

Dual Personality

Alumnus has the heart of a Brave and the spirit of a Bobcat

By Charles Roth '92

Since the first day I walked down Dorm Road as a freshman and said hello to Sleeping Giant Mountain, I knew I'd found a home. I always took so much pride in being a Quinnipiac Brave—from my time as a second baseman on the baseball team under Coach Earl Mathewson, to an intern with the facilities department working with Joe Rubertone, to president of the marketing club, being mentored by Professor Paul Falcigno. There were so many great people on campus who helped me grow as a person. I was a Quinnipiac Brave through and through.

To me, being a Brave meant defending your school. So, when people asked: "Where did you go to school," they always added, "How do you spell that?" or "Oh, that's the small school close to Yale." It was difficult to hear sometimes, but those of us lucky enough to have been a part of it knew how special Quinnipiac was.

I carried the essence of Quinnipiac with me into the working world. Although Quinnipiac might have been small in size, it was filled with passion and determination. I used those values to work my way up in the advertising world, getting promoted and transferred to the Midwest and the South but, in my heart, I never left Hamden. No matter where my career took me, I always took along my Quinnipiac wool baseball cap. It reminded me that, no matter where I was, I would always be a Quinnipiac Brave.

Then in August 2002, I read that Quinnipiac had changed its team name to



Charles Roth '92 outside the University Club in the new TD Banknorth Sports Center

Bobcats. I knew that the NCAA was pressuring schools with native American names to change, but at that point, no one else had done so. All of a sudden the school that I loved and embraced had a different name. I felt my past collegiate life was now tarnished in a way that only a Quinnipiac graduate before 1999 could understand.

Then I received an e-mail to attend the Winter Carnival Alumni Reunion. At first I could not bear a weekend of hearing, "Oh, you were a Brave," and feeling like an outsider to the place I called home for four years. But I missed my old friend Sleeping Giant Mountain, who had watched over me, and thought I would pay him a visit. From that visit, I developed a new pride and passion for the "small school close to Yale." Only this time, we weren't just close to Yale, we were beating them in men's hockey in a sold-out arena.

As I watched the game and felt the excitement and unity in the arena, I realized that

Brave or Bobcat, I was still part of the Quinnipiac family. It took one hockey game to want to share my past as a Brave with my newfound pride as a Bobcat. I got all choked up seeing the student section all dressed in Quinnipiac gold, the children in their Bobcats gear and the other alumni there, all with the same look of pride and astonishment at seeing what Quinnipiac had become: a major university.

As Sunday approached and I drove down Mount Carmel Avenue, I looked over my shoulder to say goodbye to my old friend, Sleeping Giant Mountain. He looked back at me with the same secure feeling he gave me as a student, but I gazed back with the eyes of an alumnus who still can recall the pride of being a Brave but also understands the passion and the roar of a Bobcat!

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