

# FEATURES

"Summertime girls are the kind I like  
I'll steal your honey like I stole your bike" - LFO

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# HEALTHY SUMMER EATING

By Audrey Kim

"Grill, baby, grill!" This is the seasonal mentality when it comes to summer cuisine.

There are plenty of simple, healthy meals and snacks that are inexpensive and delicious. The best way to optimize summer meals is to use a variety of seasonal ingredients and create, rather than just simply cook, dishes that complement the warmer weather.

When you feel the sudden impulse to turn on the air conditioner, turn to food as an alternative way to cool down instead. Your body will thank you for the extra fiber, antioxidants, vitamins and minerals in these healthy options that are also lower in fat and calories.

The most convenient way to browse for healthy summer foods is at the local farmer's market because the vendors grow seasonally and offer their customers the freshest products. Summer fruits and vegetables are nature's gift to humanity. We may live in California where access to any produce is within a grocery trip year round, but the natural flavors and true appreciation for the produce only comes with its assigned season.

Bell peppers, radishes, corn, tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots, celery, spinach, broccoli, zuc-

chini and yellow squash are great vegetables to purchase throughout summer that can become quick snacks or additions to salads. These vegetables are also an easy transition into eating more raw foods for the added enzymes that would otherwise be depleted by the heat from cooking.

By incorporating more raw foods into your diet, your body will be able to naturally detoxify and stimulate better digestion. Melons, oranges, cherries, pineapples, avocados, jicama, mangoes, apricots, apples, grapes, strawberries, blueberries and blackberries are all succulent fruits full of satisfying flavor as well.

Eating these various summer produce does not mean only eating them as isolated snacks; there are a multitude of ways you can include them to make your daily meals more fresh and colorful.

Salads are a standard approach and easy to customize to your particular tastes, such as adding certain dried fruits or nuts. Be creative and make your own summer squash salsa to eat with strips of jicama, prepare a mango slaw with papaya, red onions, bell peppers, and red cabbage or even substitute strips of zucchini for your pasta. These are healthy and textured alternatives to the usual chips and salsa or even a bowl

of spaghetti.

As for starting your day with breakfast, it only takes your favorite fruit to give an exciting twist to your yogurt, cereal or toast. Eating a grapefruit or drinking a smoothie is always refreshing and helps you start your day with energy. Also, by replacing Gatorade or fruit juice with coconut water, you can still replenish electrolytes and taste the sweet flavor but with a more natural source.

An interesting spin on sweet treats are to pair guava jelly with queso fresco or watermelon with feta cheese. You probably would not want to go back to your cookies ever again. Not only can these alternatives serve as an appetizer or snack, they can also serve as a surprising dessert. Dessert can also be sorbet or frozen grapes instead of ice cream or soft serve. You can also add raw agave to replace honey and maple syrup.

Summer eating habits involve tasty food with minimal preparation. Summer also provides a convenient opportunity to transition into a healthier diet by focusing on food at its freshest and purest. Simple additions and uncomplicated substitutions create an effortlessly accessible summer meal that will benefit your wallet and body. Now you can relax.

## Learning About Family History and Celebrating New Traditions

By Carly Lanning

During the endless days of STAR testing, we all got used to our No. 2 pencils, reading comprehension stories about inane things, little paper rulers for the math sections and the countless bubbles dedicated to our personal information: name, parents' education, social security number, birthday, economic standing. When it came to identifying my ethnicity, I was stumped. My family was never big on talking about "our people."

At first glance, I am just another white girl. I sunburn when I stand outside for 2.5 seconds, I eat a ton of cheese and I cannot take any sort of spice on my food. So when it came to filling out any forms, I always marked "white" without a second thought. But a search into my family history showed me that my background is more than that. I am a mutt: Irish, English, German and a quarter Chinese. My paternal grandmother Marge, was born into a wealthy family in Shanghai in 1923. When she was 12, she moved to Germany with her mother, siblings and her stepfather whom my grandfather called "The German."

My grandmother embraced German culture, learning the language and the country's way of life. She loves listening to me attempt a German accent and reminisces about the days of German beer and rouladen. Following the end of WWII, my grandmother escaped back to China where she met my grandfather. My grandfather, Jesse, was born in Morraco, Indiana in 1909. Though he jokingly tells people that he ran away and joined the circus when he was 18, his story is much more complicated. Growing up a farm boy, my grandfather apprenticed at a blacksmith before joining the military.

He worked as an airplane mechanic and part-time boxing ring announcer for the army. It was not until 1944 that he became part of the Flying Tigers, a group of American pilots placed in China during the end of World War II. My grandparents met in Shanghai and were married in 1945, where they stayed until they were kicked out of China in 1950 during the rise of communism. Together they moved back to America and settled in Burbank, California where my grandfather could look for pilot jobs at the airport. The Giles', my mother's side of the family, are fifth generation Californians with strong English and Irish blood. I inherited a deep love for tea, fair skin, a taste for bland food and a love of corgis, the Queen's dogs.

My mother's family doesn't practice European traditions; instead, we celebrate our own traditions. When someone opens a present, it is required that they pass the gift around so we can get a good look at it. We add new people and friends into our family. We tend to tell long stories that diverge from the point so many times that we never really arrive at a conclusion. We eat more avocados than all the inhabitants of Florida combined, play Ping-Pong and croquet at most birthdays and actually enjoy one another's company.

My strange and varied family has taught me that it's valuable to know your history, but also that it doesn't completely define you or your family because we make our own history and traditions with the people we love.

# Two Lovebirds Sitting in a Tree



COURTESY OF MILENA ENGUIDANOS

Milena and her fiancé Aaron, engaged in February, passionately look into each other's eyes during a special evening four years ago at Dana Point.

By Milena Enguidanos

Most 21-year-old girls in Southern California are planning a trip to Vegas with their girlfriends, counting down to graduation day or worrying about what happens after graduation. Move back in with mom and dad? Go to grad school? Find a "real" job?

While I too am planning a trip to Vegas, looking forward to graduation and wondering how I can do what I love while supporting myself, I am also planning my wedding – not in the way we planned our weddings when we were 13 years old, picking out the wedding gowns with no concept of a budget. I am planning a real wedding.

When Aaron proposed to me as the sun went down on Feb. 13, 2010, I didn't have to think twice about saying yes. But I had Aaron promise me one thing: he would

*"We knew, long before he proposed, that we wanted to marry each other."*

Milena Enguidanos

have to talk with my mom and tell her his plan.

My mom is a hard-working, smart and successful woman with her own strong opinions. She and my dad met at UCLA, moved in with each other and got married while they still were in school. Years later, after having two kids, they got divorced. Growing up with my mom, I have clearly learned

her opinions on marriage: "Don't get married until you're at least 24 because your brain isn't fully developed."

I met Aaron the summer before my senior year of high school. I was 17 years old, and he was turning 20 in the beginning of September. Within months of becoming friends, we fell in love. We knew, long before he proposed, that we wanted to marry each other. He gave me a promise ring before Christmas of my sophomore year in college. Some people anxiously asked when we were ever going to get married while others, like my mom, questioned, "What's the rush?"

I said I wanted to be done with school before we get married, which was my only requirement. Aaron could ask for my hand whenever he wanted, but our wedding would be after graduation.

Eight days after I turned 21, we were engaged. The first person I called was my mom. He had met with her the day before at a local coffee shop to ask for her blessing. After putting the ring on her own finger and listening to what he said, she said yes. It meant the world to me to know that she would be okay with me marrying young.

My fiancé and I are Christians and some people assume we're marrying young because of that. But we aren't getting married because of our religion. We're getting married because we want to. Why wait when we had already made up our minds?

Most 21-year-olds use Facebook as a distraction from studying for finals or a way to spend some free time. This last quarter, my study breaks were spent on registries and browsing on TheKnot.com ... and I loved every second of it.

## Dragon Race: Skating for a Cause

By Ravind Kumar

The radio chatter is mixed in with static and long beeps of low battery warnings. The hay bales at the bottom of California Avenue are all stacked up and ready.

"These radios fucking suck," grumbles Daniel Navarro, one of the many Beta Theta Pi fraternity members setting things up. A call comes over the radio, broken and inaudible.

Daniel laughs for a second. "Someone's gonna get killed." He isn't serious – rather, he jerks his head up to the top of the hill. "Watch, he graduated three years ago, he's fucking crazy."

A few seconds later, a figure flies down the hill, his chrome-silver helmet glistening in the sunlight. For a moment, he seems to slow down. Then he slams into the hay bales, sending the hay-bricks flying left and right.

He flips head-over-heels to a chorus of shouting and laughter. He looks around, utterly unfazed by the destruction. "It doesn't need to be so wide. Who's controlling the hill?"

Travis Chamberlain sports the Hindu Ohm symbol on his left shoulder blade and his monster tribal-pattern long board. For him,



COURTESY OF RAVIND KUMAR

A dragon racer longboards down a closed-off California Ave. on May 23rd to raise money for the Free Wheelchair Mission charity.

this event is fun – but it's also a strong cause. "In '06 or '07, we raised, like, \$6,000, and bought 20 or 30 [prosthetic] limbs."

The project now encompasses wheelchairs, with the proceeds being donated to a project that buys wheelchairs for the disabled in Africa.

Right now, Travis has his eyes set on the bottom of the hill. Another test run is needed to ensure the hill is safe. But beyond safety, his mind is blissfully clear.

"I think the whole point is nothing. I think that's the whole point

of this. That and maybe, 'yay!'" He gets the all-clear over the radio and flies down the hill on a mission for duct tape and adrenaline.

As the day continues, more bodies go flying through the hay bales, human torpedoes on a mission of destruction and philanthropy, healing the world one spectacular crash at a time.

The DJ throws on AC/DC as a rider cannonballs through the hay bales. Spencer, 17, gets up and throws a thumbs-up, then lies down on the sidewalk. "I didn't think that they were that hard,"

he says with a winded grin. He echoes a common thought as he approached the hay bales at top speed – "Oh shit."

Rider after rider goes flying through at top speed, with nothing more than a wall of hay bales and 10 feet of hay cushion between them and asphalt.

The brave board warriors attack the hill in quick succession. Thomas, a boarder from Huntington, launches into the wall at full speed.

"I did a barrel roll," he says with a satisfied laugh. "That's the only way to do it. The follow through is the most important part." There is something poetic about risking disability for a charity that buys wheelchairs. The message is clear – "Bomb hills, not countries," says Travis.

As the cannonball runs continue, the atmosphere stays warm and filled with an almost palpable energy.

It's as if the whole crowd holds its breath as the racers come downhill, just hoping that one of them might have the stones to blow through the rapidly disintegrating barrier.

It almost makes one want to try it. What say you, Daniel Navarro? "Fuck no, these people are nuts!"

# Time to Hit the Road and Explore!

By Julia McAlpine

We all do it – finals week of spring quarter approaches and we begin to make plans to visit our out-of-town Anteater friends over the summer.

These aren't substantial plans though, but merely fantastical notions that we toss around to get us through our last exams and ten-page papers.

Before we know it, September is nearing and we've done nothing more than tell our Northern California friends we miss them on a pathetic Facebook "wall comment" and mope around our Irvine doldrums.

When one of my roommates told me that I, along with others in our Life Group (a Christian small group through RockHarbor at UCI), should visit her in San Jose this summer, my "Yeah!" quickly morphed into a "Yeah, right."

I felt like it'd be far too complicated to get a group together. With summer classes, money issues and part-time jobs, a road trip seemed out of the question.

A week or so after school ended, I received a call from the one hopeful girl among us who was trying to plan potential road trip dates.

It was hard to find a weekend that pleased more than a handful of our friends, but she planned the trip anyway.

People hopped on board and bailed as schedules shifted and the group wasn't finalized until the last minute.

It wasn't until my alarm woke me up at the ungodly hour of 3 a.m.



COURTESY OF WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

What are you waiting for? Stop procrastinating and grab your car keys for an adventure you won't forget!

that I realized the trip might actually happen.

Miraculously enough, I ended up on the road in a car full of my friends just past five o'clock that morning.

And the trip was incredible.

I got to know people from my Life Group that I didn't talk to as frequently as well as deepen the

great connections I already had with others.

I was able to see where a couple of my friends live, visit new places, try new things and laugh a lot, and all because we had the guts to get in a car and make it happen.

Wondering if the stress and time it takes to plan is worth it? If watching "California's Gold" with Huell

Howser isn't sufficient inspiration to explore our state, here are some other things to consider:

Do you long for the opportunity to watch a friend eat a scorpion lollipop that was purchased near Fisherman's Wharf?

Want to visit a bakery that far surpasses Sprinkles Cupcakes and Albertson's chocolate chip cookies?

Care to bark at strangers from the car?

Do you wish to battle your friends with fake weapons and play with random gadgets in Chinatown?

Want to play outside as long as you want without pesky Irvine cops?

Want to cheer on break-dancers with your friends before eating at the original Boudin in San Francisco?

Want to visit random fruit stands off the freeway and befriend a litter of stray kittens?

Want to spend 45 minutes in a funky hat store in Los Gatos taking silly pictures?

Do you long to go somewhere where you can actually wish on shooting stars instead of airplanes?

If you answered "yes" to any of the questions above, then definitely hit the road. We still have more than two months of summer left!

I realized from my trip that going somewhere else, even if it isn't terribly far, opens your eyes to a wide range of possibilities.

Many of the activities we did up north we could also do in Irvine, but we don't typically take the time we should to get to know each other better.

On my trip, I saw the power of a close-knit community and just how much fun can be had if we set aside time for adventures, whether big or small, on Campus Drive or Rodeo Drive.

There are unimaginable benefits to putting others before our monotonous to-do lists. Don't believe me? I'll bet you one of those scorpion lollipops.

# My Name is Rashmi, not Rash-Me!

By Rashmi Guttal

Rashmi. Rash-me. My name is often mistaken for some sort of dermatological problem or mocked for the quite obvious joke, "I've got a rash-on-me!"

I have always been the first to make fun of my name before anyone else had the chance. But it wasn't until recently that I actually started to enjoy the scratchy resistant ring my name has to it.

Pronounced "rush-me" at home and "rash-me" or "rosh-me" everywhere else, I often felt my name's outstanding meaning and story was lost in translation, buried amongst the other unique and odd ethnic names.

Although one might not be able to tell at first glance, the significance of how I was named and the events that followed had profound results.

Born June 24 in the peak morning hours, I was brought into this world at 6:45 a.m., much to my mother's pain and final relief.

When it came time to name me, my parents had not given it much thought. Thinking and possibly hoping to have another son, my father had only thought of Indian boy names like Rajiv and Raj, whereas my mother wanted a common Indian girl name like Roshni.

Unsatisfied with my parents' name choices, my grandmother peered into my deep brown eyes and smiled.

Just as the morning rays of the sun began to fall on my face, she simply stated "Rashmi," appropriately named as Rashmi means rays of the sun.

Although it sounds much like a scene from a Disney movie,

the way in which I was named was quite special, but not uncommon, to Indian culture. My parents, respecting my grandmother's wishes, agreed that from then on I was to be Rashmi Guttal.

I started to grow a deep abhorrence to my name around my seventh birthday, just as I was entering second grade.

Children at school began to tease me about my name and I started to realize I wasn't the same

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Rashmi Guttal

as my normal-named friends. My brother was lucky because his name Rahul was easily masked and often mistaken for the Hispanic name Raúl.

He was able to assimilate quickly with his fellow classmates. I wasn't so fortunate. After being teased numerous times, I began to brush it off and, just to my luck, my family moved and I was able to start off at a new school.

I was able to throw punches at myself before anyone else could, suddenly making my peers laugh and losing the pain my name had caused me at my previous school.

However, through the jokes and laughter, my insecurities remained attached to every syllable in my name.

Often going over the pros and cons of my name in my head, I developed a love-hate relationship with it.

Although it might seem neurotic to overanalyze the significance of my name, I was convinced that other people defined me by it, and as one of the only Rashmis at most of the schools I attended, its meaning signified a lot more than I had bargained for.

I had a responsibility to make a name for not only myself, literally, but define what it meant to others as well!

Up until high school I struggled with just trying to fit in, hoping that the fact that my name was so different and that I was so normal would cancel each other out.

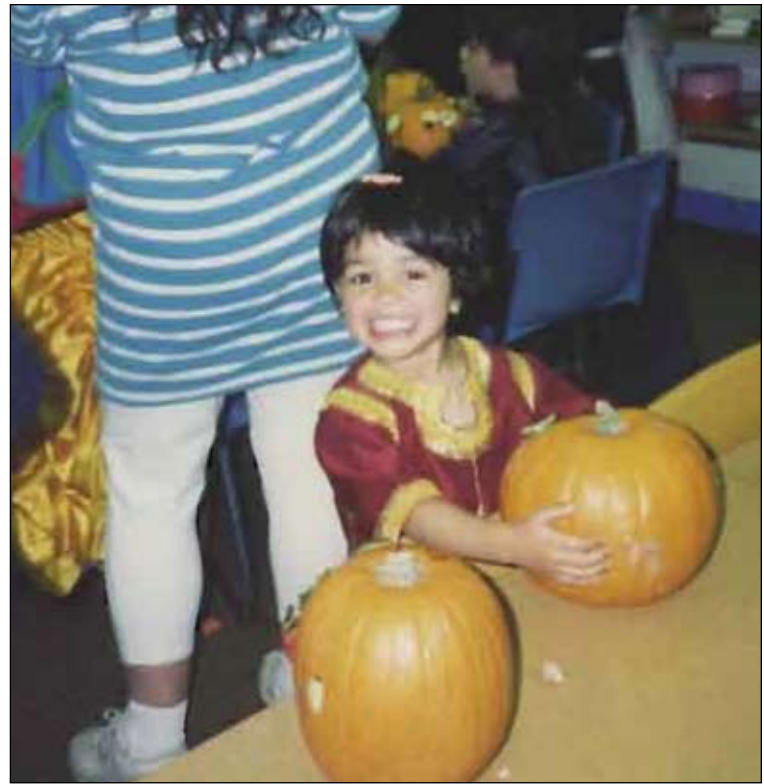
Yet it was a lot harder to be someone I wasn't than someone I was.

Unlike the other Jessicas, Ashleys and Amandas, I couldn't hide among the crowd when I did something good or bad.

It wasn't until the summer before college that I realized the significance of my name and the impact I could create no matter what my name was.

Through the death of my grandmother, who was also my namesake, I was able to embrace a culture that I was not accustomed to and, after nineteen years of life, finally fall in love with the name I was given.

As I entered college, I began to let go of my insecurities about my name and decided to define a name for myself that my family and community would be proud



COURTESY OF RASHMI GUTTAL

4-year-old Rashmi proudly holds her carved Halloween pumpkin not knowing that her name would be a cause of confusion and laughs.

of.

I no longer allowed myself to think that I didn't get a job interview because my name was hard to pronounce or that I wasn't as appealing as girls with names that were simpler or easier to say.

For once in my life, I took responsibility to change the way I perceived myself even if those stigmas were sometimes placed on my name.

In an environment filled with diversity and unique names just like mine, I was finally able to accept myself for who I was and

explore the rich culture that my name originated from.

To me, my name is a great reminder to everyone to never judge a book by its cover, whether that may be a name or the way someone looks, and to also embrace yourself for who you are, no matter how different it may be.

In the end, you and your uniqueness contribute to the openness and diversity that can change the way your community is portrayed, and that is what allows me to remain proud of my name.