Looking back on Poly

Three students sit on top of the "P" and look over the Cal Poly campus at sunset.

TODAY'S WEATHER
High: 73°  Low: 42°

Muscat Daily
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Friday, June 6, 2003

Mustang Daily

This edition of Mustang Daily is a review of the year, as well as goodbye commentaries from the members of the staff. Best of luck to graduating seniors.

By Andy Fahey  Mustang Daily Staff Writer

Cal Poly mourns for those lost

Eight members of the Cal Poly community died during the 2002-03 academic year. The Mustang Daily remembers Herb Kamm, Ed Glasco, Brianna Doss, Jason Hawkins, Vincent Estrada, Nicole Brownlee, Cynthia Kivel and Carlos Orozco.

Cal Poly lost a close friend Sept. 25 with the passing of Herb Kamm. Kamm was a journalism legend. He spent the majority of his 85-year life writing, editing and teaching what he loved—journalism. "He's seen it all," said San Luis Obispo Tribune reporter Pat Riddler in a Sept. 27 article of Mustang Daily. "When Herb spoke, everybody listened."

Ed Glasco died of a massive heart attack Nov. 1. The long-time mathematics professor began his Cal Poly teaching career in 1968. "He was so unique, with his cowboy hat and dark pants," said math professor Sheryl O'Neil in a Nov. 7 Mustang Daily article. "He was a warm individual who always helped when needed."

Brianne Doss took her own life when she hung herself at her Thousand Oaks home Dec. 30. The food science senior provided hope to so many others, but had lost hope herself. "She was passionate and creative," said business senior Marrin Egelston in a Jan. 9 article of the Mustang Daily. "She made you not afraid to be yourself."

Computer science freshman Jason Hawkins died Jan. 26, three days after his 21st birthday. Hawkins was unconscious in Temaya Hall. Hawkins had slipped into a diabetic coma and his blood sugar level reached as high as 2,250 milligrams per deciliter, according to a Jan. 27 article in Mustang Daily. "He was a pretty laid-back, unassuming guy, but he liked to have fun," said physics sophomore Armin Hernandez, Hawkins' longtime friend.

Architecture senior Vincent Estrada died March 25 after he was fatally shot in the head in Sacramento. Estrada and his cousin were attempting to steal tire rims from a Cadillac in an auto body shop when a guard fired a shot. Estrada was a good student with a promising career in architecture. "He was going to do something different," said his mother, Ivonne Estrada in an April 10 article of Mustang Daily. "She was real­ly caring and generous and had such a young and bright future ahead of her."

Last Oct. 9, 32-year-old speech communication professor Raymond Zeuschner in an April 16 Mustang Daily article. "He was real­ly caring and generous and had such a young and bright future ahead of her."

Everyone was surprised, but the staff of Mustang Daily was pub­lished in mid-August.

The Pride Alliance Center opened Oct. 11 in accordance with National Coming Out Day.

Cal Poly ranks best in West

The U.S. News and World Report rated Cal Poly as the best largely under­graduate public university in the Western region for the 13th straight year.

The College of Engineering was rec­ognized as the best public engineering college in the nation. The average student accepted to Cal Poly this school year had a 3.86 grade point average and 1234 SAT score.

The budget cuts will take effect this summer at Cal Poly. About one in four classes this summer were cut. Last year, 932 classes were offered during summer quarter while 401 are scheduled this summer.

LGBT Center opens

Last spring's "P" incident resulted in the creation of Pride Alliance: The LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender) Center. The center is the first on-campus facility geared toward sexual diversity.

"If you look at the events involving the 'P' the homophobes associated with it was evident," said Pat Harris, assistant director of Student Life and Leadership, in a Sept. 27 Mustang Daily article.

"He's seen it all," said San Luis Obispo Tribune reporter Pat Riddler in a Sept. 27 article of Mustang Daily. "When Herb spoke, everybody listened."

Ed Glassco died of a massive heart attack March 25 after he was fatally shot in a San Luis Obispo checkpoint under enemy fire when he was trying to steal a vehicle he was riding in rolled over.

"She was a pretty laid-back, easy-going person," said baseball assistant coach Mike Brownlee's roommate Neidy Derals in an April 7 article of Mustang Daily. "His colonel was so proud of him just like his coaches. He was a beautiful person."

Two students who ate on campus in late July were infected with E. coli bacteria.

Cal Poly lost a community member during the 2002-03 academic year. The Mustang Daily remembers Herb Kamm, Ed Glasco, Brianna Doss, Jason Hawkins, Vincent Estrada, Nicole Brownlee, Cynthia Kivel and Carlos Orozco.
Year in Review

review
continued from page 1

year, according to a Feb. 3 Mustang Daily article. "It's likely that Gills took it all the way. If he took it intentionally, there is no reason he would do it again."
The Sigma Chi fraternity is no longer recognized by Cal Poly or in its national chapter for providing alcohol to minors.
Faculty housing project comes to halt
Construction on the Cal Poly faculty housing project has set to begin despite
topotidoues in the final environmental impact report. The REIR requires Cal Poly to submit the public of any negative effects that might occur from carbon monoxide "hot spots," wastewater, treat­ment capacity and cumulative impacts on air quality and traffic, according to a Jan. 10 article in the Mustang Daily. The project could be ready for occupancy as soon as August 2005.

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Campus housing that is looking to open on campus will have a few more options in the near future. In addition to the $1.7 million east residence hall, a $200 million housing project that will add 2,700 beds on campus and 12 and 200 space parking
structures.

Construction will begin this fall on 300 student housing units which will currently house the balls testing unit and comals. The project is planned to be completed in Fall 2005.

Changes to SLO MAri Gras

The Mardi Gras parade returned to downtown San Luis Obispo after a one-year hiatus under different cir­cumstances compared to years past. It was held on 2 p.m. on March 2.

"We made a dartine parade, everything was bizarre, drunkenness and in hopes students would act more appropriately," said Carol Pimental, co-chair of the Mardi Gras Coordinating Committee. In a Feb. 13 Mustang Daily article.

"Mardi Gras is the anonyumus of night life."

Police officers were dis­bursed among the esti­mated crowd of 5,000 and made seven arrests. Eighty people were arrested at the parade in 2001.

The parade's improved behavior, however, did not reflect the rest of the weekend. Police made 139 arrests and issued 75 citations, almost all of which were speeding-related, during Mardi Gras weekend.

Fans rush the court as the men's basketball team cele­brated the victory over UCSB.

The Stangs followed the Vandal vic­tory with a 67-52 walk-over of top-seed­ed UCSC and had the oppor­tunity to play for an automatic birth into NCAA Tournament.

The slipper, however, didn't fit. The Mustangs fell to Utah St. 57-54 in the conference tournament and finished the season as the conference's leader in scoring and blocked shots and second in rebounding more than 60 students were finishing a march across campus. The booth, which had a sign posted that read "STOPTHREAT HAMES," was there to pro­mote gender and lesbian aware­ness in honor of Safety Sex. Held Hard

University Police
tarrested seven male and one female from Cal Poly and the of­fice arrested at least one additional arrest at Cal Poly, upon comple­tion of the two-month inves­tigation.

Police said the students confessed to the crime and apologized for their actions once they were identified and brought in to the UPO.

Men's basketball pulls the improbable

Paradigm shifted Feb. 20 in Mott Gym as the men's basketball team celebrated one of the program's proudest moments. The Mustangs' 66-61 victory over Big West leader UC Santa Barbara snatched a 10-game losing streak against the Gauchos that dated back to 1998.

As sweet as the victory over the Central Coast rival was, it was nothing compared to what laid ahead for head coach Kevin Rooney's squad.
The Mustangs defeated the University of Idaho 54-50 for the team's first ever vic­tory in the Big West Tournament.

"We feel good," said junior for­ward Steve Forstaad. "We're just going to make history."

Dennis finished the season as the conference's leader in scoring and blocked shots and second in rebounding.

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President Warren Baker and Pentecost Paul Zingg denied the industrial tech­nology department's request to leave the Bixen­ials United booth at the California State Fair on the morning of Feb. 13.

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NEWS EDITOR

This isn’t what you would call a “good-bye.” It’s really more of a “see you in a week.”

In my term as news editor I have come to fruition, the Andra Cobrely era at the Mustang Daily is not complete. This next year, I will usurp the role of editor in chief and set my predecessor out to pasture.

It’s good to be king — but, as I write this, I still have 24 hours as news editor. That’s 24 hours of people bitching about their daily coverage and complaining that a year ago we spelled their boyfriend’s name wrong. That’s 24 hours of attempting to come up with interesting news stories and then seeing people only read the freakin’ letters to the editor. Twenty-four hours of leaving my computer freezing eight times in one night. Twenty-four hours of being called names by readers who think I have some hidden agenda — no, I am not a communist. Twenty-four hours of my friends telling me they never see me and my parents saying they can never get a hold of me.

Twenty-four hours and I am done — plus 144 more issues after that.

No bitterness here.

While I’m not saying goodbye to the cave we call an office or the ancient machines we call computers, I am saying goodbye to my fellow editors — who at times seem more like my brothers and sisters than co-workers. Yes, it is true that we fight and yell and openly criticize each other’s insecurities. Yes, it is true that we purposely try to make each other mad, but, as far as I can see, all the things we have learned about the world and ourselves we will never lose.

And that’s what I have to say.

Which brings me to the Andra Cobrely era. I have been my life for the past two years. I have spent more time telling people what an a-hole I am, dropped my toilet in the goddam n toilet. And that’s what I have to say.

And thank you to the rest of the staff for supporting and welcoming me into your newsroom. But mostly, thank you Matt for all your help; everyone knows that I have a tendency that print isn’t for me, the opportunity to work with such a dedicated, eccentric and talented team helped me understand the importance of teamwork and synergy in order to produce an “award-winning” paper.

For three years I had tried my hardest to avoid the Mustang Daily newsletter. I knew I wasn’t one of them and quirked every time I had to run through the exclusive mail room. I was from the other world of CFTV and God knows the two do not interfere. But on my first day, so quietly and timidly took my seat at my computer, the whole going seemed to embrace me with unswerving friendliness. Wow, they aren’t a bunch of blood-sucking beasts ... they are really great people; people whom I have been privileged to work with and socialize with. You guys are the best.

No bitterness here.

Thank you Stephen and Paul for giving me the opportunity to be part of the Mustang Daily legacy. And thank you to the rest of the staff for supporting and welcoming me into your newsroom. But mostly, thank you Matt for all your help; everyone knows that I have avoided the print.

Not too much bitterness, not too many complaints ... I guess I’m saving those for next year’s good-bye.

But in the meantime, I wanted to give advice to Emily — who will do a masterful job of am i facial services

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Cal Poly, and the J Department will always hold a special place in my life. Who knows, maybe I will be the department chair some day.

Anyone, there are no goodbyes from this girl, just a promise to see you all at our next tea party. Hugs and kisses to Jamie-poo and Nathan.

The journalism department, despite its many flaws, has been my life for the past two years. I have spent morning, noon and night running up the halls and falling down the stairs trying to answer for the poor student committee meetings, Polyvision tapings, FRSSA events and Mustang Daily deadlines.

What am I going to do without it? I feel a huge hole opening in my life. I love Cal Poly, and the J Department will always hold a special place in my life. Who knows, maybe I will be the department chair some day.

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There are a number of things I could say in this forum, but I won't. I won't write about the shady dealings and political ps and olytics I learned about as editor in chief. But, suffice to say, seeing how an institute of higher learning really works has been truly educational.

Yet, after selling several campus members' attempts to use the Mustang Daily to wage an atmosphere that has been revitalized under renewed strength and effort, rekindled; complete reconstruction to something fulfilling, one of which I've seen a tiny sweaty and turn over and close your eyes. But there's a problem—you can't fall asleep. You're up for three more hours tossing and turning before the staredown of Wild 106 ring from your alarm clock at 7 a.m. Yeah, copy editing's a bitch. It takes over your mind. You find yourself mentally correcting your teachers' lectures, co-workers' jants and friend's pointless conversations for grammar and AP style.

But I guess I shouldn't complain too much. In a way I get paid for reading the newspaper with a red pen in my hand. Although that red pen is something pretty much a rarity, even if, I've actually used a red pen while copy editing before.

While we're on the subject of Mustang Daily: We put the kibosh on the Cold War. Jacob Jackson

I think everybody knows what we're talking about here and it's not that tasty orange drink. But seriously, have you seen those journalism gals? You can call me a pig but I'm calling them beautiful. Take that to your roommates. Happy summer.

"Mustang Daily: We put the kibosh on the Cold War."

Friday, June 6, 2003

"You mean this is normal?'' I asked, "This is all preparation for the real world,'"

You're never really gone. Peace out.

I've seen four editors in chief, three staffs, two business managers, two newsroom and countless writers. For years I've spent every evening working in the newsroom, each day watched the paper through its laborious conception, each night a relieved and experienced person who struggled to forget they must start again in eight hours. I've seen my coworkers unabashedly stressed and deliciously happy, seen the fangs come out, relationships blossom and even the joyfultest of births. I've been through tax elections, stressful scandals, wonderful celebrations and lonely works of art.

I've seen the journalism department in crisis, losing accreditation and their personnel. So why the Mustang Daily, why the tension, the stress and the chaos?

The caliber of our paper is extraordinary: It is a shining star among college newspapers. As a bonus for anyone reading this, the first person who e-mails me the number of mistakes in the following sentence and a corrected version of it will receive a free meal courtesy of yours truly, Andy Fahey. Please e-mail entries to afahey@calpoly.edu with the following subject: "Andy, you're such a loser." Journalism majors and faculty excluded. Now to that disgusting sentence.

"..."
Bye Bye.

Steven Hill

I have started to write this goodbye probably four or five times. It seems that I can’t figure out the best, wittiest and most humorous way to say goodbye to something that has encompassed so much of my life for the last year. The main reason writing this is so hard is because I’m not just saying goodbye to “something” but rather to people and memories. Piled on top of the three years of memories before this year, saying goodbye is turning into one of the toughest assignments I’ve ever had.

From Andra I learned how to build an ecosystem. I learned about balancing cynicism with optimism and how to do a breaking news jig. I learned to trust someone with everything and how to be trusted. I learned a little bit of patience (that’s tough for me) and how to handle frustration (or at least be frustrated in a productive manner).

From Mollie I learned about strength of character, strength of conviction and strength of personality. I learned that most people can tell when I’m intoxicated (and trying to hide it) and how to be a stronger woman.

From Stephen I learned silence sometimes says more than words. I learned more about being a journalist and how to think before I speak or act (which I’m still working on).

From Jacob I learned how to believe in something so strongly that it’s impossible to be swayed. I learned how important charisma is and how to have a little more faith in myself. I learned how great Rod Stewart is and that guys can hit high notes. I learned plain bagels and plain cream cheese is normal and how to be more open in defending my opinions.

From Stubs I learned how to be passionate, even if it’s about the Lakers or music. I learned about “itches and hose” and how to properly use AF style. I also learned how to pick a fight and know when not to (kind of).

From BK I learned how to quote “Office Space” in every instance and that photos sometimes can make a page (even if I never used it). I learned a little on thinking philosophically and how to be a little more open-minded.

From Beals I learned how to truly enjoy listening to laughter. I learned some Andre Nicoletta lyrics (that I probably didn’t want to know) and a little more about hard drugs. I learned even people who dance with ribbons can still be cool when they grow up.

From Shannen I learned that sometimes the “quiet ones” will shout our “penis” during a group photo. I learned how to be versatile and how to accept new challenges.

From Stephen Hill I learned what “good music” is and that Lump Beiky sucks. Period. End of conversation.

From Bron Dickinson I learned to be more open-minded as well, and how to see the art in just about everything (including writing on the bathroom walls).

From Teresa I learned that serial killers have feelings too. I learned that being a clown can be a part of the job and that journalists are just from boring people. I learned how to be a better journalist and how to keep trying to be better. I even learned a few ethics here and there.

If I didn’t mention you, that means you had no effect whatsoever on my life. Just kidding.

Andy, you always make me smile. I thought you were quiet when I first met you. What a joke! Then I saw you down... oh, never mind.

Emily, good luck in news. You are going to be awesome, I know it.

Laura, good luck with opinion. I know you’re gonna be fine. Remember, people are crazy. But, we’re human. We have to be able to get through, Oh, and not having photos means what’s that’s Right: Done earlier.

Mustang Daily writers past, present and future: You are the gold- en children. Well, maybe not. But, remember that what you do affects people in some way. This isn’t something to take lightly.

My columnists are and will be very important to you all and you hope you keep writing. Each of you brought something special to this paper.

I’d like to end with a quote by someone famous that will inspire everyone who reads this to do great things. However, I’m not going to tell you what it is because you need to find their own inspiration and not rely on what other people tell them. So, good luck and goodbye, this letter has come to fruition (not pronounced fruition as I previously thought).
"What's the status on milky white thighs?"

I want to tell you a story. I hope that by giving you a glimpse into my life, you won't make the same mistake in yours.

A few months ago, I came home one night after a long day at the office and experienced a rare feeling in the newspaper business, and an especially rare feeling for sensible sentences to justify an entire column.

After seven months of work, we had finally produced the mythical "Perfect Paper." Eye-catching photos popped off the page. The stories were well-written, interesting and free of spelling errors, misspelled names and factual mistakes. I was pumped. Pumped that 10,000 people were going to have a decent paper to read while they ate their lunch in the Village, where they tuned out in a boring lecture, while some 'workpaper' in an on-campus restroom. For us, that's as good as it gets.

"If I really wanted to right now, I could marry a turkey. I wouldn't marry a mammal; they live too long." — Kent

I don't know what I am doing here. When they talked me into this job they never told me about having to write anything. And here I am, trying to put together enough comprehendable sentences to justify an entire column. When I think back on this year, I barely remember class, and my schedule is already involved. Now I feel like I'm losing friends, and I had no idea as to what my job was.

"Come to the dark side." — The Rocks without you. It's been a pleasure.

"We could have different variations too, like 'I love my Scion' and 'I love my KiaRasa.'" — Malia

"I still don't understand how electromagnetic radiation could be a particle and a wave at the same time." — Dickerson

"If can leave 'annoying tree-hugger' capitalized? I don't know, it is a proper title?" — Errick

I've lived in room 226 of the graphic arts building all year, just ask my roommates whom I have barely spoken to this year. And in this room I have learned a lot about myself and other people. I have learned I will never, ever, have any sort of appreciation for Nelly, 50 cent or JT. I have learned that common sense is something to be valued because, frankly, it is a misnomer.

"Please. Let's be serious; I'm a little ghetto." — After seven months of hard work, I felt like I had finally gotten the sports page where I wanted it. I was getting Cal Poly's teams and athletes the recognition they deserved, and I was proud of the way the back page of Mustang Daily looked. I wanted to go out and celebrate that night, but there was just one problem. I didn't have anybody to celebrate with.

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I don't know what I am doing here. When they talked me into this job they never told me about having to write anything. And here I am, trying to put together enough comprehensible sentences to justify an entire column. When I think back on this year, I barely remember class, and my schedule is already involved. Now I feel like I'm losing friends, and I had no idea as to what my job was.

"Come to the dark side." — The Rocks without you. It's been a pleasure.

"We could have different variations too, like 'I love my Scion' and 'I love my KiaRasa.'" — Malia

"I still don't understand how electromagnetic radiation could be a particle and a wave at the same time." — Dickerson

"If can leave 'annoying tree-hugger' capitalized? I don't know, it is a proper title?" — Errick

I've lived in room 226 of the graphic arts building all year, just ask my roommates whom I have barely spoken to this year. And in this room I have learned a lot about myself and other people. I have learned I will never, ever, have any sort of appreciation for Nelly, 50 cent or JT. I have learned that common sense is something to be valued because, frankly, it is a misnomer.

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Congratulations Grads!
Rosa's will be open all day on
Sat June 14 from 11 am until 10:30 pm
Make your reservations soon 773 - 0952
Cocktails - Full Bar
491 Price St. Pismo Beach

Mustang Daily
Looking for new columnists for the 2003-2004 school year!
• new Sex Columnist
• new Liberal Politics Columnist
Any other fresh column ideas!
Submit a 300 word column sample to Andra at the
Mustang Daily, Building 26, Suite 226.
Deadline: June 13, 2003

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Mon. - Fri., 9:00am - 5:00pm

Dexter Lawn
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MUSTANG DAILY ADVERTISING

Late at night, walking in the shadows of the campus, you might pass by a building full of students working hard to operate a giant piece of machinery. They work into the early hours of the morning, digitally printing the Mustang Daily.

"What are you guys doing?" a student asks to one of the University Graphic Systems employees, who is monitoring the 6,000 copies of the paper that are being printed. The student is one of the many who have stumbled on the University Graphic Systems area. He's been reading the Mustang Daily all school year and is curious.

This last stage of production for the campus newspaper is one of the many steps it takes to bring Cal Poly students a daily newspaper.

The entire Mustang Daily is produced by students, from printing and distributing to writing and selling advertising. It is the only university publication in the nation that is entirely run by students.

The little-known process of the Mustang Daily has continued for decades, and those who work in this area are absolutely insomniac students who wake up at 5 a.m. to deliver the paper, make sure they get put on campus.

Did I mention advertising? There are about 12 ad reps who dedicate hours of time to the phone, contacting local businesses and becoming the salespeople of the Mustang Daily. Halsey and Callie Polatyan, both for a couple hundred bucks so that the Mustang Daily can afford to be printed.

Getting on the phone to sell ads is one of the hardest things many students in the department have ever had to do. Some business owners who advertise with the Mustang Daily in the 1980s and 1990s have been tough to convince to pay, but they're always available for a phone call. I hope all the editors have enjoyed our verbal sparring over the course of the year. I'm actually sure it won't matter at all of you didn't, but I did. It was all done in jest and love — right. Thanks are in order at this point to Steve Hill, who changed "horrible" to a twinkle in my eye to a new word in Webster's Dictionary, according to the Groucho edition. Despite all of your unformed opinions, Narr "I Can't" is the best song played in the newswroom this year. True, it's a little corny, but it beats any Jason Johnstin Mayer Mraz crap that I've ever heard.

I will especially miss Jerri Jessen, John Finch and Ena Zaneta, who will graduate this year. Their attitude is awesome and their work ethic is unsurpassed. I will especially miss Jerri Jessen, John Finch and Ena Zaneta, who will graduate this year. Their attitude is awesome and their work ethic is unsurpassed.

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Tonight
Mother's Tavern
8:00 p.m. • $10 + • 21+
2 Dogs Coffee House
Open Mic Night • 8:00 p.m.
Mission Grill • 8:00 p.m. • 21+

Linnsey's Cafe
Better Lauren Line Tavor (Hip-hop) • 9:30 p.m.
2-Club
Music Mix • $1 Bud Light • Pack-Friendly • 21+
The Grad
An Unforgettable Night • 8:30 p.m. • $4, 21+
Frog & Peach
21+ DJ Night • 21+

GIGS
Live jazz • 6 p.m.
Mr. Rick’s Beach Bar
Shandies • 9 p.m. • 21+
Tortilla Flats
18+ $2 Crown Royal Shots • 7 p.m. • 21+

Saturday
Mother’s Tavern
Country Black • 9:00 p.m. • 21+
Linnsey’s Cafe
Project Lauren Band (Rock) • 8:30 p.m.
2-Club
Music Mix • $5.50 Scandinavia Karaoke • Tacky Dancing • 21+
The Grad
80s Throwback • 9:00 p.m.
Frog & Peach
Out Loud Band (Rock) • 9:30 p.m.

GIGS
Live Jazz • 6 p.m.
Mr. Rick’s Beach Bar
Blues • 9 p.m. • 21+
Tortilla Flats
18+ $2 Crown Royal Shots • 7 p.m. • 21+
Madonna Inn
Open Mic (Loudspeakers) • 7 p.m.

Sunday
Mother’s Tavern
Sunday Night Live with DJ Mel • 9 p.m. • 21+
Tortilla Flats
Open Mic Night • 8:00 p.m. • 21+
Mr. Rick’s Beach Bar
Relaxation • 3:00 p.m. • 21+

Monday
Mother’s Tavern
8:00 p.m. • 21+
SLO Bar
Mountain Mike’s Dance Party • 10 p.m. • $4, 21+
2 Dogs Coffee House
College Night • 9:00 p.m.
Tortilla Flats
80s & Beyond • 9 p.m. • 21+

Tuesday
Mother’s Tavern
Open Mic Night • 9:00 p.m. • 21+
The Grad
80s Night • 8:30 p.m. • $4, 21+
2 Dogs Coffee House
Open Mic Night • 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday
Mother’s Tavern
8:00 p.m. • 21+
SLO Bar
College Dance Night • 9:00 p.m.
2-Club
Music Mix • $1 Crowds • 21+
The Grad
Open Mic Night • 8:30 p.m. • 21+
Tortilla Flats
College Hop Night • 8:30 p.m. • $4, 21+
GIGS
80s Night • 9 p.m. • 21+

Thursday
The Grad
Country Night • 8:30, 8:30 • $4, 21+
GIGS
Live Jazz • 5 p.m.
SLO Bar
Open Mic Night • 9:00 p.m.
Mother’s Tavern
Open Mic Night • 8:00 p.m. • 21+
2-Club
Music Mix • $1 Crowds • 21+
Son Bar
Live Jazz and Cabaret Band
Tortilla Flats
Thursday Night Live with DJ M • 9 p.m. • 18+
2 Dogs Coffee House
Open Mic Night • 7:30 p.m.
Linnsey’s Cafe
Open Mic Night • 6 p.m.
Grappino Bar
Open Mic Night • 8:00 p.m.

Mission Grill good for any occasion
By Valerie Angelo
Mission Grill is a great downtown restaurant.
It's that time of year again, when families
crowd the streets of San Luis Obispo and seniors prepare
to walk down the pathway of achievement. In order to take
some stress off the occasion, I have a suggestion as to where to dine while
entertaining such a vast amount of people.
With a view of the stream and a gourmet
menu of fine cuisine, Mission Grill restau­
rant should be at the top of your list of
excellent downtown restaurants. The
restaurant provides customers with a
relaxed environment while displaying a
romantic, overture. This is not to say that
the baseball cap and a pair of baggy jeans are
the appropriate attire for the restaurant,
but I wouldn't rush to the stores in search
of some red pumps or black ties either.

Located in front of the restaurant is a bar
area where customers can have a drink
while waiting to be seated. Throughout the
time of the year, such as graduation.
During a busy time of the year, such as
graduation, it is important to remember
that you do not have to settle for low-qual­
ity food in San Luis Obispo. We have a
variety of restaurants that are delicious and
do not cost an arm and a leg to dine there.
Mission Grill is a romantic, yet relaxed
restaur ant that has quality gourmet food and excellent service.

Third Eye Blind, remembering an old friend
By Jia H. Jung
(UC-WIRE) BERKELEY, Calif. — Flash back to
1997 — that takes some of us back to junior high.
"Semi-Charmed Life" and "Jumpin" irritated our
alarm clocks, our "parties" and the movies we watched. Then, something
happened. We grew up, and songs like
"Never Let You Go" and "Deep Inside Of You" from 1999's "Blue" menthod
but a heart-beat dull roll of the
eyes.
Meanwhile, Pricco's own quartet was having their
own growing pains. At wit's end, the group made a
The sexy actor Paul Walker does not let his female audience down as he takes over
the leading role in '2 Fast 2 Furious.'

see FAST, page 10

By Christy Lemire
AP Entertainment Writer
For all of you who thought a sequel to "The Fast and the Furious" couldn't
possibly exist without Vin Diesel, wrong!

The original wasn't about Diesel. It was about the
cars. Even when the dialogue was mind-bogglingly cheesy and the
acting popped off the screen like so much over-buttered corn, the street
racing sequences were shot and edited thrillingly and that made the movie a
surprise hit of summer 2001.

Two years later, we have "2 Fast 2 Furious" a needless sequel, and a
shameless opportunity to cash in yet
again.

Though the action has moved from
the street racers and smugglers of Los
Angeles to the street racers and smug-
Michael Douglas teams up with Albert Brooks in the family comedy, 'The In-Laws.'

By Krista Polder
dyngus, New Vision Staff Writer

If you don't go out to see "The In-Laws," with high expectations, you'll probably leave feeling satisfied. While certainly not the best comedy of the summer, it is, in a fun, light-hearted movie that is good for a fairly mindless enjoyable time.

The film is a remake of an old comedy classic. It adheres the premise of a similar story, but it also contains new scenes and surprises.

So the plot is simple and downright ridiculous at times, but one must remember that this movie isn't about the plot (which involves the CIA, FBI, drug dealers and a Russian submarine). It's about the characters portrayed by star actors.

Michael Douglas is Steve, the father of the groom, and a deep cover CIA agent trying to break the case of his life. On course, while he is cracking the case, he is also attempting to meet the in-laws and attend his son's wedding. Albert Brooks is the father of the groom, and a deep cover CIA agent (who is cracking the case). The blend beautifully amusing Walker is back as Brian O'Connor, an undercover LAPD detective in the first film who's been stripped of his badge and is racing wapped-up street rockets for kids in Miami.

When he gets pulled over during the film's exhilarating opening race, which Verizon Gibson, who's just an open druggie, he's offered a way out. Brian can help U.S. Customs nab the wealthy Carter Verone (Colin Hauser), who's using his import-export business as a cover for an international money laundering operation.

Infiltrating Verone's world gives Brian and Roman a chance to zoom around in flashy cars and drool over women in bikinis. Thus, is the plot, if none of the actors spoke then we'd have a few laughs in this film.

Drop of an evolved popcorn scene, and seems true to itself in a time when musicians usually scramble like lem­mings to adapt to the newest trend. At the end of the day, perhaps it's not even the character's emotion of the vocals, the trademark facility of the guitar riffs or the percussions' ability to imitate a perpetually adobe heart that wins us over, but the lyrics — "Just an old friend coming over now and then/That's what I've become/living in a pink, Asian-inspired condo/though I know I'm not supposed to but/I never know when I'm home/And I see you hugging up the mirror/Vapor round your body gliss­ens in the shower ... ("Blinded")."

If Third Eye Blind is painfully passe, it's only because none of us want to admit that sometimes, all we want is to be back in high school, living the semi-charmed kind of life. After Stephen Jenkins and company have blotted our souls to us, what we see is much of the same, and that's a beautiful, comforting thing.

Third
continued from page 9

Preparation for SLO summer

By Susan Malanche
 dyngus, News Staff Writer

Book festivals, wine festivals, the "World Famous" farmers market are just about as exciting as San Luis Obispo will get this summer.

I think one Cal Poly student just about summed it up when he said: "Summer here brings a new meaning to the word "SLO.""

My best advice to the student who's slipping towards an internship or some good housecooking is that if they are going to stay at least get credit for it.

You know it's bad when you find yourself suggesting the idea of starting a new job. Taking classes during summer quarter can be a great way to get classes out of the way that you would otherwise have to battle fresh­men for in the fall.

I admit that I made the mistake of presupposing that a relaxing summer in San Luis Obispo without school was just what I needed last year. After one month here I had no other option but to leave and reclaim my sanity.

Summer quarter offers more than a jumpstart on classes, but a support for fellow students who are trying to get through the summer just like you are. Before you know it you'll have someone to frequent the numerous coffee shops with and impact your pro­duce selection at set another farmers market.

For those of you brave souls residing in San Luis Obispo during the summer without any plans, there are some events worthy noting in your calendar. Like for example, Mother's Tavern has a karaoke every Tuesday and if that doesn't sound like your style, SLO Night and Disco Night are two other options.

Although the ban doesn't close during the summer, students who are over 21 may be disappointed to find them­selves drinking with a local resident and his wife as opposed to a bar over­flowing with fellow students.

Summer in San Luis Obispo is when it's safe for the local residents to reclaim their town from the college student. So, if you're look­ing to live low, relax and enjoy the out­doors you'll have a great summer here. Take a yoga class, hitting Bishop's Peak, bike riding through Plover Canyon and watching the sunset are just a few ways to discover some seren­ity in life. A summer in San Luis Obispo gives students the drive to find what the Central Coast has to offer besides lines in the bookstore, finals and the wondering of when graduation will be a reality.

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The True Story...
This is the true story of fifteen strangers, picked to run
a newspaper to find out what happens when people
stop being polite and start getting real. The real
Mustang Daily!