

Handicapped grow

If it were possible, I think everyone with any kind of prejudice at all against people who were born with, or acquired a handicap should spend at least a day in a wheelchair—then think about what they are prejudiced against.

The threshold between walking and rolling in a wheelchair is very thin. Maybe that's why many people feel afraid of the handicapped because deep in their minds, they know that they, too, could be confined to a wheelchair, or develop a handicap of some sort.

There is a place in the world for the handicapped. Handicapped people are just the same as you and I. Same color, many have the same background, likes and dislikes. Many hold the same jobs as we do, have families and watch the same programs on T.V.

The handicapped people are special. And special people have special needs. The handicapped students on this campus have the same needs. One of those is a new building for the Handicapped Resource Center, one that is located in an easily accessible spot closer to the flow of campus and more accessible to the students than the trailers.

This is very important if we're going to rid ourselves of the prejudice and not be afraid anymore to treat the handicapped exactly as they should be treated: like normal human beings.

Trick or treat

This is the day(night, to be exact) of witches, goblins, ghosts, and tiny monsters who roam the street in search of candy-coated heaven.

It's Halloween, the spookiest time of year and the time of year when practically every kid in town is out running around. It is also the night of wild and crazy masquerade parties and drunken brawls. It is also the night when many kids meet an early death by being hit by cars or eating candy laced with poison.

Kids meeting death is a gloomy subject and many don't want to think about those cute little costumed tykes being run over by a drunk coming home from a party. Please, if you're going to a party, don't drive if you're drunk. Make this Halloween a safe (not scary) holiday for the youngsters.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

...by phil frank



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commentary

By Dea Shepherd-Kent
Of The Print

At what point do the American taxpayers say, "Hey, Mr. Carter, remember me? If it weren't for the fact that my belt is already 'tightened' to the last notch, you wouldn't have the money to show how great a humanitarian you are!"

I was appalled when President Carter promised foreign aid to Cambodia and then announced that he was sure the American people "would match that sum" from their own pockets.

What happens to our elected officials when they go to Washington, D.C., to represent the people, and immediately forget whose money they are spending?

When did he forget that the money he is promising comes from your pockets and mine? What makes Carter believe we are a nation with unending sympathetic natures? If that were true, why were the Cambodians bombed from their

homes in the first place?

What is so wonderful about a foreign policy that causes people to be homeless and starving and then turns around and gives money to prevent

homelessness and starvation?

My anger comes from the blatant assumption that we, taxpayers, must give more, and that Carter has apparently forgotten it is we who fill those coffers in the first place!

the print

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