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OPINION

Kitchenaide-sized classrooms contributing to life at Ohlone

By **BRITNEY BINDEL**
Staff writer

In planning for your class schedule this past semester, you began with a sigh of relief that this fourth semester would be your last at Ohlone. You were very proud of the grueling effort you generated in order to complete your education here. If all went as planned, it will have taken you less than the appalling, yet typical three to four years it usually takes the average Ohlone student to finish. (These beloved students, also known as 'Lifers,' are simply pursuing their lifelong education.) How-

ever, you knew that your education was meant to be continued elsewhere, despite the amusing professors and thriving student culture you enjoyed here.

In order to partake of the educational and social fruits of the collegiate tree you had chosen, you were aware of the absolute necessity of getting into these last few, final, required general education classes. As the responsible student you prided yourself to be, you registered for classes a bit late, perhaps, but you were confident in the clout you held with several of your professors to swing the attendance rosters in your favor.

Your first day of classes, everything had gone as planned; you simply needed to be added into Mr. "B's" English 101 C class. You had had him before and enjoyed the class, despite the rather stringent grading system (he was mentored by Cynthia Katona, after all). Upon entering the class a good five minutes early, you were surprised by the fullness of the room. Apparently, other people had the same dire need for the class as you had. You took your seat and waited for Mr. Brosamer to arrive, which he finally did. As he set up class, comments and jokes were made about the brilliancy of having a cook-

ing classroom for an English 101 C class. One would think the size and type of the room would better accommodate such a core subject. He announced that not everyone would be able to remain, due to the size of the class and limit of seats.

The second time the class met, Mr. "B" announced he would do a name drawing to see who would be able to be added into the class. Your name was not drawn and even the good premise you built with him your first semester did not change his mind to let you stay. You became desperate and quickly threw an offer of \$50 to whomever would give up

their seat to you. You thought that surely some of these kids were taking the class just to take a class and the \$50 bribe would catch their fancy. To your surprise and utter dismay, not a single fish bit your bait. You walked out of the class knowing you would be at Ohlone yet another semester because your English class was being held in a Kitchenaide classroom. Thanks to expectations for low enrollment, additional students, such as yourself would not be accommodated. You walked into the Quad and joined the other 'Lifers' with the hope that this summer would be your last semester at Ohlone.

The grass is not greener on the other side; despite your curiosity

By **MARK MCCORD**
Staff writer

Reality television has finally done it. Out of all of the crappy shows that the networks have jammed down our throats for the last five years or so, they have finally come up with one that most of us can relate to: Trading Spouses.

Ok, first let's do a quick review of the other reality shows. There's the Simon Cowell Show (American Idol); this is the show where a British guy gets to brow beat non-

talented Americans. Yeah Simon. And then there's the God awful "Who's My Daddy?" This is a show that documents part of the fall of Western Civilization; watch that and my favorite reality shows "The Jerry Springer Show" and "Cheaters" and boy, do you have a complete picture of the last 30 years.

So now to Trading Spouses. On the surface, it sounds like something that Ralph Reed and the Christian Coalition would be up in arms about - Oh Jeezy, people swapping wives on television, will they be showing sexual intercourse? Help me Lord

the Communists are coming - relax, it's not that kind of party.

Anyone that has ever been married, including you, at some point in their marriage has looked at a person of the opposite sex and thought to themselves, "Hmmm, that person seems to be doing better financially and is in decent shape, what if?" But the responsible among us don't act on those thoughts.

What this show does is it takes mothers from two totally different families; these are people who's backgrounds and sets of beliefs,

are no more alike than Root Beer and Heineken, and have them switch places for a week. By the way, the mothers sleep in separate rooms. They don't take on the intimate "wifely" duties of the new family. But what they do contribute to the new family is showing them a new way of going about interacting with one another.

This was illustrated a couple of weeks ago when families from Minnesota and Tennessee switched places. The mother from Minnesota was so extremely obsessed with how clean her house was, that

to an outsider, in this case, the lady from Tennessee, it appeared to her that the family did not know how to enjoy themselves. And when would they? They were too busy cleaning the house all the time.

If the lady from Minnesota was extremely obsessed with cleanliness, then the family in Tennessee was extremely lacking in that area (i.e.; the dog would take a crap on the floor and it would stay there! YUCK!) They were more concerned with "enjoying their home". Hey, whatever floats your boat.

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CAMPUS COMMENT >>>

What have you learned from national condom day?



KEYA PATEL
Undecided

"Condom hats are tight."



JAMES CARTER
Business management

"That it's cool to be safe."



MATT MARTINEZ
Health educator

"It falls on Valentine's Day, hmm."



MARIA RAMIREZ
Counselor

"I hope men are more willing to take responsibility."



CHRISTINA MARTINEZ
English

"That condoms go on the penis."