

REPORTER

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THE FRESHMEN ARRIVE

A NEW DAY DAWNS



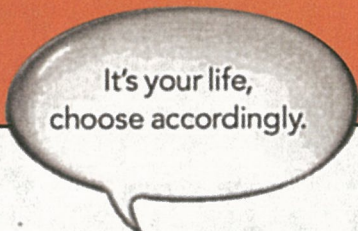
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Editorial . It's That Time Again

Hello, class of 2006!

Thanks to the miracle of technology and/or creative writing, the physics, engineering, and packaging science departments have worked together to develop the world's first time machine. A few of us budding journalists at Reporter decided to give it a try, and traveled four years into the future to find out the answer to the question: what happened during the course of this freshmen class's college experience? After countless interviews, discussions, and polls, we discovered that:

- Some of you will succeed, beyond anyone's expectations.
- Many of you will meet wonderful new friends, some of whom you'll remain close to for life.
- Many of you, after various attempts, will believe that love is nothing more than an illusion. Only a lucky few will grasp true love.

- Some of you will find the workload at RIT to be too heavy, and will transfer away or dropout of college completely.

- Be it housing, tuition, or classes, nearly all of you will at some point feel massively screwed over.

- On the flip side, few will take notice when good things happen, which is almost always more often.

- Many will be tempted, greater than ever before, to drink heavily and experiment with illegal drugs. While many of you will simply cite a bad hangover as the worst that's happened, some people's lives have been permanently changed for the worse.

- Many of you will get a first-hand look at the real world, and can finally agree, "it's a jungle out there."

- Plenty of you will get an excruciatingly painful lesson on what happens when a trusted friend betrays that friendship.

- Many of you will lose family or friends close to you. Sadly, a few of you will die.

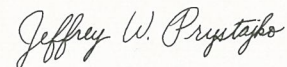
- Yet, all will finally discover, if you haven't already, what makes you a unique individual.

The coming four to five years will bring about some of the most joyful moments you've ever experienced, but it will also bring some of the most negative. As Charles Dickens once noted, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times..."

Just a few words of advice—be strong, and be prepared. Set some long-term goals now, and don't decide to quit when the going gets tough. Your life at RIT will be what you make of it.

Seriously, though, we can't predict your future. You, on the other hand, can make it.

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Editor-in-Chief



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Rochester Institute of Technology

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A Dorm with a Pool

ON August 8, RIT received the newest addition to its lineup of non-dormitory housing: the Rochester Marriott Thruway hotel. Renamed as the RIT Inn and Conference Center, the 304-room hotel was a gift from the original owner, the E.J. Del Monte Corporation. Beginning this year, 170 single and double rooms will house undergraduate and graduate students, many of them primarily international and transfer students. Since RIT will be assuming a \$15 million debt from the hotel, currently valued at \$29 million, the end result value of the contribution amounts to \$14 million.

“We are delighted to give RIT a gift that will reap benefits for many years to come,” says John Del Monte, company president. “We think it’s good for RIT, good for the community, and good for us.”

The corporation, having built 19 hotels branded with the Marriott name in the Rochester area, recently decided that its business plan should focus on smaller, more intimate hotels. The relatively large 5257 W. Henrietta Road location does not meet that criteria, and thus Del Monte began a search to release its ownership.

A June meeting between Del Monte and Thomas Galisano, who recently donated \$14 million towards the creation of the new B. Thomas Galisano College of Computing and Information Sciences, sparked the idea of a partnership with RIT. A meeting between Del Monte and Dr. Simone, RIT President, brought the plan even further to fruition.

Over the course of eight weeks spanning from June through August, details were worked out as to the terms of the agreement. For three years, the Del Monte corporation will continue to operate the hotel, and 134 rooms will still be available for public use for at least the first year. Staffing is not expected to change.

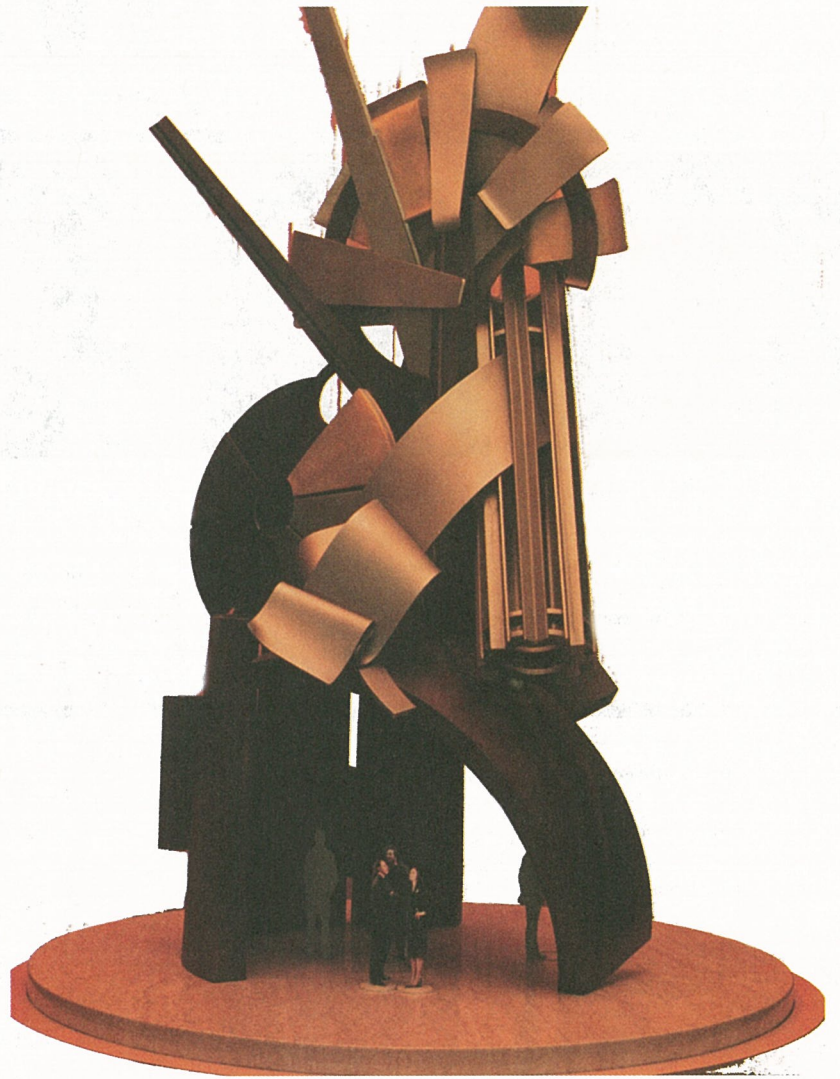
In addition, students enrolled in the hospitality and service management program will have the opportunity to pursue co-op positions at the hotel.

Simone calls the business venture a “new paradigm for student housing,” and noted it will “provide students with another high quality housing selection.” The rooms come fully furnished and will require little renovation, although there will be changes in the restaurant area to make it suitable for student use, according to William Batcheller, director of business services at RIT. A shuttle bus will take students back and forth between the hotel and the RIT campus, and students who decide to drive will be given preferred parking spaces.



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According to Simone, it would cost RIT between \$30-40 million to replicate on campus what it is receiving as a gift from the Del Monte corporation. The hotel is the third \$14 million gift the Institute has received within the past six months. In addition to this, along with the donation from Galisano, in May the New York State Office of Science, Technology and Academic Research designated the Information Technology Collaboratory at RIT as one of the state’s Strategically Targeted Academic Research (STAR) Centers.



And the Art World Strikes Again!

What's 65 feet tall, weighs 90 tons, and is set to loom precariously over the heads of RIT students? Bet you never would have guessed a massive stainless steel and bronze sculpture scheduled to be constructed later this winter.

Designed by Albert Paley, renowned Rochester sculptor and Charlotte Fredericks Mowris Chair in the School for American Crafts, the mammoth structure will be located in the center of the administration circle in front of the George Eastman Building. Passerby will also be allowed to walk underneath the sculpture.

Estimated to cost \$1.25 million, the funding will be donated from private donors. Once funds are secured, the sculpture will be built piece by piece in Paley's downtown studio and shipped to the campus, where the pieces will be assembled.

A 40-inch replica is on display in the lobby of the George Eastman Building.



Word on

What do you predict will happen here at RIT over the next fo



John Pineau

RIT will grow. I expect to have a lot of fun. I expect to have a lot of new experiences and meet a ton of new people.
1st Year, Software Engineering



Cristine Black-

I'll get a good education and graduate.
1st Year, Photography



Max Fry

New clubs will be formed. More dorms will get air conditioned.
1st Year, Film and Video



Erin Topley

Pencil Sharpeners will become obsolete.
1st Year, Undeclared Science

The reputation of the college will go up.
Josh Kapke
1st Year, Graphic Media

The number of bricks will triple!
Carl Smith
1st Year, Imaging and Photo Technology

I'll learn... I'll experience a lot of personal growth. I'll have a good time and work hard.
Casey Lubking
1st Year, Biotechnology

Nothing will change.
Boris Kushnirsky
1st Year, Management Information Systems

I hope not to change majors!
Meghan Stasak
1st Year, Packaging Science
Catherine Krupa
1st Year, Accounting

RIT will get more bandwidth. There will be different majors, and more expanded majors.
Keith Buel
1st Year, Software Engineering

More technology will be integrated into the dorms!
1st Year, Computer Science

Hopefully we'll get some more minorities at the school.
2nd Year, Computer Engineering Technology

Tuition is going to go up.
2nd Year, Information Technology

We're going to build more academic buildings. We better build more housing!
2nd year, Micro Electrical Engineering



Aaron Davidson



Lawrence Lanos



Chris Taylor



Daniel Jaejer

the Street

ur or five years you're here?



Krystal Lord

Amazing Things! SOFA [School of Film and Animation] will get a new building. 1st Year, Film and Animation



Kelly Quinn

I'll meet a lot of neat and interesting people. 1st Year, International Business



Katie Schlagter

I'm going to learn more about my major. I plan to learn more about the outside world and get a good job. 1st Year, Computer Science



Seth Schapiro

I'll go to classes. The male-to-female population ratio will hopefully change. 1st Year, Software Engineering

Buildings will be nicer. There will be new tennis courts, and more renovations.

Mark Doten
1st Year, Software Engineering

I hope to graduate and stuff.
Denn Herman
1st Year, Computer Animation

Hockey and Lacrosse will go undefeated in the same year. We'll win two championships.

Todd Spivak
1st Year, Information Technology

Intercourse.
Eric Fabricant
1st Year, Information Technology

RIT will keep getting bigger and better!

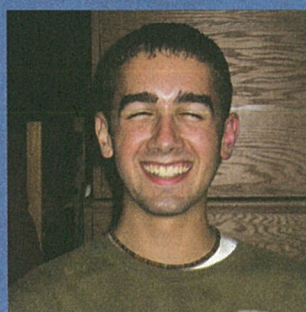
Jessica Backer
1st Year, Information Technology

More students will be living in Hotels. There will be more guys and less girls. A lot more buildings and more construction. 2nd year, Mechanical Engineering

More facilities will get built, and more people will come here. 1st Year, Undeclared Major

I'll find something I love. I'll study it and make money doing it. There will be a lifetime of friends I'll make and meet. 1st Year, Undeclared Major

Students will be living in tents outside in the field. 2nd Year, Mechanical Engineering



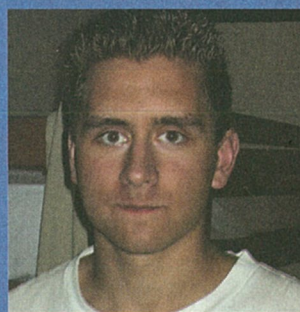
John Spalding



Alison Kopki



Frank Solome



Mike Press



Living on a Prayer

By William Huber

Reflections on One Unforgettable Week

This is a somewhat real, somewhat made-up account of my first week here at RIT. It's been a while, but remember, everyone who's a senior now started as a freshman somewhere. Read and remember, dear freshmen, and you might learn something.

Day One

MY parents and I pull into RIT at about 9 a.m.—we’ve been on the road since 4:30 in the morning. I head in and go through all my check-in stuff, get my room keys, and find my room.

My folks and I figure out that bringing a handcart or something would have been a pretty slick move, since I live on the third floor and there are no elevators. (Only two years later would they install those handy little time savers.)

After a good hour of sweating my stuff up the 56 stairs from the van, my folks say their goodbyes and take off. It’s about 11 a.m. and I’m standing hip-deep in my worldly possessions. With nothing else to do, I start unpacking.

As I’m hanging up my clothes, I detect a faint odor, something odd, yet completely offensive. I’m pretty sure it’s not my clothes, and I’m not sweating that badly, so it can’t be me. I get down on my hands and knees and look in the very bottom of my closet area. Surprise! There’s a dead mouse, bloated up to the size of a veined baseball, lying on the floor.

I go out looking for some sort of janitor, but all I meet are other people moving in. The guy living across from me is into some pretty funky sports, so after feigning my interest, I borrow his jai-alai glove, scoop up the baseball mouse, and whip it out through my open window. Problem solved.

I spend the next few hours unpacking, where I learn that I have forgotten several key items. For example, I learn that despite having a new stereo system, I neglected to pack any wire to run it. Other important things I’ve forgotten are any writing implements of any kind, some sort of sharp object with which to open boxes, the mouse for my computer, and toothpaste.

After everything’s unpacked I walk down my hall and introduce myself to the other guys who live here. Lucky me, I had to go and get myself assigned to an all-male floor. Oh, well, there are plenty of women here at RIT to choose from, right?

We all meet up and head out to Gracie’s for some dinner (my roommate being the only one AWOL). Introductions are fast and disjointed as 15 guys try to memorize each other’s names right as we’re walking, and I end up remembering maybe three altogether.

I get into Gracie’s and head up to the

buffet tables and get some food. I end up loading my tray with pretty much anything that will actually dissolve in my stomach.

I turn around to find all my new buddies and discover that not only is Gracie’s big, it’s also packed come dinnertime. It takes me 25 minutes to battle my way to the table where about six of my floormates have congregated—the rest are lost to the crowd.

I begin eating, which in essence, with little restriction on what I can actually eat, becomes more like a slow, steady gorging process. Delightfully, there are most of the greasier foods such as pizza, bacon, and hamburgers, and of course the sweeter foods such as Jello, ice cream, and doughnuts.

We head back to the dorm and waste time until we get tired. At about midnight I collapse into bed, which is unmade, so I sleep on the mattress.

Day Two

I am rattled awake by the sound of my roommate moving in at 6 a.m. He’s a tall guy, about 6’8” and all of maybe a hundred pounds. He’s got his Goth makeup on at sunrise and smells like something that just crawled out of its own ass. I roll over and try to go back to sleep, but it’s too late—I’m awake—so I get up and get some breakfast.

I discover that the only people stupid enough to go to breakfast are freshmen and other students who got stuck with 8 a.m. classes. Again, with no eating restrictions, I load up on scrambled eggs, sausage, toast, orange juice, doughnuts, fruit, waffles, pancakes, dry cereal, and milk. After downing about half of that, I head back to my room, where Igor, my roommate, has gotten his stuff in there and set up.

The object that now dominates the room is a mammoth Korg synthesizer keyboard, with huge amps set to either side of it. He’s got red candles all over his side of the room, along with some black tapestries and some posters of *The Crow*.

I decide to try to get cleaned up before orientation, so I grab my towel and head to the bathroom. After surveying the floors I decide to put some shower flip-flops on my mental shopping list, because the mucus on the tiles is something I definitely don’t want to end up scrubbing off the soles of my feet.

After getting myself cleaned up with varying degrees of success, I head out to

orientation. My RA, an energetic nerd named Wally, introduces us all around and soon after he begins talking about safety. I fall asleep. Thankfully, I am jolted awake when everyone gets up to leave.

So now I’ve got the whole day to waste, because my first class isn’t until tomorrow. I grab some lunch, and scout my floor for anyone who has a car. Finding no one, I head out on foot to Circuit City for a new mouse. I later regret my decision to walk instead of wait for the bus that goes around there, as it’s the better part of an hour’s walk each way. At any rate I get my mouse and soon my computer is up and humming.

Deciding to get all the mileage I can out of my relative good luck, I meander over to buy my textbooks from Campus

Connections.

My checkbook promptly turns around, bends over, and points its toes together as RIT crams some big fat reality up its poor tailpipe. I end up spending close to \$120 for a single calculus textbook. My total bill for all the books that I’ll need this quarter is about \$350. The rest of the day goes relatively smoothly. After spending 40 minutes trying to figure out how to make my bed I give up and duct tape my sheets to the mattress and hope I won’t ever have to turn over in my sleep.

Day Three

I wake up a half hour late, grab a shower, and head to my 8 o’clock class. Only freshmen are stupid enough to get 8 a.m. classes, unless there are absolutely no alternatives, and only for Fall quarter. They should figure it out by Winter that 8 a.m. is a time best reserved only for mythical creatures, like leprechauns, newspaper delivery people, and “morning people.”

After showing up 20 minutes late to my very first college class and missing attendance, class goes fairly smoothly. The only thing that kind of worried me just a little bit is the fact that my class was entirely male. No girls anywhere.

I grab some lunch, which entails me throwing a load of stuff on my plate and then eating only about half of it.

I sail through my afternoon class (still not a single female student in the whole place) and I’m ready for dinner. This time a few of my floormates decide to go to the Commons for food, so I join up with them



and we head over. The food's pretty much the same as Gracie's, except there's no buffet-style eating and I have to pay specifically for everything I eat—it's not just "pay once and keep eating until things start rupturing."

Upon getting back to my floor I find that there are a pair of lacrosse players whipping a ball back and forth along the length of my hall. They can get that thing humming fairly well, too, which is great for them except when one misses and the ball sails across the lounge and smashes the front glass on the community microwave.

Everyone scatters into their rooms and closes the door. There are no squealers here. Wally (the RA) has no one to write up so instead takes the busted microwave and chucks it in the dumpster.

The rest of the night goes fairly smoothly. I take care of the homework from my two classes and hit the sack about 1 a.m.

At roughly 1:30 I am jolted awake by Igor, who is composing terrible industrial music on the Korg while wearing a black cape and tuxedo pants. He has his amps cranked so the unearthly sounds of his crap are actually vibrating the concrete walls. I tell him to turn it down but he can't even hear me. I wrap some t-shirts around my head, bury my head under my pillow, and stay awake all night.

Day Four

Just as I'm getting to sleep my alarm clock rings and I'm up and moving. At least I'm plenty early for class, right? No. After three days of eating pretty much anything I want, my internal plumbing is pretty much clogged up solid. I was wondering why I was getting headaches, mood swings, and blurred vision. I try to answer the call of nature for about 45 minutes before anything happens. Afterwards, I'm as light as a feather, but late for class.

No time for breakfast. I shower and head to class. Actually, I show up only about 10 minutes late, which is great. Class goes smoothly because I sleep through it.

I grab a light lunch and sleep through the afternoon. I also sleep through dinner, but I wake up in time for my evening class.

Finally! There is a female in one of my classes. A single, solitary girl. Class goes well, but I ignore most of it because I'm trying to get her to notice me. I make several attempts, but with few noticeable results. The competition is pretty fierce for even a glance from her and I immediately make several enemies.

After thinking about it for a few minutes I decide to take it easy. After walking

around for a few days, one thing becomes clear—RIT doesn't have as many girls as, say, any other school in the state. The few girls that actually attend college here must get hit on and flirted with fairly regularly, so I decide to lighten up on her.

After class it's time for me to get some food. A few floormates and I head down to the Corner Store and pick up some junk food and magazines. Just something to tide me over until breakfast. I spend a load of my debit, because stuff is expensive down there.

At this point I realize that my parents would have been better off just signing me up for a whole lot of debit and not so many damned meal plans because there is no way I'm going to be able to hit that cafeteria at every meal. I'll be eating outside the regular mealtimes too much, so that requires portable food, and that requires debit.

Anyway, some of my floormates and I stay up until 3 a.m. watching pornos in the lounge.

Day Five

I wake up at around 7 a.m. and can't get back to sleep, so I grab some breakfast and walk around campus for a while. I actually find a lot of stuff, explore the tunnels under some of the academic buildings, find the radio station (WITR), and figure out how to get from building 1 all the way down to the Clark gym without setting foot outside. Tunnels, baby—I figure now that it's warm it doesn't really matter that much, but when winter comes around it'll be nice to find a way out of the wind.

My first class isn't until after lunch, so I head back to my room and derive some small piece of satisfaction out of cranking Aerosmith loud enough to wake Igor up. He complains but I pretend not to hear.

I head out to grab some lunch and then walk all the way from the dorm side to the ass-end of the campus so I can go to class in the CIMS building (now renamed the Louise M. Slaughter building).

Class is pretty rough this time around, as the professor goes over a lot of stuff that we should have known from high school but I've forgotten in the meantime. I'm thinking of trying to sleep through class, but the material is so confusing it's keeping me awake.

Finally class is out, but I have a little less than an hour until my next class. Instead of hoofing it all the way back to the dorm, I head for the library and find a nice, soft chair and snooze for about an hour. I wake up late for my next class and end up running to get there only 10 minutes late.

This class is a literature class and since I can read it goes fairly well. There are even some females in there, too, and I'm thinking that this will be my favorite class. I needed plenty of books for it but they were fairly cheap anyway.

Class gets out at 9 and I'm hungry. Too late for dinner at Gracie's so I round up a few floormates and head to the Commons, pay for some expensive food, and just hang out for a while. I notice that if I'm paying for each item separately I tend to get less than if I'm simply stuffing my face in a buffet bar.

Since it's Friday night we decide to get cleaned up and head out to some parties we heard about. Everyone gets all spiffed up



Day Six

and we walk out of the dorms and down to Perkins, where some people are throwing a party. Girls get in free but guys pay four bucks. At any rate it's all-you-can-drink so we head to the keg and get ourselves loaded up. (Note: the author was a freshman before this school instituted its dry-campus policy.) However, after getting our Blue we notice that we are standing in the middle of a sea of maleness. There is not one single girl visible, even though they get in free. We drink enough beer to justify our four bucks each, then head out to more fertile pastures.

The next party we hit turns out to be a frat kegger. We stick around long enough to have someone throw up on my leg, and then we split.

After a quick trip back to the dorm so I can change my pants, someone suggests we head over to Colony because there's always something happening there. After the brisk 25 minute walk we see several parties going on at once. We decide to split up so we can cover more ground.

The party I end up picking is packed, with about maybe 25 percent female population, so I like it more already. Also it's only \$3 to drink, so that's cool too. The beer pong table is where most of the action is but since I don't have a partner and there are about a dozen sets of keys on the table I decide to just wander around for a while. In the living room people are funneling, the kitchen has keg stands, there are people shotgunning all over the place, and someone who lives there is making the rounds with a tray of Jello shots. I take the opportunity to get myself plastered. By the end of the night I haven't puked, but I definitely would not pass anyone's sobriety test

I wake up at noon with a tremendous, cracking headache. That's what I get for not staying hydrated last night. I stumble down to the Corner Store and buy some nice, refreshing liquids and some dry saltine crackers.

I crack open a bottle of apple juice and begin the long and arduous task of rehydrating myself. After downing about three-quarters of the bottle, though, I experience some wicked stomach cramps and need to rush to the bathroom.

A quick word for the wise at this point: do not drink apple juice to rehydrate yourself. As it turns out, the chemical makeup of apple juice makes it a natural laxative. Couple this with the commonly-occurring phenomenon of "beer shits" and you create a whole new situation, one where you will end up losing more fluids than you replace. If you need to rehydrate, the best thing to drink is just plain old water. Failing that, Gatorade will do, although the taste and texture may or may not agree with your tender stomach. Also, stay away from orange juice and lemonade, as the acid may further upset things down there.

I spend most of Saturday sleeping it off, watching television, and checking my e-mail. By the time dinner rolls around I'm just about back to my old self. Some friends and I catch a ride with someone who lives on another floor, and we head out to Burger King and get some real food.

Afterwards we head over to the gym to play some basketball and kill time before we go out again. The place is packed, though, and we have to wait about 20 minutes before a game opens up.

After thoroughly losing to a squad of 35-year-old guys, we head back to our dorm, drenched in sweat and ready to drink.

We all get cleaned up, put on some nice clothes, and head out into the party world again. Naturally, we head straight to Colony this time and Colony does not disappoint. We slip into and out of half a dozen parties in the next five hours. I take it easy on the booze this time around and instead concentrate on talking to the ladies, which doesn't really get me anywhere but at least I can say I tried.

On our way back to the dorm, we meet a friend who we eventually have to carry back with us. We put him in his room and wake up his roommate so he can keep an eye on him.

Day Seven:

I'm not nearly as hungover today as I was yesterday so things are looking bright. I even made it up, got a shower, and got dressed before noon. I bum some food off the guys next door and spend most of the afternoon doing homework and watching ESPN. Also I run a load of laundry (good God, is that expensive) so I can wash the smell of party smoke out of my clothes.

Dinner is courtesy of Wegmans and I spend the evening watching the X-Files and Simpsons. I make it an early night and I'm in bed by midnight.

So there it is, a rough account of pretty much half-and-half truth and lies of my first week here. I've included a few lessons I learned the hard way so you, dear reader, don't have to. Have fun, be safe, and party on.



The FRESHMEN Diaries

Freshman year. To some, the time may appear insignificant. Looking back at high school, what brings more defining memories—freshman or senior year? Most likely the latter. However, this isn't any ordinary year. In fact, for many of you freshmen, over the next nine months your lives will probably change dramatically. Moving away from your parents and into a new environment, meeting all new people—it's not an experience...

For these six sophomores, freshman year was more than just classes and hanging out—it was a life-changing experience...

Finding the Time

By Antonio Castillo

Realizing what you want from your freshman year does not occur until it is finally over. You however, already display promising qualities, using your time wisely to read this story for instance. Time is what you will need to have few regrets at the end of your first year in college.

This week you should start two promise jars, which will hold the pledges you make to yourself. If you keep true to this, by the time the year is over you will have achieved your goals. I know because I did the same thing.

One jar is going to hold the promises you want to keep. Those will be the vows to go to class on time, to study for every quiz, to read every chapter. Go to the gym everyday and work off the weight. Play computer games in moderation, and go to parties on the weekend and still get your projects done.

The other jar is going to hold the promises from the first jar that you do not keep. I suggest throwing the second jar out now to avoid wasting time and causing yourself distress. I recommend this simply because all of your goals will not be achieved this year.

Everyone I know had something they would have done differently. Reflecting on the way things should have

been done is a good way to learn from your mistakes, but dwelling on past mistakes is a terrible way to improve upon the future. If you miss a lecture or lab I suggest not letting it bother you. Attending the next class worrying about what you missed only distracts from your attention, and now you've essentially missed two classes!

You may not worry about this kind of thing at all, in which case you are ahead of some of your peers, but now you've wasted time reading this paragraph so we better continue.

Achieving a scholastic and social balance will take almost the entire year. The best thing to do right now is to realize that you will need both. I don't need to tell you that you should care about doing well in class since you are paying to go to school now; the Bursar's Office should have already done that. What you do need to know is that an integral part of your higher education will be from the friends you make and the times you'll share. By the end of the year if you have not grown more emotionally than intellectually, then time has indeed been wasted.

I am not promising that all of the social experiences will leave you with a cheerful feeling. Some of the best lessons I learned last year were the result of undesired social experiences. Good roommates are a blessing, and if you get one your entire year will probably be

filled with memorable events. Bad roommates can offer something as well—a crystal clear perspective as to the way people should not be treated.

I already said you probably wouldn't realize what you want from your freshman year until it is finally over. At the end of the year, after taking three quarters of classes, you are going to decide that you chose the wrong major. I did. At the end of the year you are going to regret missing that great concert in the Clark Gymnasium because you had too much studying to do. I did. At the end of the year, after your floor has finally begun to feel like home and your floor mates have started to feel like family, you are going to regret the year is over. Yes again, I did.

Find the time to both do well in your classes and spend some of it with your friends. Find the balance between work and leisure. If you make the most of your time this year, then you may end up with a pretty good GPA. You'll find the major that gets you excited about doing work and eventually defines your future career. And most importantly, you'll find friends who will split the rent of a pretty nice townhouse with you.

I did.

Friends or Rules

By Eric D Nelson

All RIT freshmen face an onslaught of new decisions to make as they mature into their first year. With newfound freedom, and a new wardrobe of T-shirts compliments of credit card companies, students must find the right and wrong times to study, sleep in, party, go to class, and get to know friends. On the opposite side of the spectrum, decisions may escalate as far as choosing between abiding by RIT's alcohol policy and saving friends' lives. This is just what happened to some of my friends and I during my first year.

On a cold Friday night, two friends from my hometown were on their way to visit me. Because of a high school wrestling tournament my friends were going to on their way to Rochester, they did not plan to arrive until late. Around 10 p.m., a phone call informed me that slick roads pushed back their estimated time of arrival to midnight. When I inquired about background noise on the phone, I was enlightened with a list of six other visitors of whom I was previously unaware.

The information quadrupled the total number of people coming to visit to eight. This could have been a problem, but my roommate and I had had multiple extra people sleeping in our room before. As long as we get to sleep comfortably in our beds, we could care less how crammed the squatters on our floor were.

When the hometown friends showed up instead as the hometown gang, I was in my floormate Dave's room getting my ass beaten by him at NHL '97. We paused the game so I could show the hometown gang where they could leave their stuff, as it

seemed they had enough gear to survive a canoe trip from Rochester to New Orleans.

When we returned to Dave's room, the hometown gang was still accompanied by some of their gym bags. Normally this would have made me suspicious, but I was more concerned with getting Wayne Gretzky to juke pass Sergei Fedorov without being laid out again.

I still say I would have come back and won that game if our concentration was not broken at the same time the tabs were broken on half a dozen Bud Lights. Before Dave and I knew what was going on, his room had a case and a half of beer in it. Certainly not a good sign on a dry campus.

Since Dave and I did not want to get in trouble for their drinking, we informed the gang that they could not drink nor possess alcohol there because of the strict alcohol policy.

Being that the gang were good friends most of my life, I thought they would do me the favor of abstaining from alcohol for the night. However, since they had already been drinking before they showed up, they said that if they could not drink in the dorms, they would drive elsewhere and drink. Therefore, our choice was to either let them drink in the dorms, or let them drive intoxicated with the icy roads magnifying the actions of the drunk at the wheel.

The gang drank. We had to choose the lesser of two evils. No matter how foolish it was of them to put us in that tight situation, sending them out on the icy roads was no way to teach them a lesson.

Since there was a ton of drunken people in Dave's room, three of my RIT friends, Randy, Marcie, and Teresa, offered to help keep the hometown gang under control.

Around 2:00 a.m., a neighbor woke the RA to tell him that there were bad things

going on in Dave's room. Soon after, the RA knocked on Dave's door and despite efforts to hide the beer, the RA saw the edge of one of the twelve packs in his quick visual scan of the room.

Needless to say, this did not please him.

After short deliberation, the RA instructed me to get rid of the alcohol before advising the gang to leave campus and writing my four friends and I each a judicial.

Randy, Marcie, and Teresa escaped punishment since they were only trying to help the situation, but RIT slapped Dave and I with disciplinary probation until the end of the year on the grounds that it occurred in his room and they were my friends.

The hometown gang made it home at 4:30 a.m. after a bitter ride home. They all apologized for putting us in that situation.

We sacrificed our good disciplinary records so our friends did not have to drive home, but things did not quite work out as planned. No matter what wacky things develop during everyone's first year experience this year, one just hopes that the right decisions are made and priorities are not confused.

Give it a Chance

By Lauren Richardson

It was a dreary Sunday morning when I arrived at RIT. My parents and I waited within the line of cars in K lot, arguing over who was going to move what and what should be moved first. After dumping all of my stuff onto the lawn outside NRH, my parents went to park the cars. Sitting there, two things occurred to me. The first was that as much as I thought I had overpacked, I realized I was still missing things. Some people had even brought more than me! Why would you bring a chair from a beauty salon, complete with attached hair dryer? It was at that moment when I realized that I was in college now.

There are many changes you have to get used to when you start college. All of a sudden, your parents aren't there and you realize how much of a difference they can make to you. The people you have been friends with since elementary school are miles away. Not to mention other things such as pets are no longer there. Some people take little or no time to adjust to the new college life. Others take a while. And yet others never give it a fair shot.

I came to RIT and planned on transferring after freshman year before we even got into my dorm. I didn't want to go to RIT at all. I ranked it as a fourth choice out of the colleges I applied to. It was too close to my home in Buffalo. Rochester reminded me of Buffalo too much. I didn't like the campus. I wasn't sure if I wanted to stay in business. There were so many reasons I had to leave RIT. I even told myself not to get too close to people because I was going to transfer anyways.

I began looking at other colleges halfway through fall quarter. When I came back from Thanksgiving break, my mailbox was stuffed with infor-

mation and applications from numerous other colleges. I went to professors and asked them for recommendations to go along with my application.

One December day I was sitting in my dorm, writing a college application essay, and I kept hearing my friends running up and down the halls, laughing and having fun. So I stopped writing and joined them. Then something totally strange, totally unexpected happened. When I came back to my essay, I realized... I didn't want to leave RIT. I had made friends. I was comfortable. I liked my major now and at least some of my professors. I didn't want to think about being in a different dorm now. I enjoyed having snowball wars, watching the Simpsons in the lounge, and going for late night Taco Bell runs with my friends. The idea of not being at RIT with my friends sounded strange.

The point is, you must give everything a chance. You have to give yourself time to adjust to not living in the same house as your parents and to not having the same group of friends. In college, you probably will have to study for every test and quiz. In high school, if you knew you had a quiz, I'll bet that most of the time you studied for five minutes in lunch before you went and took it. Not anymore. Good grades don't come as easily as they did in high school.

If you had your own room at home, chances are you don't anymore. And the communal bathroom is always a major thing to adjust to. All of a sudden you are sharing a bathroom with around maybe 10 or 15 people (and also whoever they decide to let sleep over).

You have to give yourself time to adjust. And a week is not a long enough adjustment time. Chances are, a quarter isn't enough time either. College is like anything else; you have to give yourself time to adjust and change to it. Yes, things

might not be picture perfect right from the start, and yes, you may miss being in high school and at home, but give it a chance before you give it up and leave or transfer. There are a lot of things that you do in college that after a while, you can't see yourself not doing. Hanging out in the lounge with your friends watching bad movies and the Simpsons because you can't stand writing your paper any more. Playing Frisbee in the quads during those oddball days in October when it gets warm again all of a sudden. Having a snowball war after the first decent snow. It's the moments like these that make college so much fun.

I did finish filling out those other college applications and I did get accepted. But I turned them down. I looked around my dorm and couldn't bear the thought of leaving it. I had grown to like RIT. But to make it to where I am now, I had to give it a chance. And staying at RIT is a decision I'm glad I made everyday.

It's Not All that Bad

By Marci Savage

I first have to mention that I had a wonderful freshman year. No real horror stories, though there were some funny ones that I look back on today and still laugh about. If you get anything out of this article it would have to be this: get involved! Last year I was on the Crew team, wrote for Reporter, was a writer for Liberal Smarts, and worked as an RSA on the residential side of campus. The best way to meet people is to go to activities that you enjoy. There you will meet others with the same interests.

I am a very outgoing person, and this helped the friend-making process go a bit smoother. All you freshmen should speak up—don't be afraid to make new friends! It will make your year much more enjoyable if you do this in the beginning and have people to fall back on.

I am not going to lie and say that everything is always great, because it isn't. I remember several times last year saying "Boy I wish I was home" or "I miss my friends/family and can't wait to see them." Remember, though, you don't have to lose old friends in order to gain new ones. During my freshman year I was able to hold the bonds that had developed through high school and also make many new close friends.

I very clearly remember one day when I was beyond stressed and nothing was going right. I called my mom and told her I wanted to go home. Most college freshmen dream of the day they can be on their own, living at college. Yet, on that partic-

ular day, I found myself desperately wishing to be at home again. As I sat there and talked to my mother, I realized that there is stress no matter where you are; the only thing you can do is manage it.

No matter what you are going through, remember there is always someone on campus willing to help. I had a really awesome RA last year whom I felt I could talk to about anything. Because of him I decided to become an RA in order to help my residents the way he helped me. There are always people with their doors open willing to listen, whether it be your RA, Campus Safety, the Student Health Center, the Counseling Center, or the RSA's—and it is important to realize this.

One hard topic to discuss but that I feel will help freshmen out there is breaking up from relationships. Entering college I had a great boyfriend, and we had a strong relationship. But, the three-and-a-half hour distance between us proved to be disastrous and our relationship began slipping. I will never forget that phone call when we broke up. It was terrifying because I wanted to at least be able to do it in person, but I knew that it could not be that way. With the support of many friends I was able to get over this and realize that maybe it wasn't meant to be. Breaking up from a relationship can be hard, but try to always remember the positives that will come out of it and that it is not the end of the world.

Another breakup later occurred between myself and someone whom I was dating for a few months. Once again this breakup was not easy and many tears were shed, but once again I had the support of many great friends and peers around me.

Something very good came out of this relationship, as my ex and I are still very good friends.

There is no easy way to say this but classes are hard and most people have to study a lot more than they did in high school. I know that I was surprised when I had to spend hours upon hours studying for a single test. Sometimes this would get very frustrating, mainly when you would do poorly on a test when you had been preparing for a long time. Just because you screw up on one test does not mean that every test will be like that. I took Calculus for Management Science my second quarter, and math sure is not my thing. Even though I did poorly on one test I stuck with it and ended up with a B in the course.

Make sure you spend enough time with academics, since they are the main reason you are here. Too many freshmen get off course because they are finally living on their own with no rules. On the same note, don't spend all of your time studying, there are plenty of times to get out and have fun!

My last words of advice to both freshmen and anyone else here at RIT:

- Be a friend.
- Know there are people out there to help you.
- Remember that you are not alone.
- Smile—it's an easy way to make a friend.

Finding Your Niche

By Bryan Hammer

They call it “the freshman experience,” and I guess that’s just what it is. A year that will give you drama and suspense, adventure and pressure, and plenty of stress. I believe the key to surviving the year successfully and happily is to just find your niche. Find something that will help you define yourself, and help you find a place for yourself not just at RIT but also in the real world. The first year is a year that you will see your beliefs and values become questioned, and perhaps changed. You see things from a different point of view. Issues and opinions no longer come from your parents; you are truly set free to become your own person.

Like many freshmen, I came into my first year believing that I had most of my life figured out. I knew what brought me joy, and I understood what my morals and values were. In the year that followed, however, I saw my decisions and outlook on life change by interacting with different people and really listening to what they had to say. I discovered a lot of my values came from a reflection of my parents. It occurred that because of my home life, I never really questioned things like religion, political actions, my passion for life, and just the everyday decisions that I had grown up with. After that I realized a big part of what college was about.

I knew as soon as I arrived at RIT I wanted to find something that I could be a part of. I had played hockey for years, and being an optimistic freshman I thought I could walk right on to the team. When this fell through it was a big letdown, and I even questioned what else there was that defined me. I kind of realized that this is my time to try something new, and perhaps discover another skill in my life; this is what led me to Reporter. I have managed to find a place here at RIT; for now. Who knows, maybe the college experience will lead me in a new direction.

Some of you freshmen will experience what I did. Maybe some of you won’t experience it until next year. But it is important to take college for what it is—an experience. Challenge yourself, and don’t be afraid to jump into something new. There is something to learn from every situation, and every person. If you approach it properly, you will come out of the year feeling better about yourself, and who you are as a person.

Your Freshman Year—FREE!

By Laura Chwirut

More than likely, your parents will be shelling out thousands of clams for your "academic enrichment" at RIT. If only they knew that most of the things you will be learning are totally free of charge... I'm serious about this! No joke, no frills, just read the fine print that follows. The bulk of what you learn in college will be learned outside of class—at no expense whatsoever.

The first introductory lesson is learned on day one as freshmen move into the dorms. No matter how much you believe you are now independent from your parents, you soon will miss them too—upon the first trip to the bookstore as you discover how valuable having parents around could have been. Regardless, everybody on that move-in day is starting off anew, and that is a comforting thought. The free lesson? If you are friendly to the people in your hall you will have the ability to appreciate what the others on your floor have to offer you; an extra hand in lofting your bed, computer support, or an

understanding ear that you will need later on in the year.

Moving right along. The natural progression of the college student after the parents leave is to do something you have never been allowed to do. A warning: if the first item on your agenda is to get a tattoo or pierce a part of you that has never been pierced before, maybe you should wait a month or so—you still need to buy those books. This next lesson will not be learned any other way than by doing. As the administration will have you know, RIT is a dry campus. Being as we were smart enough to get into college, we must also be clever enough to get around this edict. The ritual hike to Colony thus ensues. The resulting lesson to this scenario has to be learned on your own. It's just another example that you are no longer at home. Your parents don't care when you come in, or if you do so at all. Your life is now in your own hands.

Transportation. That's free as well, or close to it. If you live in the dorms, you can catch a bus to go across campus, or even to go to the Marketplace Mall or other close Rochester businesses. Yet soon, you will discover a need to get to other stores, other restaurants, and go

downtown. A friend with a car becomes a valuable friend to have.

Procrastination. Its good to avoid it at all costs. Quarters are only 10 weeks long. Getting behind in a class can take triple the amount of time to make up. The key lesson here is that time is money and how you spend it—or waste it—will come back to you real fast.

Got those down? There you have it—the easy, low budget guide to enjoying a successful stay here at RIT. Now call your parents and beg them to send you some more money.

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No one told you the hardest part of being an engineer would be finding your first job. Of course, it's still possible to get the high-tech work you want by joining the U.S. Air Force. You can leverage your degree immediately and get hands-on experience with some of the most sophisticated technology on earth. To find out how to get your career off the ground, call 1-800-423-USAF or visit our Web site at airforce.com.



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This Week in Sports Season

By Aaron Landers

Tigers Take Third in Tournament

For the first time in the last five years, the men's soccer team made it through their season opening tournament without a loss. Starting their season on Friday, August 31, the squad took on Rivier College in the annual RIT Tournament. The Tigers got off to a rather auspicious start in the match, which was played in less than favorable weather conditions.

Less than seven minutes after the opening kickoff, Rivier College had their first look at goal, a breakaway chance that was masterfully saved by junior goalkeeper Kevin Meredith. RIT wasn't out of danger yet, however. On the ensuing corner kick, a failed clearance found its way to the foot of Rivier midfielder Bledi Cace just a few feet outside of the penalty area. Cace unleashed a rocket into the upper right corner of the goal to put Rivier ahead.

The Tigers settled down and found their rhythm shortly after the goal. Though having trouble getting genuine goal opportunities, the team held much of the possession with precision passing throughout the midfield. The team's collective play finally paid off with just over a minute remaining in the half.

It's only fitting that sophomore captain Trae Lower, last season's leading scorer and Empire Eight Rookie of the Year, notched the first goal of the season for the Tigers. He buried a loose ball past Rivier keeper Tyler Ward after a great move on the end line by junior midfielder Shaun Mclarney led to a goal mouth scramble.

Throughout the second half, RIT continued to control the flow of the game, as they began getting more and more chances on goal. The squad's confidence was booming as they put and increasing amount of pressure on the opposing defense. However, it was Rivier who would strike next.

A quick transition by Rivier led to their best chance of the second half. In the 68th minute, Earnest Baah broke free inside the penalty area. Meredith heroically lunged his body at the attacker as

the shot left his foot. The collision forced a rebound that Baah got a foot on, sending it into the back of the net and giving Rivier their second lead of the game.

Tenacity was a key to the team's successful 2000 campaign, and it appears as if this year's team will continue that trend. Just shy of the 70th minute, sophomore Blake Harrison, making his first start for the Tigers after seeing limited action last year, fired a blast from thirty yards out, beating Ward and leveling the score. Although the Tigers provided continued pressure to Rivier as the rain continued to fall and the sky grew increasingly darker, the teams remained knotted at two when regulation ended.

Overtime was shortened to one 15-minute golden goal period instead of the standard two because of the rapidly approaching nightfall. The Tigers had a number of opportunities to win it, but couldn't find the back of the net. The game ended as a draw on the team's records. A shootout was used to determine who would advance to the championship game.

Both teams scored on their first three spot kicks in the shootout. Scoring for the Tigers were Lower, Harrison, and sophomore midfielder Brad Roy. Ward saved the final two Tiger penalty kicks, as Rivier won the opportunity to play in the championship against

New Jersey City University.

Meredith had a solid outing in net for the Tigers, making six saves.

The match was clearly dominated by the Tigers as they came just short of the victory. Despite the minor setback, the squad came out with their guns blazing in the consolation match the next day against SUNY Brockport.

Despite the lack of early chances in the match, RIT struck first on the scoreboard. Defender and senior captain Adam Cisz, who scored on a spectacular long range effort in last years tournament, equaled that effort with a beautifully placed free kick that beat both the wall and the Brockport's goalkeeper and cruised ever so smoothly into the lower left corner of the goal.

RIT goalkeeper Brian Lenzo, a transfer from Drew University, thwarted the few chances that Brockport had in the half. Lenzo had a fantastic outing for the Tigers, stopping 12 shots and showing veteran confidence between the pipes. Consequently, Lenzo was named to the All-Tournament Team, along with midfielder Cody Ostrum, Lower, and Harrison.

Brockport leveled things early in the second half off of a Kevin Drumm scoring opportunity. The Tigers refused to be denied the win, as they kept working to break the deadlock. Sophomore Brad Roy became a hero for the Tigers, notching the first goal of his collegiate career on a blast from 25 yards out midway through the half.

Roy's goal gave RIT its first victory of the season, as well as third place in the tournament. The squad resumes their season this Tuesday at home against an always tough Hobart side. The last three meetings between these teams have been intense battles decided in overtime. The Tigers will look to improve on their 1-0-1 start when the Statesmen come to town.

Lady Tigers Take Second

The Lady Tigers kicked off their season a day after the men in the Second Annual Rachel Miller Memorial Tournament. The team, who lost only two players to graduation, is hoping to have the same kind of success that landed them in the New York State playoffs last year. Defending last year's tournament title was the first order of business for the squad.

In the team's first match of the tournament, the Lady Tigers faced SUNYAC powerhouse Plattsburgh. Senior captain Carol Rivers, arguably one of the fiercest women's players in the area, was a dominant force in the match for RIT. She put the team on the board first with a beautiful header off of a corner kick midway through the first half.

The Lady Tigers looked to take a 1-0 lead into halftime. However, Plattsburgh's Leah Puckett leveled things in the 34th minute, putting home a rebound following a long-range effort on goal.

Rivers once again proved her prowess on the pitch in the second half. Off of a Trisha Schepler feed, Rivers dribbled past Plattsburgh goalkeeper Corie Gaidusek and calmly finished her second goal of the match. The goal sealed the victory for the Tigers who won the right to play in the championship on Sunday against Wilkes College.

The following day against Wilkes, RIT got off to another great start, thanks again to Rivers, who scored every goal in the tournament for the Lady Tigers. She finished a cross from Schepler to give the squad a 1-0 lead in the first half.

The team stayed in front until the 54th minute, when tournament MVP Holly Shiber scored for Wilkes to tie the game at one. Wilkes continued to pressure the Lady Tiger defense and netted two more goals in the half, stealing the victory and the tourna-

ment title away from RIT.

Carrie Yehle had three saves on the afternoon for the Tigers. Her counterpart, Jonelle Oram, stopped 12 shots in the victory.

Forwards Rivers and Melanie Lowe as well as midfielder Nicole Cornett all made the All-Tournament Team, as RIT finished in second place for the two day tournament.

The Lady Tigers take to the road this week. They play at Alfred University tomorrow, September 8 at 1:00, Keuka College on Tuesday, and Ithaca next Saturday before returning home to face cross town rival and perennial power U of R on Tuesday, September 18 at 4:00.

Cross Country Teams Compete in Buffalo

RIT's cross country teams had a solid first outing as they traveled to Buffalo for their first competition of the season at the Daniel Walker Invitational at Beaver Island Park.

The men had a number of fine performances on the afternoon. Jaime Bennett finished the best overall for the Tigers coming home in 20th place with a time of 26:57. Rusty Ormsby finished 37th, followed by John Tomac in 41st and Adam Cross in 45th. Freshman Ryan Pancoast also ran a strong race to fill out the five-man scoring group.

The women's cross-country team also had some early success as they finished ninth overall in their 5K

event. RIT's newest intercollegiate athletic team showed promise of good things to come as they competed for the first time in 12 years.

Leading the way for the Lady Tigers were a trio of juniors. Heidi Spalholz finished 28th with a time of 20:40, followed by Jessica Vastola 51st, and Ellen Alkiewicz 54th who came in just seconds apart, finishing 51st and 54th respectively.

Both teams will be competing this Saturday at Oswego, as well as next weekend in Rochester. Check next weeks Reporter for more information about next weekend's event.

Women's Volleyball Goes 3-1

Under guidance of new head coach Roger Worsley, the Lady Tigers had a strong showing in their first weekend of competition.

The squad swept its opening matches in pool play at the Springfield College Invitational with a 3-0 win against Muhlenburg and a 3-1 victory against Western New England. On the second day of the tournament, the team dropped its first game of the season at the hands of host Springfield, 3-1. They rebounded nicely and picked up a 3-1 win against Otterbein to close out the tournament.

Forget the “Freshman

Staying Fit at RIT

By Marci Savage

After a summer filled with lazy nights and no exercise, it is important to stay in shape when returning back to college. Trust me, I know. This summer I promised myself that I was going to stay in shape, but did that happen? Yeah, right! My nights became filled with dinners and parties instead of runs like I promised myself I'd do. However, now that I am back at RIT I know how important it is to get back into shape. There are many ways to do this, without all the boredom and pain commonly associated with typical exercise.

The first thing to remember is not to set goals you won't be able to keep. Start off small if you have to and work your way up as the year progresses. Once you make the decision that you want to get into better shape, the first place you can turn to should be the Student Life Center (SLC). It is located by the residential side of campus, down the quarter mile, across from the health center. There is a gym that anyone with an RIT ID can use. Available are plenty of basketball, tennis, and racquetball courts. All of these can be rented out ahead of time, or you can take a chance and hope that a court is available. At the gym there are trainers who can help you learn the exercises and which ones are right for you.

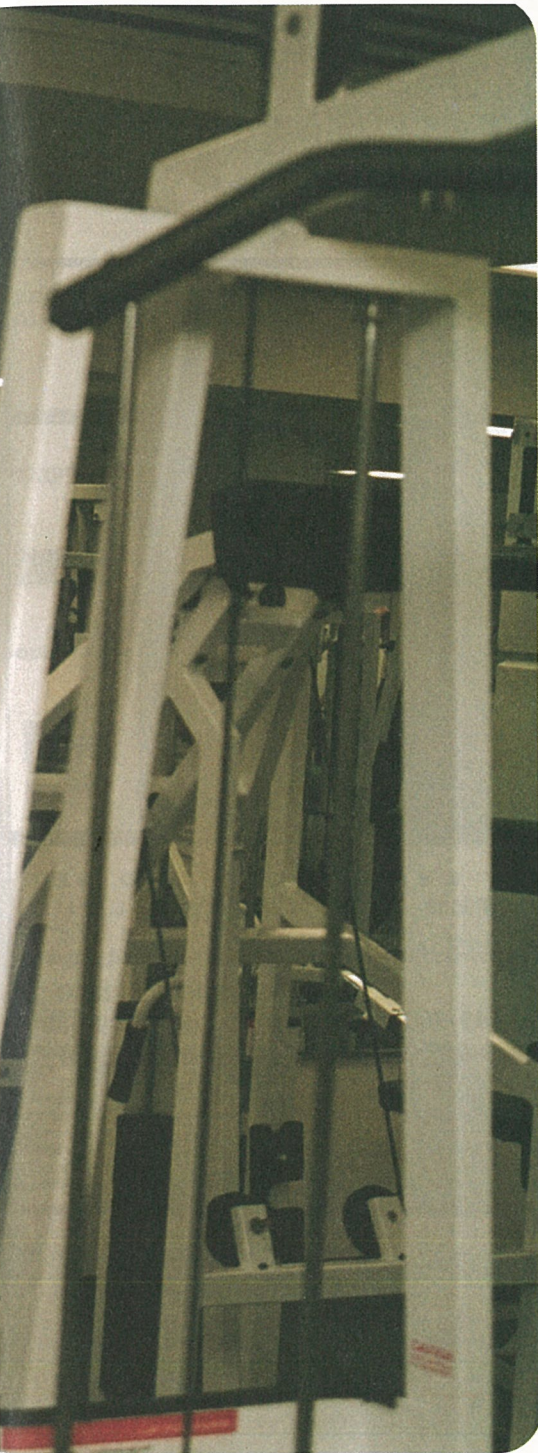
The weight room of the SLC is definitely a great place to start to get in shape. There are many resources available, and it proves that exercise can be fun as well as productive. Magazines and books can be borrowed with can be used while working out. Some of the equipment they have includes a few ergs, running machines, stair masters, weights, abs machines, and various others to target certain areas of the body.

One fun way to stay in shape is to use the RIT pool, located across from the Clark Gym. There are certain free swim hours where anyone with an ID can use the pool. Swimming is a very good way to stay in shape and it also can be fun too. Located in the Clark Gym is the Varsity weight room, where varsity athletes can go to lift or erg depending on what they want to do. This is a good facility to utilize if you are a member of a varsity sport.

There are many club sports that anyone can get involved in. Some of them require more time and effort than others, but usually all of this pays off. There are clubs for every season, so there are no excuses to not be in shape all year long. One club that is a possibility is the Water Polo team. They were very strong last year and look to defend that again this year. Swimming is very good exercise and mixed in with the game of polo it is a great sport to get involved in.

Some other club sports to think about getting involved in include the Bowling Club, Cycling Club, Equestrian Club, Ulti-



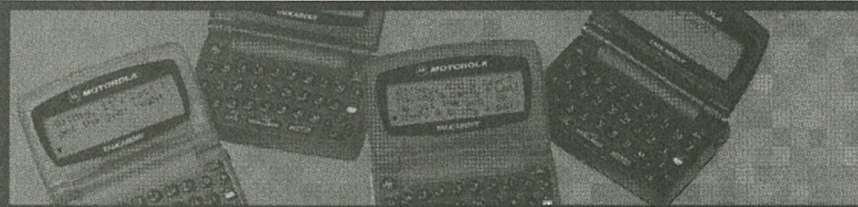


mate Frisbee Team, Men's Lacrosse Club, Men's and Women's rugby, Roller Hockey and Men's Volleyball. There are many different types of clubs based on your physical abilities and interests in certain activities. If you would like more information about any of these clubs that are available at RIT you can find out more information on the RIT website.

There are many good walking trails at RIT that you can use to run or walk on in order to get in shape. There are also many good roads to rollerblade on or bike. One good way to get in shape is to get a group of people together to run/walk or bike at the same time every day or whenever you decide to take part in the activity. It is much more fun if you do not exercise alone, and you are more likely to stick with it if there are more people involved.

Another way to get fit other than exercising is to make sure that you are eating healthy. There are nutrition experts at the Health Center who are able to help you make a plan of what you should and should not eat. The Counseling Center is also available if you have encounter any problems with various eating disorders, such as Anorexia.

There are many ways on the RIT campus to stay in shape. There are many clubs and varsity sports that you can get involved in, as well as learning how to eat healthy on a not so healthy campus when it comes to food.



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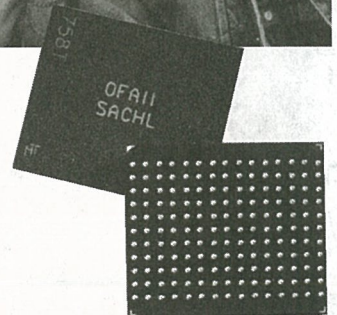
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