

THE PRESS

FEATURES

Thor, buddy, we hardly knew ya

What happens when The God of Thunder is sent packing?

By **STEPHEN P. JENSEN**
Staff writer

Flashback. I wake to the sound of The God of Thunder eating a sock. My eyes aren't open yet, but I know it's him and I know it's a sock. Probably one of dad's. Because it is dad's, I swipe the sock from The God of Thunder's jaws and toss it into the bedroom just off the dining room. Dad's sock supply is dwindling as a result of this early morning ritual.

Flashback. I wake to the sound of The God of Thunder eating a sock.

Flashback. I'm sleeping again. Now my face is wet with someone else's saliva.

Just a hunch, but I'll bet it's The God of Thunder again. I open my eyes and over me stands The God, more affectionately known as Thor. His tail is wagging so radically from left to right that his hind quarters are swaying as he stands still. His eyes reveal a brand of expression I've come to identify as a smile.

He's achieved his goal. I'm

up. What does he want? He either wants a sock, a can of chunky chicken and liver, or he wants to be let outside. You can never tell.

Thor, God of Thunder, as you may have guessed, is the canine that lives with my family. He's about three and a half feet tall, has multicolored, medium-length hair, and he weighs half a ton. He thinks he's a lap dog and at times he thinks he's my mother's oldest son. When I try to remind him that he's a dog, he nudges me with his nose and growls his conversational tone. I think this means, "Back off, Steve. By the way, can I borrow your car tonight?"

Thor has lived with the Jensens for years and has grown from a puppy on Conklin Forks Road East to a full-grown protector on Pennsylvania Avenue. The newest move to Church Street, though, won't include The God of Thunder.

It's a time of change for the family and the stamped impression on the top left hand side of the lease looms large in our hearts. It says "PETLESS." That means one thing. The God of

Thunder isn't making the move. He'll have to take up residence elsewhere.

Somehow, when I think of the family mascot, I can always come up with plenty of grievances. For example, Thor is a beggar. Moreso than any other animal I've ever seen. He eats anything from Cracker Barrel Sharp Cheddar to M & Ms. The little candies get hidden between his huge teeth but he manages to enjoy them just the same. How do I know? Why else would he keep asking for more?

Thor has a sock fetish, as I mentioned before. He often grabs a sock from the clothes basket or from an open dresser drawer. He never wants to wear the sock, just chew it and fill it with swill.

He often brings extra rolls of toilet paper into the living room, leaving the wet paper strewn about the carpet. I've sometimes wondered if this is his way of saying he doesn't approve of our choice of program on the tube.

There are times when he stands in the only place that will completely cut off your view to the television. When you tell him to move it, he just smiles.

He barks too much. He really doesn't like large, loud trucks or Harley Davidsons and he lets everyone know when there's one of either around.

And he's stubborn. If, by chance, he breaks his chain or gets out through a crack in a door, he stays out until he's ready to come in. Unfortunately, he usually escapes around 11 at night when you're ready for bed. These are the times he decides to take a road trip.

But for as many things as he does wrong, there are just as many great things about him. For one, he knows his name and responds to it consistently. Somehow, even if you spell out T-H-O-R, he comes into the room.

He's pretty tolerant. He has to share the house with three cats, all of which bat him in the head merely for being a dog. To this treatment he wags, smiles and groans a little.

He's a good catcher. Any food thrown into the air will be caught, without exception. Small toys are catchable, as well as his favorite Meaty Bones and Chew-eez, along with an occasional kitten or two.

He's good with family conflicts as well. There are times when my brother Matthew and I will stage a mock fight. The God of Thunder will bite our arms and jump on us until we stop, then continue barking for a few minutes, as if reprimanding.

He tolerates my sisters, Christine and Cathleen, whose voices could cut a diamond. They have set down thick guidelines as to where he can and can't go. In his defense, he has stayed out of their bedrooms most of the time and more importantly, off their beds. Sometimes I feel bad for him, though, and when they're not home I take Thor into their rooms and together we sit on and mess up their beds. He seems to appreciate it.

After thinking about these things for a while, you begin to realize that although he smells a little, messes the house from time to time and is a general pain in the neck, The God of Thunder isn't all that bad after all. He's a good companion and in the Jensen family, he's going to be missed.

Here's to you, Thor, God of Thunder.

SUCC grad puts her internship to work in Syracuse

By **JENNIFER BOYLE**
Copy Editor

A recent graduate of the State University of New York College at Cortland's physical education program, Kelly Kohler is putting her concentration in sport management to work. Employed as a nautilus instructor at the Track & Racquet club in Syracuse, Kohler's cooperative education internship with the club got her started.

Each sport management student is required to complete a cooperative education internship. Kohler secured

her internship under the direction of Suzanne Wingate, program coordinator. This summer she worked 40 hours per week for eight weeks under the supervision of Peter Fallon, also a Cortland graduate. As

an intern, Kohler received no salary. Many interns do not, though some will, depending on the arrangement that is agreed upon between the intern and the sponsoring organization.

Kohler was able to participate in a broad range of activities. The front desk, office, pro-shop and nautilus were among her responsibilities.

As part of the cooperative education internship contract, each intern is responsible for a project which becomes the focal point of his/her internship. Kohler organized "Conquer Mt. Everest," a long-term activity where club members received points for their workouts. Approximately 50 members participated and 20 "made it to the top."

With regard to the



Michael Somsan/The Press

Kelly Kohler, right, talks to Donna Deturris as she uses the nautilus machine at the YM-CA.

necessary skills, "You have to be good with people. You have to be able to go up to someone you don't know and talk to them," said Kohler, "and be nice to them. You have to be nice for eight hours a day!"

Kohler also stressed organizational skills, which she got a chance to brush-up on by assisting in the production of the club picnic. Creativity and initiative are

very important as well. "I saw things that were wrong and I decided that I should change them," said Kohler in regard to her nautilus responsibilities, "so I went around and started showing people how to do it right. . .they really liked that because no one had ever told them before." This initiative may very well have been what earned Kohler her present position with Track & Racquet.

Kohler found her internship to be a very valuable experience, "because you can try things out that you're interested in but not sure of," without a permanent commitment. She feels that she was very well prepared for her internship and credits this to the direction of Wingate. "She really knows what she's talking about," said Kohler. Kohler is aiming for a career in corporate fitness.