

The Mock-olian

Students hesitant to embrace new queso in Taqueria

*Disclaimer: This article was born out of creativity and is NOT to be taken as fact

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On its own, a cup of luke-warm liquid cheese may not seem significant, but during lunchtime at Marietta College, it is the key ingredient to a well-balanced lunch at the Taqueria. When the campus dining service changed its cheese sauce from nacho cheese to queso sauce, it sparked student outrage and concerns about the future of campus dining.

The Taqueria made the switch to queso sauce during the first week of spring semester classes with no prior announcement. While some students enjoyed the new cheese, likening it to the queso served at popular restaurants such as Moe's and Qdoba, others were rendered physically ill by the milky white substance they found in their cheese cups.

Sophomore Sherman Eagleton expressed his disgust at the dining locations' new cheese.

"It's white and chunky like barf," Eagleton said. "And do you know what happens when I see barf? I barf."

Other students weren't as disappointed by the new product as they were by the sudden change. Senior Harriet Tarver was more frustrated by the lack of notice than she was by the queso itself.

"People can't just mess with your food and not warn you," Tarver said. "I eat lunch at the Taqueria every day, and I expect

a side of subpar nacho cheese, not a side of queso. Don't they have press releases for this kind of thing?"

The cheese modification has left many students wondering about what drastic changes will be next for the Marietta College dining landscape.

Campus insiders currently report that the dining service may attempt to replace its beloved Heinz Ketchup with Hunt's, cited by many as the "redheaded stepchild" of ketchup brands.

Kent Dawson, director of dining services, claimed the cheese modification was an isolated incident and should not be a cause for concern.

"Part of my job is to figure out which local restaurants students like best, create weak imitations of the most popular menu items at said restaurants, and then bleed these establishments dry," Dawson said. "I saw a unique opportunity with queso, so I took it."

Though Dawson does not predict any other drastic menu changes in the near future, he did hint at some possible modifications to certain dining locations' operating hours.

"I believe we're losing out to local fast food restaurants when it comes to the big appetites of drunk students late at night," Dawson said. "In order to corner this market, we may be opening some locations from 1 to 3 a.m."



Photo by Elissa Collopy

The art exhibit "Lost in Translation-The Works of Mona Gazalla" is featured in the Hermann Fine Arts Gallery now through Feb. 14. Visit www.marcolian.com to view more photos of the exhibit.

True Life: I am a community adviser

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Being a community adviser can be a tiring job.

There is staying up until 3 a.m. on weekend duties, making sure that everyone is respecting quiet hours, busting the parties that get out of hand, making sure that drunk kid that walked through the door actually gets to his bed without puking or passing out, trying to ignore the promiscuous activities that you can hear coming from one of your resident's rooms, and trying to figure out which room the cigarette smoke is coming from.

One can't forget the roommate drama that one has to settle, or the tensions between residents that one has to cool.

There are monthly bulletin boards that have to be made, the inevitable destruction of them that comes after, and community builders that must be had (or pretend to be had).

A CA also can't forget that person that shows up at their door at an ungodly hour, wrapped in a towel, head hung and eyes to the floor out of embarrassment, having forgotten their room key when they went to get a shower.

There's endless paperwork with incident reports, filling out forms for community builders, bulletin boards, programming (which no one actually ends up attending), maintenance requests,

intentional interactions, roommate agreements, and also room checks.

Then, there are the interesting situations: when squirrels are skinned in bathrooms, pool tables are stolen at 3:30 in the morning and taken to other buildings, feces is found in showers or on bulletin boards, shopping carts hanging out of windows, a photo gallery taped in the hallway, the kitchen smelling of things that no one can put words to, hallways squirming with maggots, signs stolen from the most interesting of places, residents wandering on the rooftops of buildings, and more.

To a CA, these feats can be quite horrific, quite impressive, or quite humorous.

Ultimately, this is not all that a CA does.

A community adviser also makes memories, meets people that one would never otherwise meet, learns how to tackle difficult situations, makes friends, develops a sense of humor, and grows beyond imagining.

Although being a community adviser is a job in which one can't expect what a resident will do next and one that requires a sufficient amount of time and effort, it is quite a memorable experience that allows individuals to expand their own little bubble into a world beyond themselves.