Club will offer an alternative to ASI Program Board fare

by Rebecca Berner

The Benevolent Organization for Alternative Needs, a group which provides alternative services to ASI programming, is struggling to maintain its position as a campus club.

B.O.A.N.’s primary objective is to promote alternative dances, student, youth and senior services and social gatherings.

“B.O.A.N. was formed last year as a group of dissatisfied people who wanted to bring about a little change or improvement in ASI programming,” said B.O.A.N. Vice President Erik Hemingway.

That raised some concern that B.O.A.N.’s interests might conflict with those of the ASI Program Board. “We thought it (B.O.A.N.) might pose a threat to our programming,” said Sandy Nunn, Program Board Treasurer.

Hemingway feels that ASI was overly concerned last year about a club of B.O.A.N.’s site. “They were making a mountain out of a molehill,” he said.

According to B.O.A.N. members, there are definite advantages in being a club. There are not as many restrictions, they said.

According to ASI Program Board Chair Dave Chiappone, B.O.A.N. members could have accomplished their objectives by working through Program Board channels.

“Everything they want to do could be done through the Program Board. Of course it would mean a lot more red tape but it could be done,” said Chiappone.

Chiappone also think however, that B.O.A.N. members could have accomplished their objectives by working through Program Board channels.

Hemingway feels that ASI was overly concerned last year about a club of B.O.A.N.’s site. “They were making a mountain out of a molehill,” he said.

The main hurdle for B.O.A.N. was becoming an official club on campus. After their bylaws were passed last year, they sponsored such events as the Suburban Lawns at Cuesta Park and the Felony concert at the San Luis Obispo Veteran’s Hall.

The reason for their relative inactivity this year is due to the opposition from the Program Board.

Bike patrol promotes cycling safety for students

by Becky Marr

The last class of the day is over. He gets his bike from the rack, jumps on it and speeds off going the wrong way down a one-way street. At the same time she gets into her car and backs out, not looking in his direction. The resulting damage to her car is slight — he might not live.

According to a spokesman for Public Safety’s bike patrol, the above scenario hasn’t happened yet, but it could. “Bicyclists that leave from business administration and education come flying down that hill,” said Jim McCown. “Cars backing out could hit them.”

Two out of every three riders killed in collisions with cars have violated a law or safety rule, according to Public Safety’s bicycle safety guide.

“People on bikes are subject to the same laws as cars, and, at Cal Poly, many don’t obey the rules of the road,” said McCown.

When bicyclists ignore a law, they are disregarding the safety of themselves and others, he added.

The bike patrol program is under the supervision of Sergeant Steve Schrader of Public Safety. The student patrols do not cite or apprehend violators, instead they promote safety and bicycle regulations to the public.

Bicyclists who don’t use the bike racks are another problem, said McCown. “They lock their bikes to things like trees or handicap handrails,” he explained.

The Cal Poly bike patrol tries to encourage cyclists to obey signs, such as this one at the end of California Blvd.

Tree trimmers cut the date palms on California Blvd. Unruly winds may make these trees hazardous if they are not trimmed occasionally.
The politics of the Games

Why can’t the world remember what the Olympic Games are for?

* The Olympics are supposed to be where the greatest athletes on earth come together to match their strength, skill, and endurance against each other. They are supposed to be the Track at the Top, the cross country where the best bounces the balls. But they have once again become the ball themselves, and the bouncers are a group of politicians and sports officials to whom nothing is sacred.

Now the big issue is professionalism—again. The United States and Finland are protesting the fact that four of the players on the Canadian Olympic ice hockey team have played professional hockey, even though none of them have played in more than 10 games, the standard that has been approved by Canada’s hockey federation and the International Ice Hockey Federation. The International Olympic Committee has not ruled on whether players with 10 or fewer games of NHL experience are eligible for the Olympics.

The Canadians charge that players from as many as nine countries—including the United States—fall into the same category as their four players. They are threatening to withdraw their team from the Games if their players are declared ineligible and no others are disqualified.

These problems wouldn’t even exist if the western world could open its eyes to common sense and see that its so-called amateur standards and statutes are ridiculous. They make us look like fools so the rest of the world can laugh—as they walk away with gold medals.

The IOC knows, the United States knows, Western Europe knows, the King of Samoa no doubt knows that the Eastern Bloc nations have been sending professional athletes to the Games for decades. But we turn a blind eye to reality and bicker among ourselves over whether a kid who has played one game for the Edmonton Oilers of the old World Hockey Association five years ago is a professional and therefore ineligible to play in the Olympics.

The easiest solution, of course, and one that would be an answer to a flood of problems would be to open the Olympics to everybody—professional or amateur.

But even more important, the attitudes of government and sports officials toward the Olympics should change.

The Olympics are not supposed to be a political arena, a convenient weapon for governments to use to make petty declarations to the rest of the world that they take a stand on some point. They are not supposed to be a psychological and emotional rollercoaster for athletes who work for years to achieve the highest possible peak in their fitness, strength and stamina, only to have their dreams, preparation and goals vaporized in a moment by an official declaration to the rest of the world that they take a stand.

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Letters

MacIntosh robbery reported

Editor:

Help! I’ve been robbed. So has everyone else on campus. We have been robbed of an opportunity. Even if you ultimately had decided not to buy an Apple Macintosh computer, you were denied the opportunity to make that choice. Many statements have been issued by our administrators, but so far none offer a truly plausible explanation for the denial of our chance to buy a cheap but powerful computer. Here is an indication of the capabilities of the Macintosh: the University of Michigan’s College of Engineering has ordered 8,000 of them, one for each of its students.

I would like to list all the schools that are part of the Macintosh consortium, as it is called: Boston College, Brigham Young, Brown, Carnegie-Mellon, City University of New York, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Drew, Harvard, Northeastern, Notre Dame, Princeton, Reed College, Rice, Stanford, the universities of Chicago, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Rochester, Texas, Utah, Washington, and Yale.

Forget the monetary aspects and think of this: to be a consortium member these schools agreed to cooperate and where any developments for the Macintosh. One example: Dartmouth is thinking of developing a new form of BASIC for the Macintosh. It would have been a fantastic opportunity for Cal Poly students to have been able to interact with these fine schools; but that opportunity was also robbed from us.

John Mottmann

Mustards add special spice

Mustards are hot in flavor, sales and status. Savory, spicy and sweet, they are being dipped, scraped and spread from jars and little plastic packages.

Once an everyday condiment known as the “poor man’s spice,” mustard has come out of the cupboards. No longer is it merely a yellow stripe on a hot dog. It has moved from the ballpark to the ballroom.

Today, sophisticated diners delight in adding scoops of mustard-scenting English mustard to Chinese stir-fry vegetables. Gourmet cooks make it wok (Get it? Make it wok?) Anyway, mustard is essential for exotic flavor and taste.

Heublin, the gourmet genius famous for Smirnoff Vodka and Harvey’s Sherry, may have dropped the big, yellow bomb when they introduced Dijon-style Grey Poupon, a scrumptious white-wine mustard to the United States in the 1960s.

Now, with the boom well underway, mustards have a wide range of flavors, textures and tastes. Some like it hot. Served on a piece of warmed bread or spread on a cracker, it makes savory hors d’oeuvres. Having a party? Well, don’t hesitate to break out the mustard along with the bread, wine and cheese. The guests will revel in the good choice. Be selective and choose a variety of mustards from mild and spicy to spicy and hot and watch their eyes light up.

Get creative with mustard. Add a little hot sauce, powdered taco mix, or sour cream to that jar of French’s yellow mustard. Be original.

Introduce friends something different—in the wonderful world of mustard.

Author Michele Grant is a journalism major.

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Dream admits one to disappointment

After gulping the last bit of Michelob and chuckling at Johnny Carson's monologue, I wandered sleepily to my bedroom. I climbed into bed—first one leg, then the other. As soon as I had my head on the pillow, my eyes slammed shut and I entered dreamland.

But that last drop of beer took its toll because my dreams weren't dreams at all. They were nightmares, especially this one... this one...

The morning sun cast a glare upon Niagara River as a tall, dark, handsome man drove a green Cordoba, traveling west on the Seajagmen Expressway. He noticed a toll booth in the distance. Stepping off he approached it, a uniformed man yelled, "ticket please!" The west-bound man reached into his black blazer clutching a large, cardboard square reading, "ticket: admit one." Handing it over to the ticket-taker, he continued on his journey.

As he approached Orchard Park, the rooms of roaring engines filled the air. The sun raced across the sky and the man knew lucidtime was nearing. Stopping at a submarine shop, he took out another large, cardboard square reading, "ticket: good for one submarine." He handed it to a young waitress, munching down the sandwich in three bites and continued on his westward journey.

The roaring engines sounded closer now as the large bird-like creatures swooped lower. The man smiled, knowing he would soon be aboard a plane that would take him to his Shell Beach destination.

He drove into the airport parking lot, then walked through the Buffalo Airport doors. Suddenly, a man holding a glass of orange juice dashed by wearing a jersey numbered "72." In his other hand was a ticket for a Hertz Rent-A-Car.

I, bewildered, stumbled upon a flight attendant who brought him to the correct gate. By this time, he assumed a ticket-taker would greet him before stepping into the hangar doors. He posed with confidence, knowing that his packet of tickets guaranteed him entrance aboard the plane. Enough a sophisticated stewardess said, "ticket please," and he handed over a ticket reading, "ticket: admit one to Shell Beach.

Once aboard, the tired man slept, waking only to the abrupt jolt of landing gear hitting earth. While standing in the plane, he felt a twinge of anticipation; for tomorrow he would witness his daughter's graduation from Cal Poly — something he waited 25 and a half years to see. At this thought, he reached into his ticket packet, making sure the one reading, "commencement: admit one," was securely in place. He smiled confidently.

As he stepped out of the plane, a familiar voice startled him. It was his daughter, whom he traveled 3,000 miles to see. The scene typified a Hollywood production. They ran toward each other, meeting with loving adoration. Walking arm-in-arm, the two talked and laughed. Before leaving the airport, they deposited their "exit tickets" and continued merrily on their way.

After arriving in Shell Beach, the father sipped a bottle of Michelob, chuckled at Johnny Carson's monologue and retired to bed. He dreamed of flowery festivities, of his daughter standing proudly among the graduates and... he woke up to the sound of pitpatpat on the roof.

"That's strange," he said as he began singing, "It never rains in sunny California."

Shrugging it off, he got up and got dressed because he knew nothing could ruin this precious day. Before troting off to Cal Poly, he checked his pocket again, making sure the commencement ticket was in place.

He hopped in his daughter's blue MGB and drove to San Luis Obispo. After searching endlessly for a parking space, he found one on Swinton Road. He walked to Mustang Stadium and took out the large, cardboard square reading, "commencement: admit one.

He smiled and handed it over to the ticket-taker, who didn't smile.

"I'm sorry sir," he said. "There's no more room."

"But I have a ticket," pleaded the disappointed father holding the large ticket packet.

Right then, I woke up with sweat pouring off my brow and my mind racing. I thought, as I heard the unusual sound of pit-pat-pat on the roof, "Author Karen Riccio is a senior journalism major and Mustang Daily staff writer."
Bike patrol wants campus collision free

From page 1

Bike locked to trees impedes ground people who need to get to the trees. But more importantly, he said, a bike locked to a handrail could obstruct the handicap pathway and cause an unsighted person, for example, to fall.

McCown said that, in the past, there have not been enough racks for Poly’s bike riders. When the patrol program began, the racks were counted and Public Safety officials decided the number was insufficient. More were added and as of last year, added McCown, there are enough bike racks around campus.

“I don’t want to go back to cutting locks on bikes illegally parked but that practice isn’t out of the question,” said McCown. At this time, patrol members can alert nearby police to violations, and bike owners could receive a citation.

McCown said patrol members plan to modify Poly’s bike lane system. The system now consists of lanes within the white and sidewalk curb on Poly’s streets and the green-painted lane on Via Carta.

Program club to focus on local talents

From page 1

“We are in no way out to try to shut them down,” said Chiappone. Nunn agrees that as an official club B.O.A.N. has “the perfect right to sponsor activities.” The reason for the club’s low profile this year is due to the loss of some of its key members. “We are in a state of transition between last year’s and this year’s new officers,” said Hemingway B.O.A.N. Vice President. “We’ve been trying like crazy to get our feet off the ground.”

B.O.A.N. members hope to get things underway this quarter by concentrating on smaller scale events such as off-campus dances with local and lesser-known bands, said Hemingway.

One setback has been the lack of money. The club is hoping to receive funding from Miller beer. Members are anxiously awaiting confirmation from the beer company before they can go ahead with some of their plans for the rest of the year.

These plans include an end-of-term concert at the Veto hall, a start-of-term dance featuring a local band. Other possibilities are a bike race and a ski event. Hemingway says that by selling beer at some of these events, the club would be able to keep admission costs low.

Everything is hanging in the balance right now for B.O.A.N.

“If we don’t get money from Miller we’ll have to get more creative,” said Prodis.

Hemingway doesn’t foresee too many problems now that the club’s bylaws have been passed and club members are positive about the future.

“We are a pretty innovative group. Now that we are coded... Who knows?” said Prodis.

“We have lots of ideas, now we just have to make them work.” said Hemingway.

Writing Lab to help students with problems

Students who have a hard time putting words on paper should not despair.

There is hope for students with writing problems at the Writing Laboratory located in Room 208 of the Kennedy Library. Winter quarter hours are from 8 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Monday through Friday.

The laboratory functions on a drop-in basis. Students are encouraged to ask for help with any problems they might have. Tutors are available to help create a plan and will set up individual programs for students who need assistance with any particular aspect of their writing. The whole program is set up on an individual basis and is not a class-type situation.

For more information contact Mary Kay Harrington of the Writing Skill Office at 546-2066.
Westmont was led by their two top single players, Doug Matthews and Chip Cashin, as they defeated Randy Havens and David Reynolds, respectively.

Although losing the two top single matches, the Mustang netters swept the remaining four singles all in two sets. Recording victories were Rob Pritzkow, Thor Holt, Jim Rakela and Blake Reed.

In the No. 1 doubles match against Westmont, Havens and Pritzkow were defeated by Matthews and Cashin in two sets 6-2, 6-3. With the team score tied 6-6 after the No. 2 doubles went to Westmont, the No. 3 doubles shaped up as the deciding match with Reynolds and Jim Rakela squeezing out a 3-6, 6-4, 6-4 victory to give Poly the win, 5-4.

Coach Bream was relieved after such a tough encounter with Westmont and regarding the final doubles win he said, "It wasn’t a well-played match by us, but I’m happy and relieved to come away with a win."

Westmont, which is in the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics (NAIA) has never beat Cal Poly. "Westmont was extremely happy to lose to us 5-4," said Bream.

The following day the Mustang netters endured another heart-stopping finish against UCSB, again winning, 5-4.

In the singles matches, Reynolds, Havens, and Rakela all lost their matches while Pritzkow beat Chip Cashin in two sets, 7-6, 6-4. Thor Holt beat Ben Reiser 6-3, 6-1, and Reed outlasted John Waaher in three sets 6-4, 6-4, 7-6.

"Pritzkow, Holt, and Reed all played excellent single matches to remain undefeated on the year and gave us a 1-3 split after singles," said Bream.

In doubles competition against the Gauchos, the No. 1 doubles team of Havens and Pritzkow won their match in two sets 6-3, 6-4. UCSB tied the team score 4-4 when Chris Russell and Waaher defeated Reynolds and Rakela 6-2, 6-4.

Again the team win came down to the No. 3 doubles. Holt and Mike Guisto responded for Poly by coming from behind to beat Cashin and Sean Perry in three close sets 5-7, 7-6, 7-6.

After the weekend cliff-hanger wins Bream commented, "We are very good under pressure and I hope that it carries over to our match against Fresno State."

The Mustangs will host Division I team Fresno State University on Wednesday at 2 p.m.

"Whether we win or lose these tough matches against the Division I schools, it still helps raise our level of play," explained Bream.
Ewing is pro dream

In the land of the Redwood Trees, it's pretty hard to replace Gulliver. I still feel that Ralph Sampson, four years down the line, will be the greatest basketball player in the history of Seton Hall. When he gets upper body strength and more of a competitive edge that will come from being beaten on night after night in the heavyweight division, he'll be dynamic. It's only a matter of time.

Ralph's question leap to the NBA removes the shadow all others had to play in, but the question now is: Who's the heir apparent? The site aerial player who resides in the All-State carrier? That Redwood by which all others must be measured?

If I have to pick the next Emory State Building, the next Mt. Everest, my move is to Patrick Ewing, the 7-foot, 220-pound junior from Georgetown. When you talk shot blockers, move him to the front of the class. He's tough and intense. A shot blocker and change who plays each game like it's his last and has unbelievable defensive quickness. Patrick may be the one Ewing not on double teams. The big Hoyas will need a missile security blanket of Coach John Thompson, and away will blossom the same way that Ralph, after he gets out of the protective security blanket of Coach Permance, Sam Perkins of North Carolina, Greg Stokes of Iowa, Wysman Tidale of Oklahoma, and Melvin Turpin, also for the Wildcats of Kentucky.

Patrick Ewing. I feel, will blossom the same way as Ralph. after he gets out from under the All-State hands. The protective security blanket of Coach John Thompson, and away from the relative tackle fous, touch fous, of col- legiate ball. He has vision of the court on both ends, knows how to pass the ball in and out, and moves up and down the court with the speed of a point guard.

When you're gauging Patrick, don't ever count him out. But the question of the night is: Will Patrick Ewing play in the All-State?

He plays excellent facing the basket, is picking up offensive moves. His two hands, the number of blocked shots, because for every blocked shot he has, there are three additional intimations that allow him to play the best one-man zone in the college game today.

Ewing's body is by Fisher, created by God for the NBA. Olajunon, at 7-foot and 240, is a shot blocking terror with incredible timing. He's on a par with Ewing, but does not currently have enough basketball experience. His Houston style of play under Gay Lewis is closer to one pro than Georgetown's, but the Dream is still mechanically-oriented, which is part of the foreign style of play. In a match-up between these two 18-wheelers, I feel they would neutralize each other down in the print. But when push comes to shove, I have to give the nod to Patrick.

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