

Student has much different life than father in communist Romania  
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Two trumpeters, one trombone player chosen for Honor Band  
*Back cover*



# THE TOWER

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## MLK essay winners



By Erin Snelling/Special to The Tower

Winners of the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Essay Contest: Rebekah Matthews, Lashaunda Craft and Ashley Toney.

## MLK taught student to live a life she could be proud of

Senior Rebekah Matthews won the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Essay Contest on campus. The economics major received a \$300 book stipend for winning the competition sponsored by the Multicultural Affairs Office.

Ashley Toney, senior education major, was the 2nd place winner of a \$150 book stipend,

and Lashaunda Craft, a senior education major, was the 3rd place winner of a \$50 book stipend. The judges were history professor Katherine Riley, English professor Imali Abala and academic advisor Adam Duberstein.

Matthews' 1st place essay follows:

By **Rebekah Matthews**  
*Special to The Tower*

Ring! Ring! The school bell sounds and I am amazed that I can even hear it over the sound of my own heart beat. I am filled with anticipation, while sweat slowly starts to drip from my forehead. With each thud that cascades down my cheek,

I know that I am coming closer and closer to room 245. This is the place where my life will change; after fighting for seats on the public bus, filled with the stench of musk and homelessness, I am here. Through the streets filled with despair and poverty, there is hope that

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# Viewpoints

## One generation ago, life couldn't have been much more different

By **STEVEN NYESTE**  
*Tower Columnist*

Like father, like son? Not quite.

Living life in the land of the free is a blessing, especially after my father, Istvan Nyeste told me stories of his life growing up.

My entire family, (aside from me) were all born and raised in Europe. Historically Hungarian, both my parents' families lived in Romania, after parts of Hungary were absorbed by the surrounding nations.

In the 1970's Romania was a communist nation, ruled by a ruthless dictator named Nicolae Ceaușescu. Pick any industry, and you could know it was corrupted. Even the religious sector of the nation was highly influenced by the communist government.

I graduated from Hamilton Township High School in 2006 and decided to apply for admittance into Ohio Dominican University to study political science.

I filled out an admissions form, sent a few letters of recommendation and was accepted to the university. After the summer, my first semester of college started in August.

The story was a little different for my father. He attempted to get into college, but was denied. This was a big deal because of the required military service: nine months for those going into college, 19 months for those who weren't. As someone who wasn't very thrilled about having to serve

in the Romanian armed forces in general, the extra 10 months would have been devastating.

So my father turned to some contacts that he knew to get out of it.

A friend of a family friend just happened to serve as the second ranking doctor in the Army hospital in Nagyvárad (or Oradea in Romanian) the city my father was from.

He helped my father in falsifying a few medical documents and my dad was ultimately "ruled" medically in-eligible for the service for another few months.

During the extra time this bought my father, he applied to another university with his fiancée (my mother). Instead of filling out an application and sending in letters of recommendation, my parents sent alcohol, and lots of it, to some of the school administrators. Bribes were common in communist Romania and accepted with great willingness.

After getting into college, my father had to reapply for military service. This time he wanted to get in because you couldn't start school until you fulfilled your mandatory time. Now only needing nine months of service time, he wanted to serve and be done with it. He was sent nearly 500 miles away



Nyeste, above, with two photos of his dad



from his family, friends and my mom. During the entire nine months of mandatory service, he was allowed only one leave, for a total of 10 days, which included travel.

He was spending nine months of military service for a nation which he felt no real connection to, was awakened every morning at 4:30 a.m. and spent time away from my mother and his friends.

I, on the other hand was complaining about my twice-a-week 8 a.m. class being too much of a challenge, didn't like having less time to spend

with my friends and had issues having to take a few classes that I wasn't too fond of.

Yea, I sure had it tough.

Eventually, my father's time with the military came to an end, and he was ready to go to college. He had signed up for night classes, so he (and the many other workers) could work in the mornings and still attend school.

This was great for my father,

who wanted to start supporting my mother and begin their life together.

However, he was notified two days before the start of classes that night classes were no longer being offered. Two days notice is all he had to figure out a way to get to class and still find a way to work and pay for rent, food, clothing and his other bills.

It is truly unfathomable to me to imagine if Ohio Dominican would notify me two days before the start of my freshman year that classes were no longer offered for an entire section of time that I had scheduled them. It just wouldn't happen here.

It really was just the way things were run in Romania.

I decided after freshman year to change my major from Political Science to Public Relations, after researching more about what I wanted to do with my life.

My father had choices for him as for what he could study.

The government didn't look kindly upon my grandfather being a minister.

Add in my father's Hungarian background, having an

**"It really takes knowing the alternative to truly appreciate just how good I have it."**

# Viewpoints



uncle who was then in the United States after fleeing the country as a student organizer against the communist Soviet Union during the Hungarian revolution in 1956, and that his sister was studying in Switzerland, and you can figure that the government loathed some things about my father.

They let him study construction and engineering work because as my father said, "When you build a machine, it doesn't care if you're a capitalist or a communist."

Like most of the students at ODU, my life is always busy. Taking classes, work, my internship and being president of P.R.S.S.A is tough, but I keep striving to do my best because I'm working for my future in a field I want to study.

I can't imagine having to work as hard as I am for something that I was told I could study, and not something I wanted to. How my father pulled off having to support my mom and him, while going to college and not studying what he wanted, is nothing less than incredible.

Here in the U.S. I'm able to have my own political leanings, can get into a political debates, read books that bash various

administrations of both major parties and switch on the television to watch crazy political television hosts yelling at each other over differences on a certain topic.

My father lived in a home that had phone lines bugged by the government. When my father talked to his uncle in the U.S, he had to lie and try to explain what was going on, without *actually* saying what was going on.

It really takes knowing the alternative to truly appreciate just how good I have it.

Even after factoring in the few hours of sleep a week, tons of responsibilities, homework, classes and work, I know life is much easier than having to go through what my dad did. None of my struggles and challenges comes close to having freedoms we take for granted repressed.

My father ultimately came to America and applied for political asylum. He disregarded the dangers of what could happen if he was denied and the Romanian government became notified of his attempts, in lieu of hopefully providing a bright future for his family.

It's something that I'll forever be in debt to him for doing.

## Letter to the editor:

### An open letter to the recycle spoilers

It is now more common than not to find banana peels in the recycle container intended for plastic bottles or a half-full Styrofoam cup in the container intended for aluminum cans. I have given this much thought and it appears to me that there may be one of three basic reasons this may occur:

1. The individual is unable to distinguish between a plastic bottle and a banana peel.

2. The individual is too lazy to walk a few extra steps to a trash can to dispose of their food waste.

3. The individual thinks it is amusing to ruin the recycle program for everyone else.

I would like to make an appeal to you if you are one of the recycle spoilers: Please have a little more consideration for your fellow classmates who would like to recycle.

It would be most unfortunate if we have to end the recycle program because of a few inconsiderate individuals.

– Ken George,

2009 bachelor's degree graduate and current tutor in the math lab

## Like to write?

Get class credit for writing  
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Contact  
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## Contribute to The Tower

The Tower welcomes letters and guest columns from Ohio Dominican students, alumni, faculty, staff and administrators.

E-mail them to tower@ohiodominican.edu.

Students can contribute articles and photos by e-mailing adviser Rose Shilling at shillr@ohiodominican.edu.

Review: *Legion*

## Apocalyptic movie with potential falls short

By STEFAN ARMINTROUT  
*Tower Movie Critic*

I wasn't sure what to expect when I entered the theater to see *Legion*.

I thought the concept was original, but I unfortunately couldn't find many good qualities about this movie to give it a good recommendation. When faith is lost in humanity, the Archangel Michael comes to Earth to protect the unborn child of a truck stop waitress from

a legion of angels, because it is the key to humanity's survival.

Michael, along with the owner of the truck stop, the cook and the patrons, must fight off the legion, until the child is born.

This was not an enjoyable movie-going experience. Although the bad really outweighs the good, I did find some positive things about *Legion*.

First, I thought Paul Bettany's performance as Michael was spectacular. He was the only actor in the film that I felt brought some life to his character.

His character was the only one I could really take seriously. The second thing I liked was the dynamic between Michael and the Archangel Gabriel. Through their few scenes together, I could tell there was a deep-seeded friendship between them. When they were forced to fight, I could tell neither of them wanted to and that brought some true human emotions to the film (and yes, I know they are angels). The

fight itself was a great scene too. It was probably the best action scene in the movie.

Too bad there weren't many other good scenes in the film.

I was disappointed with Dennis Quaid's performance as Bob Hanson, the diner owner. It felt like he was just doing this film for the paycheck. Every line he uttered was cheesy and gave off a feeling of apathy.



The filmmakers did not do a good job explaining the mythology of the film. There was no clear reason why the child was important. Also, when Michael tells the owner's son named Jeep to follow the prophets to save the baby, nothing more is explained about that. The potential of having a great original story was hindered by the filmmakers rushing through the mythology and not giving the audience a real reason to care about this movie or the characters.

I felt *Legion* was just mindless entertainment, with really no substance, and I could not enjoy it.

Oh, and more thing. A film can't be very good if one of the main characters is named Jeep.

**Rating:** 1.5 out 5 stars

**Starring:** Paul Bettany, Dennis Quaid, Adrianne Palicki and Lucas Black

**Director:** Scott Stewart

**MPAA rating:** R for strong bloody violence and language. *Objectionable in parts.*

## Former OSU assistant to lead Panthers to NCAA

Bill Conley says he has simple goals as Ohio Dominican's second football coach: put a quality team on the field and graduate young men who become leaders and carry on the university's values.

And hopefully, the team reaches the national level in its new division in the NCAA, Conley said at the recent news conference announcing his appointment at the Griffin Student Center.

Conley was an assistant coach and recruiter for 17 years under three Ohio State coaches: Earle Bruce, John Cooper and Jim Tressel. He retired in 2004 and has been an analyst on television and radio.

ODU is in the middle of its switch from the NAIA to Division II of the NCAA. The Panthers will compete in the Great Lakes Intercollegiate Athletic Conference this fall.

Athletic Director Bill Blazer

er said he called Conley right away when he learned that Dale Carlson was leaving to coach at Valparaiso.

"It was an offer he couldn't refuse," Blazer said.

"Bill Conley will play a pivotal role in moving our football program, athletic department and university into the national spotlight," Blazer said.

Conley will have the opportunity to mold the program as it switches to the NCAA, which is expected to be final in 2011.

Conley said the sideline on Saturdays is not what he missed most about coaching. Instead, he said he's always most enjoyed the day-to-day working with the players and coaches and the camaraderie.

Conley graduated from Ohio State and played on the three Big Ten championship teams under coach Woody Hayes, including the 1968 national championship team.

## LEAD student pursuing business degree dies

LEAD student Tim Sheehan, 38, died Jan. 18 tragically as a result of an unfortunate accident.

Sheehan, of Grove City, was pursuing his bachelor's degree in Business Administration through ODU's Learning Enhanced Adult Degree Program.

He started in the program in 2007 and earned his associate's degree in Business last year.

"Those of us who were privileged to know Tim and have him in the classroom will remember him as a terrific student with a great enthusiasm for learning," LEAD Director William Vensel said in an e-mail announcing Sheehan's death to the ODU community. "He will be deeply

missed by the fellow members of his cohort, and all those he came into contact with. Our deepest thoughts and prayers go out to Tim's wife, Melissa, their four children, and his entire family."

Sheehan, who graduated from Independence, was project manager for National City Bank. He was a volunteer for the American Red Cross and served as a Boy Scout leader.

Spence-Miller Funeral Home handled the arrangements. Messages can be left for the family at [www.spence-millerfuneralhome.com](http://www.spence-millerfuneralhome.com). Several people from ODU have already posted memories of Sheehan and prayers on the site.

# Student hopes to mentor kids from worst neighborhoods

*Continued from Page 1*

a young child will be able to escape through opportunities that others have yet to envision. The room has been engulfed by the dreams, aspirations, and goals of children whose futures eliminate the entire space. While others sit at peace with the work that they will soon present to the judges, I am holding the pressure of what seems like the world in the pit of my stomach.

As I glance around and notice that I am the only child of color in the room, I am afraid. I am terrified of my inadequacy, of failing the family whose hope for a brighter future rests on my shoulders, and of disappointing all of those martyrs who gave their lives to ensure that I would have the opportunity that it set before me on this very day.

Although this may seem dramatic for a school experience, this is exactly the intensity with which I have been influenced by the dream of Dr. Martin Luther King. This day was in the eighth grade, after being nominated to potentially represent my school in a city wide math competition; I would fight for my spot in the finals with the best from the school.

On this day Dr. King's hope for his children became a reality for me as well. I was hoping that I would be judged on my content and not my color because I was the only African American student to be nominated to compete.

I have taken the words, message and mission of Dr. King to heart and come to realize that his dream extends beyond a speech or any march he organized, but it reaches to the core of each person. My heart aches when I think about what Dr.

King's life has been reduced to by so many people who never witnessed his true greatness. Not just in his work for equality but in the honorable life he led. "I have a Dream" is not the sum of who this great man is, as he is so much more; his existence helped to change the future for so many people who may never fully grasp his ideals.

The ideals that called for everyone, regardless of color, to have an opportunity to be judged on who they are; I indeed have been influenced by his hope for equality.

I have spent my short life attempting to prove myself to teachers, my peers and even myself. While most have focused primarily on not being judged, his dream did not stop there. He also emphasized that each of us have the opportunity to show the content of our character, which requires that we all take the responsibility to build that character.

This is the unique way in which Dr. King has most influenced my aspirations; because of him I not only knew that it was important for the world to be equal, but also to live a life that would reflect values and beliefs that I could truly be proud of.

Although, the playing field for many minorities has begun to level, there still lies a task to the African American commu-

nity to prepare for those fields. How dare we accuse others of not being fair when we lack the skills and content that Dr. King included in his dream for us. Because of the dream that Dr. King expressed and fought for, others are forced to acknowl-

**"I have taken the words, message and mission of Dr. King to heart and come to realize that his dream extends beyond a speech or any march he organized, but it reaches to the core of each person."**

edge who I am, as an intelligent, motivated and exceptional person. I am thankful that I can now be judged on the content of my character, because it is powerful. How many of us can truly say that beyond the color barrier, we have character that would be worthy enough of consideration? For this reason, I am empowered to strive for those careers that 40 years ago were unthinkable for an African American woman.

In wanting this goal, there is a determination for me to get the best education possible. I will be the first person to graduate from college in my family, and while the pressure was on my shoulders in that eighth grade experience, the load is a little lighter because I understand why I should reach for those things that were deemed intangible.

I refuse to accept the current situation of the African American community as a dream fulfilled for Dr. King. He would be hurt and disappointed at what we have become. While his dream was profound, it was not complex. His ideal was for

us to simply have a chance. Now, the chance that he ultimately died for is being taken for granted by so many in our community. My dream is to be successful in my walk with God, in my career, and to be an example to my family; but essentially my dream also encompasses the lives of those within my community.

I would not be successful if I became an attorney, and so many little children in the inner cities are still without hope. They see that I made something of myself but cannot seem to understand how they could do the same. My dream is to help those who do not see beyond the speeches of Dr. King, who only read about what he has done but have yet to take his mission to heart and apply it to their own lives.

My dream is that children in the worst neighborhoods, where there is an expectancy of failure, can beat the odds, just like I did. I dare not consider myself a success until others can triumph with me. I can make my dream for the future generations a reality – not only by telling them that they can make it, but by helping them along the way.

Just as Dr. King encouraged us to have sustenance in our character, I want to help lost souls realize that they can indeed have that powerful content that enables them to compete with everyone.

I want to start mentoring programs for those children who could care less about school because they cannot see past their home's situation.

Often, children are a product of their environments and I want to ensure that children have someone from that environment that they can reach out to, just as I did.



ODU band members John Elrich, Matt Miller and Nathan Miller were chosen for the Honor Band concert.

Photos by Bands Director  
Robert Gibson/  
Special to The Tower



## 3 musicians chosen for Honor Band

Three band members from Ohio Dominican spent a recent weekend practicing difficult music they had just received for over nine hours with some of the best college musicians from around Ohio. Their concert on that Sunday afternoon got standing applause.

Junior John Elrich, a trumpet player, said he woke at 6:30 a.m. to stop at McDonald's and have some Red Bull on the way to practice.

Elrich was one of three ODU students selected for the Ohio Private Colleges Instrumental Conductors Association Honor Band, along with junior Matthew Miller and freshman Nathan Miller.

ODU Bands Director Robert Gibson, a member of the association, recommended the three for the performance that included about 95 band members and was held Jan. 24 at Mount Vernon Nazarene University.

Elrich, a criminal justice major from Washington Court House, said some of the music was tricky, but working through it with other musicians helped.

Matthew Miller, a trumpet player from Whitehall, participated for the second time.

"I would have to say that the most challenging part of the weekend was that we did not get some of the music until the day before the concert so having to learn the music well enough to

play by the concert was pretty intense," Miller, a business major, said in an e-mail response to questions.

Nathan Miller, a trombone player from Whitehall and Gahanna, said the weekend was exhausting.

"I think we sounded good for a group that had so little time together and I thought that we blended very well together," the economics major said in an e-mail.