

"Sorry about that, chief"



While touring our new campus, representatives of Bell Telephone Company were told that earlier that day their phone cables had been accidentally cut, leaving LBCC without phone service for three hours. Pictured above: Dr. Needham and Bill Maier explain the mishap and discuss and irony of the situation with the people from the phone company.

How to get lost in record time

By S. COLLINS

Have you ever driven to the Coast when you're not really sure how you're getting there? Well, that's what 23 cars, containing at least a driver and a navigator, did on Sunday, May 28th, starting from the LBCC campus at 10:30 a.m. Students engaged in a pre-planned course to the coast with only a list of clues to guide them. The idea was to follow the clues and the speed laws at the same time and record a time, from start to finish, that is as close as possible to the

time recorded by the rally committee, when they followed the course at a previous date.

The committee that set up the "Annual Coast Run" Car Rally consisted of Jean Hammel, Guy Hammer, Mike Burrus (student of Chemeketa Community College), Mike Gregory, Mike Gipson, and Scott Davis.

This year's winners were: for First Place — Ken Wimer, Driver; and Gary Amundson, Navigator. Second Place — Jim Humphreys, Driver; and Cynthia Flood, Navigator. Third Place — Dan Kellogg, Driver; and Lynden Belin, Navigator. The Last Place was taken through the combined talents of Lawrence McElhinny, Driver; and David Kennedy, Navigator. The awards, ranging from \$15 to \$5, were presented on the morning of May 31.

The course, for those who made it, ended at Cape Perpetua and was followed by a rather

chilly picnic at Neptune Park.

Free coffee

Finals week is here once again and to aid one during those mind-numbing, nerve-jangling, teeth gnashing hours of study and testing, free coffee and punch will be served in the College Center from the fifth to the eighth of this week.

A letter from The President

TO THE 1972 COLLEGE GRADUATES:

When I think of what it means to be graduating from college in today's world, I reflect sometimes on the story that is told of an old and wise teacher in ancient Greece. It is said that there was no question which the teacher could not answer and nothing which he could not understand. Finally, one student thought of a way to discredit his teacher's wisdom.

The student planned to conceal a bird in his hands. He would ask the old man to guess what he was holding and, if he guessed a bird, the boy would ask whether it was dead or alive. Should the old man guess dead, the boy would let the bird fly away. But, if the wise man guessed the bird was alive, the boy would crush out its life and open his hands to reveal a dead bird. And so it happened, until the boy

asked, "Is the bird alive or dead?" The old man replied, "My son, the answer to that question is in your hands."

Today the future of this Nation surely rests in your hands. Whether the promise of progress and prosperity will be realized, whether democracy and freedom will grow, whether men will continue to be governed by human wisdom — all this, and more, rests in your hands.

You are the best educated generation in our history. What will you do with your knowledge and ideas? How fully will you engage your mind and will and spirit in helping to make America an even better place to live?

I am hopeful that you will use your talents and knowledge to help make our Nation's ideals a reality. Now is the time for a future of peace, for more responsive government, for equal opportunity for all. I congratulate you on what you have finished and look forward with hope toward what you can now begin to accomplish.



Richard Nixon

Child Care offered in Summer

A further extension of the LBCC Child Care Program has been instigated. During the summer session (from June 19 - July 28, 1972) there will be a "tagalong college" for children aged 5 - 7. By "tagalong" is meant the child of a registered student. The program involves the interaction of parent-child-instructor. Because the parent will be required to have lunch with their child and to participate in other activities, he/she must shape their schedule accordingly. Among the activities are an 8 a.m. exercising session (swimming and floor exercises) of which parents are encouraged to take a part. For the children, there will be specimen collecting, craft work, communication skills, some history of the local area, spanish, drama and

music.

The tuition fees for this course is \$75.00. However, a student could file for a waiver by filling out an income statement which can be gotten through the Financial Aid Department at LBCC. The tuition covers full cost of supplies and materials needed.

At each session will be an instructor, a student of the Child Care Program, a few parents, and the children.

There will be two classes offered during this period in Child Care; 1) Family Management and Decision Making (7.110), a 3 credit, 3 class hour course offered M - W - F from 1 - 3 p.m. 2) Field Project II (7.101), an 8 credit, 3 class hour and 10 lab hour course meeting M - W - F from 3 - 4 p.m.

These courses have been devised by LBCC's Parent - Child Education Coordinator, Ms. Jean Schreiber, for both parents and otherwise interested parties. For further information, contact her in the faculty building.

Celebration Dance

The after finals dance features a group which was formerly two groups, "The Outer Edge" combined with "Colony 6" to form the "Wesak."

The dance, to be held on the LBCC North parking lot, (weather permitting) June 7, at 8:30 - 11:30 p.m., is free to all students.

"SPRING LITERARY ISSUE"

Opinion

EDITORIAL

Throughout this year I've attempted to convey a gripe or concern of myself or someone else in each editorial I've written.

While trying to convey these ideas with a minimum of emotion and a maximum of logic, I have grown to feel encumbered by the responsibilities of my position. Not encumbered in that I had to put out an issue on time, or I had to write an editorial for every issue, it was more that I was put in a position where I had to temper all my emotions with logic in order to get the point across to a maximum amount of people.

Each time I was faced with an issue of significance, an issue that involved human suffering, large or small, I couldn't tear at the reader's tear ducts to wash out his eyes and make him see with painful clarity the discord around him. Instead, I had to calm myself down, present the logic of the situation and hope that the readers read into it a note of urgency and acted on the ideas presented in the editorial.

In some cases they did, in many cases they perpetuated the problem of human apathy.

This is the last issue. This is my last editorial. Here I drop the pretense of reason-tempered emotion. Let me for once present a feeling, a hurt about a serious human condition. This feeling is mixed with frustration because there is nothing I can do immediately or directly.

This is a poem, not perfect, devoid of logic and reason. It is a poem about a hurt that, as it says, no man can heal.

WAR BLUES

If I could hurt for everyone, I would.
I want to cry till my insides pour out
and spill despair on the sands
before the people that find me, drown.

The ocean won't cry, it will tow my body away,
leaving a tear soaked imprint of one more
useless human.

War blues is a sadness
that no man can heal.

J.H.

THE COMMUTER

THE COMMUTER is a weekly publication of the Associated Students of Linn-Benton Community College and students of Journalism 9.026. Editorial views are expressions of the individual staff writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of either the Associated Students or the Administration of Linn-Benton Community College.

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Tailfeathers

Call for caution

To the Editor:

I recently read in this paper the story of a little dog's demise. (In the April 24, 1972, page 2 . . . issue) HOW GORY I thought, but oh so often true! It had been run over by a car, to be exact. All too often this is seen on our highways and roads; animals that have been killed or hit and then left laying for a painful and all too slow death to finally take them out of their misery. And we are supposed to be a loving people?

Now, I do know accidents do happen. But the majority could have been prevented. Like the accident that happened to me a few weeks ago, or these animals that are deliberately left to run wild, out of control. Because of my accident, I still have twinges and nightmares. And what's more, it wasn't I personally that ran over the animal. But, it was my thoughtless act that cost the little fellow his life.

To see this sort of thing happen, especially if you like animals as I do, turns your stomach inside out; upside down, and every other way that thoroughly lets you know how miserable a human can get. It's disgusting enough to come upon something like this once it has already happened, leaving the crushed, bloody, mutilated body laying in the road. And that brings to mind another sore

LONG & SHORT

By S. COLLINS

Well, this is it. The week when we are unmercifully punished for our days of weakness in the area of class attendance.

But, then again, for most of us, this is also when we escape the chains of higher education for a short time. Now our minds are set in a forward gear toward the somewhat unstable time known to most college campus people as "summer vacation."

This day marks the last day that a semi-popular column known as "Long and Short" will appear in THE COMMUTER. Now before you applaud this deletion of unneeded material, I might tell you that I will be back! It's not as bad as it sounds though. I will not be returning in another fumbling attempt at humor, but

I will be attempting to make you think, which will involve some practice in the art of thinking over the summer.

Now, I'm sure you are wondering who's duty it is to make you think. Well, let me tell you that the position of Editor-in-Chief is assigned this task and I have been appointed Editor-in-Chief. (Does that make you think?)

I certainly have enjoyed writing this column and I hope you have enjoyed reading it. I have had a great deal of support for this term from readers and I would like to thank them and I hope that support continues when I begin to write Editorials next fall.

Enough day-dreaming!!! Have a nice summer and don't get into any trouble that you can't talk your way out of.

point with me: why don't these owners go out and clean up these messes? (I DID!) I, a girl that can't stand to hurt anything, rushed out onto that night-blackened highway 20 (about 12:30 a.m. or so) and did my duty — or chore — how ever you wish to say it. Granted, it's ugly, and extremely messy, but it is still something that has to be done as fast as possible! Even if it requires a shovel to adequately accomplish the job. No, too bad owners don't have the intestinal fortitude to go out and remove their dead pets remains once they've discovered the problem.

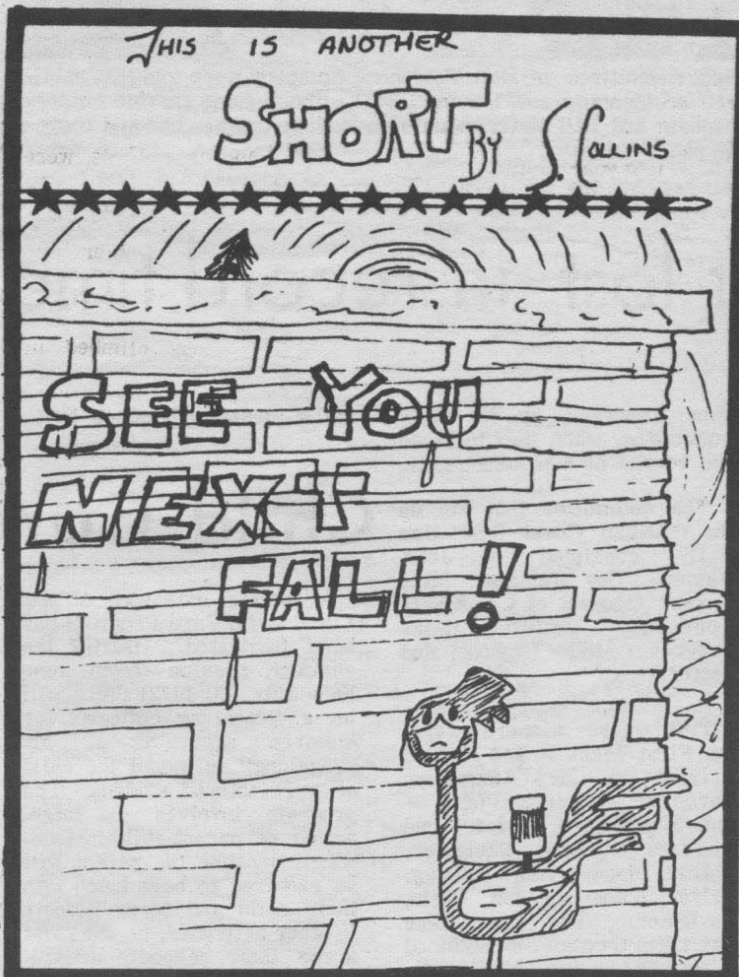
Yeah, do I ever know the ugly, messy job that it is, but I hold that that animal deserves a burial. Allowing the animal to just lay there is a guilt, too. A shirking of one's responsibility.

Few seem to want to realize that letting that animal run loose in the first place is a guilt. I admit my mistake and am doing my best not to repeat it. I wish others would be that considerate. Get that salient fact through their heads, that allowing their pets to run loose is not only troublesome to others, but dangerous. Ask anyone that has survived hitting a farm animal. Hitting one of those big steers, or a sheep, or a horse, just isn't that cool.

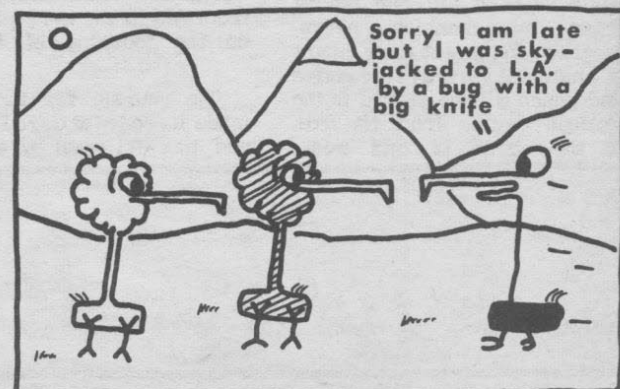
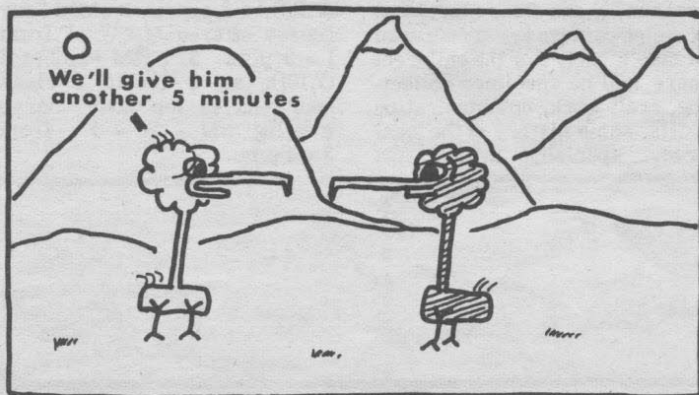
I admit my inadvertent mistake cost Pip-Squeak his life. He was a beloved family pet — ours. Yes, it was I that unthinkingly opened the back door, while my mind was full of other thoughts, and allowed him out without first checking to see if the porch gate was closed, or still open as it turned out to be. Consequently, the little fellow slipped out into the night only to die. My act was unintentional, but I know for a fact, that more often than not, animals are deliberately let out, or left out, to run around loose, unchecked, their owners not really caring. I feel some sort of fine should be levied against such people.

Living next to a main highway as we do means we have to be extra careful. For a slip, one simple slip as mine, can cost a life, to say nothing about how it might affect the driver of the vehicle. My mistake took the life of my mom's house pet. I'll not be forgetting too soon two moments driven into my brain that freezing, sad night: the final gurgling sound that Pip-Squeak made as I lifted

(Continued on page 8)



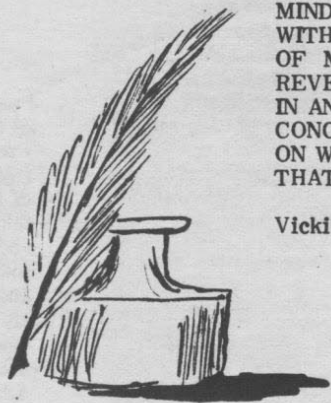
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WRITE-NOTHING DAY

TODAY IS WROTE-NOTHING DAY,
WHEN ALL THE WORDS ARE BOGGLED UP
AND SMEAR UPON THE PAGE
IN A RACE OF ANTI-THINK INK,
AND IT'S AS IF THE MINGLED
MIND IS TWITCHING
WITH AN ITCHING
OF MUMBLED THOUGHTS THAT REFUSE TO
REVEAL THEMSELVES
IN AN EFFORT TO
CONCEAL THE VERY INTERDEPENDENCE
ON WORDS
THAT WILL NOT COME.

Vicki Marten



TO EVE MERRIAM:

HOW TO DIGEST A POEM ONCE EATEN

Chew
Forty-two times
Then swallow the lines.
Once settled within
The thoughts will begin
to roll
and boil
and bubble about,
then roll up your throat
and out your mouth.
What follows expresses
Poetic excesses
That begin with slurping
And conclude with burping.
Eating poems, alas
Is really a gassssssssssssssss.

Barbarajene Williams

HOW TO WRITE A POEM

Beginning with nothing,
Form it creatively into a feeling.
Then, drawing on an expansive
Eloquence of vocabulary,
Sprinkle the paper with the visual
Representations of this undefineable experience
And arranging them profoundly into
The beauty of structure.
Now, rhyme you rascal!

Terry Lystra

HOW TO MAKE LOVE -NOT TO A WORLD

Cows have buckles.

Stars drink alka-seltzer.

A rock can recite:

The Gettysburg Address.

Skippy peanut butter wrote:

The Preamble to the Constitution . . .

Rains and suns

Build rainbows that

r
i
p separate colors

on man.

And the clouds were hung by the neck

lightning struck and

the thunder wrote amendments to:

The constitution.

Skippy climbed in a jar with a lid,

The rock forgot,

stars got ear aches

and the buckle on

the cows were

useless

to a love-not world

made

how?

Barbarajene Williams

W.C.

Which way to the W.C. for me
For I am new and don't quite
know what to do.
To be new and not know what to do
Can make you

oop's
w
e
t?

Gary Amundson

What do you do when you're blind
And your ears catch a fly
That your hands can't find.
Are you bound to your chair by your
pride (bzzzzzzzzz)
While the bzzzz bores into your brain?
Or do you, humbled, scream for assistance.

Lynne Mac Donald

BARON GROS

Coward! That is what they call me!
If only they knew what agony it is
To draw the royal David's line
When I long to paint bright colours.
How I wish I could break free
Of his, my master's, iron-clad grip.
But I cannot. No, never will he let me
Escape from him to join those
Whom I so much admire.
But they would not have me,
Those free spirits, those coloured minds.
No, for they despise me, I believe.
Ah, well. Class tomorrow, where
I shall instruct my pupils in his talents
And pray they will have more courage than I
To break free from his merciless hold.
Why must it be forever, eternally David?

Paige Willows



The Watching Eye

Our star, the sun,
A port-holed sky,
A pool of diamond,
A watching eye.

A sheet of flame,
A dart of steel.
A human cargo,
A faulty seal.

A ruptured shell,
A lifeless space.
A frozen hand,
A breathless face.

An uncaring void,
The lemming men.
The roaring flames,
Again, . . . again.

Our star, the sun,
A port-holed sky,
A pool of diamond,
A watching eye.

Gary Lonien

The Human Beast

The human beast is terrifying.
He can drive through beautiful country and feel his nose pinch
and his eyes clog with tears at its magnificence as he is throwing
his trash out the window.
He can feel an empty, pitying hole in his heart at the stiff
figure of someone's pet by the road as he is driving to a movie
filled with horrifying agony for his fellow humans.
He can advocate blasting "the filthy bastards" off the face of
the Earth because they killed some of "our guys."
It leads me to wonder what they will do to someone like me
who isn't even beautiful, or terrible, or dead.
Maybe they will just ignore me?

Lynne Mac Donald

MIGRATE
MIGRAT E
MIGRA TE
MIGR ATE
MIG RATE
MI GRATE
M IGRATE
MIGRATE

Vicki Marten



PEANUTBUTTER PARODY

As I sat one day,
eating my peanutbutter
and lemonade lunch,

Discussing dangling particples
with an eminate professor
and friend.

I noticed my navel
was leaking quite badly,

and spilling my insides
all over the floor.

There was nothing to do
but transfer my lunch —
my peanutbutter —
from mouth to belly.

The peanutbutter worked fine,
it filled up
the hole,

But it was pretty damn sticky
with the jelly.

Jean Hammel



Observations of Nature

Autumn sounds of birds unseen,
The fluttering leaves of yellow and green.
Swatting gnats about my head,
My body's presence they were led.

Encircling trees, a wall of brush.
Ward off attempt of worldly rush.
Blades of grass slither in the breeze,
Western winds make waving trees.

Mile high clouds of gray and white,
Holding back the early noon's light.
These words reveal what lay at hand,
And Nature's framework; this open land.

R.C.H.

EPITAPH

Shadows of doom, sober and gray,
Shining are lances, done fighting today.
Winters rage of cold and rain,
Whittle away the hunger and pain.

Laughter is left with those somewhere.
Lightning struck, I'm alone to care.
Thunder and smoke surround me now.
Tumbling, rolling I end in a bow.

My hand pressed tight against my chest.
Minute by Minute, Ah; now I shall rest.
Voices and footsteps headed my way.
Vengeance to those; this my last day.

R.C.H.

LOST THOUGHT

I seem to have misplaced my thought

I can't think where it could be

It might be falling with the snow

Or swimming in the Baltic Sea.

It might be crawling on the ground

Among the weeds and grass

It might be in some future time

But I fear it's in the past.

Chris Alexander

THE CHILD WON'T SEE

The child I once knew
just turned blue.
For the child knew
that I was untrue to you.
But the child won't see
that you were first
untrue to me.

Gary Amundson

ANDRE

It is the dawn,
And I must wake
To meet my fate.
Bravely, courageously,
I will strive
Toward the day
Of eviltimes.
I have surrendered
My body; and now it is
My soul which
Must be soon surrendered.
Oh, farewell!
Brave British comrades.
You I will never see
Save in that brief moment
Of afterlife's destiny.

They have judged me
Guilty of spying
Their precious secrets
From them.
I now lay my hat
Upon the judgment table,
And now I speak:
"I am ready,
At any given moment."
Then the day becomes night
As they tighten
The hangman's noose about me.

Paige Willows

Green Machine No. 2

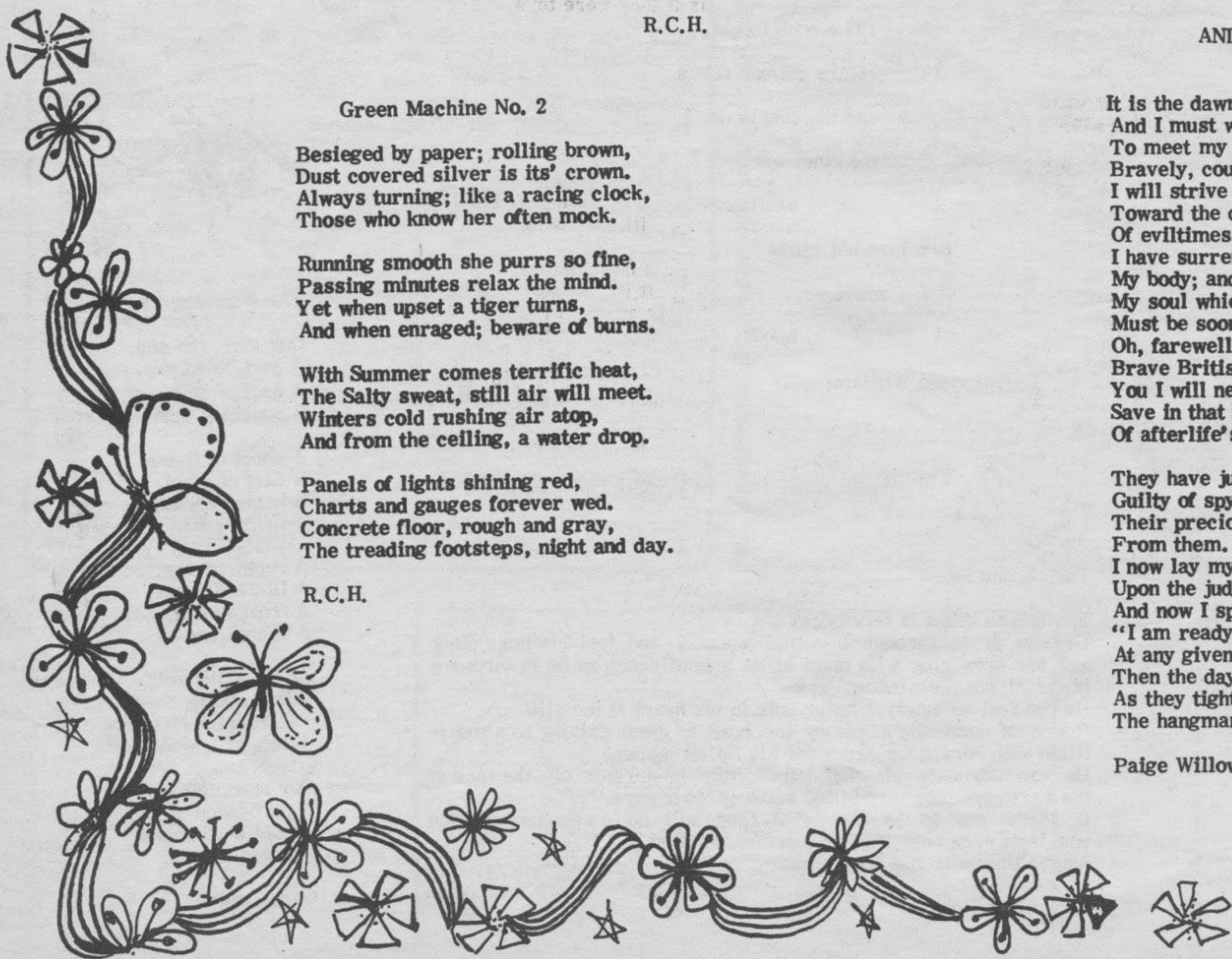
Besieged by paper; rolling brown,
Dust covered silver is its' crown.
Always turning; like a racing clock,
Those who know her often mock.

Running smooth she purrs so fine,
Passing minutes relax the mind.
Yet when upset a tiger turns,
And when enraged; beware of burns.

With Summer comes terrific heat,
The Salty sweat, still air will meet.
Winters cold rushing air atop,
And from the ceiling, a water drop.

Panels of lights shining red,
Charts and gauges forever wed.
Concrete floor, rough and gray,
The treading footsteps, night and day.

R.C.H.



NUTRIENT VA

I peel back the skin
of a tomato.
Fumbling fingers
fiddle with the fabric
of infinity,
take scalpel
and cut the last red
that hides the core
and binds the whole
sit with shielded eyes
and stare
into the searing center
Lift up a white end
and steal
an ounce of meaning
Drink deep the flier
that vaporizes
bone . . . muscle.
beneath my flesh
I cannot move
nor stop,
but drink the breath
of dreams
. . . and wait

Duncan McEwan

JELLY JAR

Alone

far away from
the mind
crouches over
swiped when

Ravenously
it stabs a finger
into oozing
and sucks away
on sweetart

Barbarajene

P eople and
O rganized
L itter is a
L overs of
U niversal
T raffic ac
I am a worl
O region, b
N ature's li

Ellen K. H

THE

This winter
has been a
the most r
The mud b
forgot the
Great Lake
of every fa

Ice was sh
trucks and
sprawling
across the

But, last w
late at nig
in a sudde
I smelled
from alone
tonight, I

W.J.B.

The Invitation

Driving through the fresh cleanness of morning I find it difficult to keep my mind from straying from my business to the glory surrounding me. My eyes become tangled in webs of striped and dappled sun patterns on the road. My nose submerges in streams of Springtime scent. I am invited by a placid river as it meanders under its rich coating of green-decked trees to cease my silly scuttling about and follow its path to peace.

Lynne Mac Donald

FRIGHTENED LOVE

Why are you afraid to love me
Afraid to admit that you care
You cling when we're together
Yet tomorrow you're not there.

You tell me that you want me
For yourself all alone
That you'll share with no other
The love that I've shown.

But it seems to me you feel
That our love brings you shame
I'm proud to admit I love you
I wish you could feel the same.

Helena Minegar

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

Black is beautiful
Gentle dark eyes
Soft shining hair
Glowing brown skin
Graceful strong hands

Black is beautiful
It is rhythm
Snapping fingers
Drum head vibrating
Tambourine and guitar

Black is beautiful
Songs from the soul
A gift of mimicry
Gay dancing feet
Poetry in motion.

Elena

Rich land, Poor people

Weary voices call, day and night.
Through hunger there's only plight.
What happens to our children then?
Better times ahead, but when?

The wealth is gone, sorry friend.
You're what's known as a has been.
Yet, who'll make a change for us?
I got my ticket; what times that bus?

Yes, this is freedom coming your way.
What do you mean, you're held at bay?
Rise up you poor before days end.
Like growing saplings, this system must bend.

R.C.H.

SOMEBODY ANSWER THE TUB

Getting down to earth
isn't worth it.
Gee, all that grime and grit
clouds the water where you sit.
Every scratchy morsel
itches beneath your torso
and then scrapes against the porcelain
as its sucked away down the drain.
On closer inspection though,
Mother calls, tapping her toe —
"Who was the last to scrub;
somebody answer the tub —
It's still ringing!"

Barbarajene Williams

THE DEATH OF BARON GROS

The wretched sun shines bitterly
Upon the sandy shore of the river Seine.
I walk along the beach, full of melancholy.
Oh! If only this day were to be the first,
The first day of freedom from David, the tyrant,
Who shapes my paintings
And makes me a shallow puppet of my art.
The first day, instead of the last!
For there is only one way
I can escape it, but I hesitate.
Oh, God! Infinite God! If through my actions
Of this day I have ruined your plans,
Then condemn me to the hottest hell
For centuries of miserable eternity.
Even that would be more endurable
Than the torment that I suffer now.
They care nothing for me, or for my art.
Let them grieve not for me, then; for I part
From this shallow world of false chivalry
To live, to be free, once more throughout eternity.
And now, my final decision I have made.
I take off my gloves
(Those false coverings of society),
My hat and my cane.
Then neatly do I fold the gloves,
Placing them by the shallow river's side.
The hat I place atop the gloves,
The cane beside the hat.
Then trembling, wishing to turn back,
I stride on forward to the river's edge
Where I fall and do not regret
The pain, or the warm sensation
Of water closing in about me,
And the ruddy sands of the shallow tributary
Slowly becomes my new death's bed.

Paige Willows

"Answer," or "Another Wind Poem"

The wind is just air
that's moving about,
from high to low pressure
back, forth, in and out.

The wind can be angry,
and wind can destroy.
It can tear apart buildings
as if they were toys.

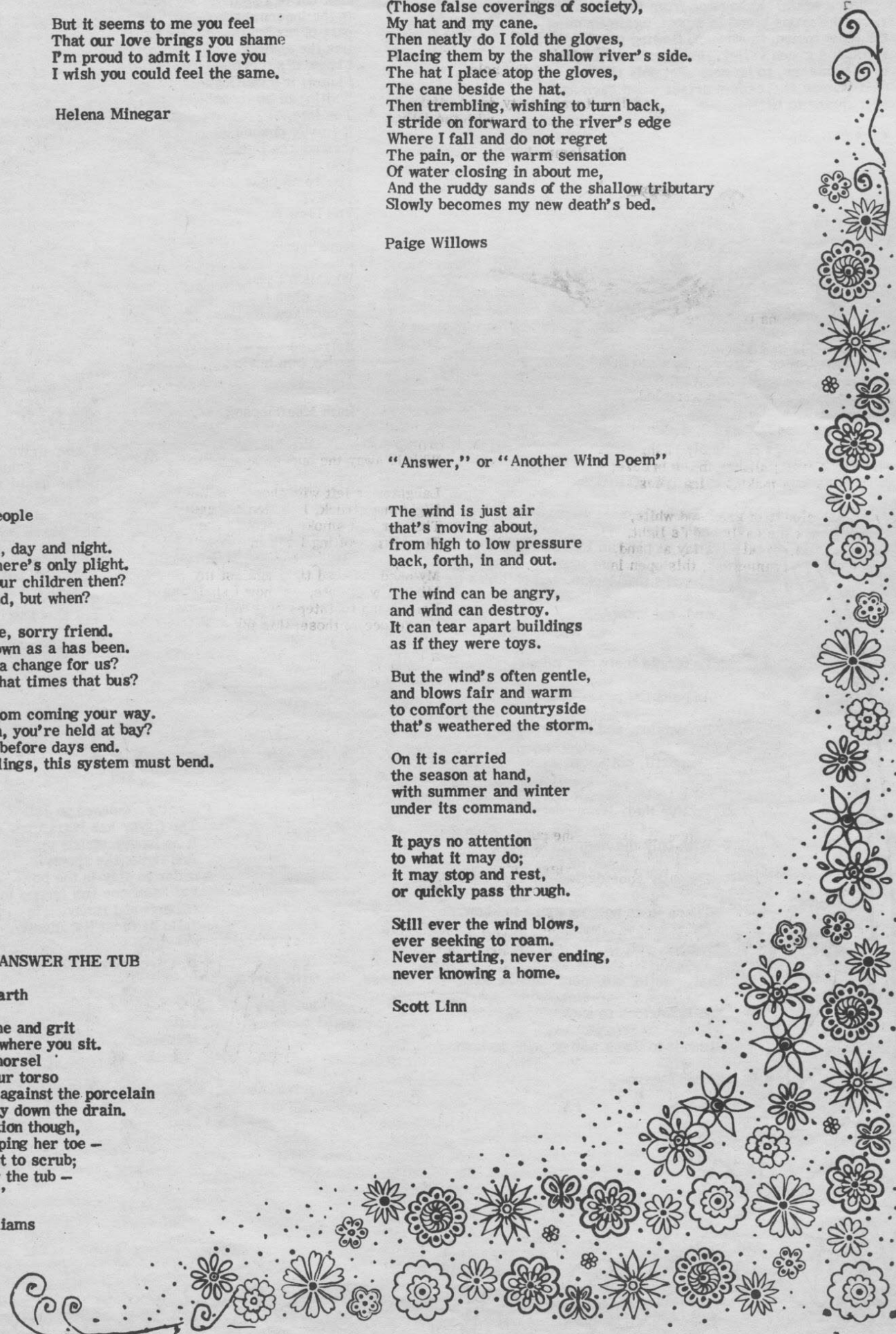
But the wind's often gentle,
and blows fair and warm
to comfort the countryside
that's weathered the storm.

On it is carried
the season at hand,
with summer and winter
under its command.

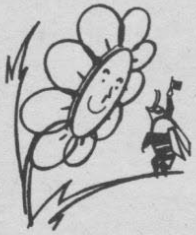
It pays no attention
to what it may do;
it may stop and rest,
or quickly pass through.

Still ever the wind blows,
ever seeking to roam.
Never starting, never ending,
never knowing a home.

Scott Linn



ELLY



by me.
en me.
r step.
y helpers.
d by me.
s being destroyed.
r I contaminate.
hard one;
mers banks:
y low
e freeways,
themselves
ads and ditches.
e smell
the frogs.

The sky cracked and broke open
Spilling its light to stain the ocean with its blue.

Lynne Mac Donald

THE WATERFALL

Winter's frozen snow, Spring's warm sun.
A crystalline drop frees itself of a long,
cold winter sleep. Another awakens, another,
another, and still another, till all join
hands to form the placid mountain stream
slipping the bounds of all who would hold
the, flowing quietly through a sparkling
green meadow.

Suddenly, like crazed madmen, the many
drops crash over a rock strewn waterfall.
Free from the bonds of others, each tries to
out do the other, leaping, flying, jumping,
crashing into the rocks that bound their path.
Crushing their fragile bodies on the immovable
stones. Springing back, they slip into the
spitting, raging torrent madly dashing
down the mossy slope.

Peace again. Exhausted from the battering
race, the drops blend in a pool, again forming
the quiet mountain stream, flowing gently
through a green valley. Each content to cling
to one another, to be one. But only till the
next chance at freedom arises when each again
will spring to life!

Curt Sylvester

THE MISGUIDED THOUGHT

A surge of thoughts
rushing through the
innermost part of
my brain.

Waiting in line,
waiting to be thought,
waiting.

I know I know
the answer.

It's in there.

In there waiting.

Waiting to be thought.

Pushing, shoving,

struggling through

the line of thoughts,

All waiting.

Waiting to be thought

Just out of reach

in the innermost

part of my brain

lies the answer.

I know it's there.

I know, it's waiting.

Waiting to be thought.

Too late,

it finally pushes

through the line.

Too late

You're an hour late

thought.

You blew it.

I knew you

were there.

I knew.

Why didn't you

come when I

needed you

thought?

Betrayed ---

by my own brain . . .

Ruth MacPherson

Aloft

To whom do we owe?

Today's delight, tomorrow's woe.

Escape within your memory well,

Let go, Let go and hear a bell.

The boundries jagged and unclear,

Escape from this forest of fear.

Climb a tree, your body too,

See for yourself;

That's whom you owe.

R.C.H.



WHY SMOKE

Smoke to get loaded.

Smoke to get high.

Smoke to forget.

And smoke to die.

Vickie Marber

WAITING

It seems a most unusual thing

That people can look at birds that sing, and

Flowers that bloom, and children that grow,

And, not know.

To behold their own minds

And see the power that binds thought,

Perception, and feeling just so,

And, still, not know.

To live their lives content

With only the moment at hand;

Casually considering the rest as though

There were nothing more to know.

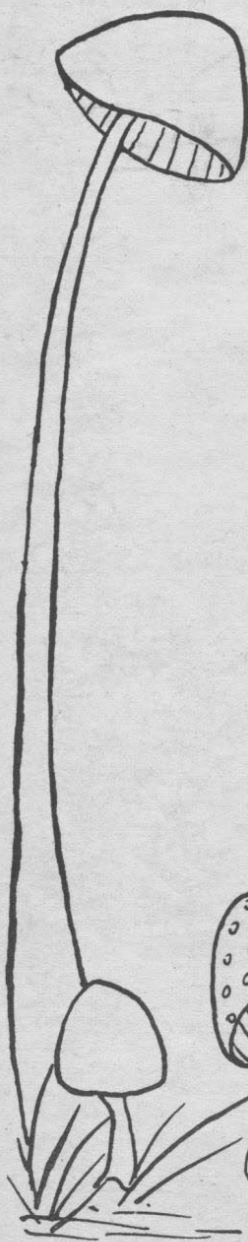
Stranger, yet, is His love for us,

That, while we continue in this foolishness, He still cares,

And is anxious to show

Himself to those who do wish to know.

Terry Lystra



Now She Is

I can drive down her street to her house and know I can't run
up her petunia lined path to her blue-eyed welcome. She will
never again spread her quilts to tell me the tales of their stitches
or teach me the histories of our ancestors. I will never again
vainly attempt to unravel her Ginger cookie secret or sleep in the
bed where my Mother was conceived and born.

I used to play a game. When I was going to laugh and didn't
want to, I would think, "Grandma's dead." My laughter would
dissolve.
But now she is dead.

Lynne Mac Donald

JELLO

What's happened to Jello?
The flavor has retreated.
It no longer stands up
And fights the spoon in
order to stay in the bowl.
Its' backbone has turned to jelly
All soft and runny.
Jello has lost its' dignity.

Carol Marchbanks

I KNOW THERE ARE WORDS

I know
there are words
to express
how I feel,
how you
have made me feel.
But they,
they are so fragile
I fear
they will burst
into tears
If I touch them.

Forgive me - then
for being a woman
who cares
but dares not
express
What caring means.

Barbarajene Williams

Dear Martin, Abraham and John

By SGT ROCK

Submitted to the citizens of the United States of America for partial fulfillment to the dead, maimed, and forgotten sons you sent to a forsaken country for unknown reasons. But mostly to you who were old enough to vote and didn't. November, 1971.

at the shadows of the past of which inadvertently my brother had become part of. Will our memory never fail?

To continue with the story (surprising all the little insights one has when looking at things in retrospect, although the specter of impending death may be the cause) we are an unhappy lot. In 130 degree heat one has a great tendency to lose body moisture through the pores, particularly if he is carrying eighty pounds of explosives, weapons, ammunition, necessities. Water doesn't last long under those conditions. You have to hand it to those lifers. Besides being practical they are real morale builders. They had decided not to waste all that water when a lot of these kids will be dead in a couple of hours anyway. We might as well be perfectly logical about reality.

Today is a day pretty much like all the others of the previous year except that today I have the feeling that I shall probably walk with death. It's really too bad. Particularly as we were very much looking forward to our nineteenth birthdays. (I have often wondered if one of the enemy sitting in the next treeline over has ever thought the same thoughts. If he has then what are any of us doing here?)

As I said before when we jumped off on this operation it won't make the undertaker's job any easier. After surviving the Khe Sanh siege these young men, the average age of the Marine in this battalion is nineteen years two months, and myself have no further desire to see bodies dismembered, sadism induced by shock, young men made morons by foreign objects entering their cranial cavities or any of the many other glorious aspects that go with engaging the enemy in combat. For, unlike the Phoenix we doubt that we shall be able to arise anew from our own ashes. We suffered heavy losses at Khe Sanh, both mentally and physically, and shall surely suffer heavy losses today. Ah, what the hell. As GySgt. James, our senior drill instructor in boot camp used to say, "Democracy is not a right but a privilege which must be earned with a loss of blood and sanity if necessary."

About eighteen months after leaving the war behind (??) I was at home out of the service. My parents were gone on vacation when their horse became entangled in its' tether rope and was badly injured. After a couple of days of nursing it, it became apparent that it would have to be put out of its' misery. I called my older brother, who borrowed our father-in-law's bulldozer, to come and bury the horse after it was to be shot. He came with the bulldozer accompanied by a neighbor who was driving a diesel tractor.

It was after dark when we got to where the horse was. I gave my pistol to my brother so he could shoot the horse because I couldn't. (You would matter after sixty odd human beings.) He returned the pistol, then they started to drag the horse to where they were going to bury it. The diesel engines and the clanking treads of the bulldozer reminded me of tanks in Vietnam. The darkness and marsh grass brought back night ambushes. A desire to open fire on them became overpowering. I have no idea how long I stood there in the moonlight fighting the urge to shoot

think so, but it looks as if we are back in the war and with our own country. That was one of our own rounds." Then I went back to resume my discussion with the kid. I nearly stepped in his brains. I never wrote to his parents.

Cheer up! It's time to begin moving into our assault positions. Dave and I move into point positions for Alpha Company. Normally we work in two to four man teams, but today Awful Alpha is graced with our presence in honor of the occasion. And since point position is the favorite target of enemy gunners and requires that one constantly have his wits about him, our plea for that position has not fallen on deaf ears. (One of the bennies of being a Sniper). Delta Company moves up on our right flank. Firing breaks out before they are in position living up to its' nickname. They ran into a few NVA self-immolators in spider traps. Delta carried their dead out to the LZ past our lines. We waved to our friends as they passed by, carried on their ponchos that had been made into makeshift stretchers. Their only acknowledgement was the stunned look of surprise still on their faces. Dave and I studiously avoided one another's gaze, each knowing that the same fate was awaiting either one or both of us.

The assault now began in earnest. Firing breaks out all along the line punctuated here and there by a mortar or grenade blast. A hole appears in the line periodically as the flower of American youth falls. Toward my immediate front wilted vegetation catches my attention and I begin firing. Without any emotion it seems, I watch the .45 slugs from my Thompson tear up the vegetation; seeking the body of the NVA soldier who sits in the spider trap. He never knew what hit him. Half of his head is gone, but out of habit you give him another burst. No rounds in the back from that one. (If you walk by without insuring their demise you will very likely catch a burst from their AK-47's in the back).

The volume of fire increases. Now we are crawling as the angry bullets hum above us, hungry for American lives. The enemy trenchline comes into view. Dave and I toss two frags apiece and follow them into the trench. Firing into the bodies we toss more frags and white phosphorus into the bunkers. Our utilities are soaked with more sweat than we thought we had left in us. Our heads ache from the heat, noise and carnage. We lay there in the trench among the bodies, exhausted by our own capacity for violence. Suddenly all firing stops. (Don't think of what has just happened or what is to come, just rest!!)

When I was home on extension leave it seemed that I was always on the go. Trying to sample as much of the life in

the States as I possibly could, even though I realized that I never would be able to do it all. Still, the urgency that I must try was almost terrifying. Then one day someone asked me if being a Sniper wasn't premeditated murder. I knew then that I wasn't the same and didn't belong anymore. I still don't, and somehow that has made life trivial and boring.

It's as quiet as a graveyard at midnight. Not even the usual groaning from the wounded and dying. The silence is shattered by a few individual rifle shots to the left; ours by the sound. I say to Dave, "Let's investigate," but he merely says, "What's a few more dead?" He's too beat to even follow me. I tell him that I'll be back in a few minutes and head in the direction of the shots. (Why do I always go where the shooting is when I don't want to? Why . . . ?)

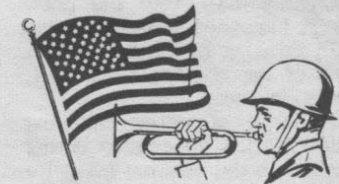
As I arrive at the area where the shots came from I meet "Mule," so called because he weighs about 220 pounds and can carry more on his back than any other Marine we know of. He said he saw two NVA crawling through the brush and fired at them. He thinks he hit them. We decide to go out and check while the rest of the guys in the immediate area provide covering fire for us. About fifty meters out we find both of them wounded by gut shots. We finish them off and gather up their weapons. An RPG misses our heads by inches; we run for some old burial mounds, explosions and bullets following, leading, seeking, trying to stop our headlong rush for life. Safe — hopefully. RPG's drop like black snowflakes though not nearly, no dear God, not nearly as softly. We now see the bunkers hidin in the banana grove that we had so stupidly overlooked in our search for the wounded enemy. "Mule" fires both of his LAAW's into two of them while I fire my Thompson ineffectively at them. Two RPG's catch "Mule" and he hangs — suspended in the air for a moment then drops, nourishing the Vietnamese soil with his blood. (You wouldn't believe that it could be so red in the bright sunlight). Disregard the wounded while the enemy is still about, but so few remember that battlefield rule when someone that close to you is bleeding so badly. I begin to apply battle dressings to his wounds. Suddenly there is a fire in my back, dirt fills my mouth, a black vagueness clouds my head, dear God please don't let me die! PLEASE!

Not knowing how long I lay like that. My back is on fire; something warm and sticky is running down my spine, I'm laying on my submachine gun. When I open my eyes there is an NVA soldier a few meters away. Firing as I turn. His jaw drops with surprise even before my bullets lift him off his feet, and he drops to the ground then; broken and useless. (Where in the hell was our covering fire?) The zip forgot; never approach an enemy without shooting again no matter how sure you were

the first time. (Stupid bastard. Now he will never be a pro like us eighteen-year-olds.)

All firing has stopped. The enemy must feel that he has eliminated the threat, and he has. Three guys come running from our lines to drag what's left of us back. "Mule" will probably never find his leg now. The Corpsman bandaged the both of us. "Mule" gets morphine.

As we lay waiting for the medevac I softly said to "Mule," if your family and country could see you now wouldn't they be proud of you. I wanted to vomit, but couldn't. "Mule" was unconscious, but he could.



Tailfeathers

(Continued from page 2)

his cold blood-wet body from the highway where it had been run-over so badly, and the sound of my mother's pain-filled voice as she came to me and spoke just three words, "Is it Pip-Squeak?"

If people had to clean up these messes, I've got a feeling they'd learn to keep their pets at home, and watch after them better. Some people require harsh measures to learn a necessary lesson. Believe me, I can safely guarantee they won't forget this kind of a graphic lesson! I haven't yet, nor the sight of our once so lively pet. It's all part of my memory, sure, and as I look out my bedroom window I can see where

he now lays peacefully. I can say all the apologies I want but it won't do any good. I realize life can't be revived once it has been snuffed out.

Sure, I can watch myself more closely, but what about those other pet owners? Some sort of fine should be put upon those who constantly repeat their obscene and thoughtless and careless act of destruction.

C. A. Fraba
THE COMMUTER
Staff Member

Water Polo, or 101 different ways to drown with the help of of your friends

Any relationship of the characters mentioned in this story to those living and or dead is purely incidental.

I was quietly wheezing at the deep end of the pool, trying to recuperate from a particularly strenuous session of various contortions designed to propel one through the water. But, now these arcane activities merely serve as a means of wearing out the fledgling paddler.

"What's water polo," I asked when it was announced, blissfully unaware of its true nature. Ominous silence answered my question. Miss Mancross tossed a ball into the pool. As it happened, I grabbed the ball, thinking it was some novel kind of tag and I was it. Well, I was, in a way.

A horde of water churning polo fanatics descended on my hapless body, dunking me quite thoroughly. I let go of the ball as I was feeling somewhat soured on that particular kamikaze-style endeavor.

My chlorine deficiency somewhat alleviated, I began to see what the game was really all about.

The swarms of swimming class students were loosely divided into two separate teams. Each was bent on moving the ball to the opposite edge of the pool. The only obstacle to this future happiness was the fact that the possessor of the ball could be held under until either the ball was released, or until rigor mortis sets in.

Having the rules firmly set in mind, similar in theory, to bubblegum stuck to the bottom of a shoe, or rather fin, I

braved the skirmish in the center of the pool which rolled and churned like a maelstrom with writhing bodies and sprays of water amid the gurgles and sputtering of the dunkees. An occasional glimpse of the ball

The rain is falling
The windows are steamed over
Steam runs with the rain.

Carol Marchbanks

SPRING

Spring is on its way
with it rise sweet smells, green grass
here just a short time.

Carol Marchbanks

A MUSTACHE

The hair in men's mustaches
are just misplaced eyelashes.

Carol Marchbanks

Over and over
And it still goes over me

Why can't I see
What's come over me

Gary Amundson

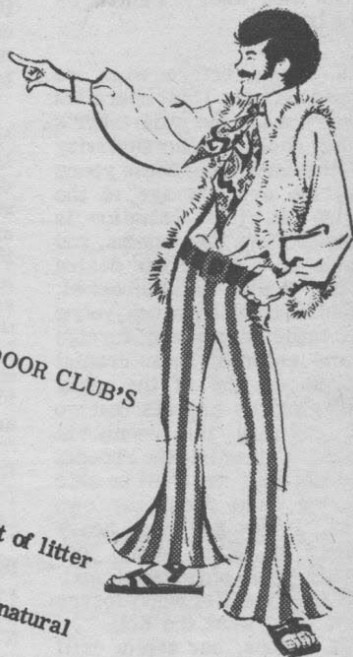
at 7 a.m. on saturday morning
we left our strawberries on the vine
and our worries on the wind
and set off
equipped with sleeping bags
peanut butter sandwiches
and an insatiable curiosity
to look for America

the road crossed sagebrush flats
wound up and through the Rockies
led us to slow-paced valley towns
meandered through wheatfields and pastures
turned from mud to gravel to dust
and took us through sunshine and snow

arrows pointed to Boise and Butte
so we turned off to Juntura and Arco
for America truly lives
in the general stores and cafes
of her uncomplicated little towns
where smiles are genuine
and "hello" takes away the stranger status

America?
we found it alive and well
waiting for a rebirth of wonder

by Martha Gormley



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Housekeeper one day per week. \$1.50 per hour. Contact Placement Service Office.

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Part-time Experienced Tire Salesman, Albany area, \$2.25 per hour. Two afternoons per week and all day Saturday. Full time summer.

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Full time deliveryman with warehouse duties. Permanent beginning July 1, 1972. \$3.00 per hour to start. Contact the Placement Service Office.

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Office Manager - must be capable of directing flow of information from outreach workers, setting schedules for director and assistant. Will be full time for up to four months beginning July 1, 1972 and then could be a half time job for the balance of one year. Will pay up to \$500 per month for full time and \$250 for half time. All applicants will be considered. College students wishing to use this job as a work experience project next school year are especially invited to inquire.

Applications may be obtained at Benton-Linn Economic Opportunity Council office, 201 West 1st Avenue, Albany, Mid-Willamette Valley Community Action Agency office,

311 Oregon Building, Salem, or the Mid-Willamette Economic Development Corporation, 840 Jefferson St. N.E., Salem, phone 588-0803.

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