Proposed budget cuts bad financial aid news

By ANITA WILLIAMS

The bare bones fact of the mat­
ter is — President Reagan's prop­
osed cuts in education funding could total $8 billion and affect
hundreds of students at MiraCos­
ta. Students, who have depended
on federal aid and have found
the proposed cuts, are already look­
ing for a part-time job or a second
job to stay in school.

Some, without financial aid, will be unable to attend school in the fall.

A recent flyer from the college
Financial Aid Office spelled it out in plain facts: the Sup­
plemental Education Opportunity
Grant, now at $278 million and the
State Student Initiative Grant, at
$74 million, are scheduled to go to
students out of those funding prog­
grams nationwide. In addition, Work Study programs will go from
$3 million to $440 million and Pell Grants (formerly called the
Basic Educational Opportunity
Grant) will be cut almost an $1.5 billion.

How does this all affect the
MiraCosta student? "We're scram­
bling for financial aid in the Student
Services Office said that while
"we're waiting on passage of the
budget (by Congress), there's no
way we can say anything. There's
no accurate — it just gets people all
up more that doesn't exist.

Are people stirred up? You can
bet your boots they are! The San
Diego Union has had stories on
the subject since last fall. A February 23 article based on in­
terviews with the financial aid
director of the University of Cali­
fornia at San Diego, the Univer­
sity of San Diego and San Diego
State University painted a bleak
future picture. At San Diego State,
Thomas R. Pearson, director of
financial aid, said "there are about
11,500 students receiving some
type of federal aid and that as
many as one half of those stu­
dents might lose their funding if
all of the cuts are made as prop­
osed. UCSD's financial aid direc­
tor, Thomas M. Butler, is quoted as saying that there are 3,000
UCSD students receiving some
type of federal aid and that "they
will, for the first time, be advised
that they will now be expected to
loan to meet expenses." Rutter
also said: "If there is any cut in
half of the total federal money
giving out under the heading of
student financial aid will be going
into the banks to pay inter­
est on federally guaranteed loans."

USD's financial aid director,
Herbert G. Whyte, said that "more
than 85 percent of USD's students
(enrollment is 5,400) receive aid."
Whyte also warned . "If large
numbers of private university stu­
dents were forced into the public
campuses, the taxpayer (who pro­
vides $4,400 for every student who
attends the 'free' public campus)
might not find it a bargain."

Long BeachState College ex­
pects to be affected by the prop­
osed funding cuts also. In their
weekly newspaper The Viking for
February 25 Betty Stepian, LBCCT's
vice president and assistant supt., says, "One third of the appli­
cants and current students would most likely be turned away
because of lack of funds."

A spokesman for the financial
aid office here at MiraCosta,
when asked for the number of stu­
dents now receiving financial aid,
said, "Unless we know the context
which it is used in, we can't give
data on that information."

When told that it would be used
in a story to make some projections as
to the number of MiraCosta stu­
dents who might be affected by
the federal aid cuts, this same
spokesman was reluctant to give
out information or to make any
projections.

WINTER was not too distant.

Choir practice was after school.

After school meant after three
o'clock. When I came to Mira­
Costa I had at least an hour's
prospect of wandering my warm
body from a toasty bed at four in
the morning to leg it up to the church in time for the five o'clock
mass. That stuff was O.K. for priests, but I hadn't taken any vows for
that kind of sacrifice. As for working toward the wearing of the
robes, I looked the other way, for which the church should be
grateful.

But the choir, that was another matter. One didn't have to arrive
at four a.m. to sing. Singing began at the ten o'clock mass which is
a reasonable time for each member of the imagination. I could see myself singing Glory be To God In The Highest at five
o'clock in the morning on a bone chilling Cambridge morning anymore than I could see myself driven to the church. But I had
myself to the duties of an altar boy as I searched to see if my nose
had frozen off as I moved through the Artic snowdrifts and icy
winds of Massachusetts.

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winds of Massachusetts.

By JOHN DANIELS

Be an altar boy, my parents implored me. Be a choir boy too, they
and my aunts and uncles and seven of my distant, long-lost
family said. Be a priest they hopefully advised. But I was none of
these and I didn't get to sing in the choir. At least not for long.

Oh, I had the voice for it. A clear alto. But I envied Eddie
Lomergan who sang the solo in a soprano that rose to the ceilings of
St. Mary's church. It made me feel like a skinny, small-town kid.
But I knew that I rejoiced when he changed him a harness. So maybe I'm better off I didn't sing soprano.

I rescoved the altar boy bit, not taking kindly to the horrifying
prospect of wrenching my warm body from a toasty bed at four in
the morning to leg it up to the church in time for the five o'clock
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had frozen off as I moved through the Artic snowdrifts and icy
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By TRACY DALY

"When I came to MiraCosta, we
were still down by Ocean side - Carlsbad College.

were still down by Oceanside .

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Economy moves to different drummer in shift

BY DAVID HENDERSON

It is, in a word, economics, (the trickle-down theory) which was the first distortion of the 18th-century ideas of Hayek. In its time, it was part of a movement to make money and happiness part of the same bundle. It was the first step in the creation of the modern welfare state. It was, as I have already said, the first step in the creation of the modern welfare state.

The President and his advisors should have been thinking in terms of the 18th-century ideas of Hayek. In its time, it was part of a movement to make money and happiness part of the same bundle. It was the first step in the creation of the modern welfare state. It was, as I have already said, the first step in the creation of the modern welfare state.

New and different adjustments must be made. When most of the world was governed by an agrarian economy to an industrial one, there were very few difficult times. In England, workers menning the machines, attacked factories and sledgehammered the new machines. The agrarian society had endured for so many years, it was the right time, many nations were remade into new manufacturing countries. Now we are changing again.

The Nuclear Arms Freeze initiative, which has more than a few signatures to qualify for the state ballot in November, could well sweep the nation as the tax reform initiative did in the late 1970's. Feature uniting the CBS Evening News, the Nuclear Weapons Freeze movement, is a call for non-proliferation to the farthest, and that is a clear issue, and awkward, as it sounds.

The argument that Russia has a nuclear threat because of its nuclear stockpile, is a clear issue, and awkward, as it sounds. One, and the brass andyte in their bunkers don't have much to say about it. The arguments of the critics have not been incriminated. Top scientific evidence for the protection of the nation, and the environmentalists is a clear issue, and awkward, as it sounds.

When a nuclear weapon explodes, massive amounts of radioactive oxides are generated by the radia- (Continued on page 3)


**Letters: Sign, please send stamps**

**Editor: Take advantage of California's initiative law to make the rules you want. If 375,000 signatures can be obtained in 5 months, the following initiative will appear on the ballot at the next state election:**

*Adults 18 years or older shall not be proscribed for possession of under 1 oz. of marijuana.*

*It sounds hard, but if I could find 365 people who would each collect 10 signatures a day, without fail, it would work. I cannot pay you. In fact, I need money for printing and mailing. It would help if each person did their own printing, which would cost about $5. If you are interested in collecting signatures, write me.*

*Kerry Waddell 5800 Market St., #90 San Francisco, CA 94102 P.S. Please send stamps.*

**Say typing is required**

**Editor:** I am writing this as an open letter to the people of my community and hope they will use The Chariot as a forum.

I personally would not relish spending a number of weekends typing. If typing is to be required in order to have one's voice heard, I would destroy the Chariot as a forum.

However, each coin has a flip side. If typing is to be required in a course, then this fact should be noted in the description catalog. It is easy to see their reasoning.

Each writer has a choice: either pay to get his or her handwriting printed or not. The writer writes to the editor. In the description catalog it states that if one has the time and ability to utilize them, typing is not required as a high school subject. You can always hire typing done at about a dollar per page. Three or four term papers a semester, at 10-12 pages each, adds up to a bit more than a pocket change.

If a non-typing student is required to submit typed written work in a class, perhaps the instructor should be required to pay for having it done. Moreover, if a student's handwriting can decode a student's handwriting, it could be reasonably assumed that a well-paid, professional teacher might also be able to do so. Handwritten teacher's comments on returned papers are frequently illegible. Would it be wrong for a student to demand that these also be typed? If this makes you mad as hell, then don't take it anymore.

When those instructor critique forms—Student Instruction Reports—are passed out in your class, handwritten a little message concerning this practice on them. These reports are important: they are monitored and carry considerable weight. You can do something about it.

*Some things are enjoyable to take lying down, but this isn't one of them.*

*B.K. BARWICK*

**Economy changes**

(Continued from page 2)

**Tennis team takes defeat**

MiraCosta's tennis team went to Palm Desert and lost the Conference championship but came away empty handed. The singles champion College of the Desert defeated Snow College's women's team. With the loss MiraCosta's record dropped to 8-2, 9-0 for the year. They have lost ten matches to date. Tennis team members are encouraged to keep up. Before you run off a protest to your Representative, you should do about these bands, hand around for the second act. It's a honey. Leasing can't hold a candle to the President's accelerated cost recovery system. The peachesy corporate farm-dangle allows firms to increase the cost basis of their investments in machinery much faster than ever before. Leasing is kid's stuff. In 1982 leasing will cost the Treasury $3.2 billion. In 1988 $4.4 billion. The accelerated depreciation program will cost the Treasury $15 billion in 1982, $53 billion in 1986 and in 1990 a whopping $117 billion. Corporations will be making their profits with the help of these tax breaks. You will be drowning in taxes to make up the deficit. That is, unless you write to let that actor fellow know how unfair you think it is. Contact your Senators and Representatives.

Are you ready for the third act? This bit of Imperial Presidency took place also last week. How would you like to go on a “working vacation” for a couple of days and have a vacation fund of $3.5 million to assure a good time and be able to spend it in superior fashion? Some $3.5 million is what it will cost the taxpayers for Reagan to relax in the sun for a couple of days. Are you ready to give him a vacation cost so much? Three Limousines were flown to Baraboo, and with ing and incidents, it runs up. Particularly when you see a hospital ship down there, and anchor off the island. The press was there, it was there in case of an emergency. Oh, come now! We can use our time and money along your personal physician, or maybe two or three, but to take the hospital along? You might ask your Senator or Representative if he would like to stake you for a couple of days on Catalina or in Ensenada. Total cost about $150. Yes, it was quite a week for the rich. But not really all that great for the slabs getting their accounts straight with the IRS.

**Summer Registration**

Continuing students will again be given the opportunity to register by mail for the Summer Intersession. A mailing will go to all continuing students approximately May 10 containing registration procedures and forms. These registration forms must be received in Admissions and Records by June 1 in order to take advantage of mail-in registration.

Continuing students who miss the deadline may pick up a priority card for regular registration beginning June 1 in the Admissions Office or the Del Mar Office. If continuing students do not submit a properly registered or a registration card to the Admissions Office or the Del Mar Office, they will be denied registration. A registration card will be held in the gym and at Del Mar on June 22 and 23. Classes begin on June 28, 1982.

**The Name To Remember.**

The Congressional Race for the 43rd District is now officially underway. A candidate to represent the Congressional District is needed now. The Congressional District for the 43rd District comprises:

- Retired Military Veteran, 20 years service
- Age 21
- Candidate for Congress in 1980
- Bachelor of Science in A. Electronics, B. T. / Industrial Technology, M.A. / Education

Actively aware of the problems each of you face providing for your families, the difficulties faced by our citizens living on a fixed income and the problems of the unemployed. Art can do and will do.

You can help. You can be part of the pris and participation needed to elect Art. Art and Senators are in a position to bring help to our community.

**Yes, I Want To Help.**

Here is my contribution to help Art win. Also, send me more information on the issues on the political scene.

If you would like to help Art. Please advise me what I can do.
Yoko visits America, John remembers Japan

By JOHN DANIELS

“Get off of your duff,” my boss growled. “Go out and find a story. I don’t care what kind it is. You pick it. Human interest, a controversy, or how the system works. But keep it within the confines of the organization here. You write it. I’ll judge it. If it’s good, you get a byline. If it stinks, it will be back to the editors and you’ll be covering the Community College next year.”

With the spectre of the Community Capers hanging over me, I chose my option. I would interview a foreign student. And I did. But it turned out to be more than an interview. It brought back memories of a time nearly four decades past of a land and a people. A land that I run by, hurrying to class. A land whose tents are still blowing in the open-eyed stroll. A land whose life is constantly cutting the grass, again and again forever, are the lawns and the high school and to Kyoto. A land that I have come to know. A land that I run by, hurrying to class. A land where the Marquise of Maintenon, the first woman in the world to hold the title of French Royalty, was condemned to rolling a great heavy boulder up the side of a sleep mountain only to have it all be perhaps just the fuel that keeps them mowing.

The Chariot April 23, 1982

W. L. Hoff, Feature Editor

The gang who keeps it clean and working

In praise of maintenance

By ROBERT WALKER

From the maintenance file of Robert Walker:

“Main-Stay — Main-Stem — Main Stream — Main Street — Maintain — Maintenance a maintaining or keeping maintained, staying supported, defense, etc., specif., the work of keeping a building, machinery, etc. in a state of good repair; 2) means of support or sustenance; livelihood is job that provides a maintenance. 3) Criminal Law the act of interfering unjustifiably to a suit between others by helping either party, as by giving money, etc., to carry on.”

And just below that, on page 184 of Webster’s New World Dictionary: “Maintenon-Marquise de (born Françoise d’Arquigny) 1635-1719, 2nd wife of Louis XIV, the old gal lived eighty-four years! Quite a feat of maintenance considering the state of the medical arts and the barbaric hygienic standards seventeenth-century Europe endured.

Other feats of maintenance I find noteworthy: clean floors, clean walls, beautifully clipped grassy knolls, healthy trees, all elements of the smooth operation that I run by hurrying to class. The high standard of maintenance that I have come to know here at MiraCosta. Without thinking of what goes into it, the standard I have come to expect while racing over well manicured surfaces, a good quarter of an hour late for class.

Maintenance is, for the large part, holding the line against a continual onslaught of weeds, bugs, carelessly discarded cans and wrappers. Uproot of the campus means changing light bulbs, emptying garbage cans, raking leaves, mowing floors and cleaning restrooms eighty times a month. A task that the hero of this Greek myth or corny television monster, rolling a great heavy boulder up the side of a sleep mountain only to have it all be perhaps just the fuel that keeps them mowing.

Headquarters for the maintenance department is a utilitarian little single-story building box-down by the Children’s Center. Breezy in summer, sheltered from the rest of the campus; yet so essential to the placid environs enjoyed day in and out by students, instructors and visitors alike. The union heroes dispensed from maintenance furnish us all with postcard-perfect park settings; green lawns to toss Frisbees on, house volleyball nets on, comfortable places to do all the things that we do when we are here. We are offered colorful beds of flowers, shrubs, and trees thoughtfully, precisely placed that make our campus simply a nice place to be...

The maintenance people are doing a great deal every working day to enhance the college experience. And what is their reward? They get paid for it... Yet I can’t help but think that it was a cold shot they got when the folks down there expressed a desire to improve their own surroundings. The general response was one of indifference. None of us paid attention, not students or teachers, not the illustrous allocators of the funds. So they, the men and women who beautify MiraCosta College every day of the week came on weekends, hammer and nailed on their own time, with their own means into carpet and panel the offices contained in the Cinder Block building designated to them. As the college grew, so did the need on record commending their efforts. Our maintenance department is doing a good job. The proof of this is easily seen in numerous discussions about the grounds of a campus well maintained. Who indeed, the Marquise of Maintenon of community colleges...”

MiraCosta College PRESENTS NATURAL HISTORY OF TAHITI

MIRACOSTA COLLEGE and WORLD ENCOUNTERS INC. present the NATURAL HISTORY OF TAHITI. This is a two-week, two unit field course, spending one week on TAHITI and one week on AREA. plus a second week on TETIAROA, the private atoll of Marlon Brando, now an ecological preserve.

For additional information and application contact Robert V. Strause, in care of the Biology Dept. of MiraCosta College, Oceanside, Ca. 92056, or by phone (home) at 714-727-1670.

10% DISCOUNT WITH THIS COUPON

MiraCosta College
2525 El Camino Real Mall, Suite 165
Corbads, Calif. (714) 434-3308

Robert M. Heller, O.D.
Soft Contact Lenses
$150.00

Price Includes:
Exam, Lenses, Follow-up Core Kit
Bausch and Lomb Soflens

Also Available:
Lenses for Astigmatism
Extended Wear Lenses
Tinted Lenses Gaspermable
By H. K. BARNWICK

One day after classes, I walk out to get my mail. I live in one of the dorm rooms that is "rustic." Our postal boxes have a brown tab, and they stand out on the street.

I always go by the door that is my front door. You get to know your person-who that was this typical one place we lived. Mr. Flanagan was my favorite mailman.

He always had an extra stamp on him if you needed one. We'd put a Christmas card in the box for him instead of buying a stamp. I don't think his name was Rick's Day he'd come in the house and take a drop. Nice fellow.

But a P.O. box address is the whole story you have to locate it, turn the way everyday, even in the rain.

And you find it.

You add you see in trashy magazines:


God only knows what all this is. Letters? Numbers? Mysterious activities. It sounds about right, though, probably is illegal everyone knows where I live.

Anyway, whenever we've lived somewhere and had a P.O. box address, we've been very lucky with my majors here. I, again, am taking linguistics and also psychology.

"Is there American food?" Do you like California? Have you seen more of the United States?

She smiled, showing small, even white teeth. "Ah, yes, like America. We love our French fries and Coke. You know we have McDonald's and Wendy's and don't call them, context. Is that the right way?"

"It will do." (Personally I think the garlic shade of 2-0-7 country.)

The weather is so beautiful. You have been very kind.

I immediately reach into my memory that's been found out. I can't come up with anything.

My attendance has been good, grades tolerable, I do the home- work assignments. Last summer, I did show up one evening half in the bag to take a PSY 113 test. A class mate and I had to the R&B Tavern. But, we both passed the test. Good to get a B.

I just hope they haven't found that out. I refused to sign the Anti-Nuclear Weapon Proclamation Period.

I open the envelope and extract a single, printed sheet. It's some- thing that's on the President's List. This sounds omit- ional to me. I left it on you got on sometimes. When this happened, I had to go back to the inn. Then innovation records managed to get lost, to be the old RFD kind that is 'rustic'. Our postal boxes

The gentleman ahead of me was not all so lucky -

...and universal questions. Who?

-Whose - and adherence to good manners and civility is diminishing, being slowly poisoned by the material onslaught of the West.

Suddenly I feel old. A hundred years old, as values crumble like ancient ruins. Thank you, little Yoko. Good luck in this new world. Sayonara.

Drop Deadline

The last day to drop classes for the Spring 1982 semester is May 12. After this date, a grade, other than "W", must be given by the instructor. If you intend to drop a class, be sure your drop card is turned into the Admissions Office by May 13. No drop cards will be accepted after May 13.

Mysteries

What mysteries lie beyond the sky? Our dimension, universe, and everything to do that we know; I often find myself asking myself 5 times at a time.

And all of the facts and fiction, and other literature on such topics, they're very few people who seriously, without care.

By daylight when the skies are clear, you see them. If there are any signs of life or people, like you and me 

For every grain of sand, there are hundreds of miles of space. I've seen only stars, did you ever see any similar sort?I'm watching Earth, from Venus, maybe more.

For every grain of sand, there are hundreds of miles of space. I've seen only stars, did you ever see any similar sort? I'm watching Earth, from Venus, maybe Mars.

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Mysteries

Mysteries lie beyond the sky. Our dimension, universe, and everything to do with it. We know it is true.

I've seen only stars, did you ever see any similar sort? I'm watching Earth, from Venus, maybe Mars.

For every grain of sand, there are hundreds of miles of space. I've seen only stars, did you ever see any similar sort? I'm watching Earth, from Venus, maybe Mars.
Elusive writing style as slippery as syrup

By TOM DUKE

Hi. I'm Tom. But you can call me Hunt & peck style, mine, of Jerry Falwell, loathsome creature that he is. But I won't bore you with my heathenistic assaults on Falwell's character; besides, Falwell's no longer news now that he's back campaigning for the seat of ole Ronnie Reagan, who's now comfortably settled in the White House playroom axing away at the economy and lopping the legs off the poor. But I won't bother talking further about Ronnie either, because the only news he generates is bad news. Those two clowns are just a couple more two sterile ink-spots on an otherwise stainless copy of provincial journalism.

I have given you the impression that I am a bit of a guy who you're right. Five cups of coffee and three stacks of filigree filled pancakes will do that for you. And if that's what you want, I'm not affected with a minor case of repression, I'm the one in the group that's right folks, my ship is taking in water and I'm going down. I'm thinking about quitting, you need to get finished with it, and frankly, with this gibberish as evidence, I'm thinking about quitting this whole media madness. But let's get back on the road to style. The U.S. is accelerating through the 80s, and even the rate of changing styles has quickened to a coronary pace. But here at AstoCariM we're not keeping pace. We never even made it out of the starting blocks. Everyone's got their own little game, thus, we have no definitive style — no pre requisite for being cool or accepted. And that's OK by me, because I stick out like a cannabis plant in a churchyard — and nobody cares. So all you laid-back people, get finished with it, and if you can't get finished with it, you can lose your wallet rests.

What exactly do I have against style? Everything really, even though one of my nick names is "Styler." It's just that stylish aspirations tend to cloud people's view of themselves. And everybody's definition of style is different.

Being beautiful means, to some, getting acquainted with a vortex of diacritical convulsions of evidence, I'm thinking about quitting the way the people who have the most style cannot be borrowed or acquire. And that's where they fail.

I haven't written anything worthy of printer's ink in three months, and frankly, with this gibberish as evidence, I'm thinking about quitting this whole media madness. But let's get back on the road to style. The U.S. is accelerating through the 80s, and even the rate of changing styles has quickened to a coronary pace. But here at AstoCariM we're not keeping pace. We never even made it out of the starting blocks. Everyone's got their own little game, thus, we have no definitive style — no prerequisite for being cool or accepted. And that's OK by me, because I stick out like a cannabis plant in a churchyard — and nobody cares. So all you laid-back people, get finished with it, and if you can't get finished with it, you can lose your wallet rests.

At the music scene—You've got your burned-out '60s preludes of Wild Turkey with Hunter S. Thompson's fingerprints on it; it's a pair of faded Levi's; it's a surfboard sticking out to sea — to sit on; it's a toot of cocaine for Betty Sue; it's going on a diet or jogging — for a day or two; it's trying to be different — just like everybody else.

Style in its constituency, is something that the people who have the least amount of try hardest to acquire. And that's where they fail. Style cannot be bought or bought. It's an abstract. It's your true character — uncontaminated — and projected through your attitudes and actions. Style is being authentic without trying to impose. It commands attention and risks criticism. It's the opposite of pretense — a synonym of integrity.

Style is not something you should worry about, because each of us is born unique. We can achieve greatness as Shakespeare noted, of have it thrust upon us, but a prerequisite for greatness is uniqueness. And uniqueness is illuminated style.

Hi. I'm Tom. But you can call me Hunt & peck style, mine, of Jerry Falwell, loathsome creature that he is. But I won't bore you with my heathenistic assaults on Falwell's character; besides, Falwell's no longer news now that he's back campaigning for the seat of ole Ronnie Reagan, who's now comfortably settled in the White House playroom axing away at the economy and lopping the legs off the poor. But I won't bother talking further about Ronnie either, because the only news he generates is bad news. Those two clowns are just a couple more
MacDonald remembers past looks towards Oceanside Community College

By J.K., Ammann

In 1971, the election of Dr. John MacDonald's community service was a result of the 1971 Oceanside City Council election results. The new mayor, MacDonald, was elected to the council seat that received 7,094 votes from 9,680 ballots cast. Among a field of seven candidates, MacDonald was elected president of the Board of Trustees in an effort to widen the appeal of the college and to extend its boundaries. The first increment of buildings was completed and consisted of the library and admissions center. Student center, gym, communications center, and science and math center.

The Chariot

April 23, 1982

MiraCosta College

THEATER

MiraCosta College will celebrate the opening of its brand-new, $75 million theater on May 2. The opening gala, which will begin at 6:00 p.m., will feature a performance by the school's theater arts department. The event will include a buffet dinner, a silent auction, and a performance by the school's theater arts department.

ART

Sculptures by La Jolla artist Linda Simon will be exhibited May 1-6 at the MiraCosta College James Crumley Gallery. Admission is free. For information, call the art department at 757-2121 or 755-5155.

FILMS

The German film 'The Blue Angel' will be shown at 7:30 p.m. Saturday, May 15, at MiraCosta College's Del Mar Shores Center auditorium. Admission is free. The film will also be shown at the college's James Crumley Gallery on May 13 at 7:30 p.m. Admission is free. For information, call 757-2121 or 755-5155.

SPEECH AND HEARING

The San Diego County Speech and Hearing YMCA will hold a special event on May 8 at 8:00 a.m. at MiraCosta College. The event will feature a panel discussion on the latest developments in speech and hearing therapy.

SPORTS

The MiraCosta College Community Chorus will perform on May 28 at 1:00 p.m. at the college's James Crumley Gallery. Admission is $15. For information, call 757-2121 or 755-5155.

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Editor's note: For "Man in the Crooked Hat," MiraCosta's Christmas play, Larry Jorgensen's costume workers scrounged hats, shoes and "40's dresses, ruffling family clothes for whatever they could find. For "Eccentricities of a Mas Play," Larry Jorgensen's costume workers scrounged hats, cluttered shelves, drawers, and clothes, which Afton Jandro visited recently, and if the characters in ONDINE. Sheila explains that she is a drama major who is learning by osmosis. During 21 years of teaching theatre and on April 30. When returning the application forms, students are encouraged to turn in the forms with a photo of themselves. An orientation for the candidates is scheduled on May 5 (Wednesday) in Room L-301 (located at the Student Center Building).

The deadline for applying is Friday, April 23. For more information, please contact Linda Perry at the Office, Telephone no. 797-2121 Ext. 277.

The Film Fair will run from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. in Room L-27 (Student Center) and will feature the award-winning film "A Differe nt Approach," in which a young producer of a film to promote the abilities of disabled people proves to his employer that sensible thoughts with humorous overtones can be effective. The film features many well-known Hollywood and television stars. Other films to be shown are "A Boy Named Charlie Brown," "A Touch of Zen," and "A Solo ono," which follows Bonnie Raitt and her family to their home for her home and family, leading a group that gives information to the out of courts. She shares her thoughts regularly in Los Angeles Philharmon and "operates" that will inspire every one, with "How to Survive Sundays," "Soup, Party I and II," and "What Do You When You See A Blind Person" will also be featured.

Editorial comments on page 15 continue from page 15: the deadline for returning applications is May 15, in Room 0-201, the main campus in Carlsbad. The concert, under the direction of the Oceanside Carlsbad, will start at 3 p.m.

MacDonald (continued from page 12) MacDonald mentions with admiration the way that the incoming funds, "MacDonald continues with a serious tone creeps into his voice. 'This is what's happening in the state," the good thing for us is that this type of thing is happening to junior colleges all over the state and something has to be done. Of course, you know what the answer from Sacramen to is: change the status. The good-humored Meisen speaks proudly of things about MiraCosta that please him the most.

'Well, of course, I think I have grown from a very small college to a medium-sized one while still maintaining a high quality education and developing a beautiful campus," he says. "We're a very good college in every respect, we are still in line with the general development of the vocational programs."

Meisen's mood grows somber as he explains the things he hasn't liked about his job. "I've had the least fun these last couple of years. I can't say that we've done very well in our programs."

Meisen will continue on with the college in a consulting capacity. After his May 31 retirement, Meisen will still help bring in the new president, and then move to a new location.

Disability Awareness Day is scheduled for May 6, 1982, on campus and in Oceanside. A Film Fair will run from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. in Room L-27 (Student Center) and will feature the award-winning film "A Different Approach," in which a young producer of a film to promote the abilities of disabled people proves to his employer that sensible thoughts with humorous overtones can be effective. The film features many well-known Hollywood and television stars. Other films to be shown are "A Boy Named Charlie Brown," "A Touch of Zen," and "A Solo ono," which follows Bonnie Raitt and her family to their home for her home and family, leading a group that gives information to the out of courts. She shares her thoughts regularly in Los Angeles Philharmon and "operates" that will inspire everyone, with "How to Survive Sundays," "Soup, Party I and II," and "What Do You When You See A Blind Person" will also be featured.

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Shooting down the idyllic dreams of life at sea

By ELEANOR EDWARDS

We had long dreamed about buying a brewster--sailing along the lines of a 40' boat. Encouraged by stories of The Shark Joshua Slocum's lone circumnavigation of the globe, we set out to see if we could handle such seafaring and if we could find something that lived up to our expectations.

Then my husband, Bud, came up with another idea. He had completed his last summer as a freshman in college, and he was determined to attend college. So we haggled over how to make some money. He found a 36-ft. clinker-built beam and started to craft. She was definitely an arduous project. We worked on her, trying to find something that lived up to our expectations of what a boat should look like, but to our surprise it turned out that we had a great time.

When I was in college, I remember sitting at a table. We spotted each other, she waved me over, and we got cups of coffee. We decided to meet and talk about our journeys so far.

I was raised on the classified ads and finally, for a few thousand dollars, purchased a 2-room, 36-ft. clinker-built beam and started to craft. She was definitely no easy project. We worked on her, trying to make her look as she should.

But, no night classes. We spent two nights at sea and I wondered if, perhaps, we were closing. The truth slowly dawned on me.

I never mentioned any of this to my husband. He didn't mention it either. He didn't see why I was upset. He thought I was being too hard on myself. He thought I was being too hard on myself.

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By JOHN HERSTROM

Lanny Wadkins, with help from a rules infraction and a three-putt green by a would-be challenger, nailed down a sweet victory at nearby La Costa in the Tournament of Champions last week.

At the start of the third round, Wadkins was two shots behind Lee Trevino, who was paired with Wadkins for the final round, couldn't keep the tee shots on the short grass and chopped his way through La Costa's par 37th hole for 79 and a tie for 5th at 284.

Wadkins, leader of Runners par 36 was achieved with rounds of 67-72-68-72. "It wasn't pretty, but go the job done." With the rough up in inches, La Costa was grouped like a "U.S. Open" caliber track. With virtually no wind most of the week, onlookers watch the scores would have been with the gents that usually kick if there was a wind. The tournament was spaced by a hole-in-one Saturday. David Graa- ham delivered a three-iron shot from the U.S. Open cholla in the par three 7th hole. His playing partner Fuzzy Zoeller then pulled his shot left of the green from the rough about 30 feet away. The hole-in-one damaged the cup, so an official was called to repair it. After waiting ten minutes, and not to be totally snap happy, Fuzzy promptly pitched his ball in the cup for two. And a one and a two, and away they went.

Lee Trevino remained the main draw with his usual one liner, crazy stories, and overall color.

During the Pro Am on Wednesday, the gallery chanted "Hey, Hey, Trevino, trevino, trevino, trevino, trevino, trevino..." They were the only laymen to ever follow pro $14,338, placing him in the tie for fifth. "I have nothing to say about my play. The misses were out of his mouth (by reflex). The ref's cat was trying to get away from television viewers and later confirmed by PGA officials who reviewed the tapes with NRIs.

The disappointed Streck then was penalized two shots by tournament officials. He still was penalized two shots by tournament officials. He still could review the tapes with NBC.

Trevino ventured into a tree for a bunt which he just couldn't get by. "I'm an idiot", was the only quote total he could come up with. The missed putt and two-shot penalty on the 17th tee . "He fired at the target but missed and I think he wants to be a who has an affliction that fascinated me, as cruel as it may seem. He'd have the drive that was in his actions. It left his face partial- ly paralyzed and when he crooked out his Belsa, a silvery slit would descend from the side of his mouth and make its way to- ward the floor. Just when it looked as if he would extend all the way, the floor would break off. In- variably."

I'd stare at, forgetting my Bel- las, etc. And that Mr. Schmitz, was absolutely a homelss man, would fix me with eyes as kindly as she did and remind me to tend to my duty. The smell of burning leaves, the red and gold of the foliage and the cool air of late October crept into me. I became lightheaded and irrespon- sible, my spirit crying to fly away. At thirteen, life is a bub- biling, wonderful spring to be drunk from.

I was in the first grade. I was a choir boy, they urged me to do the scales again. To sing like a lark. I was in the offing in the person of one, Maggie or Schmitz? The shark or the barracuda?

Maggie was known as "Cock- eye", but without cause since one eye looked East toward Europe, and the other West. The nuns would wink a fellow with a rotten stick, and, if he went hawking hell is this business?", he scowled. He knew. The spittle started toward the floor. I watch- ed, mesmerized. It broke, and with it the spell. "What the hee- hawing hell is this business?": he groaned, forgetting that he was in the House of The Lord.

The choir was in faltering, shak- ing and giggling. I felt real good. Getting better every day. Mr. Schmitz looked like he was going to have another stroke. I took the silent plaudits of my admirers. Out from behind a pillar stood old Cockeye. I couldn't rightly tell who she was looking at but she was streaming full speed ahead toward me. She grabbed me by the neck and yelled at Schmitz. "It's the one he's the one, the little bas- tard." She also forgot that she was in a Holy Place. She larruped me across the stern with that damn rattan stick, and boy that bamboo smoking stick. Schmitz covered both palms over my ears so hard it seemed to me that all the bells in the city were clanging. Then he knelt down and ran me out of the church. And communicated me from the choir. Forever.

(Continued from page 1)

Graphs: (a) one of you is a wisenheimer who will catch and box his ears, you bet." So we fed out into the gold and blue of that October day, I was daring hero to my mates. But disaster was in the offing in the person of one. "Cockeye" Maggie Holabian, Schmitz's opposite number. In our parochial school there were four grades at each level. Two first grades and on up to eight in the boys' building and two each in the girls' building. Going near the girls was verboten. They, in those unenlightened years, feared that even should a boy whistle at them they might catch a seed. So the girls' school was off limits. At thirteen who cared? At fifteen, ah that was a different matter.

Schmitz and Maggie taught the two eighth grades in the boys' school. They were the only lay teachers; the remainder were nuns. As a seventh grader I faced the same fears as my peers. Next year which of these two do we get? Maggie or Schmitz? The shark or the barracuda?

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The Chariot April 23, 1982

Beach a Choir, they urged
Horticulture has jobs and plans a sale.

By Tom Duke

The Mediterranean climate of Southern California is, among other things, an ideal habitat for a broad species. And in addition to the native vegetation, the mild climate allows a multitude of exotic plants to survive well. Many of these plants are enjoyed by horticulturists and landscapers are available on the additional environmental needs of each particular species such as watering, nutrition, and drainage. These species are particularly popular to keep Southern California from looking the same-desert that it is. They are, in essence, geographic mythology.

The need for trained individuals in the areas of landscape design, nursery and drainage, plant science, and landscape and turf services is projected to be strong throughout North County. Add the MiraCosta College Agriculture Department, with the help of many North County clubs, is trying to supply the vital talent. The problem is that few people know about the available job opportunities in the agriculture industry such as the Costa Mesa agriculture program even exist.

In an effort to spread the news, the Agriculture Club has staffed an educational exhibit at the Carlsbad mall on April 16, 17, and 18 in the food court of the mall.

The exhibit was part of the MiraCosta, Vista, and Carlsbad High Schools providing greenhouses for each campus.

This part of the plant Sale's profits will be donated to MiraCosta College for the greenhouse as well as another $200 in scholarships.

Pass the beer and coffee, say students.

It's no secret that college students are active beer drinkers. But just how well educated they may be something of a surprise.

According to research conducted in a survey of 1,175 college students nation-wide, students are consuming more beer and drinking more alcohol than college-aged Americans who do not attend school, the total is only 57 percent.

The survey, part of the third annual Campus Monitor Survey, was conducted by CASR Student Advertising to determine purchasing habits and preferences of college students. The organization questioned men and women on 67 regionally-balanced campuses around the country.

Molson Golden, the premium Canadian brand, was voted the student's most popular import beer by college students, and Miller shared the top sport for preference for imported beers.

Beer consumption among students aged 18-24 has increased 50 percent over a five-week period, a slight drop when compared. However, CASR research shows an increase in coffee consumption, with women 60 percent who now consider coffee their regular drink.

 Norris, the Robert Taylor, college students consumed their fair share of caffeine and other brain relievers. Of the various brands purchased, Tylenol proved to be the most popular.

DO FENCE ME IN — in response to yet another weekend foray by local burglars, the S.C. has had additional steps to its college's vending machines. The Cyclone-fence cages, installed at a cost of approximately $500 each, have been placed in three areas; outside the gym, in the communications center and in the business complex. The S.C. and Servoma Corporation, the company that services the machines, shared the cost of the cages.

A.S.F. President Mary Zingg encourages anyone witnessing an act of vandalism to call the police immediately at 520-3704. "If you are in doubt about your observation," she said, "use this number to let the police know what happened." Zingg stressed that acts of vandalism because of their cost to the university and to those who live on the campus. "Our campus is our home, the police are our friends. Let's make sure they're not vandalized by anyone who has no business here."
Men look to April 27 prelims

By VERN ALEXANDER

Men's track coach Noel Montrouch has decided to pass up the Mt. Sac Relays so that his athletes will be rested and ready for the Conference Prelims Tuesday, April 27. At 8:00 AM at Santa Ana College Coach Noel is little worried about Rick McCollory who pulled a muscle last week dominating under the boards both attempts. The Roadrunners and the Spartans at COD this Thursday, April 29th.

Although the Spartans played well shipping 25 goals on 38 attempts, the Roadrunners dominated under the boards on offense and defense. Spartan center Artene Ringer played extremely well, collecting 28 points, while Laurie Watson, who was nothing short of awesome at times, ended up with 15 points. Meri Madrid, who had nine points, played tough defense.

Before the Spartans get ready for their rematch with COD they must first worry about the Imperial Valley Arabs tonight at Imperial Valley College, and as DeMiki puts it, "When you go down to IVC you never know what's going to happen. But we should do all right."

By MIKE MILLER

On April 2nd, MiraCosta played a non-league game against Mt. San Antonio. The game came up short, losing 6-5. Eighteen Spartan players saw action in the contest, and by the game's end the only Spartan regulars in the lineup were freshman Steve Whitley and third baseman Mark Fisher.

MiraCosta got in trouble early, and Spartan pitcher Butcher didn't survive the first inning as he fanned Mt. San Antonio's base hit in the first and in the second and third, and in the ninth. By the time Jason Lorret returned to the mound, the bases were loaded and two outs. Lorret struck out the next batter, but the inning and then settled into his own. He also threw out a runner trying to score in the second inning.

Fumiguito was hitting it at a torrid clip all year and he is beginning to get bites from four-year schools.

"He's a good ballplayer all the way around," Coach John Seeley said. "When he goes to a four-year school he'll learn to leave that field because his arm isn't turning out very fast.

On Tuesday, April 20, in a first place showdown with Imperial Valley the Spartans left El Centro with a 9-2 victory and only a half game back in first place. It was MiraCosta's fifth win in seven games.

The winning streak started out in the first inning when the Spartans took on Imperial Valley on April 13th. The first hitter, Martin Figueroa, led home Figueroa. In the opener, the Spartans combined clutch hitting and aggressive base running to whip out a 6-2 seven-inning deficit with two runs in the seventh and three in the eighth.

In the seventh, Steve Fitzgerald doubled, went to third on a ground out, and scored when Gil Beaion's apparent game-ending grounder was thrown away by the IVC third baseman. Beaion, who took second, scored on Fisher's double.

The Spartans continued their late barrage in the eighth. Sulli­van doubled and Steve Whitley sacrificed to second by Fitzgerald to load the bases. The second baseman, who was on two hits in the fifth. IVC scored its first two runs in the bottom of the sixth. Dan Fitzgerald singled home Sullivan, who had the flu, first baseman Steve Whitley and third baseman Mark Fisher. The Spartans combined clutch hitting and aggressive base running to win out a 6-2 seven-inning deficit with two runs in the seventh and three in the eighth.

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