

The Commuter

Vol. 25, No. 14

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Linn-Benton Community College, 6500 SW Pacific Boulevard Albany, Oregon 97321



Photo by Michelle Harris

The twisted wreckage from a February 2 collision that killed Albany resident Amy L. Otto rests in the intersection of Allen Lane and Highway 99E.

Despite fatal wreck, officials won't push for light

By Tony Lystra and Trista Bush
Of The Commuter

A collision that resulted in the death of one motorist at the intersection of Allen Lane and Hwy 99E won't be enough to convince college officials to push for a traffic light at that location.

Albany Police said Amy Lynn Otto was travelling east on Allen Lane when she turned onto Hwy 99E and was struck broadside by Joyce Bruners' car.

Police arrived at the intersection in front of LBCC shortly before 7 a.m. Otto was pronounced dead at the scene. An ambulance took Bruner to Albany General Hospital where she was treated and released.

Despite the proximity of the accident to LB, officials say they aren't prepared at this time to ask for a stop-light at the

Allen Lane/Hwy 99 intersection.

After several accidents at the Ellingson/Hwy 99 intersection in the early 1980s, the college successfully petitioned for a light at that location.

"That was a long, drawn out process," said Vice President George Kurtz. "That process took 2-3 years. It's not something that can be done simply with a petition or a request."

Kurtz said getting a light at the Ellingson intersection required the Board of Education to relinquish college land to the city of Albany at no cost. Albany also purchased privately owned property between the north end of the campus and 7-Eleven.

The process of improving the Ellingson intersection left LB officials wary of jumping into any more battles

with the Department of Transportation.

"We're not traffic experts," Kurtz said. "There are others who know more about what's safe."

Although Kurtz noted a "considerable backup after classes" on roads leading from the campus, he said the accident at the Allen Lane/Hwy 34 intersection, where the Department of Transportation is concerned, won't be enough to justify a traffic signal.

A proposal that would revamp several of the roads around LB might be the only way the Department of Transportation will place a light at the Allen Lane intersection.

According to President Jon Carnahan, the intersection where Looney Lane meets Hwy 34 might be

converted into an arrangement where eastbound motorists on Hwy 34 would no longer be allowed to turn left onto Looney Lane. Rather, they would continue on to the Tangent interchange where they could exit the highway. The increased traffic at the Allen Lane intersection resulting from this arrangement might warrant a traffic signal, Carnahan said.

He said that although the Department of Transportation can be difficult to deal with, the college won't wash its hands of issues involving student safety and traffic problems around the campus.

"It's a little frustrating to work with them (the Department of Transportation), but we won't give up. We never give up on that sort of thing."

College plans to put \$14 million bond measure on ballot

By Trista Bush
Of The Commuter

LBCC is planning to introduce a \$14 million bond measure to finance capital projects and repairs to the main campus and its centers.

District voters would be asked to approve a 25-cent levy to pay off the 10-year bond.

If passed, the measure would levy a tax of \$25 per year on a \$100,000 home, according to Vice President George Kurtz.

Kurtz said the money will be levied solely for improving facilities—including \$3-4 million for repairing the main campus roof.

New funds would also go to re-asphalt LB's parking lot and help construct the recently proposed East Linn Training Center in Lebanon.

Kurtz added that the measure could go on the ballot May 17 or Sept. 20, depending on the results of a survey the school will conduct to determine

whether voters would support such a bond measure.

"We have engaged a company, The Nelson Group, to take a market survey of the community," said President Jon Carnahan. "It doesn't make a lot of sense for us to put a lot of energy into an election without being sure of where the community stands."

Carnahan said the survey questions will not only ask voters whether they would be in favor of the bond, but also if they think students are paying enough for their share of education costs. Carnahan said students currently pay for about 23 percent of their education.

Carnahan hopes the levy will pass, primarily because more funds will reduce the number of programs the college will have to cut in up-coming years.

"It's important that students take up this issue to ensure the facilities is still usable," Kurtz said.

"I would vote for it. The school does need some updating."

—Debbie Burrows, pre-nursing

"I'd vote for it, of course, being a student, I have a vested interest and I'd vote for anything that would help the school."

—Joel Ewing, electronics

"Yes, I'd do it if it was going to make the school better."

—Julie McKinney, pre-nursing

Reader wants accounting of mandatory student fees

To the Editor:

All LBCC credit-students pay a mandatory student fee of \$1.37 per credit, to a maximum of \$16.38 per term (from 93-94 LBCC General Catalog, page 9). Since the pockets of LBCC students are the source of this money-green river, (5,000 full-time students times 416.38 equals \$81,900 times 3 terms equals \$245,700) then the students who are "paying the bills" should certainly be able to pick up a copy of The Commuter and see a weekly report of how our money is being spent.

I have discussed this issue with a number of fellow students, and they all agree that there should be a reporter from The Commuter present at all student government meetings, in order to keep us informed on what and how our elected representatives are doing with our money.

After all, the nearly \$50 in mandatory student fees each student pays over the course of three terms could perhaps be better used to purchase a badly-needed textbook.

Bill Hollingsworth

Loony Lane accident causes student to reflect

To the Editor:

As I left the LBCC campus early yesterday morning, emerged in self pity and feeling overwhelmed with responsibility and commitments I care not much more than a whit for, I was thinking that perhaps I would be better off engaging in active alcoholism or worse yet—a clean, neat suicide.

Sometimes I feel like that. But I am fortunate that somehow, somewhere, I get a sign from the Ultimate Boss-and sometimes, sometimes, it is exceedingly painful.

As I approached the intersection of Loony Lane

and Pacific Boulevard, I was shocked to see firemen, police and two totaled vehicles bonded together in a twisted, mangled heap. And I could tell from expressions on the faces of those in attendance as I was directed through the glass and orange cones—that someone had died before their time.

Yesterday I learned some hard truths, truths that come roaring through my "poor little me" facade with the force of a nuclear blast.

Truths like being a public servant is a tough, thankless job. Like a vibrant human life can be snuffed out in an instant—a fraction of one beat of a heart—a nano-second. That tears and prayers can come simultaneously; the things we think weigh us down are privileged blessings; today there is a family inconsolable with grief, asking questions that there are no simple answers to. And by the grace of a miracle I have no conception of, and am oft times ungrateful for, I am still alive.

As I left the LBCC campus early this morning, and carefully drove through the intersection that was the scene of yesterday's tragic accident, I found myself praying once again, for the soul of a young girl and her bereaved family, and in humble thanks for a rekindled faith.

Kevin G. Dunham

Organized effort would keep Fireside Room clean

To the Editor:

I read your article about the closing of the Fireside Room with great interest, sadness, and anger.

What a loss! What an unfair, unnecessary loss! Six thousand dollars, and a very pleasant facility, ripped up, trashed out, and spat upon. My money, your money, our facility—shut down.

So, what do we do now? Here's an idea I think would actually work.

Make arrangements with the coaches—Falk, Frazier, Carmen, Hawk, etc.—to bring the teams up to clean the Fireside Room prior to every practice.

With a whole team working on it, and doing it every day, it shouldn't take long to spiff the place up.

I'll bet that within a week or so, the room would be so clean and neat that the team probably wouldn't have to come up at all. I'll bet the littering would stop—why, I'll bet that littering or "trashing" would be so unpopular that it just wouldn't happen anymore. The word would be out, "we don't treat our stuff like that!" I'll bet that spitting tobacco juice on the carpet could actually become PHYSICALLY DAMAGING.

But, wait a minute, why just the teams? Why make them clean up a mess they didn't make?

Good question, and my only answer is that they are highly visible and more organized to operate as a unit than most other groups. They meet more regularly outside of class, and they are a representative cross-section of the student population.

But I am willing to do my part also. I will volunteer my time to help them, every day, as long as it takes. Would you join us?

Jim Crotts

Correction

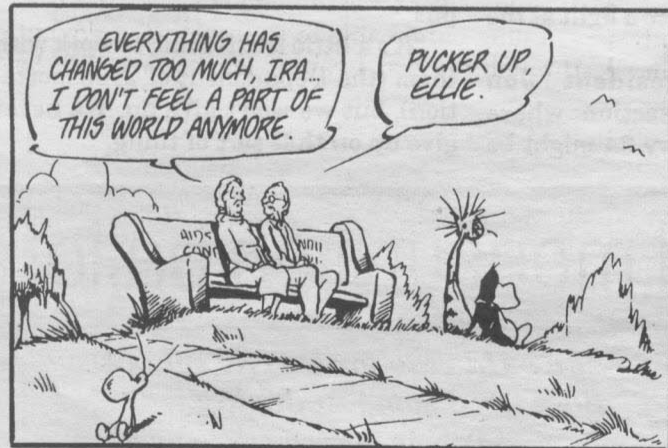
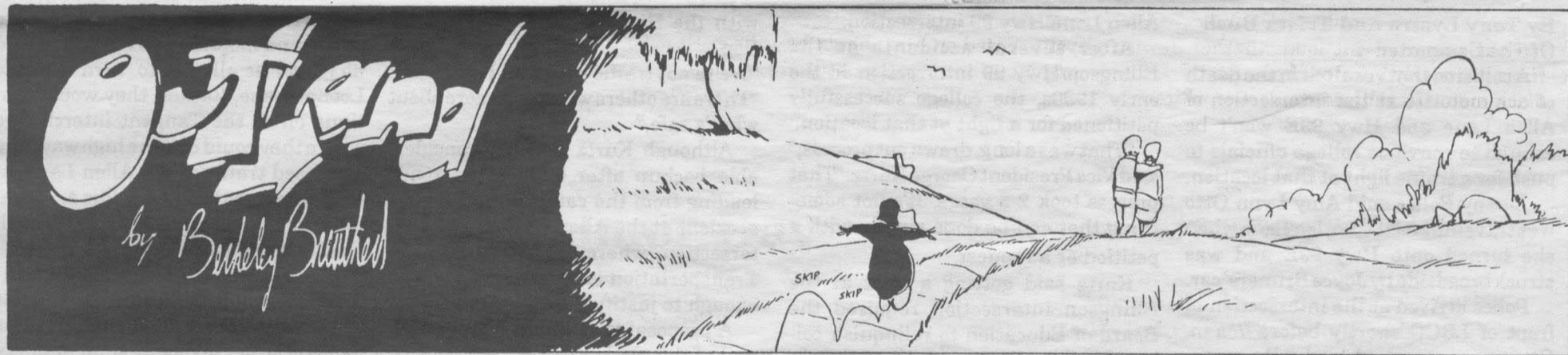
Due to a photographer's error, a dental assistant student who requested that her name not be used was misidentified in a photo credit on page seven of the Feb. 2 Commuter. The newspaper regrets the error.

EXPRESS YOURSELF

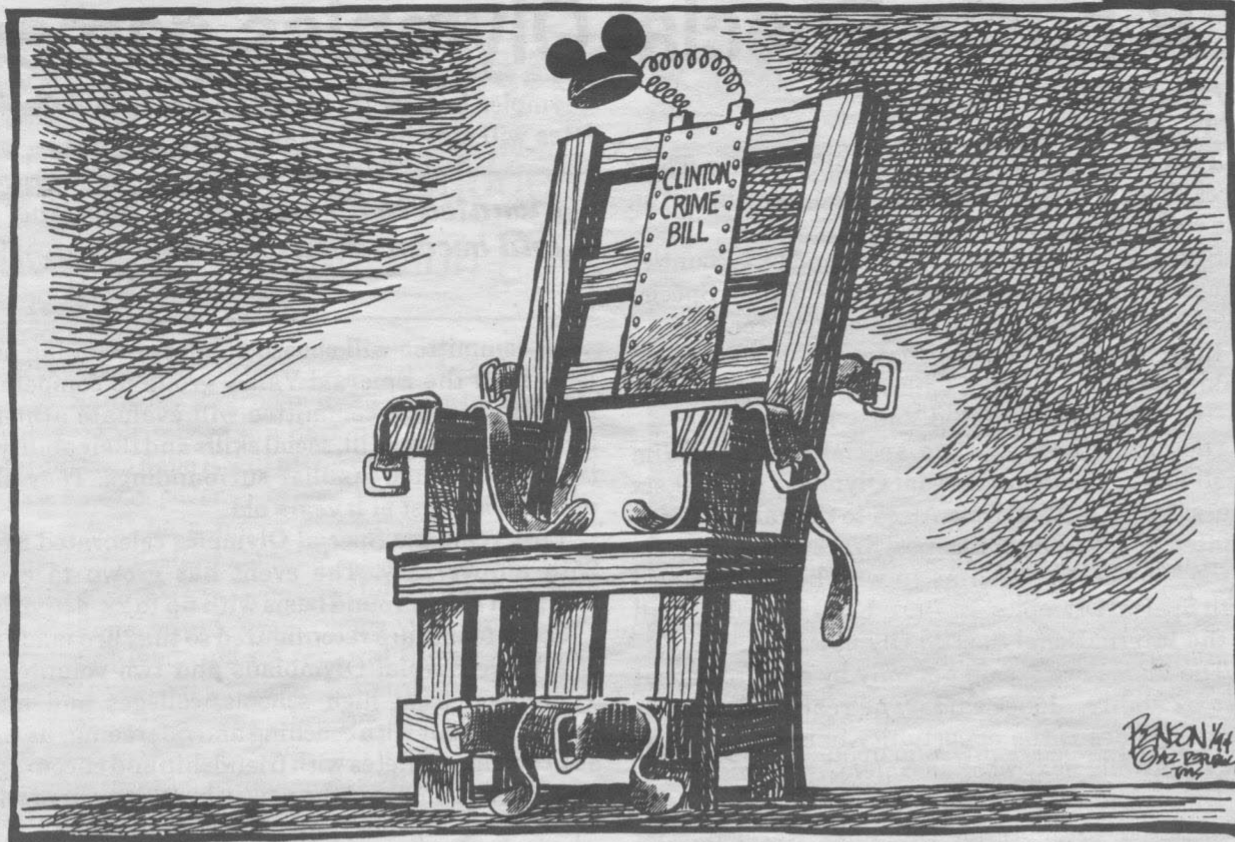
The Commuter encourages readers to use its "Forum" pages to express their opinions. Commentaries and letters on campus, community, regional and national issues are welcome.

Submissions may be in the form of letters to the editor or, for topics that require deeper analysis, guest columns. All letters received will be published, space permitting, unless they are considered by the editor to be potentially libelous or in poor taste. Guest columns should be approved in advance by the editor. Readers wishing to submit a guest column are asked to first discuss their idea with the editor.

Letters should be limited to 250 words or less, and will be edited for length, grammar and spelling.



Opinion



Farrakhan filled with bigotry and hate

By Richard Cohen
Washington Post Writers Group

Washington—It had come to this: The camera of news organizations lined virtually the entire wall of a hotel ballroom here. Dozens of journalists sat taking notes. At the lectern stood Louis Farrakhan, leader of the Nation of Islam. He was fired with certainty of demagoguery, braced by bigotry, certain his enemies were trying to do him in. He announced the dismissal of a top aide, Khalid Abdul Muhammad, for making a speech so all-encompassing in its bigotry—racist, anti-Catholic, homophobic but mostly anti-Semitic—that its defense was out of the question. In America, not even an anti-Semite—can be an anti-Semite.

That is no mere play on words. Farrakhan's bigotry is deeply rooted. It has been manifested over and over again. He has called Judaism a gutter religion. He has pondered out loud whether Jewish physicians purposely injected the AIDS virus into young black men. His religion condemns whites en masse, without regard to their beliefs. He has assembled around him an array of vicious bigots, among whom Muhammad is but one, who have embraced the hoariest of anti-Semitic canards, including that notorious Czarist-era forgery, "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion." Dapper, captivating, downright charismatic, Farrakhan is an attractive package containing worms of hate.

His dismissal of Muhammad was of little account. Had he done otherwise, his chances of repairing his rupture with the mainstream African-American leadership would have been nil. He needed to offer them a reason—an excuse, really—to maintain the uneasy alliance. Farrakhan's strategy is not hard to deduce. He wants to pin the black leadership between their consciences and their constituencies, between old allies like the organized Jewish community and a despairing African-American community beset by almost every woe known to modern man. His is an us-against-them tactic—a timeworn tactic, but sufficient it seems to keep too many black leaders cowed.

But Farrakhan's bigotry is so deep, so unquestioned, that he cannot himself recognize it. He is a classic post-Holocaust Jew-hater. To him, as to many of his followers with whom I have spoken, the term anti-Semite is equated with genocide. Since they don't advocate that, they think they cannot be anti-

Semites. They either ignore, or do not know, that the Holocaust was seeded by acknowledged anti-Semites who talked much as Farrakhan does now. They were vile people, but at least they knew what they were.

Not so Farrakhan and his followers. A mere beat after denouncing Muhammad, he launched into an exegesis of the purported role of Jews in the slave trade. Yes, there were some—more in the Caribbean and Latin America than in North America. But to hold Jews especially accountable for what was done by many non-Jewish whites is the essence of anti-Semitism. Moreover, this fixation with Jews is mightily selective. A hugely disproportionate number of Jews participated in the Civil Rights revolution and two were killed in Mississippi by white racists. But they are never mentioned. Instead—from the distant past—it is slave-owning Jews who get Farrakhan's attention.

Farrakhan is a tragedy. The many cameras focused on him should have been elsewhere. Parts of the black community are in an awful state. White unemployment is 5.3 percent; black unemployment is more than twice that. Only once in the last 20 years, has the black unemployment rate been below 10 percent. That is a story for the cameras. Just who played what role in the slave trade is not only irrelevant, it channels both energy and fury at people long dead. That, too, is an American tragedy.

The presence of all those cameras in that hotel ballroom on Thursday (Feb. 3), the enormous attention recently given to Farrakhan, is a direct product of the well-meaning, but foolish, attempt of certain black leaders to welcome him into their leadership community. Like organized labor or progressive organizations that once thought they could make common cause with the communists, certain black leaders forgot that they share only a piece of their agenda with Farrakhan: self-help, pride and a deeply conservative respect for traditional values. The rest, more powerful and falsely empowering, is racial hatred and anti-Semitism.

Farrakhan's attempt to reduce people to their race or religion is the essence of bigotry. If the African-American leadership seized upon his repudiation of Muhammad's speech to justify a rapprochement, they are only postponing the inevitable and colluding in scapegoating. The bank of cameras at his press conference suggests that Farrakhan is no longer a marginal figure. That's a pity, for the margin is precisely where he belongs.

Silent no longer!

By Jack Josewski
Of The Commuter

Because of my involvement with the LBCC Peace Club, I found myself enrolled in a political science class entitled International Relations. I recognize this as time well spent for a budding journalist.

We've spent time investigating how the current world situation has evolved and how populations can allow themselves to become silent witnesses to genocidal actions or moral wrongs. This business of being a silent witness or displaying moral indifference is described in our studies as being a "non-responsive bystander." A tag I'm sorry to say I've earned myself in the past.

At my home in Lebanon, I have a neighbor who professes to be an outdoorsman, but I've seen this man killing songbirds in his yard with a BB gun. Strange behavior for a sportsman. I've also seen him shooting stray housecats "because they're on his property." And his latest outrage was catching a small poodle in a steel leg hold trap, "because it's after my rabbits."

As a witness to these events, I find them extremely repugnant and because of my recent studies of the non-responsive bystander, I realize silence is no longer an option for me. My silence indicts me as a party to cruelty to animals and I can not stand for it any longer. I may not be able to change the situation, but acceptance through silence leaves me morally at fault. Frankly, I know the difference between right and wrong and this was wrong.

This past weekend, I watched the graphic footage of murder victims being hauled away from a mortared marketplace in Sarajevo. I find this behavior by fellow human beings to be completely unacceptable. And I refuse to play the silent, passive role of the non-responsive bystander any longer.

Can I change the situation? Maybe convince the United Nations to take action?

No, I probably can't.

There is probably little I can do about a war in a far off country—a war I only partially understand at best. But doesn't my silence put me in a conspiracy with the murderers of small children and old women? Can I accept such behavior from mankind and condone it, with a turn of my head?

In my journalism studies, much emphasis is placed on the ethical behavior of reporters and our duty to society. With this new found knowledge about being a non-responsive bystander, my own personal ethics come into focus like the Hubble telescope with a brand new lens.

I condemn the acts of murder and treachery in Bosnia and call on people in power in our country to take action to suppress this bloodshed. It is no longer acceptable to me.

I may not be able to change the world, but through my pen I can at least demand to be heard. I intend to drop this column onto some political desk. Desks of people with names like Clinton, Hatfield, Packwood and Defazio.

I believe that with the maturing and education of the global community the human race can improve itself. And with mankind's refusal to accept genocide we have taken a giant step forward. I'm ready to take that step.

And as for my cruel neighbor? I called the Lebanon Police Department on the heartless brute. It may have done no good, but with that call I cracked the surface of my non-responsive bystander mold. And I'm never going back....

The Commuter is the weekly student-managed newspaper for Linn-Benton Community College, financed by student fees and advertising.

Commuter Staff

Opinions expressed in The Commuter do not necessarily reflect those of the LBCC administration, faculty or Associated Students of LBCC. Editorials, columns, letters and cartoons reflect the opinions of those who sign them. Readers are encouraged to use The Commuter Opinion Page to express their views on campus or community matters.

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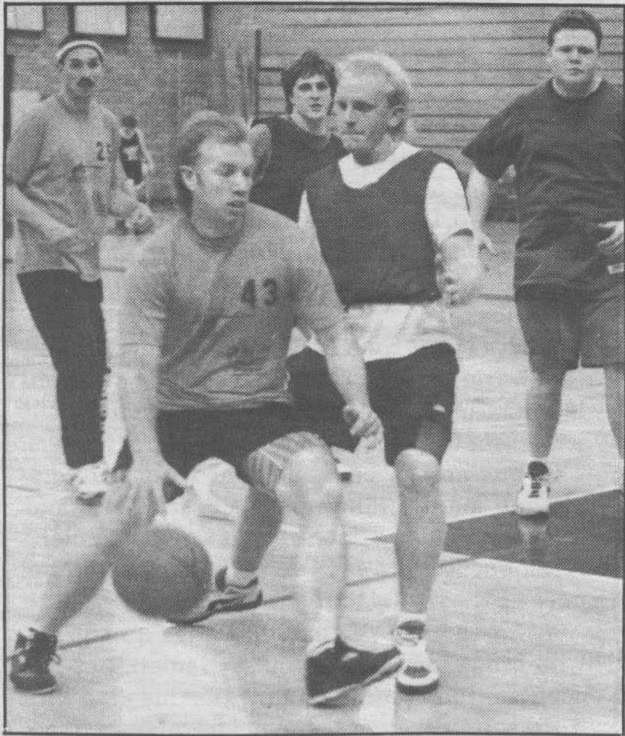


Photo by Micky Shannon-Monroe

Dave Baker drives to the basket in Sunday's Special Olympic's game against the team's coaches.

LB hosts Special Olympics games

By John Butterworth
Of The Commuter

They came in buses and they came in cars. Their faces, from teen-aged to middle-aged, were intent on one thing: basketball.

Seven teams from Lane, Benton, and Linn counties competed in last Sunday's Emerald Valley Special Olympics play-offs at LB's Activity Center.

Ellie Jones, area coordinator for the Emerald Valley Special Olympics said 635 disabled athletes participate in the Emerald Valley league alone.

One athlete, 30-year-old special Olympian Jim Ezell has competed in Special Olympics for over six years. "After moving from Alsea to Corvallis in '85, I wanted to do something positive and become focused," explained Ezell as to why he got involved with Special Olympics. In 1991, Ezell played softball at the International Special Olympics.

The teams are set up not only by age group, but also by ability, Jones said. "The real motivator for today's games is the opportunity to move on to the state play-offs next week in Salem," she said.

Those who win medals next week will have the opportunity to apply for the 1995 World Special

Olympics in New Haven, Conn. Jones said the athletes will stay in New Haven for ten days.

I wanted to do something positive and become focused.

—Jim Ezell

A committee will choose 55 medal-winning athletes from the Emerald Valley group to compete in New Haven. The committee will evaluate athletes for their athletic skill, social skills and their ability to travel away from familiar surroundings. They also must be at least of 8 years old.

Last year, the Special Olympics celebrated their 25th anniversary. The event has grown to cover sports on a year round basis with up to 22 activities.

Some teams are reconfigured so they are made up of a three Special Olympians and two volunteers. Volunteers from high schools, colleges and businesses help out with coaching and refereeing, as well as providing athletes with friendship and encouragement. Jones has used the new volunteer system with her basketball, volleyball and softball teams.

Engineering students discover strain of working under pressure

By Trista Bush
Of The Commuter

About 85 people looked on in anticipation as engineering instructor John Sweet called out the rising numbers of the weight that was slowly breaking down the mostly popsicle bridges in the Industrial Arts building last Wednesday.

"950 pounds! One thousand pounds!" yelled Sweet as a bridge started to pull apart the cradle — a wooden frame to hold the bridges on the Load Cell — it sat in. "I've never had a cradle break like this," said the instructor as he

hurried to strengthen it by positioning several C-clamps and pipe clamps on the cradle to hold it together. Throughout the room students joked about the fact that their bridges were stronger than the instructors' cradle.

"1,020, 1,040, 1,050," Sweet called out as popsicle stick girders exploded exploded off the bridge. Cameras were rolling and the crowd roared as 1,057 pounds of weight finished the bridge—a new school record.

Next to be busted was the most ominous looking bridge out of all eight. It was ark shaped and covered in black

paint. Since the bridges are also judged on aesthetics, much ribbing was directed towards it's five creators.

"I designed this project so the students would have to work with budget and material constraints, group dynamics and learn the full range of what a real design project is like", said Sweet.

Sweet said he tried to mix the groups so different personalities would have to work together. He added that he wanted students to get a taste of the real world through this project.

The class busted eight bridges, all built by student design teams who had to stick with a budget and make a technical report about their term project. The teams buy up to \$25 dollars worth of material from Sweet. To ensure the bridges are made with Elmers Glue, Sweet dunks what's left of the busted bridges into water, Sweet says Elmers is one of the strongest water soluble glues.

Teams could buy 100 popsicles at \$3 a pack, 2 ounce bottles of Elmers Glue for \$2 each, quarter inch dowling at \$1 a foot, 10 feet of wire for \$1 and 100 feet of string for \$1.

After being positioned onto the cradle of the Load Cell — a large machine used for precisely adding heavy weights to small objects — weight was added

and the needle started to climb. The crowd started predicting, "only 200 to 225 pounds," Sweet joined in the predictions.

But the needle kept climbing. The engineering students and onlookers cheered as the needle climbed all the way up to 1,710 pounds before the bridge collapsed under the strain—another school record and the strongest bridge built in the Engineering Orientation 112 II class this year.

"We could have put all of us on there four times over," boasted Dan Mosley, one of the bridge's creators. The winning design team was made up of Mosley, Jason Mattos, Sean Harris, Zachary Hosak and Mike Setera. They were given an extra point for every 50 pounds above the class average their bridge could support.

"Usually, the bridges average about 600 pounds, this year the average was up by 250," Sweet said. He added that the rise was due to better designs each year.

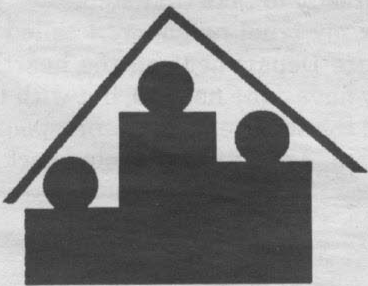
"I like to show the students that they can have fun in school, I stress that nobody has the answers in real life", said Sweet, You've got to go find them for yourself." Engineering Orientation 112 II is not offered again until next Winter Term.

Attention:

All LBCC Students and Staff!

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Come and Check Out The LB Peace Club!

Experience this slide show and discussion with LBCC Political Science Instructor Doug Clark. The themes of the meeting will include:

- Experiencing International Politics First-hand!
- Live! From Vilnius, Lithuania!
- War and Peace in the 1990s!
- Former Soviet Republic Site of Inter. Conference!
- LBCC invited to send a Delegation!
- World Politics—Up Close and Personal!

**Today-Feb. 9th
LBCC, AHSS 103
2:30 P.M.**

Your Chance To Make A Difference In The World!!!



On the Move

Old Bohemia Hall Bridge moves to Timber Linn Park

By Tony Lystra
Of The Commuter

Workers scaled the frame of a 47-year-old covered bridge Saturday afternoon in an effort to move the structure to Timber Linn Park in Albany, where the local Jaycees hope it will attract tourism to the area.

"To have a covered bridge visible from the I-5 corridor will be a major attraction," said Albany Visitors Association Director Todd Davidson.

Built in 1947, the Bohemia Hall Bridge has been sitting in the Linn County Shops yard for the past three years following its removal from its original site over Crabtree Creek on Richardson Gap Road.

Albany Jaycees will store the bridge at Timber Linn Park over the summer and hope to begin piecing it back together in September. "It's not impossible that we'll have it done for Timber Carnival 1995," Albany Jaycees President C.J. Stoakes said.

The cooperative effort between the Albany Jaycees and the National Guard has been in the works since the bridge was replaced four years ago.

After Linn County residents decided to save the bridge, a local contractor moved it from Richardson Gap Road near Scio to the Linn County Roads facility, where it sat untouched for three years. Then Davidson asked the National Guard's Charlie Company to move the structure into Albany.

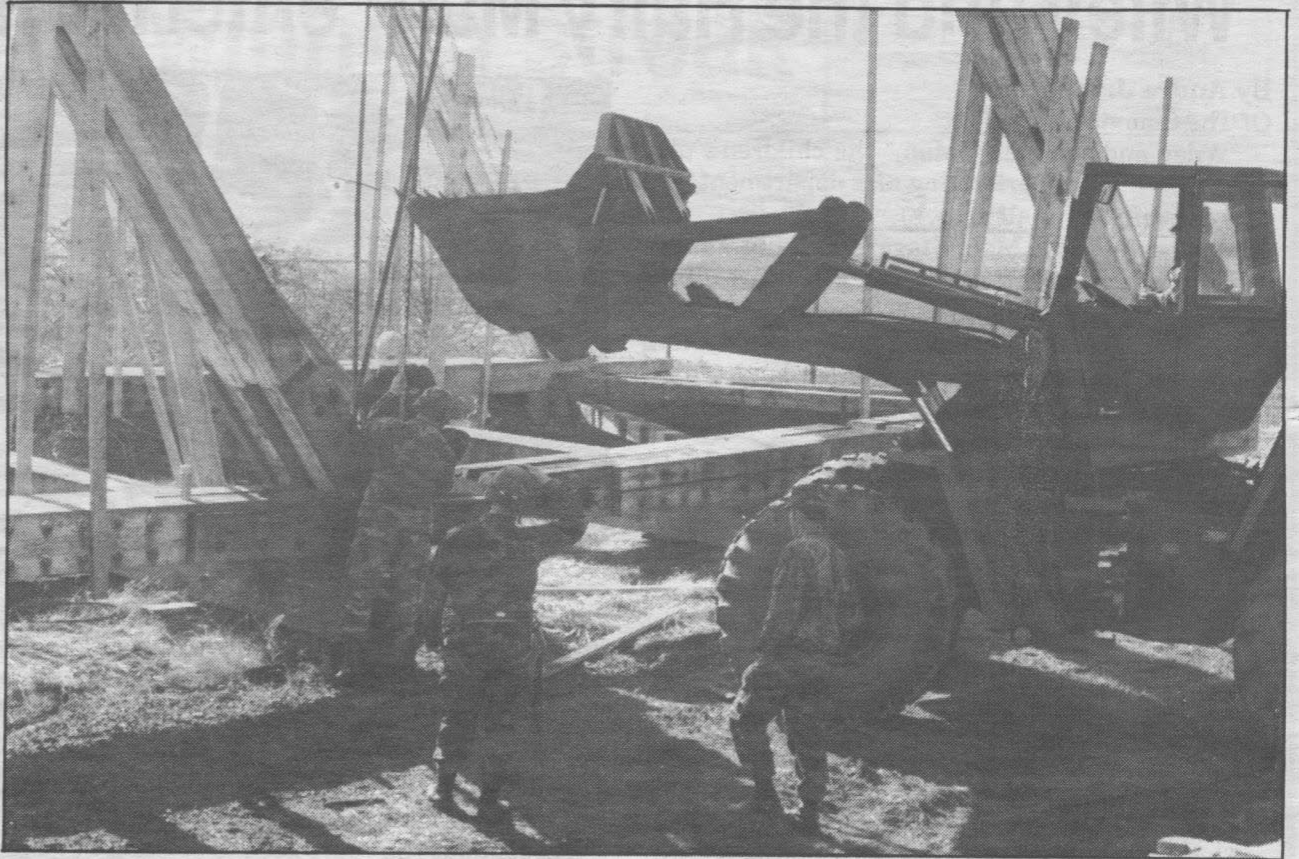
Continental Crane Co. provided a 90-ton crane at a discounted rate, which workers used on Saturday to disassemble the top section of the bridge and move it to Timber Linn Park. Once finished the re-located bridge will span Cox Creek.

"That's some massive timber," Stoakes said as a crane hovered chain-saw-toting National Guard members above the bridge. "If anything breaks it's going to be exceptionally expensive."

Davidson said a section of the bridge that came apart when the bridge was moved from its original site may cost as much as \$20,000 to repair. He estimated total costs for the project at \$60-80,000.

Stoakes pointed to a section of splintered timbers resting on heavy supports. He said the bridge leaned to one side when the dry-rotted section came apart.

Workmen used the crane to pull the structure back together, but Stoakes hopes they'll be able to lop



Photos by Micky Shannon-Monroe

the broken section off the bridge and shorten the structure. That will depend on the width of the stretch of Cox Creek that the bridge will span.

First Lt. David Farley of Charlie Company said he appreciated the technical challenges of the project. "It makes you think about different ways to approach it," he said.

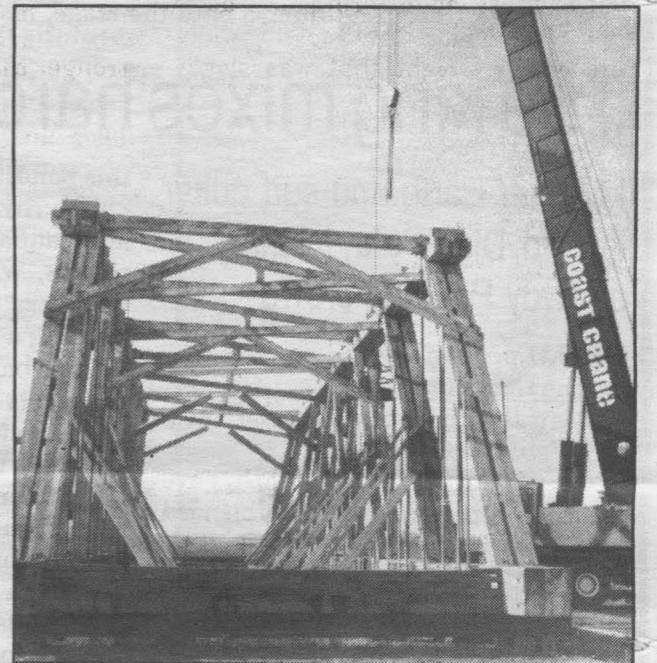
Farley said Charlie Company has constructed foot bridges at Silver Creek Falls, fish cleaning stations, fishing docks, rifle ranges and snow shelters in Oregon's national forests, and rebuilt an observation tower in Astoria.

"It's always nice to do something that the public can enjoy," Farley said. "I enjoy getting out and doing something different. It's a lot better than digging a fox hole and filling it back in again. There's something left when you're done."

Davidson said Linn County residents wanted to save the bridge for its historical significance.

"Oregon has the highest concentration of covered bridges west of the Mississippi. We actually used to have covered bridges in Albany," he said. "I'd like to see covered bridges back in the area. They are a major tourist attraction. People love these bridges."

Members of Charlie Company help the Albany Jaycees lift and move the historic Bohemia Hall covered bridge to Timber Linn Park.



Linn-Benton Community College
Performing Arts Department Presents:

the BOYS NEXT DOOR

by Tom Griffin
Poignant and refreshingly funny

A two-act play presented in
the Loft Theater, Takena Hall

Directed by George Lauris

Feb. 25, 26, March 4, 5, 1994 at 8 pm
and March 6, 1994 at 3 pm

Admission: \$4.00

Tickets go on sale February 14
Reservations: call 967-6504, 9 am to 3:30 pm, M-F
Tickets can be purchased at Takena Hall Rm. T-236,
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or at the door 1/2 hour before performance

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Student Programs 967-8831 ext.831

"Wiley and the Hairy Man" entertains the young and old

By Audra J. Stephens
Of The Commuter

"Wiley and the Hairy Man," the children's play put on by LBCC's performing arts department, is a play for children of all ages.

As you enter the Main Stage Theater in Takena Hall, sounds of crickets, birds, and wild boars fill our ears, creating a "swampy" atmosphere.

The set recreates the scene of an old Southern farmhouse nestled into dense swamp land. Thick, suspended foliage adds to the effect.

"Wiley" is a unique play in that the actors teach the audience a few key lines in the play and invite them to participate in the production.

Review

The storyteller (Andrea Rust) leads us through a practice session of key lines. When it's time for the audience to participate, the storyteller shakes her tambourine.

The play begins as Wiley (Russ Moline) embarks on a journey to chop wood for his "Mammy" (August Pettypool.) Along the way, he encounters the infamous Hairy Man (Randy Brown), his worst nightmare.

The Hairy Man is a cunning beast who delights in scaring timid Wiley. The best trickster in the swamp, the Hairy Man makes things disappear and transforms himself into objects and animals. His only downfall is his fear of dogs because they can chase him away.

When the Hairy Man jumps onto the stage, his



Photo by Michelle Harris

The cast of "Wiley and the Hairy Man" includes Russ Moline as Wiley, August Pettypool as Mammy, Andrea Rust as the Storyteller, Beth Calhoun and Michelle Washburn as the Chorus, and Randy Brown as the Hairy Man.

appearance causes many children to jump into their parents arms and stare with wide-open eyes.

Throughout the course of the story, Wiley must use his wit to trick the evil Hairy Man three times. If Wiley successfully out-wits the Hairy Man, the creature will be stripped of his powers and unable to frighten either Wiley or his Mammy.

Upon his first encounter with the Hairy Man, Wiley jumps into a nearby tree for safety. However,

with Mammy's advice, he faces the Hairy Man when they meet next and attempts to outsmart him.

All the performers dove right into the heart of their characters.

The play ran smoothly and the audience participation was successfully used to add to the atmo-

When the Hairy Man jumps onto the stage, his appearance causes many children to jump into their parents arms and stare with wide-open eyes.

sphere and depth of the story. The rhyming lines of the play allowed the audience to follow easily. It's a fun, exciting play that keeps the viewer's attention to the very end.

Moline felt the final dress rehearsal went very well. He believes parents will enjoy the play because "it pleases the kids."

"There's a kid inside of everyone," so people of all ages can relate to the play's material.

The cast practiced for the play three hours a day, five days a week, since Jan. 2.

"Wiley and the Hairy Man" will play again on February 12 and 13 at 3 p.m. in the Main Stage Theater in Takena Hall. Tickets can be purchased at Rice's Pharmacy in Corvallis, Steven's Jewelers in Albany, and the LBCC Box Office. Prices are \$2 for children and \$4 for adults.

The king mixes hard rock and tribal rhythms for La Luna crowd

I Mother Earth and surf guitar legend, Dick Dale, inspire a rowdy Portland crowd

BY N.D. persons Jr.
Of The Commuter

I saw the king at La Luna on Tuesday, Feb. 1.

Opening act, I Mother Earth, gave an inspiring performance. They blended hard rock with tribal rhythms. And with the addition of the

Review

percussionist, Mundo, the groove was easy to fall into. Mundo played the timpanis and the congas, "Not to be confused with the timales and the congos," he quipped. The rest of the band included vocalist Edwin, bassist Bruce Gordon, drummer Christian Tanna and guitarist Jagori Tanna.

I especially liked the heaviness of

this band, both on guitar and vocals.

The rhythm section of both Mundo and Tanna created uplifting, hypnotic sounds, while Gordon added to the thickness of the guitar and drums creating a psychedelic feel.

With bands such as I Mother Earth and locals like Jolly Mon, Jah Levi, or The Daddies, psychedelic rock is stepping back into the public eye. I Mother Earth is from Toronto, so their tribal mosh sounded a bit different than local groups. But it's still hard and bluesy and damn loud.

Dick Dale took the stage and the crowd went crazy. He wasted no time with talk. Rather, he burst straight into one of the surf melodies he's famous for.

It wasn't long before Dale broke a string, and called for a roadie to bring him another cable. Dale played on size 14 strings, while the common sizes for electric guitars are 8's or 9's. He said it was no problem though because Earnie Ball gives him the strings for free since they are supposed to be nearly unbreakable.

Nearly unbreakable wasn't good enough that night. Dale ended up

snapping a few strings. He could fix them while his bass player and drummer played on.

Dale didn't put on an act. His show

Dale didn't put on an act. His show wasn't like any Las Vegas gimmick. Instead, he played some jammin' tunes.

wasn't like any Las Vegas gimmick. Instead, he played some jammin' tunes. Tunes with a Middle-Eastern flavor, slow blues, and of course songs to surf to.

The show was truly inspirational. Dale's confidence as he lead the other two musicians on improvisational rides, showed his high level of experience.

He must have communicated telepathically with his bass player, who has been playing with Dale for twenty years. No matter where the song went, what began as a look of anticipation on the bass players face turned to certainty within an instant.

Also Dale lead the drummer, sometimes pointing at a particular drum or

at the cow bell.

And when the tempo wasn't just right Dale and the bassist both gave the thumbs up or thumbs down to speed it up or slow it down.

Dale takes his lead from the crowd. "I don't play for musicians, I play for people," Dale professed.

Mid-way through the show two men started punching each other about ten feet from the stage.

Dale stopped the music.

"I drive 15 hours to fuss over you people . . ." he said. By this time the crowd moved and separated the two boxers. It was like the tide rolled in and surrounded them.

"Shall I continue?" he asked.

The show lasted a long time, and for an old guy, Dale still has stamina.

He told the crowd in between songs about his new album. And there were also new t-shirts. On the back they read, "I'm a Dick Head"

Dale's show climaxed with his hit song "Pipeline," which he dedicated to somebody who once told Dale that the first album he played guitar to was a Dick Dale record. That somebody, Dale boasted, was Stevie Ray Vaughn. It's not surprising considering Dale's ball-out attack of the strings and his use of the blues.

I went to the show knowing nothing about Dale's music, and I left a "Dick Head."



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Men on two-game winning streak

By Zachary Spiegel
Of The Commuter

After a tough year that has seen loss after loss, the Roadrunner men posted two convincing league wins to put them back in the hunt for a play-off spot.

Last Wednesday, LB pasted Umpqua 85-70 in the Activities Center. In the first half, the two teams exchanged baskets for 10 minutes until the Timbermen went on a 9-0 run to pull ahead 24-16. Umpqua held its eight-point lead for the next five minutes, which forced LB head coach Randy Falk to call a time-out.

Coming out of the T.O., the Roadrunners forced Umpqua into several mistakes and broke down their press, which had caused havoc to LB in the first 18 minutes. The Roadrunners went on a 9-2 run and were only down two, 37-35, when the half came to an end.

LB scored the first four points of the second half and within five minutes found themselves up 52-44. That lead was quickly cut to three points, but with 11 minutes left in the game, one of Umpqua's better players, Deron Woods, fouled out. This changed the flow of the game and helped the Roadrunners to go inside to Greg Obrist and Jim Dewey for some easy hoops. They got some help from substitutes Aaron Mickey and Troy Levandoski.

"Troy and Aaron came off the bench and did a great job for us," commented Falk. "They really came ready to play."

To compensate the inside play of the team, Kevin Moreton stepped outside the three-point arc and drilled five of

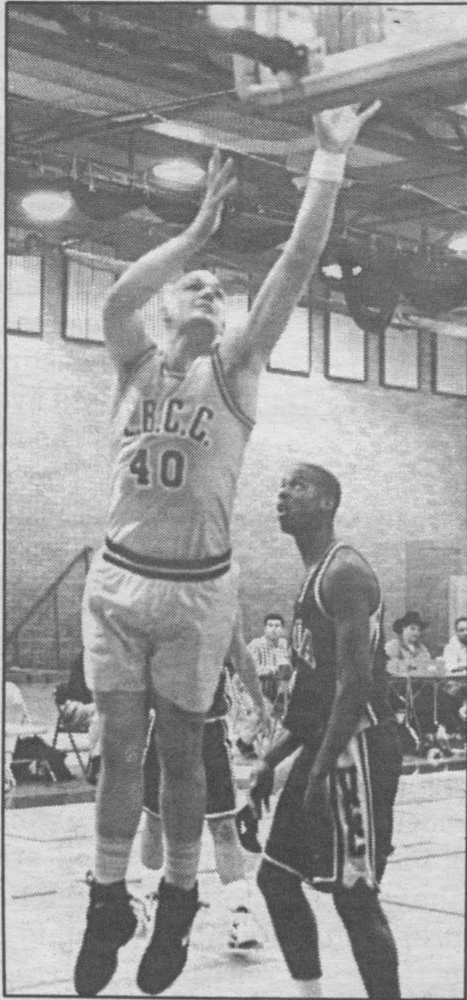


Photo by Chris Treløggen

Troy Levandoski scores on a lay-up in Wednesday's win against Umpqua.

six shots. He finished with a game high 31 points and also had four steals. As a team, LB finished by making 25-31 free throws, which helped to seal the win. Obrist and Dewey combined to score 27 points and haul in 17 rebounds.

Mickey and Levandoski combined for 12 points and 10 rebounds off the bench.

Three days later the men carried the momentum and emotion into their game against PCC and beat the Panthers 83-64.

"I think we really worked well as a team," stated starting guard Moreton. "We are getting better and better. The intensity has also picked up a notch." Linn-Benton played to the Panther pace in the first half and as a result went into the lockerroom with a two-point deficit, 37-35.

"We always have the same plan going into a game. We must pressure the ball and get good shots," commented Falk. "In the first half we let Portland dictate the flow of the game and we were getting beat. In the second half we really did not change anything, we just beat them at their own game."

LB played inspired ball, outscoring the Panthers 53-29 in the second half. They took the lead for good three minutes into the half after scoring nine points in a row. In the last few minutes they pulled a seven point lead into 15 and salted the game away.

Matt Bonnikson led five Roadrunners in double figures with 21 points and also pulled down 13 rebounds.

"I have not been playing good D lately, so I have not been playing much," remarked Bonnikson. "I had to prove that I can still compete and that is exactly what I did."

The men travel to Coos Bay to face SWOCC tonight and are back home this Saturday with an 8 p.m. game against Mt. Hood.

Women drop third, fourth games in a row

By Zachary Spiegel
Of The Commuter

The women's basketball team dropped their fourth league contest in a row last weekend, which severely hurt their chances at post-season play. With only four games left on the schedule, the Roadrunners are 3-7 in league play.

The Lady Roadrunners lost to Umpqua in overtime last Wednesday in a game that would have put them into sixth place in the division. LB came out fired up and controlled the first half of play with good pressure defense and ball movement. They held Umpqua scoreless for the last three minutes and went into the lockerroom up four, 25-21.

Linn-Benton started off the second half just as they did the first, with the first basket, but then everything fell apart during the next four minutes. The Timberwomen went on a 12-1 run and took control of the game and style of the game.

The women battled back to tie the game at 38 with 13 minutes left, but during the next two minutes LB's starting post players--Darci Powell and Bridget Burke--both picked up their fourth fouls, prompting head coach Brian Wake to take them out. LB still managed to get good looks at the basket and maintained a two-point lead with five minutes to go in the game. "We got every shot we wanted," remarked coach Wake. "We just did not execute on the shots we needed to put the game away."

Going into the last two minutes, LB picked up the level of defense and forced Umpqua into costly turnovers. With 45 seconds to go, Linn-Benton found themselves down 56-51. "We missed a lot of foul shots in the last five minutes," commented Wake.

Nevertheless, LB battled back. With 10 seconds left and Umpqua up 57-55, the Timberwomen's leading scorer, Erin Vaughn, missed the front end of a 1-and-1. Powell grabbed the rebound and got it up court to Molly Mickey, who tossed in a layup with :01 showing on the clock, forcing the game into overtime.

In the extra period, LB was held scoreless for the first four minutes, and that proved to be the difference, as Umpqua hung on for a four-point win. Burke and Powell combined for 33 points and 12 rebounds. Mickey added 8 points, 9 assists and 6 rebounds.

On Saturday, the women traveled to Portland to face PCC in another must win situation.

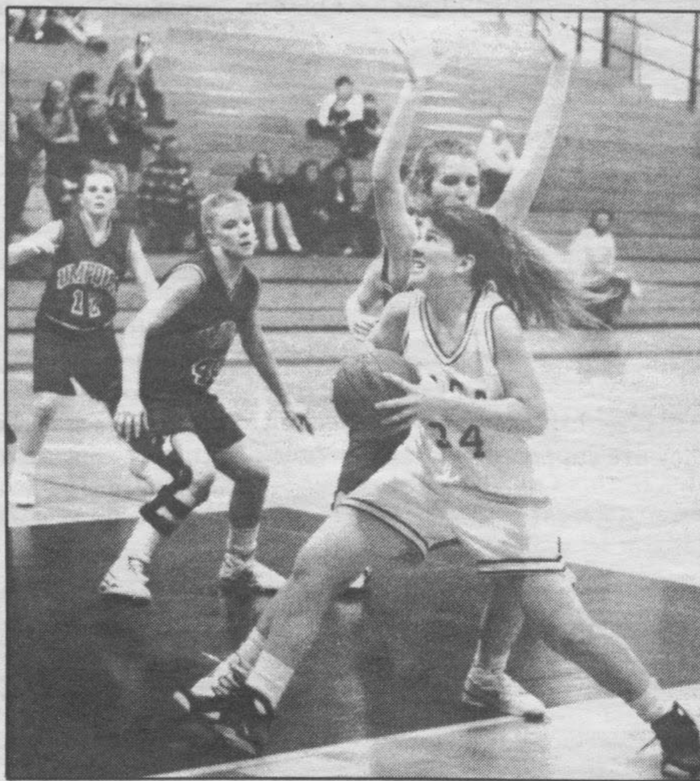


Photo by Chris Treløggen

Darci Powell goes up for two of her team-high 19 points against Umpqua. The women lost in overtime 64-60.

The Lady Roadrunners found themselves quickly behind by nine points five minutes into the second half as PCC forced Linn-Benton into many turnovers. Although LB picked up the level of play in the last four minutes of the game, it was not enough. PCC won 68-55 behind 31 points from their point guard Annette Harings. She was five of 10 from three-point range and made some important shots throughout the game to keep them in the lead.

Wake stated that the goal the rest of the year is to win the rest of the games and make the play-offs.

"This loss really hurt, but no one is hanging their heads," stated Wake. "No one is giving up."

The women travel to SWOCC tonight for a 6 o'clock league contest. They host Mt. Hood on Saturday with the game also scheduled for 6 p.m.

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Representatives from Disney World College Program will be recruiting at Lane Community College on Monday, March 7, 1994. For more information to attend the presentation and interview, see Angie Aschoff or Rich Horton in the Career Center located on the first floor of Takena Hall.

Alaska Summer Employment - fisheries. Many earn \$2,000+/mo. in canneries or \$3,000-\$6,000+/mo. on fishing vessels. Many employers provide room and board and transportation. **No experience necessary!** For more information call 1-206-545-4155 ext. A6065

MISCELLANEOUS

Computer club, Linn-Benton PC users group meets Monday, February 14, 7pm room HO 116 LBCC. Program: "windows tips part 2". Call 928-4916 or 924-0296.

94-95 Linn-Benton Legal Secretaries Assn Scholarship Eligibility: Students majoring in a legal support staff position living in Linn or Benton counties. 1- \$500 award. Deadline: 2/15/94. Applications available in the Career Ctr. located in Takena Hall.

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The Price of a Night's Pleasure

I am suddenly awakened from a deep sleep by the ringing of a phone next to my ear. I sleepily strain to get out a clear hello. I listen carefully to what the party on the other end has to say, taking careful note of the address, situation and any other pertinent information.

I try to prepare myself mentally for what is ahead. I have done this often, and yet I never seem to get over the fear of what or who could be there. Dragging myself out of bed, I rush to get dressed. I leave the house with a sense of urgency; I must be there quickly.

The motor races as the truck is warming up. I check the equipment on board, not knowing what is ahead. As I cruise down the road, I feel the rush of adrenaline pulsing through my veins. Slowly the truck rolls to a stop at the scene. Brilliant beams of red pierce the air around the area as I add my own to the multitude of light.

As I get out of the safety of my truck, the low rumble of idling engines flood my thoughts. The glow of flares illuminates the ground with their sulfurous stench. Walking up to the police officer in charge, I receive updated details of the accident. Soon I must do my part in this sea of officials. This is the time for me to assess the situation as we wait for the coroner to arrive. Nothing can be done without his final OK in a fatality.



The car, someone's dream, one of Detroit's finest monuments of technology, was wadded up like a soiled rag and tossed to the side of the road. Pieces of glass on the ground all around the vehicle glittered like diamonds on a background of white velvet. Across the top of the bright red car laid a splintered electrical pole. High voltage wires were strewn around like tinsel. Odors of burnt oil and engine coolant filled the air with the musty aroma of a mechanic's workshop. The chemicals of an exhausted fire extinguisher cut at my throat like a wire brush.

Heavy emotions hung in the air like a thick curtain as each person did their job. At the side of the road, a limp body lay on

an icy cold blanket of snow, covered in a sheet of yellow. another, also covered, slumps over the steering wheel of the vehicle.

Firemen directed traffic and did their best to keep order. Police officers busily measure, observe, and record each piece of data available, trying to make some sense of the accident for a final report.

The coroner arrived and took his turn at assessing the situation. He gave his OK to proceed with the tasks to be done. We worked together to remove the limp lifeless body from the twisted wreckage. Once a show room beauty, the car is now, for all purposes, just scrap metal.

Now I am the official in charge. As I hook up the chains to the mangled suspension of the vehicle, the lingering fumes of battery acid stab at my eyes. After the cables tighten up the back of the truck grudgingly squats down under the strain of freeing the trapped car from the power pole. The soft dirt tried to maintain its hold on the wheels as if clutching some trophy that it had a part in obtaining. Finally, the car breaks free from the bonds that held it pinned in place. As the vehicle wobbled onto the road, all the sin of the night's rebellion was exposed, as empty beer cans rolled out the opened door. As the cans rolled to a stop, I wonder was the night's pleasure worth the cost?

By Andy Wright

Variations On A Summer Day

Slow
sleepy
morningtime
drifting in the
cool.

Long
drowsy
afternoons
sultry, lazy
hot.

Soft
glowing
sunset sky
heralding night's
warmth.

Long
summer
days and nights
governed by my
muse.

A
playful
grasshopper
leaving work to
ants.

Marguerite K.A. Petersen

Crossroads

The arm is down, barring my path
the lights are flashing bright
I hover indecisively
in the still, quiet, dark of the night.

The need to go, the need to stay
battle in my heart;
What I want and what is right
are tearing me apart.

The conductor hollers "all aboard!"
both trains are pulling out.
Still, I'm undecided
and fear competes with doubt.

Which track will lead to happiness?
Which one leads to pain?
Can I stand to take this trip
again, and again, and again?

Wouldn't it be easy
to duck beneath the bars?
and wait alone right on the track
admiring the stars?

Tammy J. Bails