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Roger Williams University

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Students publishes book of poetry

Ellen Cassidy
Contributing Writer

Days before her news, Steph Plaud, junior, and her friends were eating Chinese food. Steph opened her fortune cookie and read, "You are a lover of words, and you will publish a book."

Her lucky number on the cookie was 25, and on January 25, Steph heard the news that her poems were going to be published.

For many creative writing majors, the struggle to be published is a daunting reality. Plaud isn’t even a creative writing major, but has been honored with having her collection of poems published by AmericanPoetry.com. The collection, entitled Ripped Tunes, can be described as an angy-torn collection. It is a collection of about 50 poems in a bond book of about 70 pages. Her collection can be purchased on the website, www.americanpoetry.com.

Plaud, who is a marine bio major in an minor in creative writing, started sending her work out in August, and by December she began to hear feedback from numerous publishers.

While she endured many editing hardships in the process of having her work published, “I couldn’t have done it without the help of Shari Alvanas,” she said of the former RWU creative writing professor. The whole editing process can be pretty tedious; it takes a lot of organization and patience. "The best advice I can give for students who want to get published is to really have a passion for writing. Always keep writing, that is the most important advice,” explained Plaud.

Special Delivery

Manny Pasqual (back row, third from left), with his mailroom crew.

Danielle Ameden
Contributing Writer

A little over-stuffed under a button-down shirt, bespectacled with kind, twinkling eyes, and a warm smile, Manny Pasqual’s appearance has the same subtle, teddy bear charm as his personality.

He looks like Paddington Bear—like you should just hug him "hello." The big difference is that he sports plaid and polos, instead of the British bear’s blue duffle coat.

Pasqual is a familiar face to everyone on campus. He’s the mentor, role model, friend and father-figure of masquerading as RWU’s mail center manager. His rapport has garnered him the respect of colleagues and adoration of students.

"He gives good hugs," said Ashley Harris, junior, who does workstudy in the mailroom. "He’s funny, he’s a nice guy, he cares about you. He asks a lot of questions about your personal life." Harris has worked with Pasqual for two years. In a singsong voice, she crooned, “He’s my hero.”

"He’s got hag calves,"
From Providence, with love

"The Experiment"

However, I’m trying to compare this situation to that one, but I’m sitting in my room drinking by myself and staring at my blinking cursor like I’ve got an essay due tomorrow (which I do). This is hardly a time for me to be drinking and reflecting with my great pal Microsoft Word, but whatever, this is college so I do what I want—It’s my hot body. I feel like this year has poured rapidly and relentlessly out of my grasp like a handful of loose sand (clearly I’m alternating substances now). Where has (have) all the time (cowboys) gone? Okay, this paragraph goes nowhere. This is just like that movie “Super Size Me,” except I’m getting drunk instead of force feeding myself grade D rat meat from a NASCAR Porta-Potty. Kids, the moral of the story is don’t drink and drive (but only if you SWEAR TO GOD I’m NOT DRUNK, GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME I CAN PRIVE PERFECTLY... Dude let me have my keys back, seriously dude, adult, namely professors? I mistakenly used it twice the other day in the same sentence (“Wow, that really sucks, this core concentration stuff really sucks”). And in the back of my mind I’m thinking, “GOSH Chris, you could’ve switched it up a bit there, you just sounded real intelligent, next time throw the change-up.” I find that women of her ilk tend to sneer at young person slang, and that damn rap music! I am trying really hard to prevent myself from writing down a funny story. After all, the premise of this column was for me to get drunk and reiterate a bunch of “remember whens” (I have no idea how to pluralize that). But I don’t want to be that drunk guy who tells a lame story that undoubtedly will end in a few forced chuckles topped off with an “I guess you had to be there.” Because we’ve definitely all been that guy before and it’s about as cool as attending the University of Phoenix Online (yeah I said it).

Well, I think it’s about time for me to end this little experiment (done solely in the name of science). I’ve got this really strange craving for Doritos on top of a turkey sandwich that needs to be satisfied. But as I re-read all that I’ve written tonight, I can’t help but reel back in a drunkard’s blanket of laughter as I thank god for spell check and wonder, will this ever get printed?

Let Your Voice Be Heard!!

RWU Student Senate Elections

Vote for Student Senators and Class Officers

April 6 and 7
11:00-2:00 p.m., 4:30-6:00 p.m.
Dining Hall

If you wish to run for an elected position, please pick up an application form at the Student Senate Office in the Rec Center.

Editor’s Desk

Roles reversed this week as I am stuck in the office while Alix battles the stomach flu. It is ironic she came down with the illness (not, of course, in a humorous way) since I just recently received an email from the University stating the stomach flu was rampant around Rhode Island. It is also interesting to note that while driving to Hartford, Conn., the other morning, and listening to the radio, the DJs had an in-depth conversation about germs—significantly how they are everywhere we are (and not at all as helpful as the Visa card). The DJs discussed how the average shopping cart handle must hold a million germs. In fact, a certain Susan Ronan from Maine has created CozyGrips, a flexible foam piece to go over the shopping cart handle. Seems like a solid idea, considering the number of people who probably don’t wash their hands frequently. The downside? CozyGrips run a pretty steep price, try over $10, including shipping and handling. I find this ridiculous—it’s foam. You can receive the same benefits by bringing a lint wipe with you to Stop & Shop. Or, better yet, explore my philosophy: I’ve been using my shopping cart handles for about 10 years and I’m still alive.

Sorry, there is no Police Beat this week.

As a matter of fact, the Police Beat has been pretty nonexistent lately. Not that we want the student body to constantly face arrests and charges. We’re just saying...

Life seemed to be more interesting when there was a Police Beat.

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To contact the Hawk's Herald, email us at: hawksherald@riu.edu or call x3229.
Marketing blitz showcases Nintendo DS and Nintendo GameCube

REDMOND, Wash. — (BUSINESS WIRE) via COLLEGIATE PRESS-WIRE) March 15, 2005

An early spring marketing blitz is bringing Nintendo everywhere teens and college students play. From the beaches to the slopes and college campuses in between, Nintendo is targeting teens and is part of the hippest scenes.

"Thousands of teens and college students will have the opportunity to sample, play and enjoy the hottest new Nintendo systems and games," describes George Harrison, Nintendo of America’s senior vice president of marketing and corporate communications. “Nintendo is reaching out to teens and college students, and now they’re making us a part of their lifestyles.”

Each popular location will have members of the Nintendo Street Team on hand to demo the latest games for Nintendo DS(TM) and Nintendo GameCube(TM), as well as a tricked-out Nintendo(R) SUV. Here are some more details:

On the sand: Looking for a way to put those winter blues behind you? Join Nintendo’s wild spring break bash. Through March 26, Nintendo will join tens of thousands of partiers as they invade Panama City Beach, Fla. Nintendo’s presence will be felt throughout the month at the Boardwalk Beach Resort and at Hammerhead Fred’s, which will house Club DS, a showcase for Nintendo DS. Roving teams will take to the beaches to show off the latest and greatest Nintendo products, all while Nintendo sponsors main-stage contests twice a day. For more information, visit www.pcb05.com.

On the go: Nintendo Street Team members also will be at other trendsetter locations and events like South Padre Island, Texas, through March 26; South by Southwest in Austin, Texas, from March 16 to March 19; Daytona Beach, Fla., from March 15 to March 31 and the Winter Music Conference in Miami from March 22 to March 26.

On the slopes: Don’t want to leave your favorite games at home while heading to the slopes? No worries. You can try them right on the mountain. Nintendo is the official video game partner of the U.S. Open Snowboarding Championships. From March 17 to March 20, and the Burton Demo Tour. For more information, visit www.burton.com.

On the stage: Looking for a way to get your groove on this winter? Nintendo is sponsoring Taste of Chaos, a 39-city winter music tour featuring six well-known and up-and-coming bands. The Used, Senses Fail, Killswitch Engage, Saosin and Underoath. Attendees can check out the latest, greatest Nintendo games on the concourse. The Taste of Chaos runs through April 2. The first 10 and last five stops of the tour already have sold out. For more information, visit www.tasteofchaos.com.

On campus: Too busy studying to check out the newest video games? Nintendo will bring them to you. Nintendo is a sponsor of the spring TKO Tour, the nation’s largest free traveling technology tour visiting more than 120,000 students on 15 college campuses through mid-May. The Nintendo Street Team will be on site demonstrating games, plus the Nintendo DS and Nintendo GameCube will be featured in the tour’s high-tech Ultimate Dorm Room display. For more information, visit www.tko.com.

On the road: Nintendo will bring them to you. Nintendo is a part of the SoBe Beverages Love Bus Tour. Six large SoBe vehicles outfitted with Nintendo video game kiosks will tour the U.S.

Senior Class—Classof2005@rwu.edu
President: Emily Quintin, VP: Jaclyn Clum

Junior Class—Classof2006@rwu.edu
President: Ariel Fox, VP: Krystle LaChance

Sophomore Class—Classof2007@rwu.edu
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For more information, visit www.nintendo.com.
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Manny
(cont'd. from page 1)

said Joe Essex, senior, who just joined the mail center crew.

Fifty-four years ago, Manny Pasqual was sprinting down the goal line on those calves. While serving in the U.S. Air Force during the Vietnam conflict, he played on a football team out of Guam.

"I was the smallest guy on the line, probably the fastest," he said proudly.

His team traveled across Asia and was undefeated for the two years that he starred as center.

"We were the Far East champions," he boasted.

While stationed in Guam, Pasqual performed security for B52 bombers, protecting the base and the airplanes.

After four years in Vietnam, the native Brazilian returned to Rhode Island and began working for the postal service. He stayed for 37 years.

He came to RWU in 2000, a place with much significance for the Pasqual family.

Manny's wife, Theresia, "Terry" for short, is an administrative assistant in the Barn, and their two daughters are RWU alumnae.

Even though he's "eligible for social security" (the phrase he cunningly used to skirt the age question), Pasqual's not quite ready to retire.

"I'm not the kind of person who sits down—i'm a very active person. I could just sit back and not do anything. I was looking for something else to do and fortunately this came along in the field of work that I was very familiar with. So I was able to bring with me my experience and change some things for the betterment of the mail services for the University.

"I like every bit of it," Pasqual said of his job. And then there are the kids. "They're a lot of fun," he said. "They keep me young."

"Manny certainly gets energy from the students," Terry said. "He's an upbeat person by nature, so working at the mailroom fits him quite well."

Ed Ragosta, University mail clerk, praises Pasqual for the positive energy that he has infused in the atmosphere. He brings "expertise, organization, and professionalism" to the job, Ragosta said, "but also a rapport amongst the workers. He has a positive work ethic that really works, that gets people motivated." Amel Smith, supervisor, said that Pasqual's a great employer. "He's jolly and nice but he knows when to get down to business. He's not going to let us just sit around and do nothing."

Pasqual is not only a champion on campus, but also in the community. He's a lifetime member of the Bristol Fourth of July parade committee, having served as past general chairman and parade chairman. Pasqual was also chairman of the Bristol Bicentennial parade, and he ran the Bristol Tricentennial parade in 1980.

His career began at the Bristol Post Office, and took off with his promotion to be delivery analyst and employee involvement coordinator for the Providence district. While working with the post office, he was state steward and state president of the Rhode Island Rural Letter Carriers' Association, representing and contractually protecting R.I. postal workers.

Another title under his hat is Postmaster in North Dighton, Mass., where a large volume of crystal and glassware was exported from Princess House. He was also the Providence district's representative for the United Way, where Pasqual crusaded and collected donations for the Combined Federal Campaign. Most recently, he was in charge of maintenance at Card's Furniture in Swansea, Mass.

"I've worked just about every kind of side job you can imagine. When you have a family growing up you're out there trying to hustle a buck, just to provide for your family and give them better things."

An enlightening moment in 1994 led him to readjust his priorities.

He heard a life lesson.

"It all started appearing about two weeks ago— the green top hats, the backjack shirts, the leprechaun pins.

"Normally these tourist trinkets can place in select shops in the town center, but now nearly all local stores have been inundated with everything Irish. Even the electronics shop down the street is ready and willing to sell you something green in preparation for the big day.

St. Patrick's Day hype began when I first got to Galway, Ireland, in January. But as the day got closer, the festivities went into full swing. According to what I've been told, drinking comes

Manny has a place ready for the month of March 16, when a Celtic-type parade will wind its way thru the Galway streets. It has an international air and offers a more traditional

The Proper way to be Irish

The proper way to be Irish

Kelle Corcoran
Contribution Writer

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According to legend, St. Patrick was born in either Scotland or Wales, so many people from these countries make the journey to Ireland to help celebrate. As the story goes, Patrick spent 20 years in a monastery before he was named Bishop. The Pope requested that Patrick go on a holy mission to convert the Pagans and spread the word of God. He used the shamrock to explain the Holy Trinity, and drove all the snakes out of Ireland.

See ST. PAUL'S, PAGE 6

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Photos and Story by Kate Evans

This week: The Lush Palace of Maple 4
Occupants: Abby Culver and Kendra Kantorski

Room 413 is one of many doubles in Maple. Most doubles are set up so one roommate lives on one side and vice versa. This can cause a few problems, though. Seating is limited to just the beds, because otherwise, there's no room to walk. Having the beds on opposite walls also makes it hard to find places for things both roommates use, like a TV or fridge. The rooms are already tight but having everything separate just makes it even worse. Kendra and Abby have found a common alternative: bunking the beds.

Their beds are bunked in the far corner, creating the largest space. Although they lose their under-the-bed storage, the ladies keep smaller things in a huge drawer unit next to Abby's desk. The space where the other bed would normally be is used for an entertainment area. The girls use small stackable crates next to the TV for all their movies and music. They each have small identical fridges that are also stacked and the TV sits on top of them. All the extra space allows the ladies to have extra seating, including a beanbag chair and a folding chair. They keep all their food together in boxes and piles next to Kendra's desk.

Light always makes a room look bigger, so the girls have a light tan rug and two floor-length mirrors on their closets. They also have Christmas lights strung around the room to brighten it up. The room has a bit of a beach theme, with island pictures, floral leis and shell lights scattered around.

Rooms in Maple can be cramped, but Abby and Kendra have turned their room into the perfect college girl palace. Join us next time for a look into Baypoint!

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Last Lap Around the Diamond

Former RWU baseball player shares why he quit the team

Alex Dolzar
Contributing Writer

It's intramural basketball season and Nick Franzago has his Nikes laced up tight. He is excited about playing with his friends, and just to play basketball, although it is not his best sport.

Basketball, a sport he played here at Roger Williams University for the last two years. A sport he excelled at. A sport the 5 foot 10, 180-pound outfielder walked away from while he was still in his prime.

"I played two years. It was a great experience and I made friends with a lot of good people, but I felt I had to do other things and enjoy college in a different way," explained the junior criminal justice major.

Those other things include staying active in multiple intramural sports rather than focusing on one varsity sport, traveling more and getting his grades higher.

"I got a 3.4 last semester," explained the revitalized scholar, attributing his success to more free time. "I was a deep threat on the grid iron for the flag football champions, "Flava Flav." He also proved that he can still swing the bat as he led "Hit & Run" to the title in the annual frostbite softball tournament.

Being away from the sport has also given Franzago time to visit his friends at other colleges, something he hardly had the chance to do during his first two years because of the demanding practice and game schedule. He enjoys visiting the University of Connecticut, where a lot of his friends from home (Trumbull, Conn.) attend.

However, Franzago did not quit baseball just to give himself more free time. He is still an athlete and a competitor, and was a significant member of the RWU baseball team.

He was a player who played injured and someone who led by example. If the mood in the locker room was somber, he would do what it took to liven up the atmosphere.

A broken elbow nearly ended his baseball career before it really took flight. The summer before ninth grade, Franzago was pitching in summer league ball when he broke his elbow. He was advised by doctors to stop playing baseball, the sport he had grown to love.

To keep his competitive juices flowing, he then turned to basketball and played competitive Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) basketball. But his heart was still set on returning to the diamond.

"With tuition costs rising at more than twice the rate of inflation, students and their families are finding it more and more difficult to finance college. But most undergraduates still believe that a college education is worth it. And so do we. So we're thrilled to be helping a student pay her college bills," said Erik Olson, Director of Marketing and Public Relations at The Princeton Review.

The Princeton Review, a New York City-based company known for its test prep courses, education services, and books, has conducted its college student survey annually since 1991. For the first several editions of its "Best Colleges" book—the only college guide offering college rankings based on student ratings of their schools, and one of more than 200 books published by The Princeton Review with Random House—students completed paper surveys. With the boom of the Internet, The Princeton Review has been able to collect most of its student opinions via its online versions of the survey, which can validate that students are eligible undergraduates who submit only one entry.

The survey, which is accessible 24/7 at http://survey.review.com, asks students 70 questions about their school's academics, campus life and student body, as well as their own study hours, politics, and backgrounds.

A graduate of Winthrop High School, Marissa Antonetta Rivera is the daughter of Peg and Ted Rivera of Winthrop.

RWU freshman wins Princeton Sweepstakes

Marissa Antonetta Rivera, a freshman at Roger Williams University, has won the grand prize in Princeton Review's $5,000 for Your Thoughts Sweepstakes. More than 60,000 students from colleges across the country entered the sweepstakes, a random drawing of students who have completed and validated a Princeton Review online student survey, which asks their opinions on various aspects of life at the colleges they attend.

The results of the survey are tabulated and used to craft narrative profiles of the schools, which appear on www.princetonreview.com, one of the most popular sites on the Web for high school students interested in researching colleges.

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St. Patrick’s Day

In the past, an entire section of Galway next to the Spanish Arch (the last remaining piece of an old city wall) was the designated drinking area.

But back to the celebration. On Thursday morning, a large number choose to attend mass, followed by the crowning of green attire and parades to the center of town. A more Irish-oriented parade detailing the life of St. Patrick hits the streets...and people hit the bottle.

The Irish undeniably know how to drink, and

Franzago (cont’d from page 6)

“My arm somewhat healed, after being in a cast for a few months, I couldn’t play my freshman year of high school because of the injury, but made junior varsity my sophomore year and I played varsity my junior and senior year.”

Franzago was recruited by a handful of Division III colleges, including Shippensburg, Endicott and Eastern Connecticut States University. He decided on RWU because he was recruited by the previous coach and already had some friends on the team.

The right-handed outfielder made an immediate impact during his freshman year, playing in 20 games while hitting .410 and boasting an on-base percentage of .502.

RWU basketball captain, Franzago’s former high school baseball teammate, and best friend Chris Cormier, has nothing but high praise for Nick.

“Nick has some real sweet skills. Not only can he hit the piss out of the ball, but he is a joke around the bases too.”

Therefore the crowds just spill out into the streets, drinking openly. Apparently, in the past, an entire section of Galway next to the Spanish Arch (the last remaining piece of an old city wall) was the designated drinking area.

However, who knows what will happen each year—the one certain fact is that although the local police are on watch, they kindly turn the other way when it comes to the matter of public drunkenness.

What could be better than everyone uniting for one cause—to drink as many pints as possible from morning until night? St. Pat’s would then be a dedicated parade. The chosen beer for the day, and any other

St. Patrick’s (cont’d, from page 4)

Now, that feat may or may not be true, but snakes are the symbol of Paganism, and St. Patrick did a good job of ridding the land of Paganism. Even today, most all of Ireland remains religious to some degree.

this national holiday is no exception. In fact, this is the one holiday celebrated by more countries worldwide than any other. So, naturally, the Irish people here have to show the world how a true celebration is carried out. And they certainly don’t disappoint. Every pub is filled around 10 a.m., and the weather, it matters of public drunkenness.

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The 'Cuse Feud

Timothy Mannion
Sports Editor

It’s March again. March means college basketball. In my opinion, March exists because college basketball exists. If basketball was never invented, we probably would only have 11 months. Seriously.

The tournament started a week ago as conference champions were fighting for their permission slips to the dance. Yours truly went to the best conference tournament—The Big East. (The ACC is not the best conference. Anyone who claims that has severely bought into the Dick Vitale ego. Methinks he should retire soon.) I had your typical seats at Madison Square Garden, two sections up, with a decent shot of the floor. Let’s just say I was close enough to read Jim Calhoun’s filthy mouth.

I took the train down, which was also very filthy. I had a few Bud Lights on the way. I was mad.

As I made my way to MSG I noticed that several people were decked out in their Syracuse orange T-shirts. These people can’t be taken too seriously. I mean, come on, you’re 49-years-old and you’re still flanneling a raggedy, fluorescent orange T-shirt. This surely was a sign of things to come.

I saw the first few games of the tournament a couple of nights before, but tonight was the championship game: Syracuse vs. West Virginia.

I showed up before the game, purchasing two hot dogs, two beers, and a bag of Twizzlers. Total = $26.50.

The money didn’t matter. I had a terrible seat. I put my car keys and the warm flat beers in a holder and headed for my row. As I filed through the aisle, bumping each person I encountered along the 15 second trip, I heard a voice from the past...

"Hey, you’re a week too late." I looked around confused for a second and sat down in my seat. The voice rang out again.

"You’re a week too late." It was the guy in front of me. It was the 49-year-old Syracuse fan with the horrible orange T-Shirt. He was referring to my Notre Dame jacket I was wearing at the time. (For non-college basketball fans, the Notre Dame fan is referring to ND’s loss to Rutgers just a few days ago on this exact court.)

At first I sat there processing his comment. Then I gave a right cross, I said, "You’re 30 years too late, pal. Nice T-shirt. Why don’t you give it to a student?" Oh, let the games begin.

I ate one of my dogs and anxiously waited for the opening tip off. I think the fat guy sacked down a few dogs as well
during this stretch of time. As the tip commenced, I found myself standing up peering for a view of the court because the fat guy in front of me was standing. This was when I realized—Syracuse fans don’t sit down until their team scores a basket.

The silence finally broke between me and the fat guy. "Hey buddy, sit the f— down." I repeated this sentence many times. The fat guy wouldn’t have it though.

He then did the simple most annoying thing a fan can do while attending a sporting event. He whipped out his cell phone and started browsing back and forth to a friend telling him he was at the game. This aroused West Virginia fans around me.

The score of the game after two minutes: West Virginia 0, Syracuse 0. I couldn’t believe this guy was still standing so I did what I had to do. I took my open beer and dumped it all over his seat. It was the best party favor ever.

When Syracuse finally got on the board the fat balding guy sat right down in a puddle of Bud Light. I was going to ask him if he had on his Dockers stain-proof khakis, but that probably would have gone too far. Plus, I wanted him to figure it out. He did almost immediately. When he turned around he asked who had done it. There were people four rows behind me yelling they had committed the soaking. It was absolutely beautiful.

For that one bleak moment during the game, I was in a good mood. Syracuse would go on to win, but that was expected. The fat guy cheered his way out of the aisle after the win, and slipped on a cracked jack box sending him down a flight of stairs.

Make that two moments of pure joy.

With the game wrapped up I put on my Notre Dame jacket and walked out into the brisk New York night—but not before another Syracuse fan yelled at me. "Notre Dame? They lost last week!"

Oh, no. Not again.

"My roommate had Budweiser Select the other day. He gave it rave reviews. He said that most beers have a certain aftertaste that would run rampant in your mouth until you took another sip. Budweiser Select was different, though. To quote him: "Dude Select, like, has no aftertaste. It was just crisp. Pure deliciousness."

Sports, My Way

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And to think, I was going to be nice to people this week. What was I thinking? So many rants, so little time...

Trivia: It’s a great concept. I applaud the government and administrations around the country for providing jobs where they don’t actually do anything and they still get paid minimum wage.

Sometimes, you actually have something to do. I personally, do laundry for varsity athletes. Sometimes you file papers or schedule appointments or offer tours to prospective students.

And sometimes, you don’t have anything to do. In those cases you talk with friends, play on your cell phone or, in this example, referee intramural teams.

But to the rest of you, I mean, for organizing intramural sports and doing very well.

But somehow, you put a whistle in a kid’s hand and they go from scholarly, colorblind bumbling weasel in record time. Am I also allowed to do my job like an uneducated idiot? Maybe. I’ll dye the clothes first and THEN wash them, just to mix it up.

Most of the time, I’m convinced the refs have never actually witnessed the sporting event they are supervising. If the athlete calls the foul after it happens, or look at him or her with a "hey, blow the whistle" glance, maybe the ref will call it. But chances are, you’ll just aggravate them.

I’m not saying all refs are bad. The good ones know who they are and they know what they’re doing, and I respect that.

But to the rest of you, please don’t offend me, I spend a lot of my work study job doing nothing, too.