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Getting ready for Monday classes, roommates Elisa McCarty, left, Lisa Gardner and Gavin Headlee check themselves in a bathroom mirror.

Coed housing

Story by KIM PARSON
Photos by RICK MUSACCHIO

The three roommates pushed their way around the crowded kitchen trying to cook dinner as a group project.

All three worked at cutting up the chicken. The celery, onions, broccoli, water chestnuts and rice were fair game for whoever had the energy to fix them.

"What are we going to put in this?" Lisa Gardner asked as she looked at the spice rack.

"Garlic, oregano, Mr. Dash, Mrs. Dash," Gavin Headlee answered.

"Put the whole family in," Lisa said. Elisa McCarty snatched a chunk of partially cooked chicken out of a wok and stuffed it into her mouth. "I haven't eaten all day," she said. "I'm starved."

Exhausted after a one-hour aerobics workout, she tramped back into the living room and collapsed on the couch. "I think I'll just have a ham sandwich," she said.

Lisa joined her a few minutes later. "Is it soup yet?" she yelled to Gavin.

"It's soup," Gavin called from the kitchen.

"Let's go get soup," Lisa said as she smacked Elisa on the leg and headed for the kitchen.

The situation is common — one apartment, three roommates. But when the bathroom towels read "Hers," "Hers" and "His," the rules of the house are different, even though they don't always cause problems.

Lisa and Gavin have known each other since he worked at a restaurant her mother owned in their hometown of Evansville, Ind. But Elisa didn't meet Gavin until the first day of classes this semester — when they all moved into the same apartment on 15th Street.

Lisa, a 21-year-old senior, already knew Elisa, a 22-year-old Bowling Green senior.

At first, their landlord wasn't thrilled about the "Three's Company" situation. After the trio convinced the landlord their relationship was platonic, however, they were allowed to stay in the three-bedroom apartment near campus.

At 3 on a Tuesday afternoon, the roommates were sitting around their bright living room talking about their living arrangement.

They've all lived in similar situations before, they explained, so it isn't new to them or their parents. In fact, Gavin and Lisa lived in similar situations only last year.

Elisa said her mother "cared the first time, but not now."

"My mom has known Gavin for years," Lisa said. "Our parents are very close."

"Our parents are all open-minded," added Gavin, a 23-year-old freshman.

Elisa's boyfriend doesn't mind the living arrangement either.

"He wants Gavin to fix him fried chicken," she said. "I don't think it ever

phased him."

Gavin said he never really thinks about their living arrangement — it's the same as any three friends living together.

Elisa agreed. "We've formed a very close relationship," she said. "We can get crude with each other and we're not embarrassed. I feel like Gavin's my brother."

It was an unusually warm February afternoon, so Gavin and Lisa cruised in his metallic blue Honda Civic, wind whipping through the open windows, until it was time to pick up Elisa from class. Gail Rice, an Elizabethtown junior, came along for the ride.

Elisa wasn't waiting for them by the side doors of Diddle Arena, so they went to fill the car with gas.

"Put Tina Turner in," screamed one of the women in the backseat. She was tired of listening to a "Footloose" tape.

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INSIDE: Hanging out at the mall, page 3; Bedside manner, page 4

Herald Magazine

Editor
MARK EDELEN
Photo editor
RICK MUSACCHIO

Page 3

Every Friday and Saturday night, hundreds of teen-agers perfect their dress to go to the place. Their destination: Greenwood Mall.

Cover

Many Western students share apartments. But when the bathroom towels read "Hers," "Hers" and "His," the rules of the house are different.

Page 4

Fitting into the female-dominated world of nursing isn't easy for the few male nursing students at Western. But for Craig Denny, the kidding and sacrifices are worth it.

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Hanging Out

Every weekend night, hundreds of teenagers flock to *the* place to be seen: Greenwood Mall.



In the restroom at Greenwood Mall, 15-year-old Angie Romero of Bowling Green brushes her hair before going back out to Cafe Court, above. Her sister, Stacey, 16, tries on a pair of sunglasses at Brooks, a woman's clothing store, left. Angie hangs out at the mall almost every weekend night, and Stacey goes there whenever she's not working.

Story by
CRAIG DEZERN
Photos by
LINDA SHERWOOD

Angie Romero has spent more than two hours creating just the right look for her Friday night out.

The make-up is flawless on silky skin, the lipstick is wet and loud, and a blink behind the monogrammed lenses of her fashion-framed glasses shows the care that has gone into applying several shades of eye shadow.

"As soon as I get home from school, I start getting ready," says Angie, a 15-year-old freshman at Bowling Green High School. "I have to take all my make-up off and put more on and re-do my hair."

And, of course, she must step out of her usual school uniform of heels and dress slacks and slip into a "fun" new image that suits her destination:

The Greenwood Mall.

On this particular Friday, she is as bright as a box of Crayolas. A yield-sign yellow sweater fluoresces under a hazard orange vest. Chunky orange earrings dangle under wavy brown hair. A crisp denim jacket (collar up), blue jeans and suede moccasin boots complete the outfit.

After two hours of slaving for fashion, Angie was ready for her mother to deliver her for a night with her friends. It is a

chance to walk, talk, see and be seen.

Angie is ready to hang out.

"I just come out here and mess around with all my friends," Angie says. "There's nothing else to do so we just come out here."

And they come in droves every Friday and Saturday night as the sun drops — perching like blackbirds on a telephone wire on the wooden chairs in Cafe Court; taking off quickly as the store fronts close

says. "I don't have any trouble." Her biggest worry is making sure the teenagers at least buy a soft drink if they're taking up a table.

"As long as they sit there and don't get caught, they won't buy anything."

Angie admits she does most of her shopping during the week. She says she eats supper at home before she comes to the mall and will avoid buying even a soft drink if possible.

'I just come out here and mess around with all my friends. There's nothing else to do, so we just come out here.'

Angie Romero, 15

and the mall shuts down for the night.

For Angie, the trip is so important that she takes a cab if she can't bum a ride. The fare is exactly \$3.35. "I think it's worth it, though," she says.

In Cafe Court, a middle-aged maintenance worker clears and cleans tables. She says weekend nights are "wild."

"I know my work is cut out for me on Friday and Saturday nights," she says as she wipes a brown plastic tray. But she smiles as she works.

"The kids mind me pretty good," she

"Me and all the other girls, we just go in and see what stuff they've got" in the clothing stores, Angie says. "And we go in Spencer's and look at the posters and go in the record stores."

"If I buy anything, it would be something like that hair stuff (to temporarily dye hair) or some unusual stuff they've got out here — like some green lipstick to put on."

With his two packages, Mark Parrish, a 16-year-old Glasgow High School sophomore, stands out from the crowd. He has

bought two singles and a cassette tape from the Record Bar.

He says he wants to make the 45-minute ride from Glasgow worth it. A classmate Steven Rascoe, also 16, came with Mark and his grandparents, who drove.

The guys are disappointed with the crowd. "I've seen it where you can't even walk through here," Steven says as he slurps down the last of an Icee. So far they've seen only four people they know.

They have finished looking through the rock'n'roll chic fashions at Chess King — like Mark's gray "CHOOSE LIFE" sweatshirt that comes straight from an MTV video. Mark says these are "clothes you can't find in Glasgow."

Now they are waiting for Mark's grandparents — they ditched them as soon as they got in the door. They're making use of the time by scoping the girls who walk by.

The girls were looking back. Angie says meeting guys is one of the main reasons for hanging out.

"I'm going out with somebody right now," she says, shyly. "But when I wasn't, we'd just follow them (guys) around the mall until they got the hint."

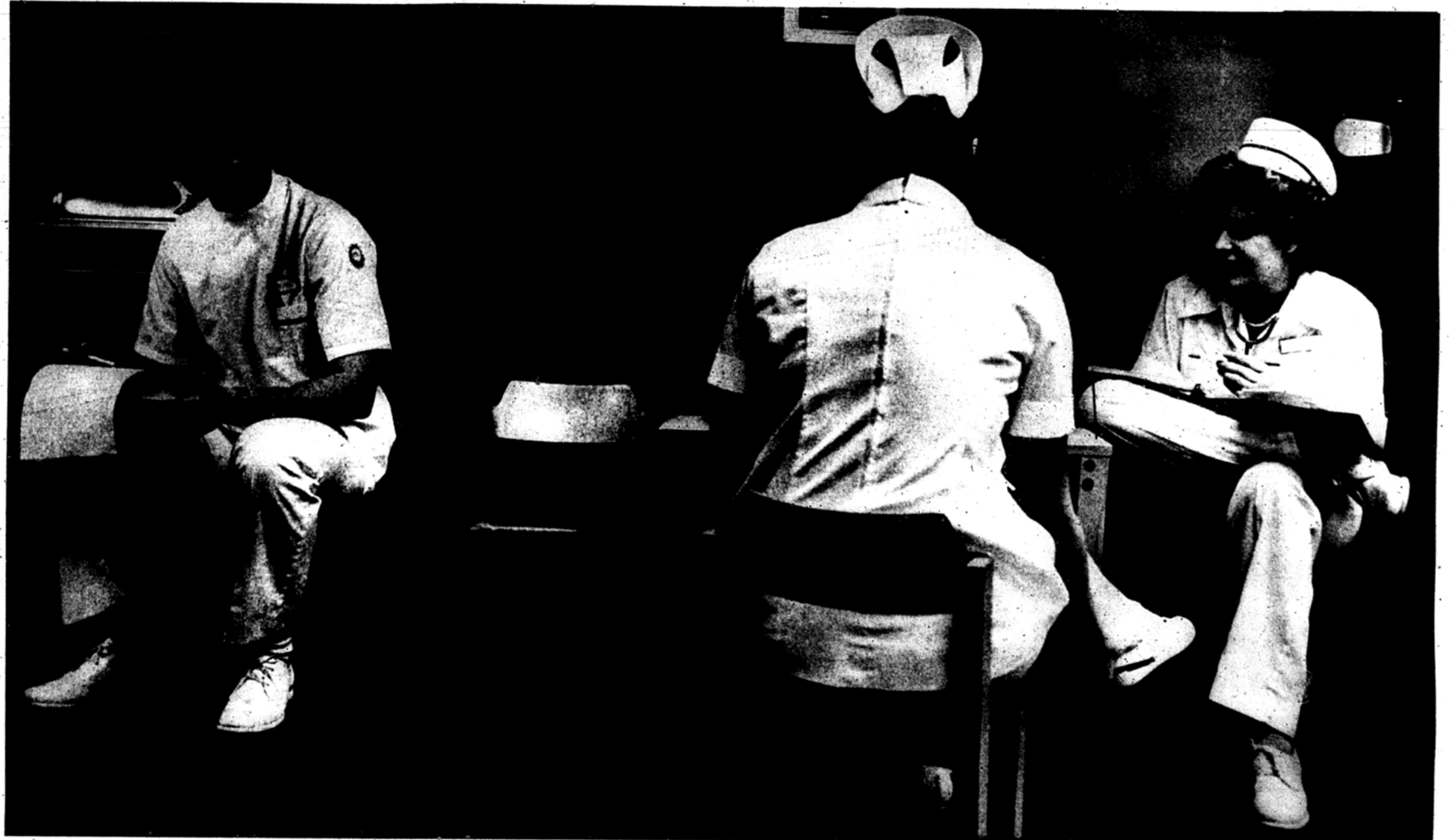
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Story by MARY MEEHAN
Photos by JAMES BORCHUCK



Male nursing student Craig Denny spoons ice cream for Edgar Donohoe, a stroke patient at Greenview Hospital, top. Above, he draws a syringe for an injection.



Bedside man-ner

The nurses pad quietly up and down the hall, their spotless, sensible shoes sinking into the brown carpet.

They shift in and out of the hospital rooms, their crisp white uniforms covering matronly frames, their hair tucked under neatly starched caps or cut in no-fuss styles.

It seems the kind of nurturing environment automatically associated with the loving caresses and tender remedies that mothers lavish on their sick children.

But men like Craig Denny, one of 12 male nurses in Western's nursing program of 224, are crossing the traditional lines. According to figures from the American Nursing Association, about 30,000 of the approximately 1.5 million registered nurses in the country are men.

For Craig, who is working toward an associate degree, becoming a nurse has its

problems — because of stereotypes and because he didn't understand how much was involved.

Like most men, he never even considered nursing an option when he was younger. "I wanted to go into the Navy," he said. "This was the farthest thing from my mind."

It is about 9 a.m. on Wednesday when Craig first meets his patient. The students have been at Greenview Hospital as part of a clinical lab since about 7, meticulously discussing what they will try to do for their patients during their eight-hour shifts.

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Because Craig's patient is an elderly

man who has suffered a stroke and has trouble hearing, the slender blonde's greeting is louder than usual. He enunciates each word carefully, looking toward the man as he speaks.

The old man nods a greeting and smiles wanly. Craig and another nurse gently lift him out of bed and place him in a plain chair near the window in the early-morning sun.

Craig carefully tucks a thin hospital sheet around his patient before going about the everyday routine of changing the linens and tidying the room, occasionally directing a joke subtle toward his patient.

The composite photographs of graduating students which line the corridor outside the office of the Department of Nursing in Academic Complex testify that male nurses are nothing new.

At first glance, the pictures seem a blur of smiling female faces. But in all but one, there are a few isolated males. In 1967,

there were six men in a class of 22.

The career posters for nurses, tacked in a patchwork on the bulletin board, feature pert, young women. The handwritten notes tell of nursing uniforms, in sizes like 8 and 10, for sale.

Helen Brown, an assistant professor of nursing, said that "society has made the assumption that nursing is a female role."

Brown, who has taught at Western for eight years, said that although a good nurse must be dedicated, intelligent and motivated, the element of compassion which is essential to nursing is stereotypically associated with women.

"That's an attitude we have socialized," Brown said. "I don't think we are born that way thinking that women are caring and men are not." Brown said the nursing program rarely has classes that don't have men.

Both she and Craig, a Bowling Green

senior, said it's rare for a patient to refuse to be treated by a male nurse.

"It is the care that is important," Brown said. "not who is giving it. Most patients are able to see that because they are in a situation where care is very important to them."

But learning how to supply that care can be the test.

Although Craig said he did some volunteer work at a nursing home when he was 18, he sort of fell into the program when he came to Western in the spring 1981 for training as a medical technician.

His mother, Rita Denny, said she encouraged her son to go into nursing. Craig discussed the move with a family friend who is a nurse, but he was still apprehensive, she said.

Craig said he had trouble with classes which he didn't have any background in, like chemistry and microbiology.

Con't on page 8



Craig reads over a patient's chart, above, while students Kathy King and Tracy Hood discuss their patients. Left, Craig goes into the men's locker room as the women go into theirs after a shift.

Coed housing



With their shopping list in hand, Elisa and Gavin joke while buying groceries at Schnuck's on Nashville Road.

Con't from page 1

Gavin turned down Normal Drive. "There's a cop," he said, spotting a campus police car.

"Volume!" Lisa yelled.

Gail and Lisa laughed as Gavin drove around in circles in Western's Service and Supply Building lot. The group was almost 10 minutes late when they got back to Diddle.

Elisa was leaning up against the side of the building with one of those "I'll-bet-they-forgot-me" looks on her face.

"Hey Else!" the group screamed.

"Sure," Elisa said. "Just leave me here looking like a goober."

The three get along well, but some things have caused slight disagreements.

"When we go shopping, they won't let me go down the cookie aisle," Gavin said.

The closest they've come to a fight so far was when Elisa ate all of Gavin's dill pickles, and he didn't have any to eat with a barbecue sandwich.

Having friends over or playing loud music doesn't cause havoc because every room in the apartment in the apartment can be closed off from the others.

Lisa joked that they have "His" and "Hers" bathrooms. The apartment has two full baths, and one bedroom has a dressing room with a sink, so the women don't have to run Gavin out of the bathroom every morning.

They never argue about keeping the apartment clean either. Everyone is responsible for his or her bedroom, and the rest of the cleaning is a group effort.

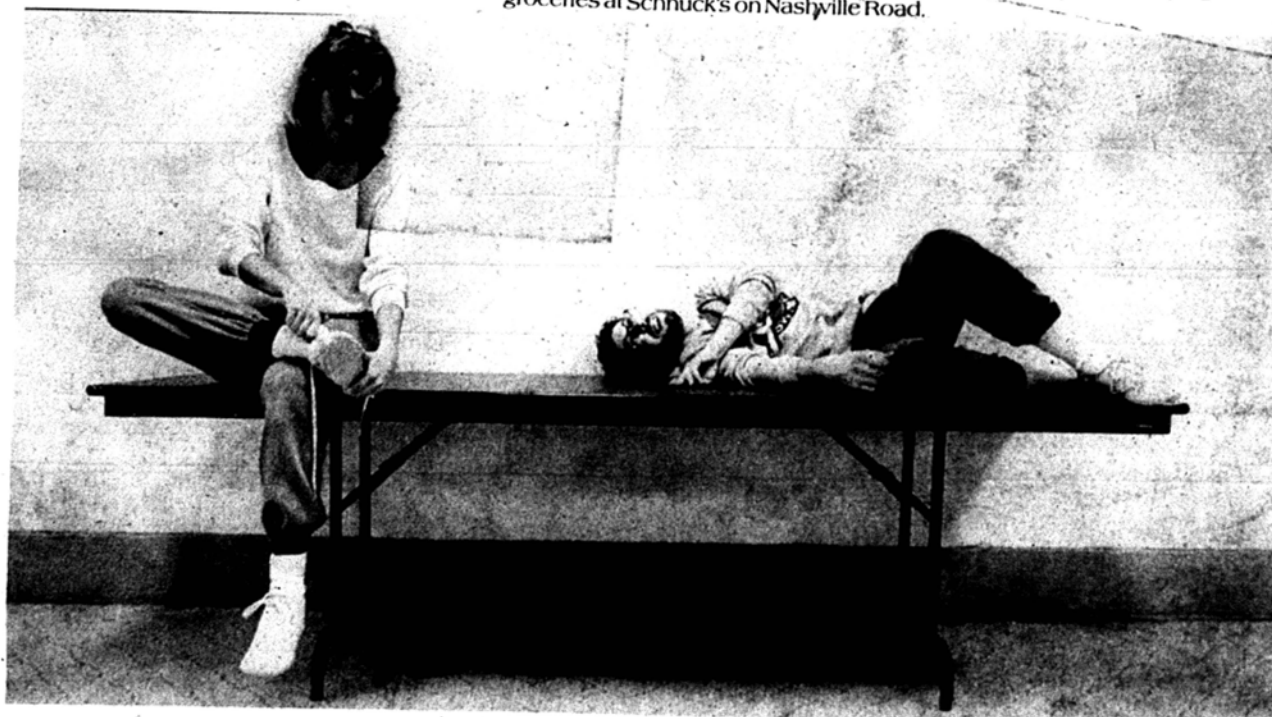
"Gavin always goes to the grocery because he usually cooks the big meals," Elisa said. But he does have help from at least one of his roommates.

"I've worked in restaurants and kitchens, and I love to cook," Gavin said. Then he added, smiling, "Whoever cooks doesn't have to help clean up."

The women kiddingly describe Gavin as "Mr. Organization" and "The Tupperware Kid."

"Gavin is handy," Elisa said. "He builds things and fixes things that break. It's good to have a guy around to fix things girls don't know about."

He built a wine rack for the kitchen and a base and headboard for Lisa's bed.



Gavin collapses on a table while Lisa puts on her shoes after an aerobics class Elisa teaches.

The roommates are also able to share their clothes. The women borrow Gavin's sweaters, and all of them can wear each other's sweatshirts and sweatpants.

Besides going to school, each of the three holds down a job. Gavin works weekends at a restaurant in Evansville, and Lisa works at the Holidome.

been the happiest here."

In the apartment's kitchen, a scale sits beside the refrigerator. A weight-loss chart is taped to its door. The two slim blondes have recently been on a strict diet, using the Slim-Fast plan.

Last week, Lisa drank the milkshake-

'I think we have fewer problems than if it were three girls living together.'

Elisa McCarty

Elisa works for Bowling Green Parks and Recreation where one of her jobs is teaching aerobic dance classes. Gavin and Lisa are members of one of the classes.

Having a guy around the house makes Elisa feel safe, and both women said they appreciate a man's opinion.

"Lisa and I go to Gavin when we get dressed and say 'How do we look?'. And we always get an honest answer," Elisa said.

"I think we have fewer problems than if it were three girls living together," Elisa said. "Of all the roommates I've had, I've

like drink twice a day religiously, but supplemented it with pizza, fried seafood, coffee cake and several varieties of ice cream.

"I didn't realize dieting was so easy," she said.

Gavin said they went to Clark's Drive-In on 31-W Bypass for soft ice cream cones one day, but it was closed.

Elisa's eyes lit up at the mention of Clark's. "I'll bet they're open now," she said, quickly sitting up straight.

Five minutes later the group climbed

back into Gavin's little blue car and headed for the ice cream stand. They stopped singing along with Tina Turner only long enough to ask that the music be turned up or to tell Gavin it was time to turn.

He hasn't lived in Bowling Green long, he says, so he drives by trial-and-error.

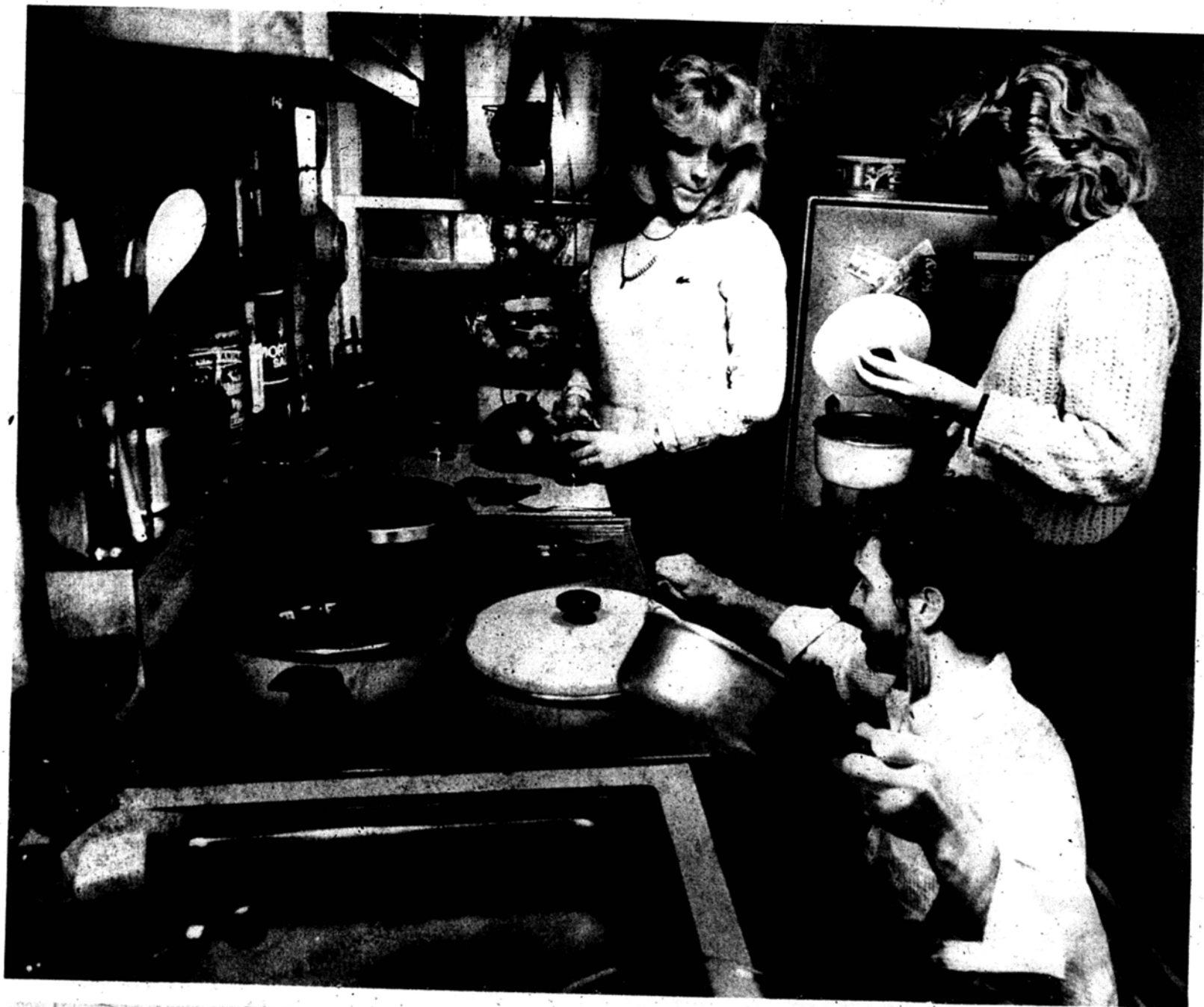
"Mostly error," Gail said laughing. "I get a lot of help from the peanut gallery," he said, referring to the group in the backseat.

Lisa is a regular at Clark's. She went there for soft chocolate ice cream cones five times in three days last week.

When they pulled into the stand's parking lot, Lisa said, "See, this is Clark's." She mocked the clown with the mechanical arm waving above the "Clark's" sign.

The friends sat around the picnic table in front of the stand talking until Gavin had to leave for work.

"I'll bet Brooke Shields doesn't eat Clark's," Elisa said as they started back to the apartment. "But I bet she leads a very boring life."



In their apartment's small kitchen, Gavin adjusts a burner so Lisa, with pot in hand, can heat some cheese sauce, above. Left, Lisa retreats to her room for a quiet place to read.

•Hanging Out

Con't from page 3

"We usually get one of our friends to go up and ask them their names."

"We met these guys from Grayson County once," says Angie's sister, Stacey. "They were all sitting over there at one of those tables, so we were just walking by and waved at them and they motioned us over."

"We asked them why they were here — they came down here to meet girls."

Now Stacey spends an occasional Friday or Saturday night in Grayson County, where, she insists, attractive girls are few and far between.

But for all the longing gazes, the sexes are usually segregated.

At a pair of tables, a dozen guys in breakdance outfits gather around a "jam box" and talk about dance moves. At the next table, six girls gesture and talk with one another.

And when the teens roam the mall's 100 stores, it's almost never in a mixed group.

As they head out of their Cafe Court turf, the teen-agers are not likely to be welcomed by retailers. They are instead tolerated.

The young crowds are "not usually real trouble," says Candy Shirley, manager of Waldenbooks. "Occasionally, it will be a distraction for the customers, but usually it's not a real problem."

On Fridays especially, the teen-agers are all over the store, Shirley says.

"We spend a lot of time taking magazines away, like *Playboy* and *Penthouse*," Shirley says. "Over by the rock magazines, they read to each other and look at the pictures. We usually have big gangs over there."

And books such as "The Truly Tasteless Joke Book" also attract attention.

"They usually read them aloud to each other and collapse in giggles," Shirley says.

Across the walkway, Greg Knight, the manager of the Record Bar, is usually working the Friday night shift. The teen-agers mean business for the store, he says, and he's not complaining about their choice of hangouts. But he sometimes thinks of himself as a babysitter.

"I don't mind it that much," Knight says. "They need a place to go. It's not such a bad thing; they could be doing worse."

Most of the high schoolers are browsers, not buyers.

"We sell a lot of your pop/rock tapes," he says. "But for the most part, it seems to be more of a hangout. We don't chase them out, but if they start congregating, we try to break them up."

"If everybody who hung out here bought a record, we'd be rich."

Mall manager Del Weyer says the 500 to 700 teen-agers that show up Friday and Saturday nights put the mall in a difficult position.

"We really are performing a babysitting service," Weyer says. "Most parents feel very comfortable leaving their children here. It's just a very safe place for them to be."

"The bottom line seems to be that there isn't anything better for them to do."

The only problem, he says, is that the mob that gathers in Cafe Court discourages adults from eating there.

The mall has added extra weekend security to keep watch on the kids, he says, but that only compounds the problem: with more security, parents feel even safer

dropping off their children.

"We could technically run a majority of these kids out because they aren't buying anything," Weyer says. "They are loitering."

But that solution doesn't sit well with Weyer. He says the community should help the kids find some other place to go, perhaps a community center.

And Bill Garrett, the manager of the Land of Oz, sure doesn't want to see the teen-agers kicked out. In fact, he encourages them to make themselves at home in Cafe Court.

That's because every Friday night, Oz, a video arcade that sits just off the court, is packed wall to wall with students.

"It's as good a place as any for them to be," Garrett says. But, he warns, his place is run with "strict discipline."

"Any nonsense they start, they're told to take it someplace else," he says. But in his five years as manager, "I've never experienced what I would consider serious problems."

"They're kids — what else can you say?"

Bedside

Con't from page 5

"It was those classes along with the nursing that I wasn't used to," he said. "I didn't realize how involved it was."

Brown said the nursing field is more scientific than most people think. "I have seen very compassionate students who could not function as nurses."

Nursing students spend two days a week working eight-hour shifts at local hospitals where they are usually assigned one or two patients. They also attend a two-hour lecture class twice a week. The night before lab, they must prepare care plans — detailed accounts of what they will do for their patient the next day.

Craig said the volume of information that a nursing student has to learn and retain is sometimes staggering.

"There are a lot of things that if we don't keep up to date, we can be dropped from the program," he said. The students are also tested at the end of each semester to see if they have mastered certain basic skills. If not, they are held back.

Craig has had to repeat some classes. Despite his bumpy start, the more he got into the program, the more he developed a respect for the profession.

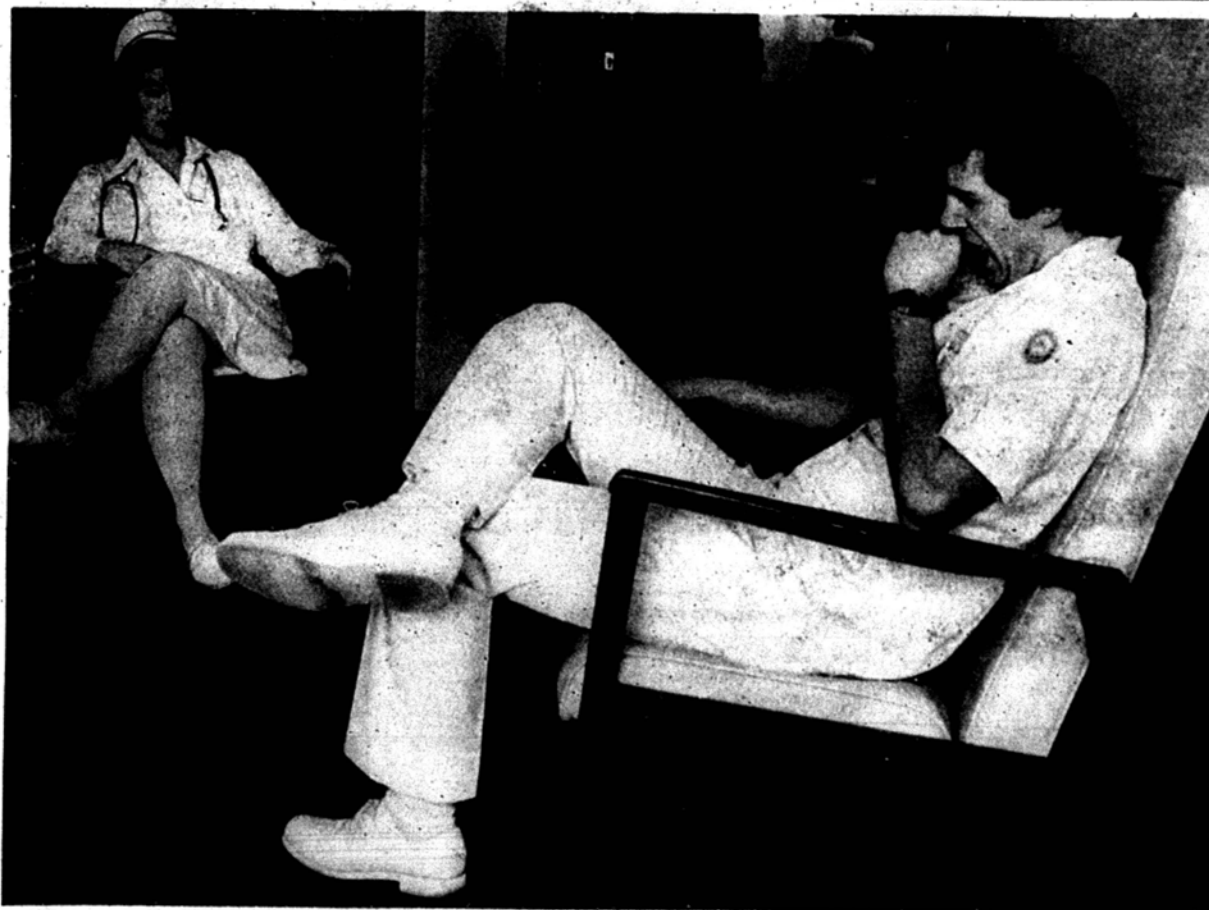
"After I got into it and saw what it was like, it seemed like the natural thing to do."

But intruding on a traditionally female field brings a certain amount of ridicule from some. Brown said men in the nursing program have to be "secure in their masculinity in order to handle that."

Craig, 24, said he hasn't heard too many comments about his career choice, although his younger brother jokingly calls him "nurseboy." In his small home town in Illinois, he "gets a lot of surprised reactions."

Back home, he said, "nursing is not what the guys do."

As he nears his graduation next December, Craig said he is getting used to being in the minority. Even being a some-



In the middle of an eight-hour shift, Craig yawns while on his lunch break.

times reluctant participant in female conversations "sort of goes along with the territory," he said with a slow, easy grin.

Marquita Shuecraft, a sophomore nursing student, said Craig and other males in the class get along well with the females.

Going into a class filled with women was "a little different," he said. "I'm not a real extrovert. I was just sort of taking it all in."

Craig studied ministry for a year before coming to Western, and he sees similarities between his first career choice and his second.

But, he said, "In the ministry you have to pay attention to their spiritual needs. In nursing, you have to be responsible for all of their needs."

"I hate to see people hurt. And sometimes as a student, you wish that you could do more."

The small accomplishments, however, are what make the profession rewarding.

"You'd be surprised what a clean bed means to someone who can't do things for himself," he said. "At the end of the day when the patient says that they've enjoyed having you, that's really satisfying."

"I knew if I could meet that goal (of becoming a nurse), I'd feel like I had accomplished something."

"I'm glad I stayed with it."