got Back" plays as Brothers' models walk the runway. Brothers cannot see them, but she doesn't mind. It is something she has grown used to. She stands off to the side behind stage, waiting for her models to return. As her model in the tear-away dress walks, Brothers waits for the crowd's reaction.

"She was walking down, and I was waiting for her to take it off, and I'm waiting, waiting and I was like 'Oh, it's been too long, she took it off and nobody cares,' and then she ripped it off and there was this huge roar from the crowd and it was awesome," Brothers says. "I couldn't see her do it. I could hear the reaction, and that was the whole reason why I did it."

Unlike Brothers, Phillips and Hanwell are disappointed they cannot watch their models walk the runway. They worked two straight days to finish the three looks. Hanwell says it would have been nice to see what they made. Hanwell says they are both anxious backstage as they waited to hear who made it to the top three. They size up the competition until the judges come to a decision.

Phillips and Hanwell say they wish they would've had a chance to explain their vision and their work to the judges before the decision was made.

"I hand-painted the skirt for seven hours straight," Phillips says. "I think maybe they thought it was printed."

When the judges' verdict comes in, neither Graham, Brothers nor Phillips and Hanwell are in the top three, but all of the designers are in agreement: they wouldn't have changed anything about their collections.

Brothers says looking back, she thinks her collection wasn't hip-hop enough for the competition.

"I was taking hip-hop influences and that period of time influences and injecting them into my design and my style, not really specifically designing for hip hop or specifically designing for 1989," Brothers says. "I was taking what caught my eye and then infusing it into my design. I don't regret that, and I love what I came up with."

Brothers is graduating, and won't be participating in the show again. Hanwell, Phillips and Graham say they most likely won't participate next year. Graham says she feels she is more of a ready-to-wear designer, and the judges are looking for clothes that stand out on the stage.

"If the theme really intrigues me enough next year, maybe," Graham says smirking.

Phillips and Hanwell maintain they have no regrets.

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Zion Cemetery is a 15-acre plot of land right in the center of Glenview, a once prestigious, now largely abandoned neighborhood in southern Memphis, Tenn. To those who pass it daily, the overgrown cemetery is a reminder of the tension that has been embedded in this part of the country since the nation's founding.

Ten years ago, Kent State professor and self-described "cemetery nut" Christina McVay drove right past Zion Cemetery, thinking it was a forest. She was searching for the grave of Thomas Moss, one of three black business owners lynched by a mob in 1892 because their grocery store competed with a white-owned store across the street. One of McVay's students was working on her senior thesis about the aftermath of the killings and black journalist Ida B. Wells' famous international anti-lynching campaign. But that day, they passed it, again and again, until McVay realized the cemetery was right there, that Moss' grave was among the "wild jungle," as some local residents remember it.

"We thought it'd be a kept up cemetery," McVay says. "But you could see no headstones. Nobody was doing anything ... I just couldn't get it off my mind."

Inspired, she has made it the subject an annual caravan trip to Memphis, so Kent State students can join the Zion Community Project in making slow but steady progress toward its goal of clearing and maintaining the oldest all-black cemetery in Memphis. Within a decade, the upstart nonprofit has joined forces with more than a dozen community organizations — Kent State one of few outside Tennessee — to develop a longterm restoration strategy.

Throughout the week, 17 students slept on the floor of St. John's Episcopal Church. Some went in teams, some went alone. They pieced together fractured tombstones. They wielded axes, hedge trimmers and 10-inch pruning saws to hack away the underbrush. But part of the answer of how to fend off the forest is figuring out why those around it let it grow. It seemingly isn't enough, in Memphis, to reason that the all-black cemetery simply "fell into disrepair" from pure neglect. There's a bigger story to tell, one of crime and race. See it in the words and photos that follow.
ABOVE: As the students begin their work, Christina McVay offers cautious warnings: "Pace yourself. Don't hurt yourself."

Many of the tombstones weigh nearly 100 pounds and require multiple hands to lift them after years of neglect.

RIGHT: Student Devine Lamore pulls a tombstone from the earth for reassembly — likely the first time it will stand in more than half a century.
ABOVE: "There are still a lot of mysteries," Christina McVay says as she approaches her favorite spot in the cemetery — the grave of 19-year-old Arthur Trice. "But, you know, we know a ton more than we knew when I first came here."

Trice’s tombstone says “killed Nov. 8, 1900.” Like most of the tombstones in the cemetery, it says he is “gone but not forgotten.”

ABOVE: The store run by lynching victim Thomas Moss still stands on the corner of Mississippi and Walker streets. Its windows are barred and the “People’s Grocery” sign is faded. A silver historical marker tries to explain the lynching to anyone who doesn’t know. It says Moss’ dying words were, "Tell my people to go west — there is no justice for them here."

The site where Moss was dragged to his death on March 9, 1892, is now marked by a cross for a recent shooting victim. A sign that begs for an end to gun violence has blown into the grass: "Education is the key to stop the killing."

Moss is buried a mile down the road in Zion Cemetery.
BELOW: Chris Jamerson, 35, and Artis Mitchell, 57, are neighbors on Gleason Avenue, which dead ends into Zion Cemetery. From their backyards, both have witnessed the cemetery’s turnaround and are grateful for its positive impact on the neighborhood.

"Everybody wants to know about the past, that's the thing," Jamerson says. "Everybody should know about the past. You might have three people under that tree; how would we know? Those gravestones are broken up.

RIGHT: Robert Taylor, a life-long resident of Glenview, only began to notice the cemetery in the last few years, as the volunteers began renovations.

South Memphis is a dangerous place, Taylor explains, but he is not fearful of the violence that surrounds him. "When it's your time, it's your time," he says, while gazing at the setting sun.
Three members of the Zion Community Project look at a city map of Memphis dating back to 1892, the year Thomas Moss was lynched. Founded in 1876 by the United Sons of Zion, a fraternal organization of former slaves, Zion Cemetery inters many prominent figures in African-American history, including famous lawyers, doctors and businessmen — as well as lynching victims Thomas Moss, William Stewart and Calvin McDowell.

LEFT: Warner Dickerson, a former Memphis National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) president and current board member of the Zion Community Project, sits in his office at the Methodist Episcopal Church national headquarters, where he serves as program chair. He says the NAACP has struggled to receive support from young people over the years. In speaking with parents, Dickerson says he began to realize that the upcoming generation, both black and white, "doesn't feel" racism. "What they say to me is, 'That stuff is painful — that's why I didn't want to talk about it with my children,'" Dickerson says. "So if they don't talk about it, then how do they know?"
The angel near student Nathaniel Choma’s favorite tombstone was found decapitated and severed at the wrists. Given the clean cuts and lack of damage to the body of the statue, he believes this was the result of vandalism.

Choma spends most of each day swinging his ax at roots and dead tree trunks.

Visit TheBurr.com for Daniel Moore’s full-length story on Zion Cemetery.
Luna Negra is Kent State's literary publication dedicated to publishing poetry, short stories, photography, and artwork.

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Responsibility and nutritional value aren’t two concepts that are normally associated with the consumption of alcohol, but that doesn’t mean they’re not important. The average beer contains just as many, if not more calories than the average soda, and they can be even more difficult to burn off.

“When it comes to alcohol and working out, trying to burn off a lot of those calories, what we don’t realize is besides a lot of the sugar that’s in the alcohol, there’s also calories for every gram of alcohol,” says Tanya Falcone, director of the Nutrition Outreach Program and health sciences lecturer.

Falcone says alcohol disrupts digestion and the absorption of nutrients, so the nutrients linger in the bloodstream and get stored as fat. Falcone says people who exercise may still have difficulty burning off calories from alcohol intake.

“Although you may not see a weight gain right away, you might just see a half a pound a week or something like that, which we don’t really notice if we vary a few pounds,” Falcone says. “But you know, at the end of the year, you’re looking at potentially 10 pounds or something like that, so it catches up.”

She notes that it takes about 15 to 20 minutes of leisurely walking to work off 100 calories in a serving of alcohol depending on the person. Since a person needs 60 minutes of physical activity per day to maintain a healthy lifestyle, alcohol consumption increases the amount of exercise needed.

Alcohol also causes liver issues, such as fatty liver disease, liver failure and scar tissue. Additionally, alcohol consumption increases the risk of blood clots, high blood pressure, kidney disease, diabetes and heart disease.

While some drinks have more repercussions than others, it’s still a good idea to make yourself aware of exactly what it is you are drinking.
## Calories and Carbs

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<th>1 OZ. Shots</th>
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Source: U.S. Department of Agriculture

Source: "Drink This Not That!" by David Zinczenko

Source: Livestrong Foundation
Barefoot Living

A handful of students have ditched their shoes, preferring to go about their days barefoot. Experts disagree on whether it's harmful or beneficial to health.

BY LYDIA COUTRÉ

Early on an April day in 2011, Hannah Yackley stepped out of Johnson Hall onto the cool concrete and headed to her four classes like it was any other Tuesday. She skipped just one step in her morning routine: putting on shoes.

The senior Spanish and conflict management double major had agonized briefly over whether she should put them on.

"Eventually we were late, so I just 'forgot' my shoes," she says.

She wasn't alone. Many other shoe-less students could be spotted padding down the Esplanade for One Day Without Shoes, a TOMS-sponsored annual event to raise awareness for children in third-world countries who don't have access to shoes.

As students rejoice over spring's warmer weather, Yackley holds her breath for a few more days until the melting snow isn't leaving sidewalks wet and cold — she learned that the hard way last year.

And on hot summer days, when the sun has gone down and the air is cool, she takes time to walk on the concrete, still warm from a day baking in the sun.

"I think it just helps enhance life for me," she says.

Being barefoot keeps Yackley living in the moment. Instead of rushing around and running through a to-do list in her head, she has to scan the ground for any potential hazards and truly feel where she is — whether it's soft grass, sizzling asphalt, cool linoleum tiles or smoother concrete.

Unseen barefoot community

Yackley is among a small group of students who have ditched their shoes. In warmer weather, she sees another shoe-less companion about once a week. On particularly nice days, she can pass three or four people.

James Benedict, a podiatrist at Benedict Podiatry Group, says he had never heard of the practice until about two years ago. He doesn't see the trend taking off.

"I really don't know why it's becoming somewhat more popular," Benedict says. "But it's still not popular. I mean it's still a very small segment of people who are doing it."

There are no meetings, organized events, Facebook groups or club presidents, but members of the barefoot community at Kent State can spot each other with ease.

Complete strangers greet Yackley with, "Nice shoes," or "Hey, sister." Odd, she thinks, until she sees their bare feet.

Kim Phillip, junior special education major, met Yackley when a mutual friend told her, "'Oh, she's barefoot too. You need to be friends with her.'"

"You're going to get those awkward, uncomfortable conversation starters, but it's a bond," says Phillip, who has also been barefoot for about two years.

She spent most of her time in her Bowling Green dorm room barefoot. She started leaving her shoes in her room when she went down the hall; then when she went outside to study
in the grass; then when she would go on short walks. Her radius widened until her feet only bore shoes when the weather gave her no choice.

When she transferred to Kent State in fall 2012, she wasn’t sure how students would react at first, but got over her nerves quickly.

“If people are going to like me, then they’re going to like me regardless of if I’m wearing shoes or not,” Phillip says, laughing.

She admits, sometimes she still doesn’t like people looking at her feet, but showing them off to the world frees her from worrying about what others think.

“People are going to stare at your feet more than they look at your face,” Phillip says. “With one of my classes, I would walk in and everybody’s eyes would go down to my feet. Like, I didn’t know any of the people in the class, but everybody knew that I was the barefoot girl.”

**Health implications**

Nicholas Campitelli, podiatrist and foot and ankle surgeon in Akron, Ohio, says people may look at that as crazy, but he doesn’t think it is.

“Your foot was made to work with nothing between it and the ground,” says Campitelli, who is also an adjunct professor at the Kent State University College of Podiatric Medicine.

Leonardo Da Vinci called the human foot a “masterpiece of engineering and a work of art.” Campitelli agrees, but says it’s been screwed up with shoes.

Several years ago, Campitelli, a life-long runner, tried on a pair of Vibram Five-Finger shoes, which allow the foot to operate as if it was barefoot with a little extra padding. After wearing the glove-like shoes for a day, Campitelli noticed the pain he had felt in his big toe for 10 years had lessened. He wasn’t putting pressure on it the way he did when he stood in a shoe.

Intrigued, he started to run in them, increasing the distance by 10 percent to wean his feet off traditional running shoes. After about six months, his toe pain had completely diminished.

“[An assumption] that our society has is: ‘Well, I need shoes. I need arch support. I need cushion,’” Campitelli says.

Shoes should allow people to walk on gravel or hot surfaces, but they shouldn’t be a crutch. “If you need a shoe to walk, something is wrong.”

In fact, Campitelli says, shoes make people walk incorrectly. The cushioned heel featured in most shoes encourages people to strike the ground with their heel, pointing their toes up and jarring the motion’s energy into the joints and bones. Walking with a much less exaggerated heel strike, and keeping feet under a person’s center of gravity, can prevent heel pain and will help to engage the rest of the foot, as it should be used. Being barefoot or walking in a minimalist shoe helps encourages this, he says. It re-trains the foot on proper form.

Owen Lovejoy, anthropology professor at Kent State, says barefoot walking will encourage a less exaggerated heel strike, but it would take decades upon decades to have any health impact.

Phillip remembers her calves aching when she first starting walking barefoot. Campitelli says this is because, without shoes, she’s engaging her muscles. A burning sensation nipped at the bottom of her soles for the first couple of weeks, which Campitelli attributes to the skin adjusting to new surfaces. Once feet become accustomed to...
concrete, it serves as a pumice stone, exfoliating the skin. Barefoot runners tend to have thicker, but softer skin on their feet, he says. “It’s how our foot’s made to work, and our feet love being barefoot,” Campitelli says.

Lovejoy says, walking without shoes is the natural condition, but not in today’s world — an important factor to consider. When your foot makes contact with the ground, the energy of that movement has to be dissipated. It is split between the ground and the foot.

“Throughout most of human evolution, you and the ground were in a cooperative situation, and now we’ve eliminated the cooperation from the ground,” Lovejoy says.

Concrete, brick and asphalt are hard and immovable, forcing all of the energy into your foot. The bones in the heel are deformable, he says, meaning they change shape (invisible to the naked eye) with enough force. Because most of the ground we walk on is hard and not deformable, we need the soles of our shoes to serve as softer surface to walk on and an energy absorber.

If energy cannot dissipate back into the ground, “it’s going to end up up the shaft of your tibia and into your knee and in your hip and eventually your spine,” Lovejoy says.

Benedict isn’t sold on the practice. He wouldn’t recommend people leave their homes without shoes on. He doesn’t even go barefoot in his home.

“My feet don’t hurt, so maybe I’m doing something right because I don’t have any problems,” Benedict says.

Without any scientific evidence of the long-term implications, he says he’s not sure there are any benefits, but there are plenty of risks — lacerations, puncture wounds, trauma.

Yackley and Phillip have each had one injury in two years. A burr hiding under a pile of leaves embedded itself into Yackley’s foot. She spent the afternoon watching TV and picking splinters.

Phillip was on her way to meet Yackley for lunch when a piece of glass sliced into her foot. She was more upset that she would have to wear shoes while it healed than she was about the cut.

**Fleeting fad or lasting lifestyle?**

As long as people are careful, Campitelli says there’s nothing wrong with living barefoot. The biggest risk is transitioning too quickly and not allowing the feet to adjust. Hazards like glass, rocks or nails are more obvious, common-sense risks, he says. The risk of fungus, which grows in warm, dark, moist environments, actually decreases when shoes are taken out of the equation.

Both girls carry a pair of sandals with them for entering restaurants or walking along sidewalks littered with broken remnants of the weekend’s parties. Phillip’s dangle from a carabiner clip hooked to her belt loop or bag. When passersby ask Yackley where her shoes are, she casually tells them they’re in her backpack, or they’re at home.

“Honestly, you have to be kind of bold in who you are and confident to just walk around barefoot because, yeah, you’re going to get asked questions,” Phillip says.

Lovejoy says barefoot walking is nothing but a fad. Short-term, it doesn’t do any harm or any good. Long-term, it really pounds at the bones in your heel.

“My advice? Get over it,” Lovejoy says. Campitelli, however, says bare feet and minimalist shoes are here to stay. The average heel height of running shoes has dropped, a sign that he says means minimalist shoes are more than a fad.

“It will continue. There’s no question,” Campitelli says.

Yackley doesn’t see a time where she will always wear shoes. The weather, circumstances, social norms and perhaps eventually jobs will force her to put on shoes, but she’ll always find time to take them back off.

She’s thankful for Ohio’s ever-changing weather, which gave her a couple of barefoot days in January and February, but she still is anxious for warm weather to stay.

“Sometimes I’ve had to take them off during class just because my feet start getting claustrophobic.”

Phillip’s biggest complaint is that added step in her morning routine that shoes create: finding a pair of shoes in her thin collection that will look good with her outfit. It’s a problem she’s excited to be rid of come spring.

“Your bare feet match with everything.”

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**Honesty, you have to be kind of bold in who you are and confident to just walk around barefoot because, yeah, you’re going to get asked questions.”**

- Hannah Yackley
People with celiac disease, Crohn's disease and gluten intolerance adjust their eating habits in order to find a new norm.

BY KELLY TUNNEY

Leigh West sits at the island counter, planted in the middle of her kitchen while holding a box of Thai noodles, explaining that they are her guilty pleasure. What appears to be a regular, yellow box of Thai cuisine is actually a special type of food made without one specific ingredient: gluten. It has been about six months since West was diagnosed with celiac disease.

"It's an autoimmune disease that is caused by ingestion of gluten, which is a protein derivative from wheat or rye or barley," says Dr. Abdullah Shatnawei, gastroenterologist at the Cleveland Clinic who specializes in celiac disease.

In order to be tested for celiac through blood work or a biopsy, Shatnawei says patients must be exposed to gluten when experiencing symptoms. When testing for celiac, doctors look for abnormal levels of antibodies. Those with celiac typically have higher levels of antibodies, which work to fight against invasions of the immune system. These high levels turn on the immune system when gluten is present and attack the intestinal lining.

If people with symptoms of celiac do not get tested and begin cutting gluten out of their diet, long-term effects can occur. In serious cases, if celiac is left untreated, Shatnawei says it can lead to lymphoma.

Since her diagnosis, West has learned to navigate life gluten-free, giving up foods normally taken for granted that contain wheat, soy and barley — staples in most diets.

Growing up, West experienced severe stomachaches and felt the need to use the restroom frequently. She had no idea
these were symptoms of a disease.

“I always thought it was normal to go to the bathroom that often, feel sick that much,” West says. “I stopped eating gluten after my doctor said it could be a gluten allergy. So I stopped eating it, and I feel so much better.”

West, a senior fashion merchandising major, is one of nearly three million Americans — less than 1 percent of the population — diagnosed with celiac disease, according to the National Foundation of Celiac Awareness. However, only about 85 percent of these people have been properly diagnosed. Those with celiac who are undiagnosed may experience symptoms of nausea, weight loss, diarrhea, stomachaches and bloating without knowing the cause.

Shatnawei explains that the disease is often hereditary. West’s grandfather and cousin both have celiac, and when West was first diagnosed, her cousin offered tips to get her started with her new diet. However, West discovered much of the lifestyle change involved experimenting with the diet to learn what she can eat.

“You kind of adapt. But at first, it’s so hard,” West says. “You don’t know how much you eat, how much bread — all that kind of stuff that you eat — until you cannot have it anymore.”

West shops at Acme in Kent, which has a small gluten-free section. When shopping, she goes for staple foods, such as fruits, vegetables, meats and corn or rice-based pasta noodles. When she goes out to eat, she sticks to several restaurants in Kent that feature gluten-free items on their menu, including Belleria Pizza and Italian Restaurant. However, even at restaurants without gluten-free items clearly labeled on the menu, West has learned enough about celiac to know what foods she cannot eat, which sometimes means asking a waiter to alter the preparation of her meal.

Although West has been forced to completely alter her eating habits, she has adapted to the change and realizes that it is overall a healthy lifestyle that she complies with.

While West’s celiac makes her negatively react to almost any form of gluten, others live with a condition that is less severe.

Last summer, Matt Rinear, junior Russian translation major, began experiencing discomfort in his stomach, incessant burping and hiccuping and the inability to feel full after eating a meal. When two meals per day once satisfied his hunger, by August, five became necessary.

After talking to a friend who was experiencing the same symptoms and who had been diagnosed with celiac, Rinear decided it was time to get tested.

A blood test revealed that Rinear did not in fact have celiac disease, but rather gluten intolerance.

“Celiac is when your intestines inflame from gluten; intolerance just means that you cannot digest it, and it makes it very uncomfortable,” Rinear explains.

The public has started to recognize celiac as a more common occurrence. Restaurants are beginning to cater toward gluten-free eating, even if that means only a few menu items are labeled gluten-free. At Kent State, Dining Services locations such as Eastway are giving students options for gluten-free foods.

John Goehler, senior associate director for Dining Services, explains that services such as Veggie-A-GO-GO in Eastway and Prentice cafes are set up in order to cater to students with allergies or who practice vegetarian or vegan lifestyles.

With Veggie-A-GO-GO, students can access a menu of vegetarian, vegan and gluten-free foods to order in advance to Eastway and Prentice. These items are pricier than others due to the special preparation most of them require. Goehler explains that Dining Services is willing to work with students to prepare safe foods for their diet. If a student calls in a day or so in advance, the dining halls can prepare meals ahead of time.

“We are here to service the students in any way that we can and make their dining experiences as positive as possible,” Goehler says.

Since being diagnosed, Rinear has struggled to find gluten-free options on campus and at grocery stores and restaurants in Kent. He constantly has to ask the staff at restaurants and campus dining locations for the ingredients in menu items so he can decide if they are safe to eat. It’s not something he enjoys.

“I have to be that guy who asks what’s inside every meal. It puts you in a really rough spot because people look at you, they think, ‘Why are you being that guy?’”

- Matt Rinear

I have to be that guy who asks what’s inside every meal. It puts you in a really rough spot because people look at you, they think, ‘Why are you holding up the line? Why are you being that guy?’

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- Matt Rinear
are you holding up the line? Why are you being that guy? It makes you look like an ass, it really does.”

Due to work and class commitments, Rinear frequently rushes to find food at the last minute — eating on the go. This is difficult with such a restricted diet. When Rinear cannot find something within his dietary restrictions, he will eat food that contains gluten. Despite the side effects, he would rather have something in his stomach to get himself through a busy day.

Amanda Heslinga, Kent State alumna, has a more severe intolerance to gluten than Rinear. Two years ago, Heslinga was diagnosed with Crohn’s disease, a chronic inflammatory disease affecting the gastrointestinal system. After receiving treatment for the disease, she began experiencing severe stomach cramps and bloating, so her doctor performed several allergy tests. The results were positive for three allergens: dairy, beef and gluten.

Since cutting gluten out of her diet, Heslinga has noticed a significant increase in her health and happiness. Her Crohn’s has been in remission for about a year and a half, she is no longer taking medication, and she learned to live with dietary restrictions.

At the time she was diagnosed with the allergies, Heslinga was a junior fashion design major. She says the biggest hurdle at the beginning of her diagnosis was figuring out which foods were OK to eat and which weren’t. She frequently researched ingredients in foods and emailed restaurants in the Kent area to ask about ingredients on their menus.

“A lot of restaurants have charts with all of the major allergens listed, so I usually stick to those restaurants,” Heslinga says. “If they don’t have a chart, then I usually won’t go. I don’t really want to trust the waiter to tell me if it’s gluten-free or not because half the time they don’t really know what they’re talking about.”

Heslinga encourages people who are experiencing similar symptoms to get tested for allergies or celiac because it could change their overall health and provide relief for symptoms they may not even know are abnormal.

“They think their good is normal, but they could feel so much better than they actually do,” she says.

*The food items pictured in this piece are typically gluten-free.
This spring break was the first time in my 20 years I saw the ocean. To put it simply, it was not what I expected.

My roommate offered to take me and a friend back to her hometown of Seaside Heights, N.J. While the weather wouldn’t be much different, it would be refreshing to get out of Ohio and step foot on a real beach (despite my envy of those who would be tanning on the warm beaches of Panama).

As we made our way to the Jersey Shore, I did a lot of complaining. All I could think about was how carsick I felt. It wasn’t until we began driving through Seaside Heights — or what was left of it — that I shut up.

We parked our car and got out, only to find every street corner blockaded by the New Jersey Police Department and caution tape. I saw homes ripped out of the ground, personal belongings scattered all around the streets — some five months after Hurricane Sandy hit.

What once was a summertime, non-stop carnival for both tourists and locals was now a ghost town of sunken amusement rides and broken families.

Miles down the road from the shore, we finally found a part of the beach we could go on. As I sat on a small pier inching out toward the water, I listened to nothing but the deafening waves for about an hour.

Some time later, I met Vinny Scuzzese, who has been trying to make his living on the shore for 21 years, selling his balloon-dart game.

“It’s the only thing I do,” Scuzzese said, desperate for me to throw three darts for $5.

Scuzzese is just one of the many affected by Sandy. When all I could do was complain and feel bad for myself, I realized it could always be worse.

The car ride home was dead silent.
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NATIONAL AWARDS – 2012
The Hearst Journalism Awards Program

**Personality Profile**
National Finalist, Top 10, December 2012
Anthony Dominic “Who is Lester Lefton?”

National Finalist, Top 20, November 2012
Rebecca Reis “Making Amends With My Invisible Half”

2012 Society of Professional Journalists
Mark of Excellence Awards

**Non-Fiction Magazine Article**
National Finalist
Joey Pompignano “In an Instant”

2012 Association for Education in Journalism
and Mass Communication Student

**Magazine Contest**
General Excellence, Third Place
Rabab Al-Sharif, Editor

**Consumer Magazine Article**
Feature, Third Place
Leighann McGivern, “Waiting for I Do”

2012 Associate Collegiate Press

**Feature magazine**
Best of Show, Second Place, Spring Issue 1
Rabab Al-Sharif, Editor

REGIONAL AWARDS – 2012
2012 Society of Professional Journalists
Mark of Excellence Awards, Region 4

**Non-Fiction Magazine Article**
First Place
Joey Pompignano “In an Instant”

**Best Student Magazine**
Second Place
Jennifer Shore, Editor

Student ADDY Award
American Advertising Federation - Akron

**Publication Design, Cover**
Silver Award
Thomas Song & Kelly Lipovich
“Putting the Pieces Back” Spring 2012, Issue 1

NATIONAL AWARDS – 2011
Association for Education in Journalism
and Mass Communication

**Investigation and Analysis**
Second Place, Spring 2011
Joey Pompignano, “In an Instant”

**First Person**
Second Place, Spring 2011
Mark Haymond, “Jess and Mark: A Stage-three Love Story”

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