

Undocumented immigrants: high price for financial aid



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With the recent plummet in the economy, students are applying for financial aid at record rates—even if they are not U.S. citizens.

The Oregon Legislature has passed a bill titled Oregon Senate Bill 10 [OR S 10] saying that undocumented immigrants can receive financial aid from the state government. Oregon is not the first to pass such a bill; something similar has already been done in several other states, including California.

Before a mob descends on the Community Center with implements of destruction, let's take a step back and look at said bill.

OR S 10 puts several provisions on who can and cannot receive aid. The student must have spent three consecutive years living in the States with a parent or legal guardian, while attending secondary school in the state which they intend to attend college. The students must have a high school diploma, or similar degree. The student must also and most importantly, intend to become a U.S. citizen, which will be decided case by case.

After one reads the bill, it becomes apparent that the Oregon government only wants to help those who deserve assistance, and not just anyone who wants some free money, making the bill seem less unreasonable.

But why, one may ask, would someone go through all the work to apply for financial aid as an illegal immigrant, when they can skip all that and just apply for citizenship? For that, we must see what is involved in becoming a citizen (courtesy of www.immigration.gov).

First, applicants for citizenship must be over 18 years of age, making it difficult for those who are already attending college and just recently reached adulthood, and not yet been able to file the appropriate forms.

Second, one must take the Oath of Allegiance. This requires such things as a pledge to "bear arms" and serve in the military in a time of need, something which many Americans would likely refuse to abide by.

Next, applicants must pass a test of U.S. history and general knowledge, which the average American adult cannot pass. They must also be able to read, write and speak the English language well. Two-thirds of the country's present citizens would be eliminated by this requirement alone.

Furthermore, applicants must prove they are "attached" to the ideas of the Constitution, a document which seems to get walked on in this country more than the New York sidewalks. In addition, they must show "good moral character," as if we, as Americans, are ones to talk about moral character. Last, but not least, applicants must be residents of the U.S.

There, in essence, is the point of the bill. One can be a U.S. resident without being a citizen, because one must spend time in the U.S. before they are allowed the citizenship status. It is these people, who are pending in the system, for whom OR S 10 was created.

On this reason alone, we must be able to see that the Oregon government really has not gone insane. In fact, it is only taking crucial steps towards helping those who, because of their U.S. education, might someday become doctors who save lives or teachers educating the world, or legislators who make tomorrow a more promising future for our children and grandchildren.

Co Editor-in-Chiefs' Weekly Column

Shed just one tear for Papa



Cory Price
CO EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

How much emotional stress can a man take before he breaks down and he needs a shoulder to cry on?

Some may argue it all depends on the person. Others may argue it depends on the situation. Sometimes it takes a special day to make someone realize how much one can take before crying. For me that day was Sunday, October 19 when my father had a heart attack.

One of the first responsibilities that I have to take on is my father's role as a father. Being in the hospital, he was unable to maintain the household as normal. My little sister Kayle, who is 13 and a top worry to my dad, now became the majority of my fret. The next top responsibility that I had was my job for *The Print*. Maintaining my job as co editor-in-chief stayed in my mind and in my schedule.

Back to my family. The Wednesday after everything began, I read an instant message that was between Kayle and a friend of hers. She had written phrases like "I want to blast my head off with a shotgun" and "I am going to run away for few days." Afraid and concerned for her health, I called my brother Kyle who informed the school

that I would be down to pick her up immediately.

The next night I came home to discover a bottle of beer missing out of the refrigerator. Thinking nothing of it, I dropped the subject and tried not to worry about it. Until the next morning, that is, when I peeked into my sister's room to find the empty bottle sitting on her desk. Fear struck my heart and I was worried she had tried to do something stupid, so I confronted her. She informed me she did it because of a dare. I was not happy with what happened, but considering the circum-



stances and how hard everything had been on my family, I decided to just let it go.

Through all the time my father was in the hospital, when I was worried for everyone else's health, I never stopped to worry about my pain. From the very

first day I saw my dad white as a ghost, lying in that hospital bed, never once did I cry. I was always taught to be strong and not to show emotions. Sleep became unnecessary and I drew back from school and friends. Twenty-four hours a day, all I could think about was, "Why can't I be there for my dad?"

Finally, after four days in the Critical Care Unit, he was able to get out of bed and walk. Later that day they moved him into a regular room. At last I was able to feel at ease about my father, but a new emotion was hitting me, the "I want my daddy" emotion. Home never felt right. There was a heavy emptiness that only he could fill. Music couldn't drown it out and working harder didn't make it fade.

Friday, when my dad was released from the hospital, a wave of joy swept over me. Just knowing my dad would be healthy once again made me ecstatic; having him back in the house felt just like old times. This was the time when it was okay to relax. This was the time when I needed a shoulder to cry on. That shoulder belonged to my closest family member, my Heavenly Father.

A family always pulls together in a time of crisis. They must leave any hate or dismay behind them and focus on the person in need. Sometimes it's the least likely person that steps in and takes charge. And those people are the ones who need the biggest hugs.

Ex-carnies, elephant breath, broken daybeds hinder editor's quest for true love

Cory Price
CO EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Let me tell you why my life sucks.

Ever since the dawn of mankind, there has been a special bond between man and woman. Unfortunately, I have missed out on this bonding experience. Instead, I have been burdened with a streak of bad luck, learning a profound lesson of who not to date.

My lesson began when I discovered the newest addition for the Mattel line of Barbie dolls...Bi-polar Brittany. She will be based upon a girlfriend who could never make up her mind.

It all started on a Monday. Brittany and I went for a walk around her cul-de-sac to discuss our roman-

tic interests. Halfway into our walk, she turned and asked if she could kiss me, and I obliged. After a wonderful couple minutes of tonsil hockey, she asked if I would be her boyfriend. Again I obliged.

A month later, I sat down to have a heart-to-heart talk with my friend Damon, who revealed to me an interesting bit of information. He told me that the day before Brittany and I began to date, he had also engaged in a bout of tonsil hockey—with the same girl! Which wouldn't have been a big deal, except they had a rematch the day after we began to date. Needless to say, I ended that relationship immediately.

The next relationship started off normal.

I picked up Mandy for our first date five minutes early, met her fam-

ily and siblings, then took her to a local restaurant for dinner. Then it was back to my house for "dessert" and a wholesome family comedy.

We had made the mistake of sitting on the daybed. She leaned in for a kiss and, being the nice guy that I am, I just couldn't refuse such an offer.

That was when the relationship started to sour. The edge of the mattress gave way and dumped me on the floor, thus hurting my shoulder and ending the night. The next morning, I received a phone call notifying me that I was never allowed to call her again.

Fortunately, my life soon led me leave Oregon for a while.

Generally moving to a new state means meeting new friends. One person that I met was named Desiree.

We got along like peas and carrots until I moved in with her family. Her father was an ex-carnival worker and I thank my lucky stars that he didn't own a gun.

Otherwise I might have died on the night he took me aside and confronted me about taking advantage of their hospitality. The next day I was on a one-way flight home. I left Missouri with this life lesson: Never date the daughter of an ex-carnie.

Not having any luck in the real world, I decided to test the waters of cyberspace. I posted my photo on a singles web page. Just a week later, I received an email from a girl named Allie wanting to go out for a date. I suggested an afternoon stroll through the Washington Park Zoo.

It only took a half hour into the date for me to realize an elephant's

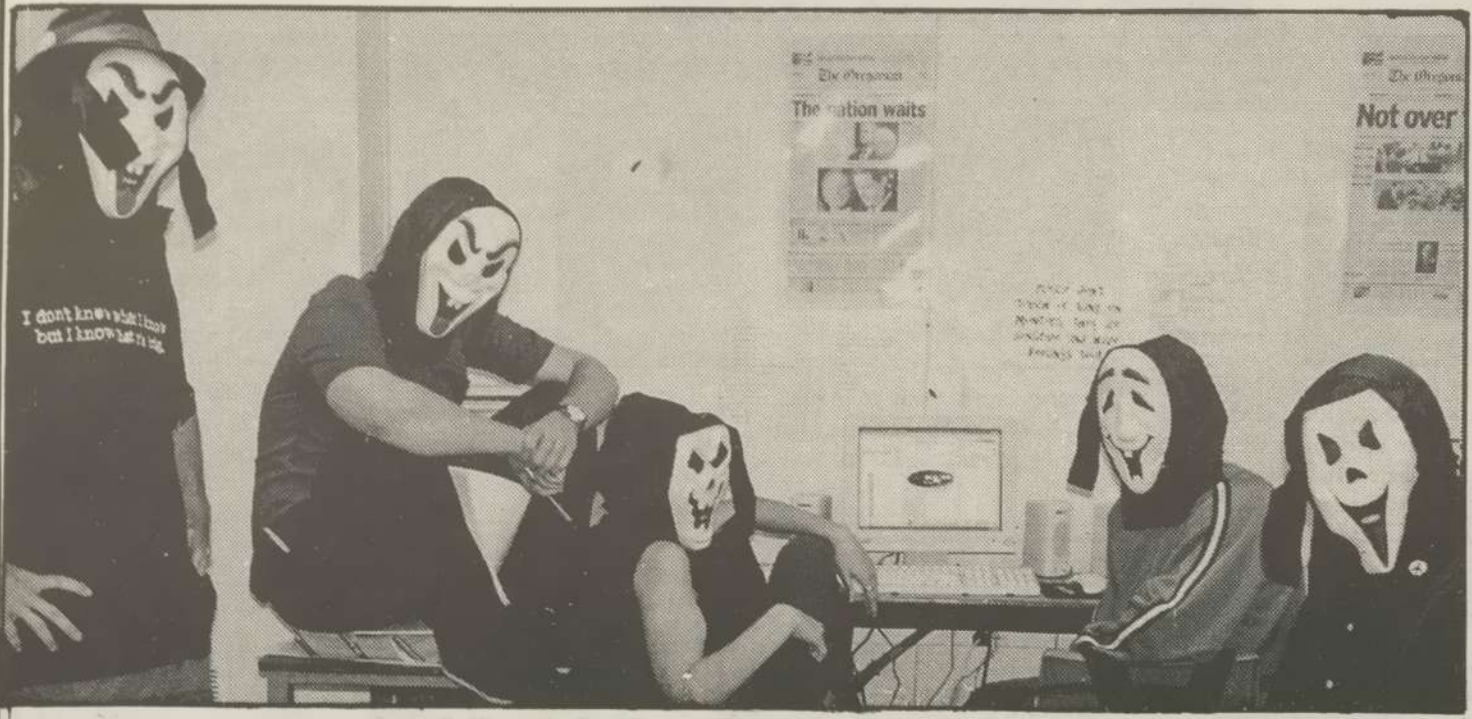
breath would smell better than hers. Can anyone say tic-tac? Accepting the fact that this was our last date, I deleted her number from my phone after leaving for my imaginary appointment.

Two months later the tides of dating turned on me when my friend Jake invited me to accompany him as his wingman on a blind date. Upon arriving at the designated meeting place, much to my surprise, Jake's blind date was elephant-breath Allie!

This has taught me two lessons. One, you should always have a pack of tic-tacs on hand. Two, I have no luck fishing in the cyberspace dating pool.

Tune in next week for the continuing saga of Cory's quest for love.

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