



Kickin' it with K-von | Packin' heat

Recently, while making a 24-hour turnaround trip from Nevada to Florida, my dad encouraged me to take his small, red duffel bag. "It'll be easier to haul around than your rolling suitcase and it's a short stay," he said. I filled his bag with just the necessities (one pair of underwear, one shirt, one pair of jeans, and a shower kit) and off to the airport I went.

Impressed with my brilliant decision to carry a superlight bag, I skipped the baggage-check line and walked directly to my gate. Placing my belongings on the x-ray machine, I got behind a short line of people: We waltzed through the metal detector with ease. While waiting on the other side I notice the TSA officer using his computer monitor to scrutinize one of the bags on the belt. "Must be that weird guy that went through right before me," I thought. At this point, the officer starts shouting, "BILLY, CALL THE SUPERVISOR, I GOT ONE!" I was impressed. Apparently the TSA had found someone trying to smuggle something illegally onto an airplane. Bad news for that creep ... good news for America! "Thank goodness we have our boys in light-blue at the front lines of defense," I thought with great nationalistic pride.

A small huddle had formed around the monitor, the supervisor and three other officers pointing, arguing, and deliberating. Watching these experts work was awe-inspiring. I didn't even care that it was taking a few minutes

out of my day; I was fascinated by their efforts. Suddenly the supervisor reached in, pulled a bag from the machine and said, "Does this red duffel belong to anyone?" "What?!" ... This must be some kind of mistake," I mumbled. There was hardly anything in that bag, let alone a threatening substance. Unless my underwear isn't passing some sort of high-alert safety code, this shouldn't be happening! Not to mention, the bag belongs to my father, and although Middle Eastern by heritage, he's a very good-natured dude. In fact, I've never known him to scream things like "Jihad" or "Death to the Infidels" in all my years as his son, no matter how mad he got.

Asked to follow the supervisor, we headed to what he called "The Room" and told me to take a seat. He placed the bag on the table in between us and sat down, flanked by two scrawny teenage officers doing their best to look menacing. The questioning began: "What are your plans? Who were you going to visit? Why are you at the airport?" As a member of the SAE fraternity, I've been in trouble many times before, but this seemed different. Finally, I begged them to tell me what the problem was. Apparently they found a bullet rattling around in the bottom of my bag. It was smaller than a BB and I had to look closely to verify that it was indeed a .22 caliber shell. This makes sense because my father is licensed by the Sheriff's Office to carry a handgun and he goes to the shooting range regularly.

But before I could explain, it was time for more questions ...

TSA: You do know it's illegal to bring artillery on a flight?

Me: Artillery?

TSA: Yes, and you should know what is in any bag before you bring it on the plane.

Me: I know but it was an accident! My dad is not only licensed, but he's from Lovelock, Nevada. We have bullets everywhere at home. In fact, he could have one of those in the bottom of his shoe right now and he wouldn't know it.

TSA: Well just this once we understand a mistake could happen, but we will have to put you on the list.

Me: THE LIST?!?! NO, please don't do that, Sir! I'm very sorry ... but I certainly do not want to be on ANY lists!

Despite my plea, they took my ID, typed something into a computer, and with that I was officially put on "The List." Able to leave, and now sprinting, I boarded my plane with seconds to spare. I sat down frustrated, panting and sweating bullets (no pun intended). All I could think was, "Great, now I look even more suspicious." But something kept bugging me. I mean, sure, they found a .22 bullet ... So take it away, TSA! I didn't need it and it was an accident ... but it's not like they found a gun! The rest of my flight I thought of different demands a Reno boy with a bullet could make on a passenger jet.

"EVERYBODY LISTEN UP, this is a bullet, and I have a very good arm, and I will throw it at someone. I have a few demands. First of all I want my own row. Second, shut that baby up! Finally, unless I get some more orange juice someone is getting hurt. And not a small cup full of ice, I'm talkin' a full can ... DO YOU HEAR ME!?!?"

K-von '03 (marketing) is a Nevada alum and comedian. After two seasons on MTV's "Disaster Date," he's now performing for universities and hosting events across the nation. His full schedule is on www.K-vonComedy.com

Lori (Fuller) Claus '83 (nursing) currently works as a house legal nurse consultant for a large medical malpractice law firm, defending hospitals and nurses throughout the state of Nevada. Prior to her current position she worked as an intensive care unit nurse.

Jennifer (Duxbury) Cunningham '83 (managerial sciences) has been named executive director of marketing for the Reno-Sparks Convention and Visitors Authority. Jennifer most recently worked as director of sales, advertising, entertainment and casino marketing at Circus Circus Hotel Casino. She also has worked with Silver Legacy Hotel Casino, The Peppermill Hotel and Casino and as director of marketing for RSCVA's National Bowling Stadium.

Stephanie Tyler-Jackson '83 (political science), a veteran telecommunications executive and former Nevada state senator, was named president of AT&T Nevada. Stephanie will

oversee more than 1,500 employees statewide and will be involved with new technology deployment and infrastructure investment. Additionally, she will lead the company's regulatory, legislative and community affairs activities in Nevada.

Carol Harvey '84M.S. (nursing) currently works as an orthopedic clinical nurse specialist and a professor of nursing in the Registered Nursing Program at Cypress College in Cypress, Calif.

James Vogt '85 (electrical engineering) has been named as senior vice president and general manager of Blue Coat Systems, Inc., Cloud Services business unit. James brings more than 25 years of experience in senior management positions at leading technology companies and will be responsible for expanding the unit, refining and executing its vision and product strategy, and developing routes to market.

Grant Holman '86 (management) has been busy running his business, Grant's Grooming, for 15 years. He also recently purchased his dream home that he shares with his lovely wife.

Dawn (Carter) Pappas '86 (nursing) recently completed a nursing refresher at TMCC. She is currently a registered nurse contractor for the Renown Wellness Center.

Hawley MacLean '89 (speech/theatre), president and chief executive officer of MacLean Financial Group in Reno, has been appointed to the board of directors for the Reno Tahoe Winter Games Coalition. The group is promoting the region as the next North American region to host an Olympic Winter Games.

Edward Schoenberg '89 (counseling and guidance) is excited to announce the graduation of his son, **Daniel Schoenberg '10** (music), from the University on May 15.