

Winter Literary Edition

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The



Commuter

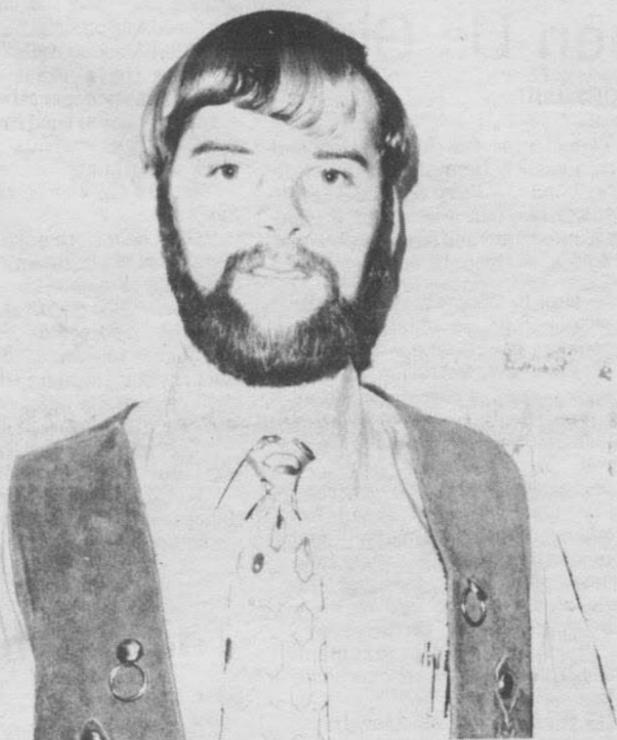
Volume 2, Number 11

LINN-BENTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE, ALBANY OREGON

March 15, 1971

18% turnout recorded

Scott Wins AS-LBCC Presidency



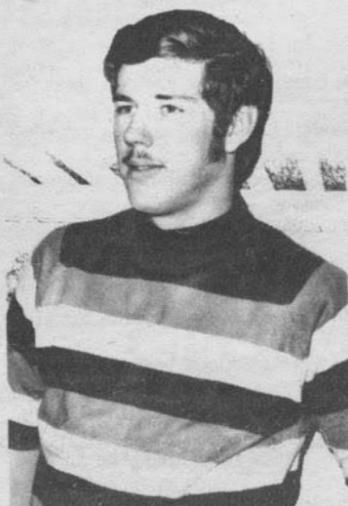
Harvey Scott, newly elected ASB President, thinks the election results were what the students wanted, "It looks like a pretty good body of officers, and I'm looking forward to working with each of them." (Photos of candidates by Joe Tompkins)

Harvey Scott, currently ASB First Vice President, won the 1971-72 ASB Presidency by a 5 to 1 vote over opponent Bob LeMarte in LBCC's student elections held March 9th and 10th. Student Body President Gary Stephens stated that installations of the new officers would probably be during the first week of May.

In a race for the First Vice President's seat Brian Hartung edged out Gary Keenan by 29 votes. Mary Huber, currently an appointed Student Director, beat Dan Sorenson for the position of Second Vice President.

Running unopposed, Barbara Bell was reelected as Secretary and Rose Miller as Treasurer. Of the six candidates for Sophomore Senator, Steven Smith, Mike Foster, and Jo Ann Bandonis were elected. Bandonis won marginally over Vicki McWhirter. A recount was called for by ASB President Gary Stephens because of the one point victory in that race.

Upon hearing the news of his election, Scott stated, "It looks like a pretty good body of officers, and I'm looking forward to serving with each of them."



Brian Hartung
First Vice President



Mary Huber
Second Vice President

Barbara Bell
Secretary
Picture not available

Rose Miller
Treasurer
Picture not available

Steven Smith
Sophomore Senator
Picture Not Available

Year-Around College Proposal Discussed

A proposal to make Linn-Benton a year-around college is being seriously considered as beneficial to educators and students as well as taxpayers.

Having a year-around college would make school spending more economical and increase educational opportunities for students.

There are many advantages to having a year-around college. Twenty-five percent more students would be accommodated in a year-around college. Full-time use of expensive equipment is a major advantage. The administration and classified staff are already on a 12-month base salaries, and a higher

degree of efficiency in the circulating teachers would be apparent. Continued use of the facilities would balance out the rental and utility costs.

The advantages for students would also be unlimited. Graduation would be more evenly spaced, access to facilities and individual instructional help would be constantly provided, a two-year course could be completed in one and a half years, and summer employment would also be available; these are just some of the advantages for a year-around college.

The following would be the main objectives for the

program; the existing technical-vocational areas would receive initial attention, evening classes would be greatly emphasized, approximately 72 units would be initiated and gradually increased as the program smoothed out, also the most qualified instructors would be contracted for the 12-month programs.

If the program is accepted, it will take a three-year period to implement LBCC into the year-around college concept. OTI is also being urged to broaden its summer offerings with an eye toward a year-around operation.



Mike Foster
Sophomore Senator



Jo Ann Bandonis
Sophomore Senator

O Negative Blood Needed

The Red Cross Bloodmobile will be at the Albany Elks Lodge, 245 W. 4th, on Tuesday, March 16, 1971, from 1 to 6 p.m. All types of blood are needed but a special drawing for Type O Negative will be held from 1 to 2 p.m. for any persons who may have this type. All qualified persons are urged to participate.

The weather

According to the Old Farmer's Almanac we in the Pacific Northwest should expect cloudy weather the 16th thru the 19th, possibly with mixed snow. It will be cloudy again the 23rd - 26th with light drizzles the 27th - 31st.

EDITORIAL

SCOTT — WISE CHOICE

Election returns are in and we here at THE COMMUTER are pleased with the results. Harvey Scott is an individual with a background versatile enough to make Student Government a success. His diplomacy, organizational ability, and past experience as ASB First Vice President reflect his being elected to the position of Student Body President.

Scott feels that because candidates with experience in Student Government here at LBCC were elected, things will function better than ever before. Many individuals already know the makeup of their office, which should eliminate some of the burden of starting all over again.

We congratulate the many individuals who ran for an office and wish them every success.

YEAR-AROUND COLLEGE, GOOD IDEA

The growth of LBCC over the past four years has been nearly phenomenal. With the FTE (Full Time Enrollment) at about 1400, Adult Education, and all other enrollments, we have over 3,000 individuals attending.

Many individuals fail to realize at times that the college operates on a 12 to 14 hour a day basis. Students enrolled only in morning classes are not that concerned about those enrolled in afternoon classes. And the both of them are not always aware of the many students that attend night classes. This, coupled with the fact that we are constantly adding classes to our schedule, such as the Nursing Program, calls for perceptive views into the future.

We are still a long way off from having our real permanent campus. The fact that LBCC got the architectural award, received the amount of state funds that it did, and is actually running over at the seams with students enrolled necessitates thinking like that of the proposed "year-around college."

Under present conditions we are in extreme need of more classroom space. The best way to get it is to increase our utilization of present facilities. It seems to many that night courses are only a convenience for day workers, but the truth is that they add significantly to our utilization of existing facilities. In short, they increase our capacity for enrollment. That's the basic idea behind a year-around college, and a good one too.

jh

THE COMMUTER

THE COMMUTER is a bi-monthly 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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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"I'VE DELIBERATED ALL DAY AND MOST OF THE NIGHT ABOUT YOUR FINAL GRADE AND I REALIZE AN 'F' ON YOUR TRANSCRIPT MAY FOUL YOUR TRANSFER. DELAY YOUR EDUCATION. HAVE TH' DRAFT BOARD ON YOUR NECK. IMBITTER YOU AGAINST ME AND OTHER FACULTY. FURTHER WIDEN THE GENERATION GAP. TURN YOU AGAINST THE ESTABLISHMENT, GOD, COUNTRY AND SOCIETY — BUT, I'VE DECIDED TO RISK IT."

Faculty Column Just Between Us Girls

By PEGGY TOFTDAHL

Mrs. Toftdahl is currently the coordinator for Information and Publications at LBCC. She has recently completed the slide productions "Here Are The Answers," and "A Very Special Place" to be shown this month to the public. She has worked for a local newspaper (answering a "Male Help Wanted" ad) and has also worked as a Merchandising Manager for a metropolitan newspaper.

Are you looking forward to a challenging career in a man's world?

Surviving in a man's occupation takes a lot of doing — constant learning and adjusting, not always connected professionally with the occupation! Begin by being realistic. Accept a few ground rules.

First of all, your beginning pay scale will usually (not always) be less than men holding the same or similar position. For years the majority of employed women were not the major breadwinners and agreed to work for less.

Whatever the justification of variance in pay scales . . . (a firm may be forced to hire a woman to fill a man's shoes because of budget limitations) . . . overlook the occupational hazards and toughen up!

After all, we women do have a few advantages!

Take the skirt. Wear it well . . . whatever your fashion preference! Pant suits are fun, but to those who advocate wearing the pants either at work or at home, I'd like to recall what a former boss of mine used to say: "It's amazing what a skirt can accomplish!"

Remain feminine without being obnoxiously so! Feminine intuition is an ace up your sleeve. (You may think it's just that natural "feel" you have for your job!)

Employ that age-old technique of ego-building (complimenting his efforts while playing down your own). It's the old "soft-sell" subtle method — time consuming, but effective! Gradually the men with whom you're working may come to realize that even a woman can be pretty sharp . . . at times!!

Equality will come with the acceptance of your professional abilities — commanding respect without demanding it.

If your plans include being a wife and mother, you must

be able to "forget" most family responsibilities during office hours. It will take 100 percent of your concentration to keep pace with your profession!

You don't have to function less effectively in either role — you just have to be more organized than the average homemaker. Plan ahead for emergencies, meals, and appointments. (Few men take time off for a case of the measles, or are late to work because of a tardy sitter!)

Here are a few tips to remember if you're serious about landing a man's job:

1. Eliminate emotionalism! Forget that women cry when under pressure, or have monthly blues. Be aware that women's emotions are different than men's, but that you, (if you are going to succeed in this man's world), must overcome these emotional differences. (Think how ugly mascara is when it smears!)

Men can raise their voices and pound their desks. Don't do that, either!

2. Don't compete with men! Work with them. You'll need cooperation and teamwork to succeed — not because you're a woman, but because you're a professional in your field.

3. Accept criticism. Even unfair criticism! As an equal, you'll have to be able to take it on the chin without flinching. (If you must flinch, do it privately.)

Here's a tough one.

4. Accept the double standard. You'll never be one of the boys — don't ever hope to be treated like one. You're a girl — enjoy it.

It's true that women are a professional minority and often subject to discrimination. But demanding equality won't earn it for you.

Let's face it, girls . . . Equality in this men's world? You must be kidding!!

But, would you really want it any other way? It's great being a girl!

MONDAY MORNING

By A STRICKEN REPORTER

Help, I'm being held prisoner in the Student Government Office!

"Ladies and Gentlemen — Flash — one of the COMMUTER's reporters has been kidnapped by these fiendish cutthroats — the student officers. For on-the-spot coverage we bring you now to the Stricken Reporter. How do you feel, Stricken Reporter?"

"I'm fine now. They were putting me through some horrid tortures there for awhile."

"Just what type of tortures do those moral deviates use?"

"They are actually quite ingenious. After seeing the imagination and creativity they use on tortures, I can see why they were elected to office. They combined practicality with good taste in a stunning paper clip iron maiden. While I'll admit the fit was a bit snug, it was flattering."

"My, that sounds absolutely fascinating. Any other blood searing tortures?"

"For while they were concentrating their attention on the Voodoo dolls."

"What Voodoo dolls?"

"They have exact replicas of various uncooperative faculty members and around finals time they charge students \$1.00 to stick a pin in any of the dolls."

"Is this the source of student funds?"

"Oh, dear, they're having some sort of argument. They've decided to settle it with a lottery. No doubt the loser will be subjected to some macabre torture. No, it's worse than I thought, the loser has to write the "Active Student."

"Tell me, Stricken Reporter, why did they kidnap you?"

"Well, you see, elections are tomorrow and they all wanted me to vote for them."

Tail Feathers

Dear Editor:

I feel that your article "LBCC Sponsored Program Fails" in the March 1, 1971 issue of THE COMMUTER was erroneous saying there programs have failed.

Financially these programs may not have reached the expectancies, but we cannot expect anywhere near complete financial return until LBCC is recognized by the public as a place where fine entertainment is offered.

As for attendance, not until we are recognized by the public will we receive large crowds.

I do feel though, that all presentations should be made in LBCC Student Center even if over capacity crowds are expected.

It must be remembered that LBCC as yet does not have the funds to support any well known entertainers or any place to put on such entertainment.

Steven H. Sprenger

Editor's note: Letters to the editor are accepted through Monday of publications week. We will print all letters as they are received but we reserve the right to omit any unsigned letters. A limit of one type-written page is requested. We encourage our readers to utilize available space for printing their comment on any worthwhile subject.

Students Question Convicts On Life Sentences

Monday, March 8th, LBCC presented a convocation featuring two convicts from the Oregon State Penitentiary. Mr. Jim Bishop and Mr. Dale Allred are both serving "life" sentences for armed robbery. Mr. G. Hanley Barker, Community Service Coordinator for the Oregon State Penitentiary, explained that "life" in Oregon is ten years with the possibility of parole at that time with good behavior.

Questions from the floor ranged from what life is like behind bars to "wouldn't it be beneficial to pull a robbery and receive an education behind bars." Mr. Bishop, who answered the latter question, pointed out the disadvantages of receiving one's education within the walls of prison. He mentioned that cons are watched

in every aspect of life (in the lavatories, chow lines, showers, sleeping, etc) and the stigma society has placed on the ex-con — the answer was "think before you try it."

When questioned, in a special interview for THE COMMUTER, on the recent "sit-down strike" within the Oregon State Penitentiary, all three representatives reported that the so called "riots" were merely devices used by the news media to sell newspapers. Mr. Bishop, one of the cons, said, "there were about 120 men in the segregated area involved in the destruction of toilet facilities . . . there was no mention of the 1100 cons who carried out their duties as normal. It was merely a sensational item blown out of

proportion by the press." Mr. Barker added, "The thinking cons were not engaged in the activities reported by the press."

Such presentations as the one held here at LBCC are sponsored by the Oregon State Penitentiary throughout the state. About twenty such appearances are held each month at schools, colleges, and community organizations. The "cons" are picked at random from the members of the various clubs sponsored by the penitentiary. The men chosen to represent the institution have no stipulations placed on what they can say in public. Mr. Dale Allred noted that the present program is a product of the demands from the "cons" and the citizens of Oregon after the 1968 prison riot.

Packwood Visits



Students listen as Senator Packwood informs them on the developments of the SST and why he opposes the program.

Senator Robert Packwood addressed 250 students at LBCC on March 4 in the Student Center, followed by a question and answer period on a variety of topics.

Despite many of the Senator's duties being divided among members of his staff, thirteen hour days are not uncommon. Packwood said that commuting twenty miles a day is a necessity to avoid placing his family in the crime laden atmosphere of the Capitol. Packwood said "at least half" of his staff of twenty had been criminally attacked in some way during his stay in the Capitol.

The leisurely attitude of Congress most irritates Senator Packwood. The seniority system and the filibuster were felt to contribute most to this "lack of imminence" in accom-

plishing needed legislation.

The question and answer period was dominated by questions on the SST. Representatives from Wah Chang were present and questioned Packwood as to why he opposed continued government support of the SST program. Packwood said the SST "will cost between two and three billion dollars in federal taxpayer's money to get that plane to the stage where it will fly . . ." Senator Packwood felt there were much higher priorities for that money, such as improving the present airline system.

Senator Packwood, on a ten day tour of Oregon, was unable to stay and answer all the questions that were raised, but said he hopes to return to LBCC before another year goes by.

Election Results

PRESIDENT	VOTES	PERCENT
Scott	206	80.4
LeMarte	40	15.6
Other		4.0

1st VICE	VOTES	PERCENT
Hartung	136	53.1
Keenan	107	41.7
Other		5.2

2nd VICE	VOTES	PERCENT
Huber	141	55.0
Sorenson	91	35.5
Other		9.5

SECRETARY	VOTES	PERCENT
Bell	214	83.5
Other		16.5

TREASURER	VOTES	PERCENT
Miller	227	88.6
Other		11.4

SENATOR	VOTES	PERCENT
Smith	119	46.4
Foster	169	66.0
Bandonis	99	38.9
McWhirter	97	38.5
Broadwater	84	32.8
Draper	68	26.5

Activities Of Interest

APRIL:

5 — Film: "The Restless Sea," Schafer Lounge, continuous showing, 2 p.m. on.

7 — Film: "The Design Makers," Schafer Lounge, continuous showing from noon on.

9 — Frisbee Festival, College Center, 3 p.m.

11 - 17 — Earth Week.

12 — Slide presentation, title and time to be announced.

13 — Vote, LBCC budget, local polls will be open from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

14 — Coffee Concert, Guy Caravan, folksinger, in the Commons starting at 1 p.m.

15 - 17 — OCCSA Convention at Sun River, Oregon.

17 — OSU concert featuring Arlo Guthrie, at the Gill Coliseum, 8 p.m.

21 — Film: "The Committee," Schafer Lounge, 9:30 a.m. - 2 & 7 p.m.

24 - 25 — Student Government Retreat, Sand Dunes Motel, at Lincoln City, Oregon.

26 — OSU Concert featuring the GE Orchestra of Amsterdam at Gill Coliseum, 8 p.m.

28 — Coffee Concert, Folksingers Shelly and Sandy, 10 a.m. in Schafer Lounge.

30 — OSU Concert featuring Dionne Warwick at Gill Coliseum, 8 p.m.



CLUB NEWS

LIT CLUB:

Due to the conflicting election speeches planned for 12:00 on March 8, the Literature club held an alternate meeting on Wednesday, March 3rd, in the seminar room. It was decided that the graffiti boards would be placed in the rest rooms during the spring term. Elections of permanent officers will also be held at the beginning of spring term. In order to help

out Student Government, the club formed a committee to take over the publication of the Active Student.

ECOLOGY CLUB

The Ecology club is holding a natural foods bake sale. Only natural foods will be sold. The sale will start in the Student Center at 11:30 a.m. on Monday, March 15.

Inquiring Reporter:

What type of music would you like to have played in the Student Center?



MONA KLINE — I prefer country western myself. A good station for that type of music is the station located in Springfield. Sometimes the music is played a little too loud and it just adds to the level of noise.



HARVEY SCOTT — I would like to see a station that would satisfy everyone. Unfortunately this is not possible. Perhaps a different station each day would satisfy a greater percentage of our students.



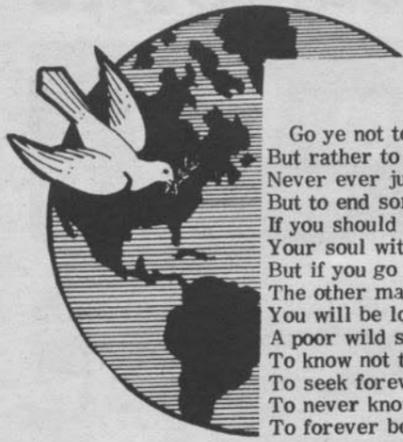
DORIS TAFOYA — I like country western but I don't know of any particular station I'd like to hear. People have different opinions and tastes for music, so you really should have a variety of music and stations.



JIM PRUEPT — I think a variety of music works best. They've been doing a pretty good job as it is now. There's a variety of music. I prefer KGAL over any other station.



BRENDA KINION — They should play what the majority of the students like. Some station like KGAL would be the most likely station for a good type of music that would please most of the students.



WAR

Go ye not to war to kill
But rather to right a wrong your will
Never ever just to take a life
But to end some terrible strife
If you should go to war this way
Your soul with you will forever stay
But if you go only because you hate
The other man because of countries sake
You will be lost forever to your home
A poor wild soul that will forever roam
To know not the love of a family
To seek forever some tranquility
To never know of a real true love
To forever be a vulture instead of a dove

JJ

There's times when I feel
that I am a freshly painted wall.
Bright and cheerful — perhaps different
But look closely and you will
find the new coat thin.
The bleak past color shows through.

cmb

By JIM BRICK

Who are we, really, but strangers;
cast upon the beach
sharing our piteous garments
each with each;
a bit of whimsey
a touch of lace;
precious garments salvaged
from some other time and place.

When the brink is the edge of
sanity —
Then suicide is
A sane man's answer
A mad man's whimsy.

Jean Hammel

RESURRECTION



Winter is all around us
Icy fingers hold us in their grasp
Yet there is hope
For in a sheltered nook
The gallant Daffodil raises a pregnant stem
Full of the promise
Of golden beauty
That will not be denied

ELENA

Literary

I can hear you next door
mingling with other happy voices
while inside me there is an empty feeling.

I sit here
hoping you might tire of others
and come to me.

But if you did I could not tell you how I feel.
I could only talk of unimportant things
the weather or the movie in the theatre this week.

I wish I had the guts
to walk right in and grab your arm
and claim you as mine

But I won't
I'll just sit here thinking of how it would be
if you were here
and let the loneliness eat away inside

B.P.T.



Supplement

Man says "let me make this perfectly clear"
Yet he speaks through mud.

Man speaks of peace
Yet he raises more money for war.

Man promotes "Clean-up, Paint-up, Fix-up week"
Yet he leaves his trash on the country-side.

Man is a rational being
Yet his actions judge him insane.

BH



HANDFUL OF JOY

Love is a handful of joy,
And the best way to hold it
is to let it go.

Jean Hammel



The snow has come
Putting the earth to rest

But I still roam
Looking for my snow

BH

Winter Term 1971

I want to look into your
eyes that burn with such
a sympathetic laughter:
that lights my soul.

I want to hear your
voice that says everything
without words: only feeling
which warms my mind.

I want to smell your
body close to mine: inter-
twining citrus with a wild,
yet soft, ocean of trees.

I want to taste your
passion of the moment:
intensely sensating a
void of motion.

I want to touch your
penetrating naturalness
that I can only possess
when you're near.

I want what I can
never have.

Gloria

IN THE DISTANCE

Deep in charcoal space,
within a hollow star,
A singular answer is —
One being the total of all.

To be broke open
The star would pour forth
as an egg,
The yolk in the form of the earth
And space and sky the white

Then will unfold a flower —
Then fields of flowers,
Nature's profusion —
her idiosyncracies

Unfolding as it all has before,
Till we come again to the hollow star,
Which has by now
Turned itself inside out,
Performed infinity's

flip-flop.

Jean Hammel

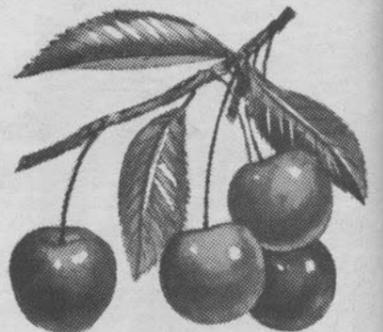
DALENE

The shadows of our minds
meet
and become one

The darkness disappears
and
becomes the day

My mind is yours
and yours is mine
If even for a minute.

BH



KIND SUITOR

Are you suitor to my love,
little man,
Or to my mind?

Would you rape my
knowledge?

Please take what virgin
love I have,
And leave me to my soul.

Jean Hammel



Sadly a parting poem
I left my mother
Concealed I heard her cry
Remembering my brother.

This same short message
given to my dad
Left him melancholy —
I almost thought him glad.

Silently, with note in hand
I stood before my wife
Forever a bond will join us
Within her a new life.

I handed still another copy
This time to my priest
He prayed for my salvation
and damnation to the East.

With your attention held, dear friends
I now relate my tale
For under guise of poem is:
The Curse of an American Male.

A soldier in the army
Uncle Sam now says I am
Fear of short life frightens me
As I leave for Vietnam.

But do not shed your tears now
Save them for a future date
When I ascend the Ladder
For the simple reason: Hate.

cmb

LET THERE BE

Imagine nothing,
a space without stars,

There are no clouds,
no dust particles,
not even air.

Nothing but a blackness,
not dark,

Just empty —
void —
blackness

Then suddenly,
a flash
Cuts across the blackness,
And the open b
And the open wound bleeds

light.

Jean Hammel



FIRE

It's warm and pleasant
in a fire place or stove.
It cooks our meals and keeps us
keeps us warm when we
are cold. It seems to
be always reaching up
to consume as a giant
hand.

But out of hand in
home or forest where there
there is more to burn
than what is considered
fair, a fire becomes a monster
monster to contain and
fight with all your might
and brain and heart. Oh
stop this terrible menace
menace soon or it will
consume us all. So hurry
put it out before you
must yell the most
feared cry, in all our
our land, ever heard.

J.J.

VOID

Ocean yearning,
Beyond the sea,
To see beyond the sea.
Me

Crashing wave,
Crumbling rocks,
People
Passing on.

Standing, looking,
Caring staring,
For what
I know not.

JOHN R. WHEELER



I went walking in the rain again today.
I walk alone sometimes
to clear my mind and put myself straight again.

There is a stillness all around.
Only the soft falling of the rain
and rustling of leaves breaks the silence.

In the stillness,
standing alone
it came to me —
I am lonely.

It's the feeling that no one cares,
who I am or how I feel,
that hurts the most.

Even the rainbow
arching across the cloudy sky
offers no comfort.
For the beauty of a rainbow is for sharing.

All it takes is a kind face,
or a friendly touch,
to drive the loneliness away.

But only for a little while.
It always returns
to eat away some more.

This lonely feeling will keep on tearing at me
until I find someone who really cares
and keeps on caring.

Forever.

B.P.T.



REQUIUM

Leaf, like and unlike billions
lying on the sand . . .
Life (leaving, briefly found)
was clear and thrilling.
Time trod upon you, tilling
in the fields of mind:
God, winding dreams sublime,
holds you in His hand.

Gary Keenan



THINE AID TO VICTORY

Dear Lord, in these days of darkness,
Of sorrow and despair —
Help us, to find the way
To lighten "his" burden "over there".

Help us to give him courage —
Set his morale at a new high
Seek the good set by Him.
Keep His banner in the sky.

Dear Lord we ask Thee in this day
Give them strength to fight to win
Give them knowledge help them pray
A new world to begin.

Cause that love shall filter in
Where greed and hate have been
Cause that peace shall soon reign
And our boys come home again.

With our banner on display
To wave the whole world over
Thine, be the glory all the day
Thine hand did bring use over

We thank Thee for Thy blessings
For Thy kind and tender care
We ask Thee now to guide us to
victory
And scatter Thy peace everywhere.

With Thine arms around us, Thy
spirit to guide us
With strength to crush the foe
We'll be victorious, Thy name ever
glorious
We'll be guided by Thee where-
ever we go.

Faye Fryer

THE FALL OF THE WATCHERS

The dust-spewn seas lie covered with waste
Darkness covers the night sky
The stars are silent, waiting in fear
The 4l Watchers are soon to appear.

The leader is one who carries the staff;
The staff of iniquity, terror, and war.
His eyes are like darkest midnight
His robe is pale white; sinned with red snow.
His shoes are blackened with dust of the road;
The road of sorrow, of sadness, and tears.

The leader turns to his faithful second
Who is pale with fear and terror of death.
The second's brown eyes look down the path;
The path of endless toil
Which must soon lead
To final destruction of endless peril.

Far distant, he hears the soul-wrenching cries;
The cries of carrion crows.
The second shudders and turns to his men;
The men who lie and deceive and desert.
Many are gone, fled into night
For they have heard the wailful sound
And have seen carrion crows
Light upon the ground.

Among those men who have now gone,
Only eleven remain.
Men with brave hearts
Yet fearful of death.

The Watchers have fallen,
Though 12 still follow
Their leader who always advances,
And never retreats.

The leader goes on ahead
To clear the path of destruction
His hope is yet here
But it whispers despair.

The carrion crows stand in his way
With an attempt to block his path
But he motions them away
With his black onyx staff;
The staff of iniquity, terror, and war.

The fall of the Watchers
Is now complete
Their doom is now written:
Nor must they sleep
But follow forever until when tomorrow
They reach the end of the path
Which leads to final destruction of endless peril.

The stars appear in the sky
Where the Watchers have been
No longer must they be silent in fear
For the Watchers have gone
And peace is now here.

Paige Willows



Be kind upon my heart, oh death.
Strike me swiftly, leaving no pain.
Sleepless nights bring thoughts of sorrows
into my mind. Thunders strike bringing rain
to prick my heart with a sting of poison.
Yet time conquers the latter. Seeping it
into my mind bringing worries for tomorrows.
Be kind upon my heart, oh death.
I fear taking my life for
I want to be heaven bound.
Bring the silence of the sound
into my mind for
Then would I smile upon your face.

Mark Tschabald

Hiking Oregon's Skyline Trail

By JIM HAYNES

Just north of Benson Plateau, one can easily view Mt. Adams, Mt. Saint Helens, and Mt. Rainier proudly standing across the Columbia River Gorge in Washington State. Thereafter, traveling south, one quickly picks up the grandeur of majestic Mt. Hood, stretching ever so high as to occasionally hide its white crown behind passing clouds. The breathtaking view of high grass country such as this is not easy to come by.

In the middle of August, 1970, I, along with a friend, set out from the Herman Creek Work Center, located on the Columbia River Gorge just east of the Bridge of the Gods. Our goal was to hike the Oregon Skyline Trail, a distance of 400 miles. The weeks of planning and preparation reflected our growing interest in a natural life we felt so much a part of, yet seldom came so close to as on a wilderness trip such as this.

To get to Benson Plateau, we had to make a six mile climb out of the Columbia River Gorge. On the map it looked like a fairly easy climb. On the trail, however, it looks and feels straight up.

Jay, a friend I had met only a few months before, and I started the climb out. Before long sweat streaked our faces and swollen blood vessels told of a hard workout in the face of a day getting hotter with each step. Muscles, long dormant, came to life crying of their torture.

Look, Jay! I thought to myself half way up the mountain side. "Coke trees. Real 12 ounces hanging on them limbs." But when I stopped to pick one of those commercially relied upon thirst quenchers, they disappeared. I settled for a drink of water from a canteen that was now on the empty side of the half-way mark and then proceeded up the slope. We were eight miles from our starting point before we found a small campsite and a sign indicating water a quarter mile from there. Fatigued, we pulled our packs off and hobbled down the trail leading to a small draw to fill our canteens before dark.

Thick clouds settled on us during the night and we thus started our second day threatened by rain. Cool winds and broken clouds were predominate all the way to Wahtum Lake, 7 miles from our campsite. Wahtum was much larger

than we thought it would be. Its size, a good camping area, and the fact that the weather was still uncertain led us to the decision of staying there for several hours. We fished until late that afternoon, enjoying more the idea of wading than anything else. Jay, especially, wanted to soak his feet; he had blisters the size of silver dollars on both of his heels, blisters that in ninety more miles would be much worse than either of us realized at that time.

We left Wahtum Lake late that afternoon and hiked four miles to Indian Springs Campground and spent the night. It was the morning of the third day that revealed to us a canyon over a thousand feet deep, reaching from the gorge we had just left two days before, stretching out in front of us several miles until it finally faded into the dense forest that constantly surrounded us. We were nearly on top now, however, and could travel the ridge of the canyon with relative ease.

Walking became easier that day and we covered the 17 miles leading to Bald Mountain, our next stopover, at the fantastic rate of 3 miles an hour, our maximum for the trip. For lunch we had stopped at the Lost Lake cut-off and feasted on wild blueberries along with our meal.

Bald Mountain had the only shelter we used during the trip. After setting up our camp there, I hiked another half mile up to the top where I found the ruins of a Forest Service lookout tower. Not long ago, especially in remote areas, the Forest Service built towers on high mountains which overlooked important drainages and forest lands. Today, many of these towers have been abandoned, others destroyed. Aircraft are now used as firewatches in their place.

The guard that once served that area must hold many fond memories. For here one faces directly Mt. Hood and the huge glaciers that serve as a starting point for the Sandy River. Melting snows and ice formed decades earlier send waterfalls cascading down dips and crevices of the 11,250 foot mountain in a spectacular array of horsetails detailed in rainbow coloring. "Why east," the Indians used to call Mt. Hood, a name peculiar to the legend of the Puyallups and used as an identification marker on one point of our map.

The next morning we headed for Paradise Park ten miles away, much of it uphill. The sky had cleared during the night and by noon Jay and I were shedding clothes every hour, first a coat, then a long sleeve shirt, until finally our packs pressed hard against the thin fabric of just our tee shirts. A Ranger we later met on the trail informed us that it was 86 degrees at 1:00 p.m. that day. Hot, for high grass country.

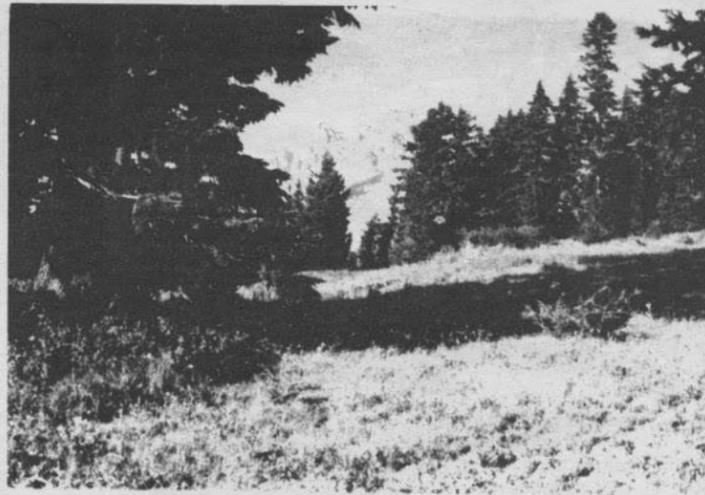
Sweat trickled down our backs by the time we had descended Bald Mountain to where we crossed the Sandy River. Earlier in the season we would have had quite a time making the crossing because of high water. Now, however, the river was well down and we crossed with ease. After a quick lunch and the unforgettable treat of putting our burning feet in the cool waters of a nearby tributary of the Sandy River, we began the ascension to Paradise Park.

Wonders never cease. Having been caught before with low water rations, Jay and I both realized we had forgotten to fill up the canteens during our stop. But inspection of our map led us to believe that we would run across a spring not far up the trail. And we did. From the looks of once washed rocks and the dry brush bordering the spring, we surmized it must have gone underground several weeks before we started the trip. "Go easy on your water, Jay," I said. And we proceeded up the slope.

But even careful rations of water quickly drained the canteens. By the time we were half way up the mountainside we were quenching our thirst with huckleberries that intermittently dotted the trail. But nothing could have beaten a cool drink of water after that first hour of going without any. It was several hours after we left the Sandy River before we finally found a small spring with water in it. I can still recall my first drink and the words, "thank you, little spring," I spoke after that cotton feeling had cleared from my throat. When I later asked Jay to help me he said, "Help with what?" "Why I'm going to take this spring home, you dummy!" And after a good laugh we filled our canteens — full.

The view from Paradise Park is awe inspiring. Paradise is located at the edge of the timberline, well over 6,000 feet up the side of Mt. Hood. Meadows abound there and during our visit they were blessed with bunches of Mountain Daisey, Indian Paintbrush, Red Fox, and many other bright and delicate wildflowers. After a sponge bath in the snow fed waters that run through the park and a lengthy search for firewood for the coming night, we waded through the miniature forests of the meadows for hours, climbing, finally, a mound which overlooked the park and gave us a fantastic view of the setting sun. We both felt that day to be as complete as any we had lived, and we lay awake for hours that night talking of ways to save our vast empire for other generations.

We didn't make an early morning departure as we usually did, for to linger in the beauty of late summer in high grass country like that of Paradise brought feelings words can never convey. We were spoiled for the moment and we knew it. Before leaving



Mt Hood as seen through the opening of a meadow on the south end of the trail. Meadows surrounded by the invading evergreens were plentiful throughout the trip.

the park I happened to mention to a Ranger how I thought Mt. Hood got to be where it was. "What do you mean?" he said. And I pointed to a huge overhang just off to one side of the head of the canyon that a little creek flows down from and there, still in the shadows hiding from the early morning sun, were two gigantic horseshoe indentations on the side on the mountain. The Ranger just grinned. Jay and I left for Zigzag Canyon, our next hike.

The side trail ends at Little Crater Lake Meadows, at the edge of which sits the lake. The setting is as much as any Thoreau enthusiast could ask for. Near the edges of the meadow the changing colors of the deciduous trees are contrasted beautifully against the sanctuary of invading and enfolding evergreens. Hawks circling the northern end of the meadow and the occasional chirp of playful squirrels lent themselves well to this new world. And as Jay and I walked across the floor of the sun-baked meadow, the reflection of cool blue-grey water sent tingles up our spines signifying the great warmth this oasis radiated for us. It was another kind of Paradise.

That night we slept so close to the little lake we thought we could hear the water coming out of the springs that serve as its genesis. But that couldn't be, for they are many tens of feet below the surface. Yet at 2 o'clock the next morning the springs reached up and grabbed us. We thought we were goners for sure. No, it wasn't from the lake at all, we discovered, only field mice scampering across our sleeping bags creating, in the still of that moon lit night, horrendous sound effects that sent the mind in search of calmness while the body went into panic. "Shoo, Tom! Jerry's comin' after you."

The crackling of white frost on our sleeping bags spooked the deer that were browsing twenty feet from us when we woke up at dawn's first light the next morning. Rolling over in the bags must have sounded like a sonic boom to those leaping bounding creatures that came looking for breakfast. Too late for a picture, we watched them head into the forest, invading and enfolding as it were. Later that day, we followed.

Next water 8 miles, read the sign on the trail leading out of Clackamas Lake. We had been on the trail several hours and had just finished taking our lunch break when we spotted the sign. We realized it meant a three to four hour walk in the heat of the day. Unlike the hike up to Paradise several days before, we both checked our canteens before heading out.

Fortunately, the trail was good walking through this area; much of it even new. In 1920,

when the Oregon Skyline Trail was first established, it was made up of a combination of trails going, often enough, from one side of the mountains to the other. Today, it is positioned near or on the backbone of the Cascades almost all of the way. The trail covers nearly 400 miles in Oregon at altitudes of 4,000 to 7,100 feet. It is connected with a like trail in Washington and California forming what is called the Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail, totaling 2,350 miles in length. When we came to the meager 4 mile point of this no water area we put down our packs and walked to the north side of West Pinhead Butte for an exceptional view of Mt. Hood. It was there that the irony of the situation took over. The view not only includes Mt. Hood but nearly all of the upper portion of the huge Clackamas River Drainage. Literally hundreds of little springs give birth to the rivers and streams of that area. They lay hidden in the cover of earth we stood on, and very far away. Before taking a sip from my canteen I poured a few ounces of water on the far side of a high rock, watching, as it were, the water run down and spring forth towards me.

"Rocks! Watch out for falling rocks when you start up the other side," warned a north-bound traveler. And we began the long descent into Zigzag Canyon losing, to be sure, more than a thousand feet in elevation for a gain of about 3 times as much in a straight line forward. I thought my turned under toes would pop out of my boots with each step. So narrow was the canyon at its bottom that we crossed it in a matter of a few seconds, and then made our way up the other side in steps so hard earned, we nearly forgot the purpose of our trip. Of course it was a pleasure trip. But Jay dropped the pleasure, tripping, for the most part, at regular intervals over the rocks.

Later, the Skyline Trail came within a few hundred yards of Oregon's well known Timberline Lodge. It was there that we caught our breath over lunch and replenished the first aid kits with things used up for Jay's blisters. They weren't any better by then, but Jay said they weren't any worse either. So we headed for Barlow Pass and the Twin Lakes that lay beyond. Barlow Road was the first road built over the Cascade Range. Though that was in 1845, we felt we had been a part of it all. We paused, looking at a few high strung motorists speeding by as we stood at the edge of the roadway, then disappeared into the forest on the other side.

Nine miles and many stopovers after we left Paradise, we arrived at Twin Lakes. The

(cont. page 7, col. 1)



Jay and I pose next to our favorite type of sign. Water was often scarce on the trail. Days were hot, yet the nights were often cold, sometimes freezing.

SKYLINE TRAIL

(continued from page 6)

upper lake we found to be deeper than the lower, thus making it much colder. And so we set up camp at the lower one, having two thoughts in mind: fishing and washing. Laundry day had arrived and we had somehow decided to mix it with fishing. Naturally, we fished first. But afterwards we stretched some rope around several trees and, Indian fashion, began to pound and knead our dirty wear in a perfect primitive manner; new shorts had holes in them, old ones were thrown away; shirts had crushed buttons, the zippers on pants became a safety pins new home; and by the time it was all hanging up drying in the afternoon sun I was skinny-dipping, unbeknown to me, to the sight and delight of a freshly arrived family in from Barlow Pass. Darn! I even washed my last pair of cut-offs. No wonder laundry day is scorned by so many.

After a late rise and huckle-berry pancakes, we started for Little Crater Lake, some ten miles southward from us and another half mile off of the regular trail. The final portion of the trail to Little Crater Lake takes one through ever-green forests distinctly proud with giants. Several trees we estimated to be more than seven feet through at the base, and the bark on many of them was so deep I could hide the length of my hand between the yellow-brown ridges of the furrows.

It had been a good day to that point. We had covered a lot of ground in less time than ever before. But when we reached the campgrounds we had foreseen as our stopover for the night, we found great disappointment. Huge horseflies attacked in squadrons. We would fight off a bunch of them only later to find a marauding loner invading the back of necks, chins, and other long distant places. The campground itself smelled of horses and the garbage left by the carelessness of those who aspire to the more easily accessible places. There was a road nearby and along its edges, like those of the campground, grew Kleenex flowers. Tired, we continued the hike towards Mt. Jefferson, now dominating the skyline in front of us.

We didn't realize it at the time, but that day was to become our last for hiking. We finished it out by going on in to Olallie Lake, a total of 23 miles from where we started that morning. By the time we got to the lake, "Blisters" had only two speeds left, slow and stop. The sores on Jay's heels had broken open and were bleeding profusely when he reached the lake. We both felt the impending end of our trip.

Two days went by before Jay accepted his fate. He could not hike the remaining 280 miles of the trail. And so we fished, fearlessly cornered hellgram-ites under rocks near the edge of the lake, and thought about the treasure of the high grass country.

Wrote Thoreau a hundred years ago, "In wilderness is the preservation of the world." How true. Winter season, yet unaffected by man's pollution, would come to preserve this vanishing world in just a few weeks. Snow, the gentle sound of stillness, would soon invade to protect and insure a while longer our next high grass adventure.

SEEKER

I go there to walk my rounds
and check that things are growing;
To see if Lady Nature's busy
keeping things a-growing.
I go there to visit her,
to make my fond advances
to the tune of sparrow-peeps
and wind upon the branches.
Soft, we speak of beauty
as the gray deer slowly passes,
wending through the buck-brush
on her way to hidden grasses;
Hushed, we stand together
listening, trying not to quiver,
trying to discern the voices
mumbling in the river . . .
What then, ask you, do I seek
by leaving towns behind?
What is there in the lonely wood
a man could hope to find?
. . . himself . . .

Gary Keenan

What A Racket!

Sometimes Pd like to play tennis,
To get back in the swing of things.
Or maybe something less strenuous,
Cause my racket hasn't any strings.

Jim

FRIENDS

When the sky sings the
refrain to the popular song
that you have written,
the poppies bloom brightly
and smile sweetly.
The first dark clouds hover
above and these red flowers
turn their eyes from you.
But you don't worry for
what really matters is that
you know they are still there.
Late at night, with the shade
lowered past the moon,
the stars have replaced your crutches.
And they find you alone.

cmb

Man
stands alone
Like a tree on the lonely plain
No friend other than himself.

The moment comes
and
goes
He is born of woman
He dies of man.

BH

a leaf just fell

a honeybee passing
was asking the breeze
(most politely) if,
please,
as it traveled around,
had it possibly found
anything
interesting . . .
like clover?
(over there?! O.)
by the spring on the hillside
a grand bunch had managed to
grow . . .
— zzzZzzt.
No fuss —

jus'
honey.

Gary Keenan

I was sitting alone,
lonely
and you came to me.

So few people do you know
and it means a lot to me.

For someone to take the time
to show they care
Can mean the difference between
happiness and despair.

For a time I was happy
and all because of you.
If more people were like you
I could be happy all the time
and have time enough to make others happy too.

So keep on being you
and letting your happiness rub off.
In time it will return ten fold,
Some of it from me.

B.P.T.

BIRD IN THE BUSH

By JIM BRICK

You teach me why
The young men of England
Call their young ladies
Birds.

Slim legs, bright eyes,
And a fluttery disposition
That forages through the trees
Of my mind destroying dragons
And serpents as if they were
But insects and worms.

How anxious I am
To catch you in my hands
And free you from the bushes
Of my mind.

HOW INTRICATE WERE THE GREEKS

By JIM BRICK

How intricate were the Greeks
in threading out a thought:
a Gordius, a Theseus, a labyrinth undone;
Penelope keeps her promise
Odysseus' bow remains unstrung.

Daedalus flying on alone
to a small Sicilian isle,
undoing Minos with a single thread
stranded through a snail.

No, I'm not an Alexander
solving mysteries with a sword;
so I return to Greece
to pick the tangled skein
of ox and men and words
that are buried in the walls,
searching for a thread that's lost
and an Ariadne
to guide me through the halls.

INTEGER

Your soft, sad eyes search deep —
As your arms reach
out
to
keep
Me
within a world of warming paradise.

Our hearts unite as do our minds
Until the one of us
looks
and
finds
That for love to stay
both must sacrifice.

cmb

INSECURITIES

Insecurities,
Flesh tone —
Covered with the grease paint
of shame,
To be performed on a stage
of false truths,
In a drama of childhood
nightmares.

Jean Hammel

My God is ME
and
I am my God
No supernatural being
but
myself
of blood,
flesh,
and tears

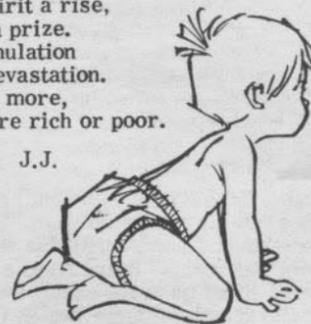
I am my God
and
My God is ME.

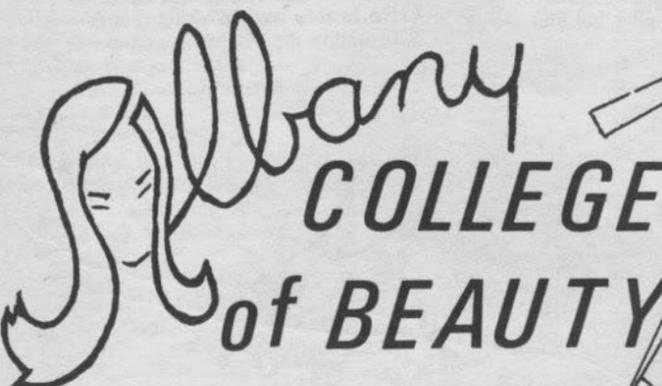
BH

WHAT IS A CHILD?

A bundle of joy?
A fathers best toy?
A package of pain,
On the nerves a strain.
A priceless gift,
To each heart, a lift.
To give the spirit a rise,
To the mind, a prize.
A sweet accumulation
Of complete devastation.
All of this and more,
Whether you are rich or poor.

J.J.





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AGAIN THE SWAN

By JIM BRICK

Called from your sleep,
Called by the dawn;
Barefoot you stand
In the dew of your lawn.

No time for a sweater
Nor robe from the chair:
No time for a kerchief
Tied 'round your hair.

Awake to the wild thing,
The wild goose call;
Awake to the echoes
That live in us all.

Thrashing they come
In hurried insistent flight;
Beating down the fog,
Crashing through the night.

And I see etched in your eyes
The shadows of geese
That cried in the night;
The shadows of geese —
Gone with the light.

Your spirit joined
Those wings of the sky;
Your flannel gown cast to the lawn,
Your naked body lent to the dawn.

Your small nipples breasts
Arched to the great feathered chest;
Crying small womanly cries,
The great webbed feet urgently treading
Your shuddering, surrendering thighs.

Plundered; bruised by the hovering hips,
His dark beak speaks to your passion filled lips;
I must go on, he cries, and limply drops you
From out his thundering skies.

It is over; the moment has passed.
Gone the undulant wedge;
Gone past the willow;
Beyond the private hedge.

The morning's chill
Creeps 'round your thighs;
The wild thing is gone,
Barefoot you stand
In the dew of your lawn.

Alone in the dew of the lawn
You know that Leda's waiting heart
Played its tempting part
In her mating
With her kingly swan.

FRIEND

Strolling down a path on a cool breezy day,
Silence fell all around me.
Melodies had disappeared from the sky,
Seldom was a noise heard from a distant road.
My eyes lifted up to the cloudy sea,
With disregarded figures, which I understood not.

Under the sea were scattered with trees,
Like skeletons with few remains of its meat.
Once a mighty wind gushed around me
Breaking some remains off its limbs.
The leaves tumbled in air, like acrobats in a circus.
But once they struck the earth, they were like Indians.
The sudden breeze made me shiver,
So I pursued my journey way.

Jogging now to keep me warm,
I looked to the East, and I looked to the West,
But silence was still upon me.
Finally my eyes fell to the Earth,
And a lonely friend awaited me.
I could see its face filled with cheer,
As I approached him very near.
When I kicked it with a friendly kick,
Its little smile asked for more.
So I kicked it again!

And again!
And again!
I could hear my own laughter now,
While my friend tumbled in the air.
My spirits were alive again,
As if the sleepiness had gone away.
When my journey was almost ended,
I came upon another stick.
He was richer and better to kick.
It seemed as though God gave him a better life.
As my foot approached the richer one,
Something dazingly went through my head.
Without thinking I kicked my old friend,
And pursued on to my journey end.

Mark Tschabald

My thoughts, they travel often
'long a familiar route
Not knowing why I'm living —
Destined never to find out.

cmb

In sadness we learn things.
In happiness we rejoice in what
we've learned.

Jean Hammel

The Race

It's eight o'clock, the chariots are off,
They fly over wheel tracked roads.
Coffins of steel with seats so soft,
They drive without care or load.

Many will die,
But still they go,
To earn the dollar bill;
Or pleasure still without thoughts of woe,
And views of the countryside.

The soft smooth ride,
The warmth of life,
The music of the ether waves;
Lulls their minds from the twisted steel,
And death's next gory meal.

John R. Wheeler

SINCE SOMEDAY

Soft fawn-eyes reflect my indecision . . .
Hesitation is the ground we walk on,
avoidance is the cup we share.
Go away — don't go — you're too important.

Gary Keenan

FOGBOUND

Evening brings the setting sun,
When the shadows seem to run.
Each one longer than its mate,
As the day grows evening late.
Wind rustles in the leaves,
Birds twitter in the eaves.
Swiftly night captures day,
Thankful mortals kneel and pray.
Softly, where men have trod
Moisture settles on the sod,
The trees, the air, the silent land,
The countless grains of golden sand.
The sea, the sky, the swirling foam,
The weary worker winding home,
The busy street, the noisy town,
The countryside for miles around
Is just as tho it wasn't there,
When fog swallows up the air.
Friends and neighbors near and far,
Might as well be on a star.
The world is now the size of home,
Gone, is forest, land and loam.
I live in this my fogbound place,
Safe within my Father's grace.

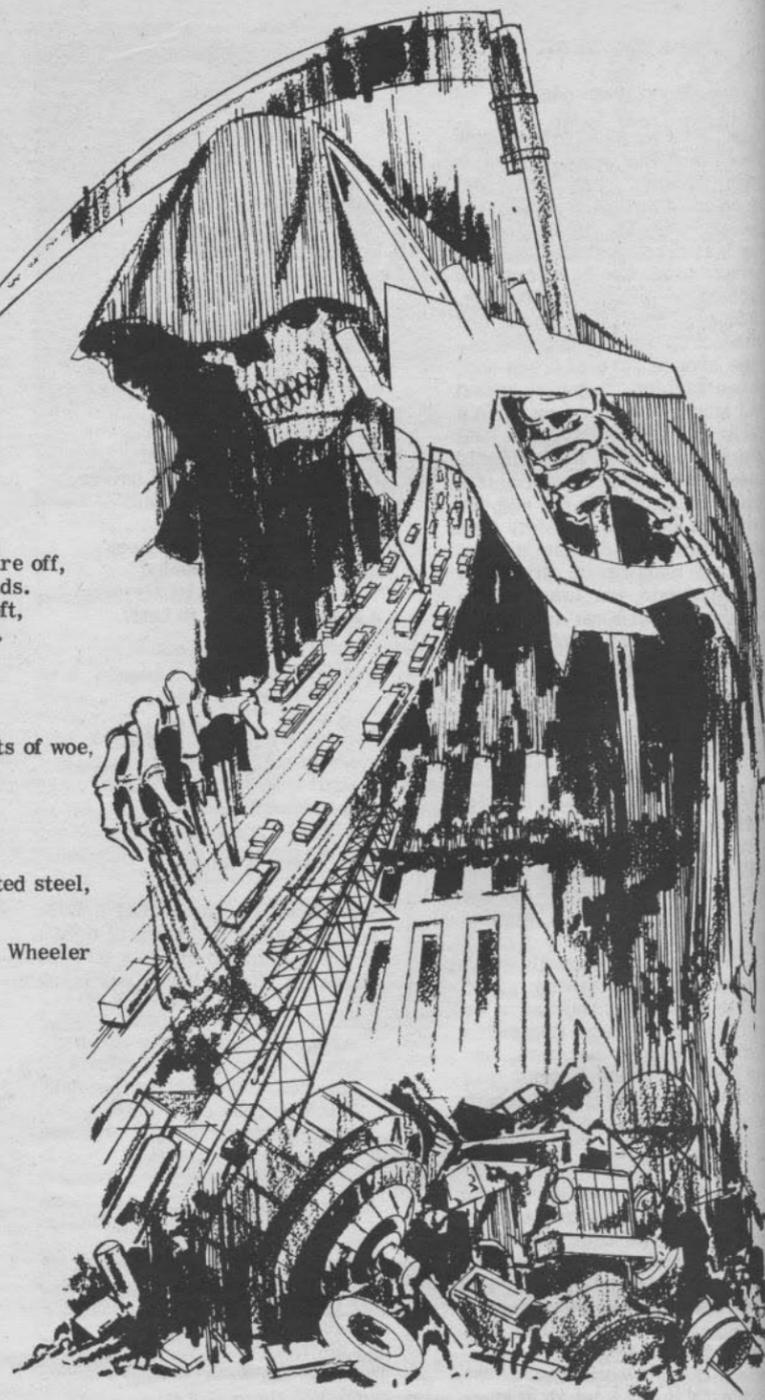
Marie Ross



MICHAEL

To be an angel,
fallen from heaven,
Wingless,
on this hell of an earth.

Jean Hammel



Revision

By ROGER ZIPPLER

The door burst open. A big, ugly man wearing a Watchman's uniform appeared. He mumbled something and motioned me to follow him. I crawled out of my seat, snuffed out my cigarette, and filed down the long dormitory corridor with the guard.

Glancing at my wristwatch, I noticed that the timing was exact. Fumes from room 222 suddenly escaped from underneath the door. I shoved the ugly man, who went sprawling forward into the deadly vapor, then I dug into my pocket and pulled out a specially doctored handkerchief to my nose. The big Watchman lay coughing and gasping on the floor at the threshold of room 222, as I hurdled his body and darted for the window at the end of the dimly illuminated hallway. As I approached the window, I spied the two guards walking their beats.

The second diversionary act was due at any moment now. Like clockwork, the Recreation Hall blew up into shambles, scattering debris all over the yard. Flames swirled from the fallen building and a general alarm sounded. The marching guards, several hundred feet from the explosion, were hurled to the earth and rendered unconscious. Quickly looking down the corridor, I saw that the ugly guard, no longer gasping, laid still on the floor.

Smashing the glass out of its frame with the heel of my boot, I then bailed out of the window and fell three stories to the ground. Machine gun fire rocketed above my head. I was spotted. Bullets zipped all around me as I sprinted across the courtyard in search of safety.

"Get that damn agitator," bellowed the guard from the look-out tower. His rapid fire weapon pierced gashes into the outer walls of the room in which I took refuge.

Six more watchmen trotted into the yard and torpedooed my shelter with jackets of lead. One found its mark and ripped the flesh of my right arm. The blast sent me tumbling by some desks as the blood dyed my shirt sleeve a dark red.

The side wall of the room crumpled after a barrage of grenades leveled it. Smoke filled the area and plaster from the ceiling sprinkled a white mist over the compartment. The guards stormed through the newly formed cavity, kicking chairs and tables that obstructed their paths.

Rifle muzzles, soaked with the sickening smell of gun powder, were lodged in my face. The Watchmen grinned in content as they roughly tugged at my broken body and hauled me to my feet.

"The dean wants this one alive," one of them said.

An outburst of laughter echoed in the background.

SHINE YOUR LIGHT ON ME

It is raining,
The tear drops cried a million years,
By souls
Of children, too young to understand their fears.
Some have no food,
Some have no clothes,
Some are sick,
Some insane.
They hurt, they cry
And who answers from the darkness of their world?
Where is their mother?
Who is their father?
Will they ever know a warm untortured day?
"Alone," cry their souls,
"And this is how your life will always be."
It is hailing,
The cold unknowing hearts of children leaving home.
It is youth,
By hearts, turned old by unyielding foes.
They will not cry.
They only search
Still alone,
They don't go home.
They search, not knowing
What it is they seek to find. Will no one show them?
Can we not help
By being kind?
The night falls on a child upon the warf.
No sun is left.
In his life, it can not rise to change the night.
It is stormy,
Young minds and souls tossed and dying.
The lives,
Of youth, no longer seeking, no longer trying.
There are so many
They, they pledge.
Lose their life
Then part again.
They seek a life
Unknown, in others just like them. No love is found.
Do they know the way?
Can they make a home,
These children who have always been alone?
Can cold winds warm,
These icy seas who toss in turmoil eternally?
It is snowing.
Winter is set, cold in the aging untold.
Still they are,
Children lost and alone, wishing for something.
What can they hold?
Their children, their friends?
The drinks,
The drugs?
These are all gone.
Isn't there anything they themselves can own?
Is this a life?
Is this all we find?
Storms throughout your inner mind, until
Winter takes the heart,
And kills a life that's never been set free.
It is warm,
Some people have a warmth they cling to.
They have a light.
Like sunshine I have seen them shine, but only when
They let it glow.
Is this so right,
Is it so kind,
To keep the sun inside?
Why so selfish
Are these friends, if they don't let the sunshine out?
How can others

Terry Crocker

I want to look into your
eyes that burn with such
a sympathetic laughter:
that lights my soul.

I want to hear your
voice that says everything
without words: only feeling
which warms my mind.

I want to smell your
body close to mine: inter-
twining citrus with a wild,
yet soft, ocean of trees.

I want to taste your
passion of the moment:
intensely sensating a
void of motion.

I want to touch your
penetrating naturalness
that I can only possess
when you're near.

I want what I can
no longer have.

Gloria



The night awarded me
a free ticket
to The Greatest Lightshow Ever Seen —
A two-hour marathon of color
featuring the Sun at the Great Horizon .
courtesy of God & Son Productions, LTD.

Rosemary Kropf

Honesty may hurt me
but God — i die
when you lie.

cmb

Summer blossom with honeyed hair.
Smile and flash your eyes.
Beauty swiftly flees the fair,
And soon forever dies.



Only the memory will remain,
In the following years to come;
Enjoy each step of the painful years,
Until the good life's done.

Pain is but the beginning of joy,
With winters we cannot cope.
So maiden be you sweet and coy;
What hope is there in hope?

John R. Wheeler

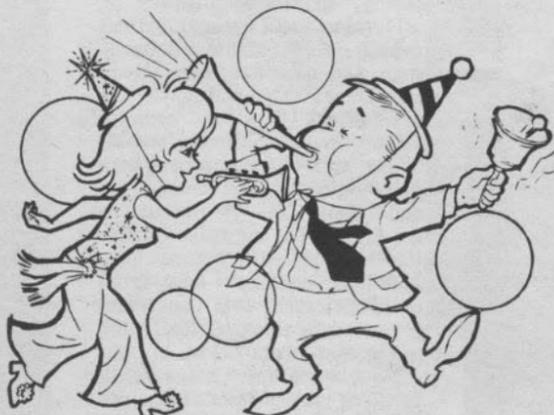
Reach out —
a smile
understanding

Cross the horizon —
a spirit
sympathy

Contemplate compassion —
a heart
courage

Seek love —
a soul
tenderness.

cmb



AFTER HOMECOMING . . .

Jean, I know you'll understand,
and I'll make it up alright,
but you've got to try forgiving me
for leaving you last night.

It wasn't my idea
To desert you at the dance;
when I visited the can, I
broke the zipper on my pants . . .

Sorry . . .

Anonymous

MISPLACED MOUNTAIN

This evening,
With sunset tinted buildings,
As the breezy shadows move
aside to expire left over pieces of sunlight,
I wonder if this pebble here below me
is an individual stone in itself,
or just a misplaced part of a mountain.

Jean Hammel

SADNESS

Sadness, like a river
running deep and cold;
Ravishing and raging,
vicious and bold —
Fiery and wanton
water in the soul . . .
Sinking and drowning
with no hand to hold.

The sea of loneliness
is rough and dark and deep
and I lie down at night
so heartsick I can't sleep . . .

I'm caught in this floodtide
with no hand to grasp;
Grief left me remembering
scenes from the past.
My life is flashing
before my eyes —
I'm trapped in this sadness,
just waiting to die . . .

Gary Keenan

DISILLUSIONED SPIRIT

Oh, to bask in the glory of such
a divine love
It could only have been granted
from His Grace above

Never before had life been so
fresh and worthwhile
Nor the dawning of a new day greeted
with a smile

The sun oh, it had never been
so warm
But then then came the
storm

Tender the face was rough the face
had been
Tender no more rough it
became again

Soft, blue eyes finally opened
and cleared
Pathways to the mind . . . for the
only one . . . held so dear

Opaque, glittering orbs, now
closing the passage way to the mind,
behind their doors

Tossing, roaring, turbulence unbridled
and thundering through the mind,
Racing and screaming . . . striving to
leave all truth behind

Such a painful, silent hell yet not a
sound to be heard
A gloomy, ominous wilderness and not
a word

The spirit of love, tempered in a hot flash
of fire
Shattered in the fulfilling of a
hot flash of unfaithful desire

Tempered again it must be . . . from
a glow of coals, to flames, to roaring
blaze
Degree by degree by painful
degree

By HWT

A Communion With Nature

Text by
Wayne Thorton

Photos by
Doug Bem



Christian belief is losing ground today for several reasons. One reason is a lack of communion. A deacon of the church would define communion as the symbolic partaking of the Last Supper in commemoration of the death of Jesus Christ. Conducted on a periodic, group-participation basis, this ritual is characteristic of many church's rites. No real spiritual or mental involvement of the individual is required. There exists an abyssal canyon in Christian doctrines where man cannot identify with himself or the world around him. The canyon could be bridged by a different type of communion, more real and spontaneous than any act of symbolism in religious beliefs. This communion is a state of being in which one's spirit and fiber of body and mind search for an awareness of reverence for the real meaning of the natural world.

A scientist would be quick to point out that a tree is of purely physical existence and has no spiritual or intellectual meaning whatsoever. And what of the seed from whence the tree burst forth? The seed is composed merely of elemental substances which react under certain favorable conditions to produce a huge plant, named tree. These are scientific truths, and with the dawning of each day an increasing number of the human race accept these scientific truths as what is real. Man's progress takes the forest and wilderness from his life, and he is left only with pictures of last summer's three-day outing, or a documentary on television about the near-extinct osprey. As the distance between man and nature increases, so increases the mass of the scientific, faceless society. Trees, grass, animals, and all living things have more than just a physical existence. To understand this is to have a gut-feeling for the pulse of life. Communion with nature is a spiritual endeavor free from the artificiality and constraint produced by the analytical mind of the man-made world.

Reverence for nature is an integral part of man's make-up. Unless they change, the Christian religions' chances for bringing about a true realization of a diety are slim. Breaking bread, sipping wine, and giving one-tenth are noble in their concept; but noble concepts and book learning are not adequate for spiritual enlightenment. Giving a man an idea of God through booklearning is like saying the only part of a plant is that which is above the ground. The Sioux Indians worshipped one god called Tonka Wakon. Their lives were a continuous realization and worship of their god through communion with nature. The Christian missionaries tried to convert them from their so-called heathen religion to Christianity. But the Sioux Indian's insight to a higher being went far deeper than even the missionaries'.

A man in communion with nature cannot help but wonder who he is, and by what high design he is allowed to exist. The striking simplicity of a colorful wildflower becomes a matter for deep consideration in searching for an answer to

creation. Within a deep, silent forest a man sits with his back to the massive trunk of a tree. The whisper of wind through the boughs creates a sense of timelessness. As the tree sways and moves, it seems to have meaning, and to be vibrant with life. Creaks and moans are emitted from the moist fibers inside its trunk. Man, tree, forest and life assume a kinship as spontaneous and natural as newborn innocence.

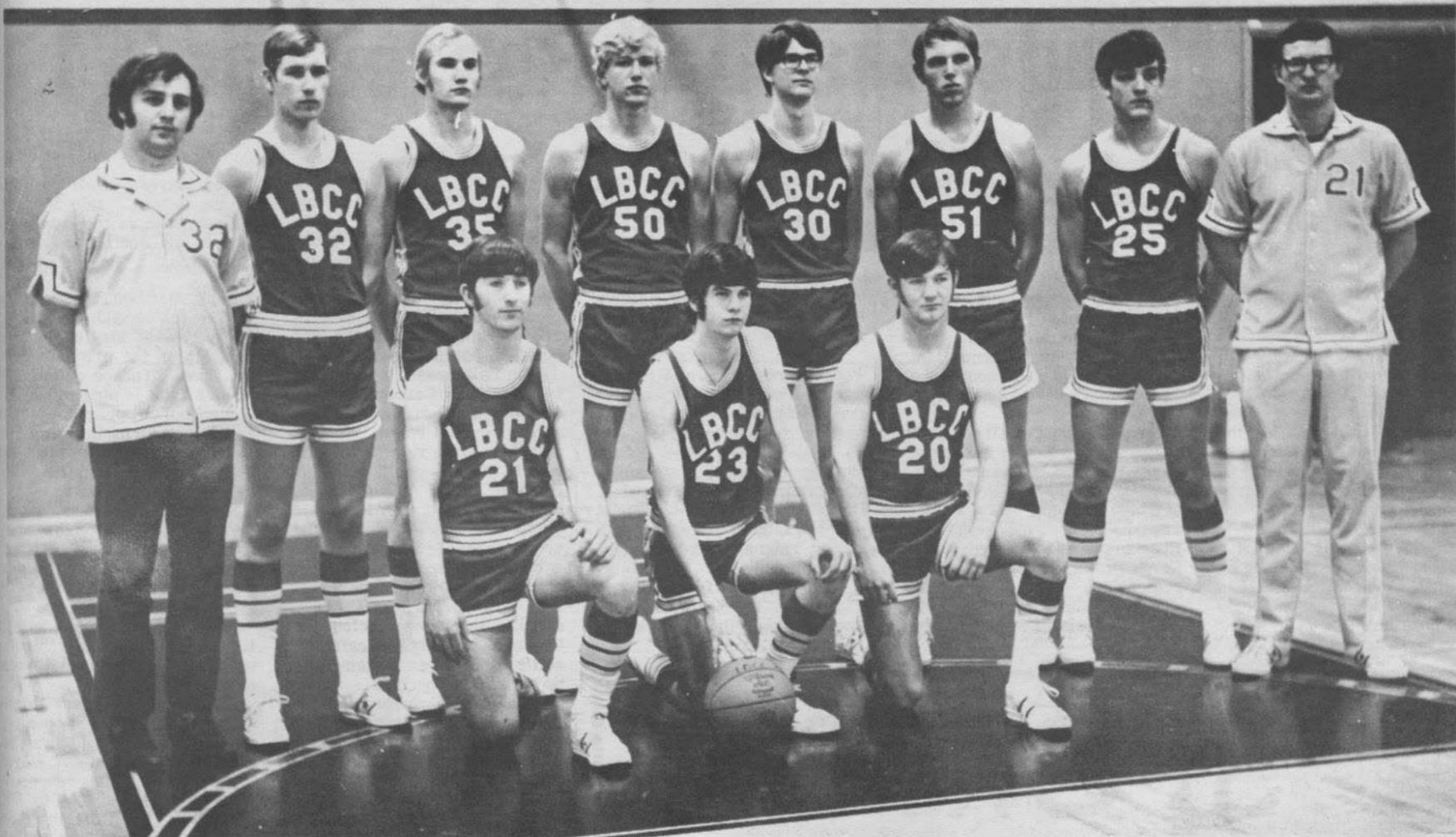
Why does a man commune with nature? What causes him to feel a relationship with all living things? When he begins to look in on himself, then the spell which has bound him to the mass of an anonymous society is broken. In seeking answers to these questions, man discovers new truths. He is not just a long list of social security, credit card, and payroll check numbers. He is not five-feet, ten-inches of walking scientifically, explainable chemicals. Flocking to church every Sunday is not the only answer; worse than an answer, it may be a crutch.

One who is in harmony with nature feels that the very grass

he walks on is a lush carpet for the most elegant cathedral ever created. Man did not construct the cathedral, but he may destroy it. Storms over the oceans, trade winds, desert sands, and all that is the universe move under the influence of some powerful force not created by man. In the vast expanse of the universe there is a oneness, and all things are interrelated. If a man understands this, then he is aware of nature and has reverence for the creation of life's forces.

If a person believes everything he is told and accepts what he hears as gospel, then he ceases to exist as an individual. He is like a computer—programming and digesting all it is fed. Each man individually must be his own torch. To be your own self-sustaining force, after being reared in a computerized, super-sonic society, can be a very difficult but necessary transformation for peace of mind. Tranquility of mind can exist when a man seeks communion with nature, which is a search for the meaning of all things.





1970-71 Roadrunners Basketball Team (top row): Manager Barry Gustafson, Bruce Tycer, Tom Williamson, Bruce Martin, Bob DeKoning, Jim Vorderstrasse, Terry Cornutt and Coach Butch Kimpton. (Bottom row, from left): Tim Labrousse, Jeff Hawkins and Doug Piesker.

Banquet Honors Klan



Terry Cornutt receives his MVP award from Coach Kimpton at the banquet held at Merle's Chuckwagon.

By ROGER ZIPPLER

Linn-Benton's first sports banquet, honoring the Roadrunners 1970-71 basketball club, capped a long, hard-fought season. The event chartered at Merle's Chuckwagon in Albany last March 10 was a decorating ordeal for five standout performers on the club, as well as a commemoration for the entire outfit, including head skipper Butch Kimpton. Athletic director Dick McClain conducted the meetings master of ceremony chores, while Kimpton spoke on the positive effects of the campaign.

Second-team, All-OCCAA pick, Terry Cornutt nabbed the first most-valuable-player trophy in the college's existence. Sophomore Bruce Tycer was

chosen as the Outstanding Defensive Player, while Tom Williamson took home the Outstanding Rebounder honor. Tim LaBrousse was selected team captain and Bob DeKoning snared the Mike Keck Memorial Award.

Other team members receiving recognition were Jim Vorderstrasse, Jeff Hawkins, Terry Simons, Doug Piesker, injured Bruce Martin, and manager Barry Gustafson.

In his talk, Kimpton discussed the progression of the season. The following is not an excerpt from his speech, but a question-answer type essay, touching over the main points of the years functions.

Question: An expansion club has difficulties all their own. Would you sum up the season as being profitable?

Kimpton's Answer: "We felt that the season was very beneficial to our program because it developed a winning attitude. We felt that if we could win ten games, it would be a tremendous accomplishment. The fact that we did

beat tough teams meant that we could be winners."

Question: At the first of the year, the forming of the team's attitude and character must have been a big problem, since virtually everyone didn't know each other. Was this problem worked out or was it a conflict during the course of the season?

Kimpton's Answer: "This is definitely a problem in any group that brings together a group of kids from different areas. A tradition of good team character and moral developed and I'm hoping that it will snowball and carry over into next year."

Question: At one point in the season the Roadrunners lost 11 straight ball games. What happened during this dry spell?

Kimpton's Answer: "A combination of two things took place. We played some tough teams during the spell and lost three close ones to teams equal to us. We did show improvement during the streak, however."

Question: The Purple caught fire late in the season and played close to .500 ball. How do you account for this?

Kimpton's Answer: "After the 11 game losing streak we had a rebirth of desire. It took a lot of pressure off and we improved."

Question: Have you had a chance to explore the high school talent in the valley?

Kimpton's Answer: "We've been looking at several people. Hubert, Jackson and Holman of Albany; Copley from Lebanon; Johnson and Laswell of Corvallis and Shelton from Philomath, to name a few off hand."



Tim LaBrousse, team captain, hands LBCC President Ray Needham the Presidents Trophy.

Question: What type of club can be expected next year?

Kimpton's Answer: "We'll be strong with big men, as it looks so far. We are looking for a playmaking guard."

Question: After their stay at LBCC is there any ballplayer that desires or is capable of playing for a four-year school's varsity?

Kimpton's Answer: "I think in the Northwest league, three or four boys could play. (Bruce) Martin, (Bob) DeKoning and (Tom) Williamson could go on to play Northwest ball. (Terry) Cornutt will probably choose to play baseball for a PAC-8 team."

Question: Did you think the lack of community and student support, which was quite evident throughout the season, had effects on the play and attitude of the team?

Kimpton's Answer: "We counterattacked this quite a bit. It wasn't something we didn't expect. We knew because of the fact that we were a new team in the area, that we wouldn't draw large crowds. We didn't have one localized

place to play, but if and when we get a gym the ball club should by then hold a more respectable standing in the league. This should create community and student interest enough that people would want to go out and watch an established team play."

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Talent Heads Baseball Roster for '71

By ROGER ZIPPLER

The rainy season is almost over and Dick McClain, LBCC's athletic director, now has another job to handle.

McClain is Linn-Benton's baseball coach. The Slats Gill award winner of 1970 coached some outstanding years at Madison High of Portland before journeying to Albany. In 1969 his Madison varsity snared the AAA state title, while the Contractors of Portland, an American Legion team he schooled, garnered the World Series crown back east.

Forty-one games of inter-collegiate baseball heads the spring sporting agenda. Judging by the talent McClain has corralled, a .500 season seems quite possible.

Five All-Staters dot Linn-Benton's roster, while All-District winners number eight.

"One of the most important aspects of the game is pitching," McClain said. Three pitchers, Terry Cornutt, Tom Martell, and Dave Whitney, threw in the Metro-State all-star game in Eugene last summer. On the mound the Roadrunners have a lot of depth and poise.

Cornutt, a basketball standout in the winter, directs his talent on the hill now. Cornutt, firing a 8-4 record in his senior year of high school, earned All-League honors and keyed his Roseburg club to a fourth place finish in the American Legion regionals.

A hard throwing left-hander from Astoria, Dave Whitney,

comes to Linn-Benton with remarkable credentials. Whitney won All-Metro laurels in his last two years of high school. He spun a 1.15 earned run average and was drafted by the San Francisco Giants. Whitney has possible plans of signing with the pro club in June.

Another southpaw, stocky Tom Martell, is a strikeout wizard from Taft, who averaged two whiffs an inning in his final varsity season. Martell was an All-Leaguer three years running and paced his team to the district championship twice. His career record in high school was 46-14, but a 0.19 e.r.a. as a senior reigns as his shiniest accomplishment.

Steve Hagen, a freshman and a product of North Salem's fine program, has been doing

an excellent job with the tossing chores, Coach McClain indicated.

Hagen, along with Cornutt, Martell and Whitney, will have to fight hard for the number one pitching slot, McClain pointed out. The four hurlers are definite fixtures in the rotation, however.

Tim LaBrousse, Mike Stampke and Steve Carothers round out the staff and should see action in relief roles.

"We are very fortunate having two established catchers," Coach McClain said. Ethan Bergman, an All-League performer in his junior and senior years at McNary, has exceptional speed and stole many bases for the Salem outfit. Bergman hit .360 last year and has the power to clout the long ones. He has good catching skills, which are complemented by his all-star berths.

Albany high product Danny Lipsey ranks as "one of the most outstanding catchers in the area," McClain commented. Right-handed Lipsey has a very strong arm and hits with authority to right and center fields.

Defensively we'll have estab-

lished players at all positions of the infield," said McClain. "First base is the only place where we don't know what's happening," he continued.

Four diamond hopefuls are battling for second, but Winston Tucker was singled out by McClain as the prime man for the spot. Tucker gained All-League tabs in his senior year at Roseburg rapping the ball at a .333 pace during the campaign. He played shortstop then, but is making the transition over to second fairly easily.

Bob Suggs, if he doesn't start, may end up as the clubs utility fielder. Suggs, a Corvallis boy, comes highly recommended by Bob Harper, a scout for the Philadelphia Phillies.

Larry Brown's pesky infielding tactics and Terry Simons may also play crucial roles around the infield.

Former All-Stater Dennis Coon anchors a starting position at shortstop. Coon, a veteran of numerous state playoff games, led his respective conference in batting in 1968 and 1970. The Roseburg flash figures to contribute greatly to the Roadrunners season.

After turning in a solid performance with McNary last year, Tim Faville is the leading candidate for third base duties. Faville bagged All-District honors in his senior year.

The Purples outfield lacks the glamour of having a star performer who can make the diving shoe-string catchers or roam the green with unequalled speed. But, Rick George is one player who can draw the fans because of his feats with the bat. George led the Valley District in hitting last year with a .468 mark. An All-Stater and an unanimous All-Leaguer, George holds three records at his alma mater, Lebanon, which includes triples, doubles and runs-batted-in.

Just out of the service, Roger Bauer from Gendora, California, is another contender for the outfield. If Bauer's problem of eligibility is solved, his chances of starting look good.

Hard working Alan Berry and John Lowden, along with LaBrousse, Martell and Stampke are the remaining potentials for the outfield posts.

"Basically, we're capable of making pretty good contact," McClain said. The Roadrunners have average power for a community college team, but they do have about four players who can hit the ball out of the park. Speed is another strong point. Linn-Benton has a half a dozen men that will be constant threats on the base paths.

LBCC opens up their first intercollegiate season in California. The road trip scheduled during spring vacation pits Shasta College against the Roadrunners on March 22 in a double-header. Coach McClain's boys initial home venture is on March 30. They

play the University of Oregon JVs in a twin bill at Bryant Park. Game time is 1 p.m.

Due to press deadlines and other complications, THE COMMUTER will not be able to bring its sports fans the exciting up-to-date coverage on the games played the weekend prior to Monday releases.

SPORTS

Intramural Basketball

Hermits Clips Cavemen; Gain Title

By ROGER ZIPPLER

The site of LBCC's second annual intramural basketball program, Tangent Civic Center, billed fourteen official clashes before bringing the season to a close ten days ago.

And all fourteen games were necessary in determining a league ruler, since no team dominated the circuit. The struggle for supremacy went down to the wire.

In the championship decider, a game that faced off Farnham's Hermits and Clack's Cavemen for the final time, the former triumphed. Farnham's crew assembled an explosive offensive assault and managed to nip the Cavemen by a mere point. Both clubs started the encounter with identical 4-3 marks.

The Hermits legged out the season with a commanding 6-3 record. At one point in the season they sported a weak 1-3 standing. Runners-up, the Cavemen established a 5-4 slate, while Jay's Farmers finished in the cellar at 3-7.

Larry Starks grabbed laurels as the highest scorer in the loop. "Red" McKinney, Don McAndie, Barry Gustafson, and John McDonald followed Starks in the race for the crown.

The season was far from dull, as burdening obstacles highlighted the events that made up the campaign.

Inside the little Civic Center, the temperatures were slightly higher than the outdoor readings. On warmer days the gymnasiums temperature rose the mercury to around 50 degrees. But at less fortunate times (which were more prevalent), freezing temperatures iced the indoor atmosphere.

The Center does have a heating system of sorts, two wood furnaces located in remote areas. The largest of these stove-like units is positioned in a far corner, inches from

the playing court. The smaller one sits in the dressing room, neither burned during the activities, however. Many players suffered colds from the frigid conditions, including one mild case of pneumonia. Nevertheless, the action stayed high-scoring, interesting and even vicious.

The court was always dusty and slippery. Layers of shoe gum gradually coated the floor and if it wasn't for the bugs, who worked overtime feeding on the grime, the hazardous circumstances could have resulted in some serious injuries.

Illuminated by ten lamps that hung from the ceiling and beamed about 25 watts apiece

and four massive windows that occasionally leaked sunlight, the gymnasium was chamber filled with constant faults. Passes ricocheting off teammates heads and unnoticed elbows drawing noticeable wounds occurred in every contest.

Suiting down in a make shift locker room was an undesirable chore. The task usually spanned only minutes, but if one were to stop and search for a misplaced sock, the crippling deep-freeze would make him pay. The witty, aware of the effects of a cold tin chair, elected to dress beforehand.

Once on the floor, warming up with the basketball or taking part in other selective interests

that involved the bending of the elbow, the body slowly becomes accustomed to the frosty climate.

After the major adjustments, the Civic Center hosted some of the most devoted basketball in the Valley. The caliber of ball played was nothing amazing, but braving the elements of competing in the third-class gym was a hardship itself, that only dedication could overcome. The small number of faithful fans, cheerleading, laughing and even enraged with their teams, also controlled a role in the intramural's perspective.

Yet, next year Tangent Civic Center may only be a forgotten legend.

Linn-Benton College Baseball Schedule

Date	Opponent	Day	Location	Time
March 22	Shasta College (2)	Monday	Redding	1:00 p.m.
March 23	College of Siskiyou	Tuesday	Weed	3:00 p.m.
March 26	Southern Oregon (JV) (2)	Friday	Ashland	1:00 p.m.
March 30	UNIVERSITY OF OREGON JV (2)	Tuesday	Albany ^x	1:00 p.m.
March 31	OREGON COLLEGE OF EDUCATION JV	Wednesday	Albany ^x	3:00 p.m.
April 2	University of Oregon JV	Friday	Howe Field	3:00 p.m.
April 3	Oregon State JV	Saturday	Corvallis	11:00 a.m.
April 3	Lower Columbia JC	Saturday	Corvallis	1:00 p.m.
April 6	Linfield JV (2)	Tuesday	Linfield	1:30 p.m.
April 7	Oregon College of Education JV	Wednesday	Monmouth	3:00 p.m.
April 9	Mt. Hood Tournament	Friday		
April 10		Saturday		1:00 p.m.
April 13	Central Oregon Community College (2)	Tuesday	Bend	1:00 p.m.
April 15	CLACKAMAS COMMUNITY COLLEGE (2)	Thursday	Albany ^x	1:00 p.m.
April 17	SOUTHWESTERN OREGON (2)	Saturday	Albany ^x	1:00 p.m.
April 20	Mt. Hood Community College	Tuesday	Mt. Hood	1:30 p.m.
April 22	Linfield JV (2)	Thursday	Linfield	1:00 p.m.
April 24	Lane Community College (2)	Saturday	Lane	1:00 p.m.
April 27	CENTRAL OREGON COMMUNITY COLLEGE	Tuesday	Albany ^x	1:00 p.m.
April 29	University of Oregon JV (2)	Thursday	Howe Field	1:00 p.m.
April 30	Oregon State JV	Friday	Oregon State	3:30 p.m.
May 1	Clackamas Community College (2)	Saturday	Clackamas	1:00 p.m.
May 4	Southwestern Oregon (2)	Tuesday	SWOCC	1:00 p.m.
May 6	Oregon College of Education JV (2)	Thursday	Monmouth	1:00 p.m.
May 8	LANE COMMUNITY COLLEGE (2)	Saturday	Albany ^x	1:00 p.m.
May 11	Oregon State JV	Tuesday	Corvallis	3:30 p.m.