

“Gratuity?”...why pay for bad service?

Staff Editorial

“Check please.”
With those two, simple words, a nice meal out can turn into a hellish dining disaster.

By the time the bill comes, cus-

tomers know, more or less, their total; price of meal plus some astronomically high percent sales tax gives you a rough estimate of the final cost.

Except that you forgot the tip.

But don't worry - now, many restaurants include that tip with the

bill, especially for customers in large groups. Isn't that generous? They're saving you from all that mental strain. Oh, and making a tidy little profit on the side as well.

This inclusion of a gratuity charge seems somewhat presumptuous. They assume you enjoyed your meal, they assume you found the service superb, and they assume you're a satisfied customer. Look at the word “gratuity”; they assume you're so grateful for the food we paid for that we need to express it by doling out even more money.

I had always assumed that tipping was a bonus for rewarding good work, that it wasn't necessary and it definitely shouldn't be demanded.

But times have changed.

Now, refusing to tip is some sort of faux pas, regard-

less of how competent your server was. Short of spilling food or a drink in your lap, waiters and waitresses can do no wrong. They can have no clue what the restaurant does or does not serve, they can bring the wrong order, they can completely ignore you. They can do anything and you still have to tip them.

I love tipping, don't get me wrong. It's great to reward someone who, for the last hour and a half, has attended to your every need and want with prompt, accurate service.

Unfortunately, as is often the case, a large portion of that tip goes to the business or is divided among all the servers on a particular shift. So, in the end, all you're doing is lining the pockets of some stranger who is in no way directly connected with the serving of your meal.

By making tipping a mandatory business, restaurants have garnered more profits for themselves, but are cheating not only the customer, but the servers as well.



cartoon by Chris McIntyre

Attention juniors: Class of 2002 awaits senior stress

Sheena Struble

Layout Designer



As the graduating class of 2001 begins the journey out into the massive, lonely world, the junior

class of 2002 has a couple of responsibilities to uphold.

Now while the idea of being se-

nior is hard for many of us to swallow, we must be aware of the fact that the pressures and responsibilities that were forced upon us in the past will be multiplied by a thousand come next fall.

Between scholarships, college admittance, senior projects and so forth our class will experience what every other graduating class is the past has moaned and griped

about...and now we will have the chance to understand why.

The class of 2002 is known widely as somewhat of a whiney bunch, but if to think that the past twelve years have been rough on you, there is a rude awakening looming in the distance. Ask any high school graduate, or even a senior, you can combine all the stresses of the past years in your life and you have your se-

nior year.

So, we have the summer ahead of us to kick back, relax and prepare for the worst. Enjoy it because the real world doesn't allow summer vacations, spring breaks or Christmas recess. And if you talk back to your boss, you won't get a referral to the discipline office...you'll get fired. Good luck.

Words of wisdom for the future class reunion



MAXimum voltage

Maxine Taylor

Opinion Editor



So, you think after June 7 you'll be free, that you'll never have to come back to Cabrillo?

Think again - there's a little tradition called the high school reunion. Imagine: Coming back to Cabrillo ten years from now, seeing the campus and meeting old friends. There's even a chance that some of your favorite teachers will still be here, molding the next generation. It'll be one wild ride down memory

lane, as well as a chance to show your classmates what you've been doing with yourself.

But what if you aren't totally comfortable sharing those details? Perhaps your dreams have yet to be realized, or perhaps they seem too mundane to mention at a such an important occasion. In either case, a little creativity may be in order.

Remember: it isn't lying, it's...no, it's lying. But it's also entertaining! Instead of: “I work for Cal-Trans, digging up the streets while dodging manic drivers,” try: “I'm a fossil hunter - I unearth the hidden treasures of the past and sell them to the

Smithsonian.”

Instead of: “I've been elected as a member of the City Council,” try: “I'm a politician - yeah, George and I go way back.”

Instead of: “I'm in the middle of divorce number four,” try: “Oh yes, the men/women find me irresistible - I'm in high demand.”

Instead of: “I've got four kids and another on the way,” try: “I run my own daycare center.”

Instead of: “The last three cars I've owned are up on blocks in my front yard,” try: “I collect classic cars.”

Instead of: “I've been in and out of rehab for the last few years,” try:

“I'm in the mental health care industry, specializing in the behavioral sciences.”

Instead of: “I sit around on my @\$\$ all day and watch TV,” try: “I'm a media marketing consultant.”

With any luck, no one will be able to penetrate your cleverly-woven mask of deception. And, if by some chance they do, don't worry about it.

You'll have plenty of time to think of something better before the 25 year reunion.

FORE & AFT

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Editorial Offices: Cabrillo Senior High School, Lompoc, CA 93436
Advertising: (805) 733-4538
Fax: (805) 733-4156
E-mail: fore_aft@hotmail.com

Advisor: Mrs. Suzanne Nicastro
Editor in Chief: Irene Flores
Opinion Editor: Maxine Taylor
News Editor: Katrina Romanowsky
Sports Editor: Nick Ostini
Fashion Editor: Nicole Walker
Photo Editor: Andria Pendleton
Staff Photographer: Brennan Nye
Entertainment Editor: Heather Scott
Features Editor: Meghan McKelvey
Cartoonist: Chris McIntyre
Copy Editor: Sharon Gross

Layout Designers: Corinne Satterfield, Sheena Struble
Business Manager: Sara Heckman
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CRUISIN' CONQ
 What was your most embarrassing experience throughout high school?

June 1, 2001

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OPINION

High School: the good, the bad, and the ugly

VICE / VERSA

WORST YEARS

Sheena Struble

Layout Designer



Remember the time you face-planted right in the middle of lunch? Remember that certain teacher

from hell that gave you a "C" on a semester report card?

Remember that annoying seagull that loomed over the patio and one day decided to take a bathroom break right as it flew over your head? Or how about that one guy that always made you swallow your sentences whenever you gathered up the nerves to talk to him?

Or did you ever happen to live down that momentous occasion when you stepped in mud and ruined your brand new shoes?

Oh yeah, these are definitely the "Wonder Years"... in other words, the "years" that make people "wonder" what has given them the strength or the courage (for lack of a better word) to get out of bed every morning for the past thirteen years.

During high school, while the majority of students prance around placing 99.9 percent of their efforts on popularity and the other .1 percent on shopping for Prom, the others contemptuously look on as these

students burn themselves out before they even enter into the college scene.

Along with a handful of students with their heads screwed on tightly, I have decided to save the majority of my energy and enthusiasm for the years that really matter in life; I call these years "the real world." Because let's face it, twenty years from now it won't matter what kind of car you're mommy and daddy bought for you when you first got your license. It also will not get you anywhere when you brag to your co-workers that you were a popular, spoiled rotten brat when you were in high school.

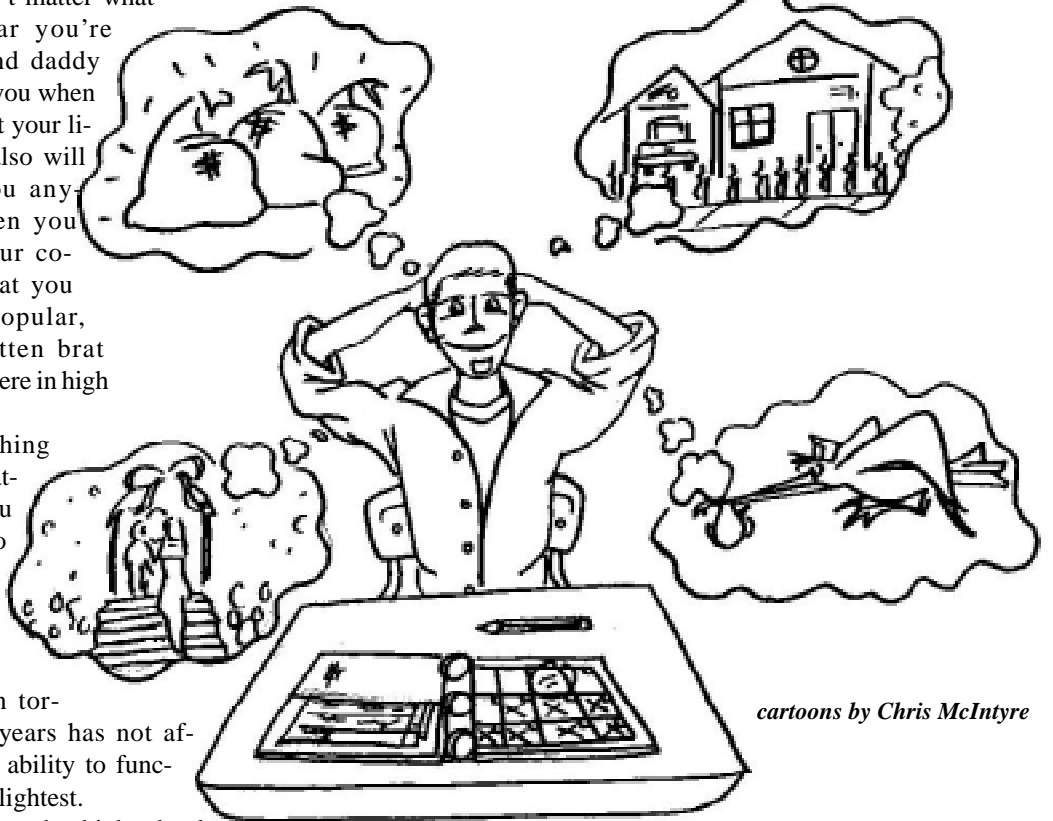
The only thing that will matter is that you managed to get out alive, and that the burden of the thirteen torture-filled years has not affected your ability to function in the slightest.

While it is true that high school

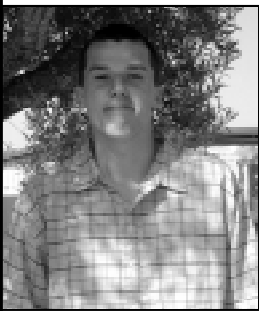
memories stay with a person forever, it has not yet been engraved in stone that these years do not cause a person severe mental anguish come middle age.

So on the last day of school this year, think hard about what you are going to write in people's yearbooks. When your mind has matured and you look back at all the sloppy pen-

manship and scribbled quotes such as "Hey remember the keggers dude!" chances are, your ego will have deflated enough for you to realize that immaturity reigns in a high school setting. Also that the four years you endured during your "wonder years" were not really that significant or outstanding when you put it into perspective.



cartoons by Chris McIntyre



"During my Sophomore year, I tripped and fell on the patio during lunch."

•Ian Struble senior



"I farted during choir and everyone ran off the bleachers."

•Brian McNease senior



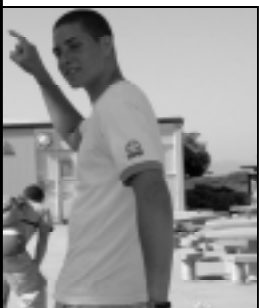
"When I went to go get a soda for Corinne and when I came back to class, my flip flop got caught in the door and I fell on my face in front of the whole class."

•Chrissy Roth senior



"During my freshman year, I walked into a pole while checking out a really hot guy."

•Monica Alvarez senior



"I got de-pantsed in front of everyone during my junior year."

•Matt Smith senior

BEST YEARS

Brennan Nye

Staff Reporter



A lot of people complain about school and talk about how they can't wait to

graduate. But what is it about graduating that they're looking forward to?

Everyone is, of course, sick of schoolwork. But this only gets worse after you graduate. The only difference between high school and college is that you have to pay for college.

One of the best things about high school is seeing your friends every day. What other place in the world do you get to see all your friends in one place?

Everyone says they'll keep in touch after they graduate, but realistically, after graduation you may never see most of your friends again. Even if you do, you'll never all be together again. Since Lompoc is such a small town everyone knows everyone else, so you basically say good-bye to all the friends you've grown up with.

Also, whether you appreciate it or not, while in high school you receive a free education. After high school any furtherance in your education costs money- lots of money.

Even if you don't appreciate the education, everyone appreciates summer vacation. Once you get a serious job, however, there is no such thing as summer vacation. Work is like school all year round.

People complain about having to get up early for school and sit in classrooms all day, but this only gets worse after you

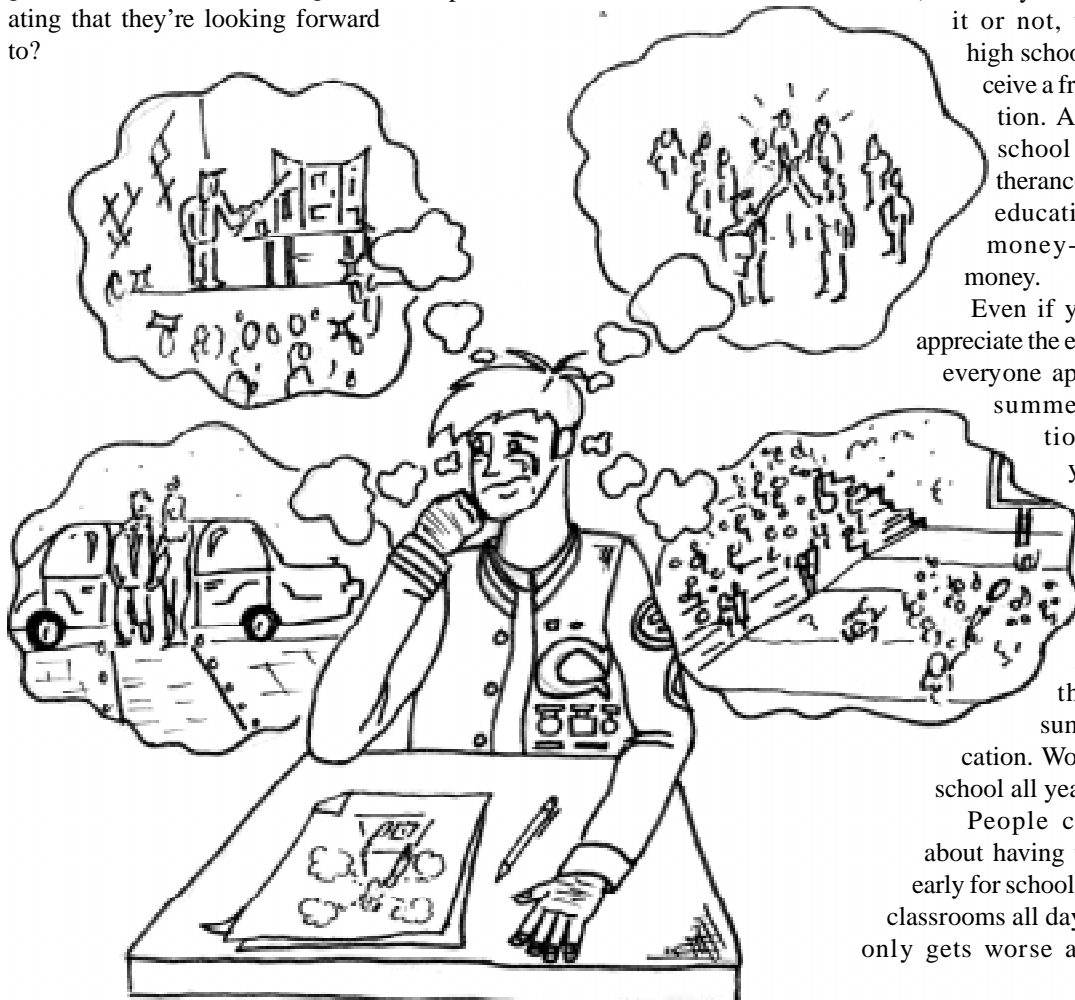
graduate. Then you have to get up early for your job. At least at school there's a little variety, at work you do the same thing every day- work.

Many students see graduating as a way of getting away from people they don't like. However, it won't be any different after high school. People will always talk, and there will always be people you don't like, the only difference is that in a job setting they may be your superiors.

Unless you're an excellent athlete, sports are pretty much over after high school. And you can count on the fact that senior prom will probably be your last formal dance. It's all the little things that you never paid much attention to that you'll miss the most; lunch with friends, pep assemblies, sports events, bus rides home from away games, dances, the list goes on.

After high school you may realize how much you took for granted. Suddenly you go from freeloading to having to support yourself. No longer will someone make sure you get where you need to be on time- you have to get organized. You have to learn to cook, clean, do laundry, etc.

In high school your social life is the most important thing on your mind, everything comes at a very small price and you're surrounded constantly by friends. So instead of rushing graduation, sit back and enjoy high school, because let's face it, these are the best days of our lives.



VICE / VERSA

Parting is such sweet sorrow... leaving high school is just sweet!

Irene Flores

Editor in Chief



I would like to leave my fellow students one of the most beautiful, heartfelt goodbyes ever written. But I won't. Number one, because I can't write that well, and secondly, I just don't feel like it.

High school was a traumatizing and scarring experience for me and I assume it was the same for many other students. I spent the three previous years of high school life racking up the extracurricular activities in the hopes of scoring numerous scholarships.

I painted, wrote, sang, cleaned up up highways, took hard classes...did those hours of labor pay off? Not really. By the time I made it to senior year, I was re-

duced to a cynical, bitter, and lethargic mess with such an extreme case of senioritis that I can't even get of my lazy posterior and fill out forms for free money.

To top it off, I have absolutely no social skills, I fear almost all outside stimuli and a recurring rash. Alright, so the last three things I mentioned weren't directly caused by being in high school, but I'm sure there's some sort of way to connect them together.

I'm sure that most graduating classes feel as if they share some sort of deep rapport with each other. The students in their respective senior classes almost always gel together and get along or at least have a mutual understanding of each other. Not this year. This year, the senior class is a bit different.

We hate each other... well, hate is

a rather powerful word... we loathe each other.

The situation is painfully obvious in classrooms where students choose their own seats. A certain group hangs out in a corner, there's about a row of empty seats, and then another group across the deserted row.

I'm not saying its a bad system. I'd rather sit with my friends than sit with the "scary people" (almost all people are frightening to me, so please don't think that I'm mentioning any particular scary people).

My class has so many diverse groups and there aren't very many in-betweeners that can crossover from one group to another. The preps, curbies, jocks, Hispanics, AP kids, choir/drama kids... seldom do you see mingling. Unless you happen to be, say, an AP kid and you

happen to be in choir or drama. Certain combinations work... most just don't. If anyone out there admits to being a prep/curbie/AP kid, the devil better get himself some longjohns because hell has officially frozen over.

When students in the senior class are just walking to their classes and they walk in the direction of someone they know, yet isn't in their "group," acknowledging each other's presence is a definite faux pas. The typical reaction is to imagine that the other does not exist. Granted I seldom greet students I know, but that's just because I'm an antisocial freak. That and the fact that walking requires extreme concentration for me and if I get distracted for even I second, I'll fall flat on my face... that's not really believable, is it? I'll just stick to the anti-



social misfit idea.

I truly think that with some effort, this senior class can gel before graduation. All we need to do is exert some effort...wait a minute... did I just say effort? Well, you can scrap that idea.

Farewell Cabrillo, I hardly knew you. And I like that just fine.

Goodbye fellow seniors. Keep in touch. But stay out of the six foot space bubble.

Letters to the Editor

In past issues, we've been getting quite a few letters that have been unsigned. If you wish to express your views to the editorial team of the Fore & Aft, you must stand behind what you say and sign your name. Leave your letter on Mrs. Nicastro's desk in E-4. Please do not hesitate to e-mail us at fore_aft@hotmail.com.

Editor sees huge problem

Dear Editor,

I am an editor for my school newspaper at Laguna Creek High School, which placed 2nd at the San Francisco Convention. I came across your paper after the convention, and I feel obligated to comment on a few articles that appeared in your ninth Issue in March. A feature in your paper captured my attention, and angered me as well. It was titled "A Life Sentence," which stereotyped the Arab culture and the religion Islam. I would like to clear all the misconceptions that were portrayed in the four articles.

The first and most important point I would like to make is that Islam gives power to women, and acknowledges them. Women have the right to vote, work, save their money, marry whom they choose, divorce, and the list goes on. Muslims fear God, the same God that Christians and Jews worship. In one article, Islam was compared to Hinduism, which shares no common ground with Islam.

Islam also expressed equality, and the articles did not portray that. Instead, I found rare, and I emphasize rare, stories on young women who did not have the right to choose whom they marry, and went through trafficking and FGM. This is NOT in the Arab culture or Islam! Although I cannot say that it does not occur at all, I can state that it is not common like the article made it out to be. Being Muslim and Arab myself, I have never heard or met anyone that has an arranged marriage, went through FGM, or was "trafficked." The stories were based on isolated incidents, not religion or culture.

Polygamy was also mentioned in one of the articles. To set the record straight, many people long ago, even prophets, practiced polygamy. Islam merely lessened the amount of women a man can marry to four, on the note that he MUST treat them all equally. Since this is merely impossible, polygamy is impossible as

well. Therefore, this practice is not seen as much as it expected in the Middle East. Yet, it is another assumption and stereotype.

I have visited the Middle East several times, and am very aware of my background and culture. These practices are stereotypes that must be ignored. Islam RESPECTS women, and gives them the opportunity of choice and freedom. Islam requires women to cover themselves with the Hijab, or scarf, not her country. We do see countries that use Islamic Law to rule themselves, such as Saudi Arabia and Iran, yet if that law were removed, you will not see people removed their Hijabs. Look around in this country, where over 6 million Muslims live and practice their religion. If Islam were such a life sentence for women, you wouldn't see women wear the Hijab in America. In my city, hundreds wear the Hijab, including myself. Some women even wear the veil, which covers their face. This is their choice and their right. It is called faith, respect, something that we don't have much of here in America. Rape, prostitution, and degradation are all large factors in our society, and something that Islam is NOT a part of. Trafficking in the Middle East and throughout the Islamic region is the most absurd thing I have read so far.

Women are NOT given life sentences in Islam or the Middle East. Instead, a punishment for women would be to live without Islam. It is a way of life that offers equality and opportunity for both men and women. The fact that the articles stated these false accusations makes me question where the sources for this information came from. Islam and the Arab culture are commonly misunderstood, even by the press. Thank you for your allowing me to state the truth to your readers, who were given misleading and stereotypical information on Islam and the Middle East.

Sincerely,
Swanson Morrar

Editor's note:

The Fore & Aft stands by their coverage of sexual trafficking in the Middle East based on extensive research conducted by staff members.

While we agree that stereotyping certain cultures is dangerous, denying the reality of global female oppression is even more serious.

We felt our coverage of domestic and global violence of women was well-researched and factually based. We offer the following websites as the basis for our research:

- www.womenforwomen.com
- www.secretary.state.gov
- www.empoweredwomen.net
- www.sigi.org
- www.timesofindia.com

He never got a chance

Dear Fore and Aft editor,

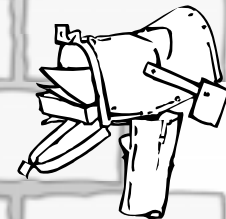
Two weeks ago in my math 1 class we lost our third teacher of the year. Mr. Dahlquist gave up his beloved profession teaching due to the extended torment of his students. What was so powerful to cause such a detour in Mr. Dahlquist life?

Upon Dahlquist arrival came insults and complaints from the students. Mainly the insults were inflicted upon his teaching style and assignments. The fact that this was our third different teacher unsettled the students. Many thought grades would go down along with our respect for our new teacher. For some, both eventually did go down. Class averages went 20% to 40% down, class and homework assignments hit us like a freight train. Some students grades increased, others decreased and some remained the same. All the while Mr. Dahlquist never gave up his battle to get us to understand. I fully respected his actions at this point I felt that he had excellent patience with us and a never ending will.

In the middle of the quarter the students began to get to Mr. Dahlquist. I mainly noticed how his patience and kindness with us started to disappear. I didn't take his attitude personally because I knew that it wasn't really his fault. I think I would have been the same way. Yet again Mr. Dahlquist tried his best and tried to make his teachings clear and drill lessons in our heads. I believe that Mr. Dahlquist was a humble man. No matter how badly he was treated he did not let the situations interfere with making us more intelligent. Do you think you would have acted the same with an unkind student?

Finally the last stage as Mr. Dahlquist resigned as our math teacher was basically pure hell for him. A student damaged his car and students were so cruel to him that he was losing sleep at home because he dreaded coming back to his job in the morning.. All this until one day he fell apart and began to cry on his desk during one of his periods. Mr. Dahlquist put in his notice and finished his last day on March 30 2001. That day he told my period that he was entirely sorrowful and when the bell rang to leave half the students walked up to him and shook his hand. I walked up to him and shook his hand. It was hard to look him in the eyes. I felt very bad Mr. Dahlquist left Cabrillo High School with three boys a wife and an expected newborn to support.

What drives someone to tear another apart, I don't really know. Even when that someone is there to ultimately help you to achieve goals. I learned that we never gave Mr. Dahlquist a chance and that was very wrong. We left him hanging. Our class averages didn't drop because of him but because of us. Any one can read this and think nothing of it yet however reads this with maturity will understand. They will understand what we did was not right. Mr. Dahlquist is an honorable person. Mr. Dahlquist earned my respect. Before I last saw him, I



asked what he would do after he left. He replied, "I will just have to wait and see what the good Lord leads me to.."

M.F.
Sophomore

Maturity: a lesson not yet learned

Dear Editor,

I was appalled at the lack of respect and maturity shown at the "Every Fifteen Minutes" assembly on May 17, 2001. I am happy to say that many students gave the proper respect due, however, there was a great number that did not. I heard people laughing, and saying that it was a waste of time, they were talking to each other about what kind of car it was and other irrelevant things. I, for the first time in four years, was actually ashamed to call some of you my school mates. If you are not mature enough to understand the severity of the subject, and the fact that all of those people are trying to teach you, and save you or someone else, please learn to be polite enough to shut up and not make something so serious a laughing matter. You, believe it or not, are now in high school and supposedly mature enough to handle things such of a severe nature, please act like it. Learn to have a little respect for the people who are trying to help you. Ask someone who has lost a loved one in an accident if this is a laughing matter, there are many people right here in this town. If you believe this won't happen to you, then you are the ones that scare me, because you are the ones who won't learn until it does happen. Have a little respect and try not to act like 12 year-olds in the future.

Sincerely,
K.O.
(Senior)