

# Fieldhouse Of Dreams Opens To Awe Struck Fans Of Indy

by Kevin Branigan

Indiana is basketball. Basketball is Indiana. The two are synonymous and will never be split apart. Little kids grow up playing basketball in Indiana, but there is just something in the air that sets them apart from other kids throughout the nation. Something magical. The likes of John Wooden, Bobby Plump, Larry Bird, and Steve Alford hail from this great basketball state.

Indiana's magical appeal got even bigger on November 6th. The Indiana Pacers, the state's storied professional franchise, opened a brand new facility called the Conseco Fieldhouse. The elegant, retro-style arena takes the place of Market Square Arena. Many

events and lots of history came and went through MSA, but all is forgotten easily with this brand new state of the art venue.

The Fieldhouse is an incredible sight to see, Pacer fan or not. The old-style look combined with the spacious new entities give the arena a special feel to it.

How fitting on that November night that the first opponent for the Pacer's was the rich tradition based Boston Celtics. The irony is great...Larry Bird's last year as Pacer coach, and coaching against the team that his number 334 became so famous throughout his years as a player. The setting was terrific

and the scene was spectacular.

The Pacers won 115-108 before a capacity crowd of 18,500. Adopted Hoosier Reggie Miller was the high man with 29 points. He picked up at Conseco right where he left off at Market Square.

The game was nice, but halftime stole the show. The Pacers with the help from Bob Costas, master of ceremonies, gave the fans who attended a priceless moment in time. The Pacers recognized the 50 Greatest Basketball Players from the state of Indiana as voted on by select members of the local media. The stage was set at center court for one of the most fantastic experiences

I have ever witnessed. Players and coaches alike were there. Players such as Oscar Robertson, Roger Brown, Larry Bird, and Rick Mount to coaches John Wooden and Bobby "Slick" Leonard. The greatest players in state history to all be gathered in the same spot at the same time is a once in a lifetime night to say the least.

Once the greatest were introduced, a quote appeared on the television screens at Conseco. "In 49 states it's just basketball. But this is Indiana." It's something about an iron hoop and a ball that is magical, and it will remain in Conseco Fieldhouse for many years to come.

## And You Thought Gas Was Expensive

by Wendy Nine

It's four in the afternoon. You just got out of classes or from work. It's been a long day and you're tired. You turn on the radio and start singing when you see the man in the blue suit with the badge waving you down at the top of Cold Spring Road. No, you don't get the full treatment with sirens and lights, just the wave. So you pull over behind the three other lucky individuals who sit in their cars fishing

for registration and license.

Since the beginning of August, people have been slamming on their brakes at the top of Cold Spring Road in anticipation of seeing the same two police officers standing beside their motorcycles waiting for law breakers.

I wanted to find out who was in charge of coordinating or who was knowledgeable about the subject of speeding. I was told to contact Sergeant

*Continued on page four*

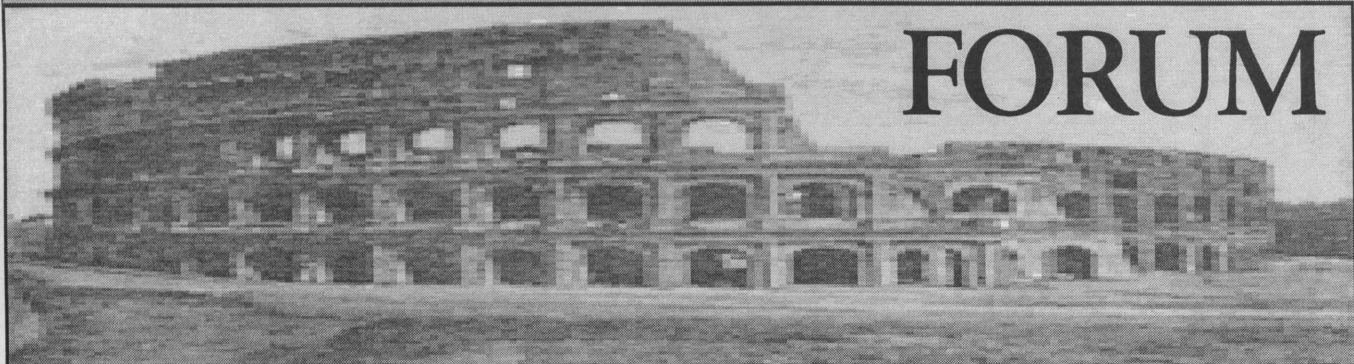


## Admissions Office Under The Knife

by Angela Hatem

Just in case you were wondering about the newly poured cement and yellow tape surrounding the Admissions Building, fear not, it is not a crime scene but the construction of a new office.





## FORUM

## Scanners, Scanners Everywhere

by Janet Van Lone Trieschman  
Assistant Professor of Art and History

I am writing in regards to the scanner issues stated in the Nov 1 issue of the Carbon. It stated that there were no pictures because a broken down scanner in the Mac Lab and lack of access to Fisher Hall's lab during posted open hours.

I must commend you on your efforts to publish a newsletter without any images. I did notice there were two images in the Carbon, four counting the advertising images. I could suggest that you use a digital camera, there are many on campus. I could suggest that your photographers plan ahead and have images ready for your use. I could suggest you schedule an appointment with one of the lab supervisors so that you may use a scanner at the time you need access to them. I could bring up the fact that a faculty member offered the Carbon a free black and white scanner for their use last semester but the gesture was rejected. I could even bring up the dreaded idea of using clip art! But I will not.

My concern is with the access to the Fisher Hall Lab because I am the supervisor of the work study students in this location. I find it interesting that the lack of access or monitors not showing up at scheduled times has not ever been mentioned. I don't doubt

that a monitor missing a scheduled time might and probably does happen. I don't have any control over it if I am not informed. It would be nice to know when access was not available so that I might act upon that fact. I can't be here every hour of the day thus the need for monitors in the lab. I would add that the lab is open for use with a monitor on duty 51 hours a week. This is fantastic compared to last year when we only had two monitors working 6 hours a week total. I would also add that the lab is usually open whenever I am in the building or in class because I must access my office through the lab.

I would like to suggest that the finger not always be pointed at someone else in looking for a reason to blame without fully searching within for some fault. It would appear to me that with some planning and ingenuity that statement of blame would not have ever needed to be written. We are all willing to work with you and see the Carbon succeed. Next time, make a phone call. Ask for special access to a lab. Try finding a solution BEFORE directing blame. The ability to solve problems will serve you well in your future career; blame will probably get your fired.

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Editor  
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## A Word From The Editor

by Angela Hatem

As Editor of the Carbon I would like to thank you for your response. Just to add some clarification, the Carbon is the student newspaper which contains facts and involves information of student interest, not a newsletter like something Ed McMahon sends out concerning the newest million dollar contest.

While your facts are correct, the one piece of information that was failed to have been mentioned was that when a friend to the Carbon went to the Fisher Lab during its posted hours the lab was closed. There is no disputing that. The news is something that is in constant flux and is ever changing; pictures become available as soon as possible, and when they are avail-

able, the staff of the Carbon attempts to get them scanned in the times that are allotted to us. It is the standard of the Carbon, while under my editorship, that clip art should not be used when our news pertains to student life in which photos are accessible, appealing, and newsworthy.

I was unaware of an offer made by the Art department to donate a scanner to the Carbon; if such an offer is still available we of the Carbon would be interested as well as appreciative.

No blame was ever laid, a fact was stated. I would also like to thank you for your concern in my future endeavors, but truly don't lose sleep—there is no need for alarm.

## In The Name Of Quenching Thirst

by Viviane Seumel

Pepsi has forced its way into the most healthy bastion of nutrition on campus. The Minute Maid juice machine in the cafeteria was replaced a few weeks ago by an aluminum-colored monster provided by our trusty sponsor. The new grape, apple, and orange "juices" dispensed by this machine taste like sugar water with food coloring. No one can convince me that drinking these beverages will have any health benefit. And oth-

ers agree. Every morning I see students who used to get Minute Maid juices opt for water or milk instead of Pepsi's artificial juice substitutes.

Sign the petition on the cafeteria comment board to bring back Minute Maid. Storm the offices of Aramark and Russ Glassburn. Make your voice heard and let administrators know that sacrificing health and nutrition for scholarship dollars is not our idea of successful sponsorship.



# Registration Groupies Crowd The Halls

by Denise Stockdale

If one didn't know any better, they could have easily mistaken Marian Hall for a Red Cross disaster relief shelter on Thursday, November 11. Oodles and oodles of freshmen and sophomores camped out in the hallway for hours to register for next semesters classes.

As I walked through the hall, I felt I should have been handing out blankets or bowls of soup. In a nice single file line, these tired bodies looked like war refugees. While passing through, I heard comments like, I have to get into Humanities, what do you mean Moral Issues is already closed?, and my favorite, I have been here since 4:30 this morning. I never realized there were classes in such demand. It reminded me of this summer when the new Star Wars

movie came out and people waited in line over night to buy tickets for a movie that didn't come out for another week and a half. Who would have thought there are registration groupies?

Ironically, these people were waiting hours to register for classes they will inevitably complain about for the next four months. It's not like the first 20 people won a fabulous prize.

Everyone came out with the same thing: another semester of stress, and a step closer to a diploma. So to all you early morning risers, more power to you, but to all those who would rather wake in the daylight, here is a thought: I will graduate in May with all the credits I need and never once did I wait in line to register.

## Believe it or Else The Rantings and Ravings of Christian Ragan

•Eleven percent of people have thrown away dishes to avoid washing them.

•A compact disc usually spins 500 times per minute.

•An artist in Rapid City, South Dakota carved the entire alphabet into a lead pencil using a chain saw.

•An old mountain man remedy for a sore throat was to eat a lump of sugar with a drop of kerosene.

•The Hawaiian alphabet contains only twelve different letters.

•Correction...Last issue's Believe It or Else stated that the Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to the inventor of dynamite, while that caption should of read that it was Alfred Nobel who invented dynamite and is the donor of the Nobel Peace Prize

### Correction

In the article "President Abene Issues His State of The College Address" the Carbon incorrectly implied that faculty and staff did not receive raises last year. We apologize for the mistake.



by Angela Hatem

## Fox College

*Dear readers, this column is from last year's issue. While I do have an escort of the male gender this year, I wanted to let all the other ladies of Marian know that I have not forgotten those days of dateless stress and nerves. Go the dance and have a good time I did.....*

The tension is so thick you could cut it with a switchblade. Dance cards are empty and the Fall Formal is upon us. You can tell from the whispers, complaints, and squeals of delight that this dance hangs over the campus like an ax; a few will be chosen while a good many will be driftwood.

The female to male ratio, six girls for every guy, morphs formal dances from a time of celebration to an experiment in science's theory of specialization. Frogs that don't adapt to petroleum in their water float to the lily pad in the sky, while the others live successful happily lives as long as you don't light matches by them.

Due to the abundance of females at this so called fox college, it is inevitable that the majority of us will stay at home and watch *Sixteen Candles*, while others will squeeze into their senior high prom dresses, buy pumps that are too small with heels that are too high, and slither themselves into panty hose that cut off the circulation to their legs.

Staying at home with my Zenith television does sound more appealing. My TV is guaranteed to love me no matter how I look. But I still want to go to the Fall Formal. It might be a need for validation as a valuable person, or my repressed desire to express myself by wearing sequence that makes such a an occasion feel life threatening.

I am willing to go. Actually I am dying to go. Problem is there 's a week till the gala, guys haven't asked, the boys

you've asked are married dating or are planning to watch Notre Dame football. Suddenly, priorities and prerequisites for dates begin to undergo a drastic change.

A gentleman escort would be ideal for such a function, but when that avenue begins to look like a dead end, roommates and other close female friends rapidly gain points for being potential dates.

In my case, if my roommate Kara was to be my companion there would be no first date anxiety, I could eat to my heart's content without the concern of looking like a hoss. I would know that if she brought me a drink she wouldn't be expecting something in return. It would eliminate jitters about a kiss good night, but in the end I would still be going home with somebody.

I propose a revolt against the traditional idea of male/female escorts. As a society we must accept the lack of testosterone driven species on this campus and make due with the ample amount of estrogen mammals we do have.

Single ladies of Marian, attending a dance with a roommate is an honorable and proud gesture. It says to all humankind, I won't let one little difference in anatomy keep me from having a good time. I am here to enjoy myself, and if my date happens to be wearing a gown prettier than mine, so be it.

Now the only problem is to find out what color corsage will match Kara's dress.

Continued from page one

Patterson who is in charge of traffic violations.

I identified myself as a student reporter who was doing an article over speed zones. Sgt. Patterson seemed quite offended when I referred to the common pull over place as a speed zone. He asked me a couple of times in the first five minutes what my definition of a speed zone was. After I gave him my definition, that a speed zone is a place where police officers sit on a regular basis to catch speeders, I was informed that "by doing this, accidents and fatalities are reduced."

Patterson also told me that there are only eight police officers zapping your speed during each shift all around Indianapolis. Police officers are only allowed to give you a ticket for \$110.00 unless you are going 26 and above. In that case it

would be \$125.00. At least one student that was pulled over at the top of Cold Spring was given a \$200.00 ticket for going 43 in a 25.

Patterson said that people usually believe they weren't speeding. He told me that indeed if you are pulled over, you were speeding because the speed guns they use are completely accurate whereas speedometers are usually 2-3 miles off.

But don't think your rights are all gone. Like anyone accused of a crime, you are allowed to contest your ticket. Patterson even told me that "you are allowed to have a jury, if you can afford it."

So remember the next time you are driving on Cold Spring Road remember Sergeant Patterson's words "what is a speed trap?"

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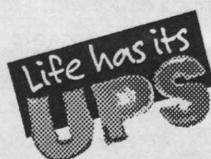
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