

Appendix B

SELECTED SAMPLE TEXTS FROM CITY UNIVERSITY

MIDTERM ESSAYS

Anguish

I go to bed that night, July 22 at about 11:00. All night I toss and turn. For some reason I can't get to sleep. It's 12:00, 1:00, then 2:00. Finally at about 5:00 in the morning I feel like I'm getting in a deep sleep.

Ring! Ring!

"Hello" I answered drowsily.

"Meeky?" the voice said.

"What do you want Diane (my aunt) my mother is not over here" I said.

"Meeky?" asked Diane.

"What's wrong?" I asked worriedly.

"Karen just called NaNa and she said that David had been shot and killed."

I drop the phone screaming and crying, "No," All I could do was ask why? Why him? My husband woke up and asked me what was wrong. My eyes were so filled with tears that I couldn't even see his face. My sister came in and asked the same question. I told her. We put some clothes on and out of the house by 7:00 a.m., to go over to University Hospital to view the body.

I left the building hoping and praying that they notified the wrong David Malcolm's mother. I began thinking about my uncle's situation. When he was young he was quite stupid. He had two girlfriends who were both pregnant. My uncle chose to marry Karen. But Cathy had her baby first and she named her baby David. Karen, a couple of months later, had her baby and she named her baby David, also. But the catch was he was the III. And a Malcolm, I might add. Cathy's last name was Phillips. Since she hadn't married my uncle, therefore her baby's full name was David

Phillips. Everybody grew up knowing this (But things happen and people changed and my uncle and Karen got divorced. Several years later he married Cathy. Cathy changed her son's name to be like his father David Malcolm except with out the Jr.) I hoped for the best

But all my hopes were let down and too late. But because it was my cousin David lying on that cold table with that sheet pulled up to his neck. He was the one I shared all my childhood memories with. He was the one who I grew up with inside of our family circle. I told my husband that who ever did it had the wrong David. By this time all of my immediate family were there except my uncle and his wife and their David. I left the morgue feeling nauseated.

I couldn't get in because my sister had the keys to my apartment. Because I didn't want to upset my brother in law's children, I went over to my grandmother's house. My mother comes to get me and I leave. With in all this time it's only 10:30 a.m. and I felt old. I had a hair appointment so I decided to go. My cousin Kim picks me up. We go back to my house and sit. Everybody has seen the 12:00 news and each station gave information that was wrong. So Kim and my sister Toshia called up the different stations and corrected the information. Five o'clock rolls around and we're watching channel 12 "Two fatal shootings." 'Sshh, sshh!' "David Anderson Malcolm III was shot and killed early this morning on Fox Creek and Blue Hill Rd. Silence falls upon us there's nothing said.

It was the beginning of the week. I was expecting to see my cousin that Friday and Saturday night downtown at the Jazz Festival. My week / life was crushed. I treated the rest of the week as if I were going to a wedding. Which is exactly what I felt like, and even thought on that Friday the day of his wake.

I got to the parlor and walk in I see his body in the casket, but it still didn't click in my head that he was gone. I see a picture of him and start to hyperventilate and scream and cry.

At about 6:00 the family lines up to go in. My aunt who was six months pregnant is in line in front of me; she fainted. I saw his face with make-up and that stretched smile on his face. I jumped and jumped until I couldn't jump any more. I tried to jump the pain out of my heart but I guess that tactic failed because he's still gone. The funeral procession begins and ends all to soon. They started to close the casket. I knew that he wasn't breathing and never would be any more. But I had the feeling that he was going to suffocate in that small space. I prayed they

wouldn't close it. (Closing the casket and the burial was the hardest things for me to deal with. Because it made it so final.)

Saturday morning at about 7:30 in the morning we get up to get dress for the burial. By 9:30 we're all there ready to go to the cemetery. I see the hearse and go to pieces because in that car is my cousin. We take a drive to a cemetery in Mt Prospect.

To see where they were going to put him broke my heart even more. I was so expecting to seeing him on my birthday. But not this way, not in a casket or in a cemetery.

Gramma Sally

Have you every known someone who is like a matriarch of the family. They are held in esteemed honor and everyone loves them. My great-grandmother Gramma Sally is this person. Her name is Sally Laurel, but my family calls her Gramma. My whole family has a great respect for her. They love her dearly. I love her because she is my grandmother, but I don't really know her. She immigrated to the United States from Poland, during World War II, with her family. From the stories I heard about her; I built in my mind this picture of this great woman who had won battles and saved lives with her many contributions. If she had accomplished these feats; I was sorely disappointed when I saw her. Gramma is a short, frumpy woman that wears cat-eye glasses. Her flowery dresses and moppy, grey hair look like a bad Halloween costume. Her personality is also in need of improvement for the great woman she is. She is a very bitter and sarcastic person that is always yelling for no reason. She supposedly loves children. I find that hard to believe since she is always shooing us away. "Go away children I'm talking, can't you go outside and make all that noise. Your giving me a headache." she would yell at my cousins and I. My mother always told me as I got older I would understand and appreciate her. I didn't believe her and my dislike for my grandmother began.

When I was thirteen years old Gramma came to stay with us during my cousins Bar Mitzvah. I hadn't seen her in over five years. My chance was here to finally get to know her. I was going to give us a chance to get along. I was very wrong. From the moment she walked through the door the complaining began. Nothing in our house was good enough for her. She wanted to cook for herself. She said my mom's food was to spicy. My parents worked so I stayed home to make sure Gramma would be okay. I stayed in my room a lot; coming out once in a while to check on Gramma

and get her some lunch. We would sit and watch soaps while she ate. We watched the same soaps so we would discuss our favorite characters. One day I was in my room listening to my records; and I heard my dog barking. I thought someone was at the door. I went downstairs to look. I saw my dog, Spike, barking at Gramma. I was about to yell at him, when I noticed her teasing him with lunchmeat from her sandwich. He would try to take it from her hands; and when he got close enough to get it she would kick him as hard as she could. I couldn't believe my eyes. I waited a moment and she did it again. She was laughing like a crazy person. I ran down the stairs screaming. She was surprised to see me. She didn't know what to say. She looked ashamed for a minute; but it went away quickly enough. I couldn't even look at her. I ran upstairs and threw myself on the bed and started crying. I hate her, I really do. She was a mean, hateful woman. To make matters worse my grandma called and said Gramma (her mother) just called her and told her I had been ignoring her while she was calling my name; and that I had forgot to bring her lunch. Then she had the nerve to ask me to put Spike away because he was biting Gramma. I knew she was lieing so I didn't say anything. I was going to wait till my mom got home to handle it.

My mom got home and she saw Gramma first. Gramma told her the cock and bull story also. She came upstairs to talk to me. I told her what really happened. She was very upset by this, but she didn't know what to do. She told me to forget about it. Gramma was a bitter old woman who couldn't come to terms with her weaknesses. I was mad because they didn't say anything to her or yell at her. I was really mad at my parents and I gave them the silent treatment for days. She finally left and I felt as if a great weight had been lifted from me.

I tried to forget about her and what happened. She still sent money on my birthday and on graduation. Then I got an invitation to attend my uncles fund-raiser dinner for his running for state senator of Southern Arizona. I was very excited and left the next week. I was having a lot of fun when my aunt approached one evening and asked if I would do her a big favor. "Will you look after Gramma Sally during the dinner she's not as strong as she used to be." I was shocked by that. I hadn't seen Gramma in four years. She had to be around 90 yrs. old. I knew my aunt didn't know what happened and I would feel bad if I said no. I told her I would do it and regretted it the instant I said it.

The party was beautiful and I was very proud of my uncle. I thought this' won't be so bad. Then I saw Gramma. She looked so old I didn't even

realize who she was at first. The change that had come over her was drastic. I couldn't even hate her when I saw her like this. I just felt remorse and guilty for hating her all these years and not keeping in tune to how she was getting along I walked over to her and hugged her after my aunt did. "You look so beautiful. Just like your mother." she said. She had tears in her eyes and I didn't know how to react. All the pent up anger I felt inside just wouldn't completely go away. I pushed her to the dinner table and we ate. I sat there and listened to her talk to her neighbors at the table. She was a very intelligent person who knew a wide variety of subjects. I never realized this before. I also never talked to her before. After dinner We sat next to each other and she grabbed my hand. I was scared but I didn't want to pull my hand away and hurt her feelings. I felt her slipping something on my fingers. I looked down and saw her putting her engagement ring on my finger. It was beautiful. I didn't know what to say. "This is for you. My favorite granddaughter so you will think of me always.", she said in a husky voice full of tears. You remind me so much of myself and the vitality that is no longer in me. When I see you my youth is brought back to me and everything that I once had is gone. I didn't know what to say. This woman I hated so much was telling me how much she loved me. As I sat there I realized she didn't hate me or wanted to be mean she was just jealous of the life I had ahead of me and upset over the life that was behind her. I reminded her of herself so much she didn't know whether to love me or hate me for the memories that I dredged up in her.

I don't hate Gramma anymore. I do feel sorry for her. Her vital and active mind in a body too old to do her any good. Gramma is still alive. She's 94 yrs. old. I haven't seen her since then, but she still writes and calls once in a while, so I'll remember she's still around. Her greatest fear I think is to be forgotten. I'll never forget her. She taught me a lot about old people and to never judge people too harshly. They might have a lot of problems which we couldn't begin to perceive.

Pops

As we walked the trail of our 210 acre farm, I looked at my Pops. I saw a tall man who was slightly stooping because his shoulders had started to roll forward. He had a ruddy complexion from years of exposure to the elements. When he smiled, he smiled from ear to ear with a kind of goofy grin. His eyes always twinkled, as if he had just played the best practical joke on someone, but at the same time, if one

looked close enough, one could see the wisdom he had gathered through the years.

He and I were having one of our usual long talks about the world and it's woes in general such as how his business was doing and how crazy Saddam Hussein is. My thoughts flashed back to the many walks that we had taken and the many talks that we've shared about everything from how life was when he was a boy to what a great invention ice cream was. Scenes of me as a small child, holding on to his hand and skipping along a gravel road in the summer, with flowers all around, or of me curled up watching TV on his lap at night, or in more recent years, of me asking him what he thought of my newest dream of being a fashion and/or costume designer flashed through my head.

Eventually the topic came around to my leaving for school as it had many times in the last few weeks. All of my male friends and relatives were terribly concerned about me coming to the big city by myself, but none were as worried as my dad.

"I grew up in Hillside. I know how dangerous it is for a girl," he said with a concerned look on his usually happy face. "Sarah, I'm not saying this because I don't think you're big enough to take care of yourself, I'm saying it because I love you and I don't want anything to happen to you."

"I know Pops, I'll be fine. Don't worry so much. What should I do that would make you feel better?" I said a patted his hand.

"Well I think you'd be safer if you didn't go out past dark," he said with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"PAST DARK? Past dark, come on Dad! You don't really think I'm going to stay in past dark, do you?" I protested.

"Well ok, don't stay in past dark, but when you do go out you should have some kind of protection. You aren't allowed to have dogs in the dorm are you?" he asked with a serious look.

"No Pops, no dogs allowed," I sighed in exasperation.

"Ok, then we need to get you a handgun licence so you can carry one with you, concealed," he said with an outright grin on his sunburned face.

"Right Dad, I'll carry around your 357 with the scope, concealed in a shoulder halster on my 5'6" 110lbs. frame. Nobody will see it. Then, when some creep approaches me, I can whip it out and shoot him!" I sarcastically agreed.

This silly argument continued about an hour, and every time I tried to sum up his list of protective "things," it got longer and sillier. In the end he decided that I should have 10 body guards (himself included in this

bunch—of course), a dog (a really big and fierce one), and a gun (as loud and as big as I could carry). After another 30 minutes of this discussion, I talked him down to a promise that I wouldn't go out alone after dark.

We have our disagreements like all fathers and daughters do, but Pops has always supported me in all my dreams. He is the one person who will always be honest with me whether he is boosting my ego or criticizing me for some fault in my actions. When I look at myself, I can see part of him.

END TERM PORTFOLIOS

Portfolio 2

When Thinking

When thinking of who to write about, I had some trouble in choosing. To me a person who is significant in my life is someone who has a positive influence on me, can make me laugh, will listen to my problems any or night, will be totally honest, support my decisions, and knows me better than anyone else. To me, this person is Lela.

People who don't know her as well as I do may think that she is not someone who cares a lot about other people or how they feel. Her appearance is very deceiving. She is 5'9", has long curly brown hair, baby blue eyes, a big smile, and is very skinny. Because of the way she dresses people may think she is a snob. Lela always wears the newest style of clothing and her make-up is always perfect.

Over the past two years I have had to make some difficult decisions and been through some trying times, and Lela is the only one I could talk to. An example of how she has always been there for me would be about a year ago when I fell head over heels for her boyfriend's best friend. We went out for a while but then he went back to his girlfriend. I was a total wreck for over three months and then Lela stepped in and told me, "Mike isn't worth the tears, one of these days he'll realize what he lost and, he'll come back, just don't put your life on hold for him." Since then, Mike and I have been seeing each other off and on, and Lela has been right there for me and given me a lot of support and been patient with me. Lela has gone through the same type of situations and she never judges me or tells me to forget about him.

Besides the reason I gave, there are many things that make Lela a very important person to me. The one thing I admire most about her is the

fact that she can be totally honest with me, but do it in a way that doesn't hurt my feelings. In my situation with Mike, Lela gave me her honest opinion but never tried to change my mind or influence me wrongly. Whenever she tells me something, I never have to doubt it because I trust her enough to know she would never lie to me. There aren't many people you can say that about these days, but she is one of the few.

Another thing that I like about Lela is her personality and her ability to make me laugh. Whenever I'm upset or feeling really down, she can always cheer me up. She has this sparkling personality and a way of making people feel good about themselves. One way she can make me or anyone else feel better is just by laughing. She has a contagious laugh that will leave your sides aching by the end of a conversation. Lela is always quick with a joke or smart remark that can make an intense discussion turn into a laughing fest.

Lela and I are so close that to say we are like sisters doesn't even come close to it. We are always out together or over each others houses. I'm over her house so much that her dad even once jokingly asked when he had another daughter. Just an example of how close I am to her family, I call her mom, mom and her dad Chip, which is their family nickname for him.

Some people may think that we are a little on the wierd side with things we do, but it's all done in good fun and we never take things too seriously. For example, one night we were coming home from her boyfriends house in Oak Park and we managed to get ourselves lost, something we seem to do frequently. We weren't sure what exit to take, and she took the opposite of what I said, and this is when the adventure started! After we got off the exit, we managed to figure out where we were, we were in the middle of downtown at 2 a.m. on Saturday night. Lela got distracted by something and before we knew it we were going right through a red light. When we realized the light was red, it was too late. To the right of us was a brand new red Stealth coming at us. We managed to escape the fated accident and no one got hurt. While we were shaking with fear, we couldn't help but laugh about it. This just prove my point about us not taking anything to seriously, it was a situation that most normal people would not have laughed at. Anyway, right after this happened we had to pull over because Lela was laughing so hard she couldn't see, and we didn't want to have another near miss. When we finally got home, no one else seemed to think that it was funny!

The reasons I have given for why Lela is a significant person in my life don't do her justice, she is the best friend anyone could ever have.

There are just too many things to say about Lela that I couldn't possibly put them all down on paper. She is my best friend and she knows me better than anyone else does. I know that no matter how far apart we end up we will always be the very best of friends because I can't imagine not having her in my life.

The Clock

The clock in my car read 10:45, I had 15 minutes to get to my first class. What a way to start off the first day of college. When I finally found a place to park I didn't bother to look and see if it was a no parking zone, which it turned out to be. As I looked at my watch it was now 10:50, I began to run as fast as I could. I reached Zimmer Auditorium just as class was beginning, found a place to sit, and tried to catch my breath. When my classes were over for the day, I was able to find one of my friends and she drove me back to my car so I didn't have to walk. When we arrived at the car, I found a parking ticket on my windshield. I just felt like crying, but I didn't.

This is just one example of how hard it is for students to find parking places on the side streets near campus. While not all students have this problem, those of us who do not have a pass, must go through the hassle of finding a place to park every morning.

The main problem with the lots are that the school sells more passes than there are places to park. As I mentioned before this can pose a real problem for students without passes or those who have class later in day. It's a problem because by the time they get to school there are no places left in the lot and they have to park in the garage and may end up being late for class. For example, my friend Christi had to park in the garage one day and was late for her class because the lot she has a pass for was full. To try to solve this problem I propose that the school sell only the same number of passes that there are spots. If this did not go over well, I would also suggest that passes are sold according to the time you have class. I realize that this would face a lot of opposition from the students and faculty because it would be a lot of hassle and they already have enough to deal with. If passes were sold by quarters and according to time blocks, it would allow students who have classes in the mid-afternoon to have a place to park. A refutation to this proposal would be that if you pay for a place to park, you shouldn't have to compromise or leave campus as

soon as they are finished with their classes. A way to appease people who find a problem with this, would be to reduce the price of the passes.

One final solution to the parking problem would be to have a parking lot for every building. While this would be costly, it would give each student a place to park depending on their major.

One reason the streets are overcrowded is because the students who don't have passes or choose not to park on campus are forced to]eave an hour early to find a place on the streets. I personally have to leave an hour early to park by the hospital and have enough time to walk across campus to get to my classes on time. People who have passes may not think that this is a very big problem, but if they had to go through the routine everyday they would have complaints too.

One other problem that arises from the limited parking spaces is the hassle of dealing with metered parking places. rn the first place, if you are lucky enough to get one, you still have to run out to your car and re-feed the meter before jou get a ticket. The problem with running out to your car is that sometimes you only have 10 minutes between classes and, Once again, you could run the risk of being late for a class.

City University is generally a commuter school, as are most schools. As I said before, I feel that my solutions could work and be beneficial to both students and faculty. The school could also ask for student volunteers to organize a committee to deal with the complaints of commuters. The committee could propose a system of carpools depending on where students live, finding the funds and space to put in more parking lots and to build more garages.

While the solutions I have proposed may face opposition and rejection, I feel, if they are thought over and well presented, they could, as I stated, be very beneficial.

T.G.I. Friday's

This in-class essay was originally hand-written. I (the researcher) re-typed it so I could change place names to protect the anonymity of the writing program under study here. I have faithfully re-created the hand-written essay's punctuation, spelling, and stylistic flourishes.

T.G.I. Friday's is an excellent restaurant on the Brookview side of Big River. Friday's, as it is called, is an enjoyable place for people of all ages.

The atmosphere is one full of fun and night-time excitement. This is my personal favorite restaurant in the area. This place provides an

entertaining way to relax and unwind with friends or family after a long day at work or school. The reason I so highly recommend Friday's is because, as I said, it is a place for people of all ages.

The food is excellent, there is a variety to choose from, prices are reasonable, service is fast and friendly, the view of the river and the city skyline is incredible at night, and the location couldn't be better. Friday's is located near the center of the nightlife on Riverboat Landing. Next to Friday's is a dance club, below is TCBY, a baseball fans shop, a variety of stores, and just down the road is Embassy Suites which has dancing all night.

To show the contrast of Friday's, I picked another restaurant on the River that I am familiar with, Charlie's. Although I have heard people say they liked Charlie's, I myself did not. My friend's and I have been there twice, once for our Junior Prom and another time just for dinner. Both times I went, I came away wondering why I spent my money there. The food was served a la carte; there wasn't a broad selection, it was overpriced, the service was slow + unfriendly, the music they played was like that in an elevator, the atmosphere was "stuffy," and it seemed to be for more of an older and richer crowd. The one positive thing I found to say about Charlie's was that the view of the River was great.

Friday's is a place like no other! It can be a place to go for prom's, on a date, just out with friends, a place to meet people, overall it's just a place to have fun! There is always music playing, football, baseball or basketball on the many televisions, the waiters and waitresses sit down + talk to you, and I personally like the fact that it is a-buzz with loud conversation.

To prove the point that it is a place for many occasions, I have been there with my family for my birthday, on a date, and many times with my friends just for fun. The atmosphere is fun, relaxed, and one that makes you smile. To prove that it is a place for all ages, my parents, siblings, aunts, uncles, and even grandparents love the restaurant. The menu consists of a children's menu, a variety of beverages, and different nationalities of food, and my favorite . . . a burger for every day of the week!

If anyone ever asks me where the best restaurant in the area is, I will definitely tell them it's Friday's.

To me it is the epitome of a superb restaurant.

Ode to Friday's!

Arthurs

The windows are aglow and a little steamed up from the lights and people eating inside, the neon sign is flashing the word, “Arthurs,” and the green and white striped curtains give the place an “old tavern” look to it. For those who have not figured it out yet, I am describing a restaurant/bar/cafe in Oak Park Square called Arthurs. The “joint” has been passed down from father to son for forty-years.

On the inside, the place is spotless. When you first walk in the partially stained-glass door, to the right of you is an old mahogany bar with a huge mirror hanging behind it, to the left are about thirty-five tables and chairs, and on the entire left wall is what is called “the regulars wall,” here there are caricatures of all the customers who have been coming in for over the past forty years. This is one of the most loved things about Arthurs. During the summer there is a patio area available with about fifteen tables and chairs and even a small water fountain.

As my friends and I sat down I was amazed at how friendly everyone was, since this was Oak Park, I expected all of the people to be snobby and full of themselves. The waitors and waitresses were friendly and quick with conversation and to take and serve the orders. It was obvious to tell who the regular’s were because the waiters and themselves were joking and carrying on conversation. One of the waitresses, we’ll call her Lisa, reminds me of Carla from CHEERS, except Lisa is not as rude. The uniforms for the employees are very casual, a green or white t-shirt with whatever kind of pants they decide to wear.

The menu offers food for everyone, it ranges from a selection of fruits, hamburgers, chicken, seafood, steak, a kids menu, and some choices for those who for some reason or another have to watch what they eat.

While just sitting there enjoying my meal, I could feel the “family” that the employees have among themselves and with their bosses. People joking around like brothers and sisters, talking to each other about how their day was, and they even bring this sense of family into their work and to the customers to make everyone feel welcome and relaxed. On a scale from 1-10, I would have to give ARTHURS a 9:75. The only reason it didn’t get a ten is because it takes thirty minutes to get there from my house.

While I was there, I was able to talk to some of the employees and some of the customers and here are some of the things I found out.

Employees (I changed their real names):

How long have you been working here? Joe- for about 5 years I think . . . Katie- around 5 years . . . Tim- almost 2 years . . . Rachel- only 5 months

Why/what reasons do you like your job? Katie- my boss is great looking (laugh) no seriously, I just love the atmosphere, the people are great (like a second family) and the pay isn't bad either . . . Tim- I like the fact that they trust me enough to let me run the kitchen and the bosses listen to the employees and don't try to use the rank to manipulate us. There seems to be a "family feeling" between everyone, do you all really get along that well? Rachel- I've only been here for a little while, but they all have a way of making you feel comfortable . . . Lynn- the love, honestly, is so obvious between us that even if one of us quit, we would always be welcomed back.. Katie- it definately is real, and I have proof, I live with three of the people I work with!

Why would you recommend this job to anyone who would have doubts? Lynn- what more could you ask for in a place of employment? I meet a lot of great people, get paid good money, and it's just fun . . . Tim- the hours are good, so are the hours and people I work with. Give me two reasons why you think ARTHURS appeals to people? Joe- what's not to like? Okay 2 reasons.., the atmosphere is alive and the food is great . . . Tim- the waiters and waitresses are fun to be around and the food is the best in Oak Park.

Here are some responses I got from customers: Why do you like coming here? I- my friends come here all of the time and now I see why they like it so much, the place just has a great feel about it, it's hip. - I come here all the time to talk to Katie and Joe, they are the main reason I come back, plus the food is pretty good too.

Are you a regular? How many times a week do you come here? - I come here every single Saturday night to have my beer and just to hang out - I've been coming here for the last five years, everyone who works here seems like family . . . I love it! My friends and I usually come here about twice a week for dinner, drinks and just to relax after a long day at work. Do you have any complaints? - yeah, the waiters are too cute and I'm married, no seriously, how could anyone complain about this place? - as far as I'm concerned the only day I'll have to complaint is the day they go out of business, because then I'll have to stay home with my wife.

How would you rate ARTHURS on a scale from 1-10? a 10 no doubt about it - I give this joint an 11—a big 10

On November 29, I interviewed Walter, one of the owners of Arthurs. As I walked up the ten or twelve steps to his office, the one thing that I remember is how I could still hear all of the commotion and buzz of the restaurant. I reached the sturdy wood door to the office, knocked, and heard deep stern voice telling me to come in. Behind a small desk sat a man in his late thirties or early forties, salt and pepper hair, dark eyes and skin, and a nicely built body. I quickly looked around and saw that there were some photos of his family and one of the entire staff at a picnic last year. There were also trophies and various awards that Walter and the restaurant has won. As I sat down, we exchanged pleasantries and then I began asking him my questions and here are the replies I got. -How long has Arthurs been in business? The restaurant has been open for around forty years, but I've only been running it for the last ten.

-How personally involved in the restaurant are you? I am very involved, I am here every day except for Tuesday because I need at least one day off. I do share the responsibility with partner Ron and some of the employees have more rank here than others do. For example, Joe, who is my brother-in-law, helps with the hiring of new employees, making the schedule up, and he tells me when things need to be done.

-Where did the name ARTHURS come from? My dad gave it the name, but I think he got it from the top of his head it doesn't symbolize anything.

-What inspired the regulars wall? That was my wife and dad's idea, they said it was a tangible way to let our people know that we do appreciate their loyalty and we do know that they are always there.

-What do you feel keeps the customers coming back? I think the main reason is the treatment they get from the waiters and waitresses. People always tell me how much they love the way they are treated, they say that they feel like part of our ARTHURS family. I personally like our chicken sandwiches and would come back for them.

-The family feeling here is great, how do you think improves business? It improves our business because the people working here truly like their job and cover for each other and that keeps the business running smoothly. I think the attitude the workers have toward each other is brought off on the customers and onto the way they perform their job.

-Why do you feel it is important for the employees to have a say? They aren't just employees, they are like a second family and in a family,

if everyone does not get to voice their opinion it won't run as smoothly.

-How do you feel about you wife and brother—in-law working here?

It is no different than any other family working together, you separate business from personal life.

-Do you regret going into this business? Not at all there isn't anything else I would rather be doing.

-How would you rate ARThURS on a scale from 1-10? I would give us an 11.. .does that sound to crass? No seriously, I would rate us as a 9.5.

-If you could change anything about the restaurant, what would it be?

I would like to expand the building but I think it would take away the feeling.

ARTHURS in Oak Park Square is a place that is full of life, energy, and a sense of family. As you can see just by the response of the employees, owner, and some customers, this is a place people come to timer after time for the food and the atmosphere.

Any preconceived ideas I had were abolished when I walked in the door. The people are not snobs, the prices are reasonable, and you can really feel the sense of family.

From Portfolio 3

A Professional Helper

When Frank Suward says "Baseball is my life" he means it. He also says "I will work as hard as a person can in baseball to succeed". Frank plays extremely above his potential on the ball field. He is also talented when it comes to helping kids off the field. Frank is owner of the newly remolded Western Hills Sports Mall on Thompson Road. This mall is packed with hundreds of kids, even during the off season. The baseball section at the back of the mall is where Frank works his magic with the youngsters.

"You can not become great at baseball unless you practice every day," Frank said to one of his classes. "The best way to become a ball player is to practice everyday. I have fourteen batting cages open now and you youngsters can use them whenever you want."

When you approach Frank Suwards hitting clinic the sights will amaze even the most sceptic of critics. First of all, it is clean and spacious. Also, the camp is run by professional athletes. The cages form together to make a half circle, with a lobby for tossing and fielding ground balls. The atmosphere is full of childerns desire to win and parents opportunity to brag.

Frank practices everyday with the kids. The first stage of practice is warm ups and stretching by tossing and running. “That is why most athletes do not play high school or college ball, there arms are worn out by not taking the proper precautions before practice.” Many people think that his program is excellent because he teaches the players and not some ametuer, “Parents pay good money to have me teach their sons how to play baseball so I will teach the athletes myself”.

As practice continues, the youngsters break down into four groups and begin to hit. Frank takes turns watching the future all pro’s taking batting practice. He watches a young south pawl in cage three and the machine fires a bullet right past the intimidated boy with an old New York Yankees hat. Frank rushed to the aid of the little boy, they worked together till the problem was solved. While Frank talks with the boy there are various activities boing on. Some hit off a tee, others field grounders, but most of the players just watch Frank with undivided attention and dream about the day that they will be like him.

On the first day of camp a poor family came in to watch practice. “Hello, why aren’t you playing?” Frank asked in wounder. When Frank found out the boy could not afford the camp he took money out of his own pocket and paid for it himself. He also bought the boy aquipment so he would feel like he was part of the team. He bought him a Nikoma Kangaroo skinglove and Rawling batting gloves.

“I teach my students everything that I have learned throught the years,” Frank Suward said. “At home I think of things to teach the kids. I usually ask other professional how they teach young kids.”

Fans watch Frank and his players with enthusiasm, also they wounder how a professional athlete can care so much about kids. One on looker said “Frank Suward plays baseball six months a year and he helps kids out the other six months”. He truly lives a baseball life, so when Frank says “Baseball is his life” he definitely means it.

Portfolio 4

Significant Event Essay

June 6, 1991 Graduation

The most significant event in my life was my high school graduation. Writing this paper helped my accomplish a lot in my writing skills. One of the most important things writing this paper helped me with was my

mechanical elements. When writing this essay I followed the out line in the english book we used in class. When I first did this paper it had a lot of mechanical elements wrong with it but know I fell that I have corrected them to the best of my knowledge.

I awoke on June 6 1991 with a burst of energy. This was the glorious day that I had waited 12 long years to arrive. During my senior year in high school, I was filled with anticipation and yet with apprehension. I started my day by preparing for graduation rehearsal. Several of my good friends spent the night with me the day before graduation. The morning was hectic, we were all racing around the house trying to get ready so we would not be late for rehearsal.

We arrived at E.J. Wallace hall a little after 7:00 A.M.. Once at the hall we waited along with two-hundred and twelve other anxious students. Some students came to rehearsal not even knowing if they would graduate. When the principal came with the master list of those who were graduating, it was a prayer answered from above. Everyone was excited and happy to know that they had finally arrived at this point in their lives.

We practiced marching into the hail and wafking across the stage. As we watched others practice walking across the stage we made jokes and bet on who would trip going up on stage. All the guys were boasting on how they were men now and that they would not cry. On the other hand the females excepted the fact that they might cry as they walked across the stage.

At the end of rehearsal we all said our good-byes because we knew that after graduation we would be going our seperate ways. After rehearsal we all headed home in order to get ready for graduation.

I started to prepare for the biggest night of my life at 4:30 P.M.. As I put on my bright red cap and gown, began to feel more like someone who was about to graduate. Getting dressed was the hardest thing for me to do because I was thinking about all of the things that could go wrong such as forgetting my speech and tripping when I walked across the stage.

All of the graduating students were out side of E.J. Wallace Hall with their friends and family at 6:45 P.M. As we waited outside I could see gray and red gowns and smiling faces everywhere I looked. We laughed, hugged and took pictures with our loved ones. When the time grew closer for us to march in, some began to cry, even those that said they would not.

At 7:30 on the evening of June 6, 1991 Dr. D.B. Samuels, my high school principal, introduced the 1991 East High Senior Class. At that monent I knew that my life would never be the same. In a span of three hours I would be leaving one foot in the past and taking one step into the future.

I watched my fellow classmates march into E.J. Wallace Performing Arts Hall, I realized that in less than two minutes I would be taking that final walk to my seat along with my fellow class officers. Dr. Samuels introduced us, to our friends and families who stood and gave us a big welcome. As we proceeded to our seats, my heart was filled with joy because I knew that this was going to be one of the best nights of my life.

Once we were all seated, Andrea, our class secretary, gave the invocation. The graduation ceremony moved along like clock work. Sunny, our class president, and Arnold, our vice president, took us on a journey down memory lane. They shared with us all the precious moments; although some were not so precious. They also shared with the audience the class honors and appreciations. I received several very special awards. One was a plaque which I received a standing ovation and a job well done from everyone.

When Sunny and Arnold were done giving their speeches it was then time for a presentation by the Board of Education. Our guest speaker was Dr. Winston. Dr. Winston was scheduled to speak for twenty-five long minutes but Dr. Winston decided to give our class a graduation present. His present to us was not to give a speech but to just start handing out the diplomas because he felt we had already waited 12 long years!

As the the first names of the graduating seniors were called I watched as our class begin to take its final walk together. I thought about how some were taking a step towards the future and how some were reflecting on a wasted opportunity during high school. While watching my fellow classmates walk across the stage the hall was filled with joy and happiness. As the list of names grew shorter and the first of the top ten were introduced, I knew that in a matter of minutes I would be receiving my diploma and addressing my fellow class mates for the last time.

Patiently waiting for my name to be called, my school days flew before my eyes. Finally my name was called and I took my final walk as a high school student. I felt like a five-year old learning how to ride a bike for the first time. My belly was filled with butterflies and my legs felt like water under me while my eyes were filled with tears. I slowly reached for my diploma. Once I had my diploma in my hand I said, "THANK YOU GOD".

After all the diplomas were handed out, Mr. Samuels introduced us as the graduating senior class of 1991. It was suddenly my turn to give the final words of wisdom. I slowly walked up to the microphone, which seemed like a mile. I looked out into the many faces looking back at me.

My mouth was dry and my hands started to shake. I just knew that when I opened my mouth no words would come but they did.

“As we come to the conclusion of the graduation ceremony of the East High Senior Class of 1991, I would like to leave you with these words of wisdom.”

Nothing comes easy
So don't be deceived
Hold on to the dreams
In which you believe

After my speech, I gave permission for the class to stand. I watched my fellow classmates and friends march from their seats. I could feel warm, wet tears rolling down my face as my heart filled with sadness. We had come in as high school seniors and left as newcomers to the real world.

Problem Solution

Room 408

When writing this essay I found it hard for me to write about a problem that I did not truly know about. I decided to write about a problem I had been having and I know other students here at City University have had. I wrote about the noise in the residence hall. When writing this paper I did not use the writing style in the English book. I felt that it took away what I was trying to write about. As you read my paper you may feel that is a personal experience. I look at it this way something can not be a problem unless you have experienced it or someone else has.

Although I did not follow the book's outline I still have a problem that is stated and I also have given some solution that works.

With anger, frustration, and curiosity I knocked on the door to room 408. The resident slowly opened her door and said “Hello”.

“Hi. I'm Latavia and I live downstairs. I was just wondering if the noise we've been hearing is coming from your room. My roommate and I have been hearing noise for the past three nights.”

“Noise? We have not been making noise. We are just sitting here playing cards and talking.” said a girl sitting on the floor with flaming red hair and pop bottle glasses.

“Do you think it might be the girls next door?” said the girl who answered the door.

“Who else could it have been? It was not us.” said the girl on the floor.

With no answers at the present time I turned and walked back down the hall. I heard a faint whisper in the distance saying, "Oh my god! She can hear us!" Still filled with anger, frustration, and curiosity, I continued to walk back down the steps to my room.

It all began three nights ago. My roommate, Jodi, and I were studying in our room when we heard a strange sound over our heads. At first the noise did not bother us, then the noise grew louder and louder. All of a sudden, the noise died. The room was filled with a quiet humming sound; therefore we continued to study. As the night grew shorter, we prepared for bed. Suddenly, "Grand Central Station" was above our room. "Choo Choo Choo Ching!!" went the noise, over and over again. This time the noise was louder and it began to drive us crazy! Somehow we fell asleep only to encounter the same noise for the next two nights.

Noise, a common dorm life problem, is experienced by almost all residents at one time or another. Either you or someone you know may have at one point, experienced this problem. As a college student, noise can interfere with your ability to study peacefully; it can also cause you to lose sleep as well as interfere with any other activities that require silence. But the question still remains: "What should I do about this problem?"

Upon the third night, I decided to look into this matter. I was determined to find a solution. I approached the resident who lived next door to me. I knocked and a small voice said, "Come in." I slowly opened the door and went in.

"Hi Stacy! I was just wondering if you have been hearing a strange noise coming above your room."

She replied, "Yah, I sure have been hearing noises. I am trying to study and I cannot concentrate with all this racket. I sometimes stand on my bed and bang on the ceiling."

With that response, I further discussed this situation with Jodi. We came up with many solutions, such as banging on the ceiling or turning the radio up. We even thought about running upstairs to their room and knocking on their door and then running away. As much as we wanted to do these action, we decided to try talking to the three young ladies above our room.

The following night we talked to the three girls. they told us that they would try to keep the noise down. They apologized sincerely and we accepted it. The anger, frustration and curiosity soon disappeared and every thing turned out fine. Although my roommate and I were very happy with the out come, we knew that if things did not work out we

could have brought this matter into the hands of the Residence Hall Disciplinary System where the referred students have a choice between a Hall Judicial Commission or Administrative hearing. Two other solution that may have worked were talking to our Residence Coordinator or with our Residence Assistant about enforcing quiet hours, courtesty hours and the standard rules of residential community. Which requires its members (students living in the dorms) to behave in a mature and considerate manner.

Profile

What is NSBE

This was one of my best essay I have written this quarter. I liked this type of essay best because I had a subject I could study and I was also could get feed back from different people. I have made no correction or revision to this essay.

What organization here at City University is in pursuit of excellence, dedicated to a better tomorrow, and is helping to develop the technical and professional skills of its members? I asked my friend Carmen if she knew of any organizations that would fit my description. She told me that NSBE was just the organization I was looking for. She invited me to their next meeting on the following Tuesday. My next question was "What is NSBE?"

Tuesday night I went to the meeting and I found out that NSBE stands for National Society of Black Engineers. Like many other organization here on campus, NSBE holds its meeting like that of a board meeting and stresses higher achievement. For example NSBE is very picky about members being late. Attendance is also very important to them. Although The National Society of Black Engineers meetings are very formal the Executive Board can be more formal.

NSBE was formed 16 years ago here at City University. It is a non-profit organization that is managed by students. Some other general information that Carmen and other members shared was that NSBE was incorporated in December 1976 in Texas. With over 150 chapters located across the country NSBE operates through a University based structure coordinated through 6 regional zones. City University is in the fourth regional zone. The organization is administered by officers of the National Executive Board with over 5,000 engineering students in accredited degree programs.

The National Society of Black Engineers primary goals are to increase the enrollment of qualified minority students and to reduce their high rate of attrition. Another goal is the promotion, recruitment, retention and successful graduation of blacks in Engineering while trying to stimulate and develop student interest in the various Engineering disciplines. NSBE strives to increase the number of students studying Engineering at the undergraduate and graduate levels. The National Society of Black Engineers also encourages its members to seek advanced degrees in Engineering or related fields, to obtain Professional Engineering Certification, and to promote public awareness of Engineering and opportunities for black and other ethnic minorities.

After getting the information on what NSBE does and what they are about I asked Carmen how the organization goes about accomplishing their goals. Carmen stated in a positive voice that NSBE accomplishes its objectives through the development and implementation of innovation programs conducted at all levels of the organization. Some of the activities that they use to accomplish these objectives are tutorial programs, technical seminars, pre-college programs, and career fairs just to name a few.

After having all my question answered I was sold on the fact that The National Society of Black Engineers was indeed the answer to my question. The members of NSBE are truly dedicated to a better tomorrow.

WORKS CITED

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Mcan. Carmen. Personal Interview. 21 Nov. 1991.

In class essay

Evaluation: Fix This Mess!

This essay I had a lot of trouble writing. I feel I had a lot of trouble with this because of the limited time we had. In the class room there was a lot of distraction. There was also not enough of time to check the mechanical elements and to make sure all your grammar and other convention were in order.

“FIX THIS MESS!” This is the catchy little phrase that grabbed my attention from all the other ads I looked at. I think that the LeKair advertisement is just excellent. It met all the criterias and my standers for an excellent advertisement.

Styling gell and protein conditioning gell that makes your hair manageable and gives it a soft new sophisticated look New LeKair styling gel,

the hair care product of the future. This is the message I got when looking at the advertisement for LeKair styling gell and protein conditioning. This is the type of message I was looking for it is catchy, applies to the LeKair product, it is also concise and complete. Another little phrases that grabed my attention was "LeKair Styling Gell and Protein Conditioning Gel Do Wonders For Your Hair!" This again is also concise and complete and to the point. It tells you what the product is and what it is used for and also what it can do for you.

The color in this advertisement is just great and it works well with the picture and the image it is giving. The contrast between the two women's hair is just wonderful. I think that the coloration between the two tells every thing there is to know about what LeKair can do. The texture of the hair is also very important. It makes you wonder what LeKair can do for your hair. The look on the women in yellow face also motivates the reader to try LeKair Another reason why I think that it is a great picture is because if you ever ran across someone who's hair looked better than yours you would mostly pat your hair and say to yourself "Wow my hair looks bad compared to her's"

The eye of appeal of this advertisement is also wonderful. I like the way they have set up the four different kinds of conditioner and styling gel's at the bottom of the ad. This lets the reader know what kind of container the product comes in. Even the coloring of the containers are eye-catching.

Alround this advertisement is just great and it met all my criteria. This ad was very colorful concise and complete. It was also colorful and eye-catching.