

The Commuter

Volume 5 Number 16

LINN-BENTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE, ALBANY, OREGON

February 18, 1974

Agape due to perform

The Agape Players, an interdenominational Christian group, will be performing at LBCC on the 20th of February. They will be in the Commons at 12:00 noon and in the Forum for their second performance at 2:00 p.m.

The group is made up of 40 college age young people that travel 9 months each year presenting their musical dramas 'I Wonder' and 'Breakthrough'. They are under the direction of Rocky and Alice Adkins of Miami, Florida, who were led into this ministry 5 years ago. They receive no salaries, and are entirely dependent upon love gifts and offerings received from churches and other audiences. The group is entirely dedicated to Jesus Christ with a deeply disciplined existence in the work for his cause.

The name of the group 'Agape' is a Greek word meaning God's everlasting, eternal love. Their drama 'I Wonder' presents a college classroom with an atheist professor who tries to denounce the Christian faith. 'Breakthrough' is concerned with the second coming of Christ.

The group has had the privilege of traveling through the United States, Canada, and Mexico. They have also made one record.

They are brought to LBCC by the sponsorship of the Christians on Campus club. All 2:00 p.m. performance classes are invited to attend along with the public.

The group is accompanied by piano and instrumental tape recordings. The music is centered on Christ, and is not rock. The message appeals to all ages. Most of the lyrics are from the Bible.

Three men talk on women

On Wednesday, February 20, a non transfer, one credit seminar titled 'Three Men Talk About Women' will be held, beginning in The Forum at 3 p.m.

The three 'gentlemen' speakers will be Dr. Thomas Hogg, chairperson of O.S.U. Anthropology Department, Mr. Fred Bunsen, former advertising manager of Corvallis GAZETTE TIMES, and Dr. Mark Ackerman, clinical psychologist in Albany.

The seminar costs \$5, lasts until around 9 p.m., and includes dinner and informal group discussions with the speakers.

Last term a similar, very successful seminar on 'Women in Management' was held.

For more information, call Jean Heins or Ed Movius at LBCC 928-3261, Ext. 340.

Advance registration is encouraged to cover dinner reservations.

Blue grass band does some footstomp'n



Linn-Benton was very enjoyably entertained Friday, February 8, in the Commons, as Dr. Corn's Blue Grass Remedy played their footstomp'n, down home repertoire.

Two arrested in gas theft

LBCC and local authorities co-operate

Last Tuesday Mrs. Barbara Dixon, Assistant to the Dean of Instruction, walked out to the parking lot and noticed the precious smell of gasoline on the evening air. She saw two young men at the rear of a car. They waved, hurriedly got into a light blue car, and drove away.

The preceding Saturday Dave Carter, Coordinator of Automotive Mechanics, invited people to attend a statewide conference at LBCC. Dave acquired 200 gallons of gas from a local dealer on an emergency basis to be sure the attendees would have enough gas to get home. Someone helped himself to approximately thirty gallons of Dave's gas.

A few weeks ago Bill Maier Director of Accounting Services, found a can with a siphon hose coming out of his tank. No one was around his car so he put the can and hose in the back, took down license numbers of some cars, drove home and gave the numbers to the police.

These are not isolated incidents. Many other students and staff members have been victimized.

A few weeks ago GregRobin Smith's motorcycle's spark plug wire was pulled off. The next night someone disengaged a power nut that disconnected the front brake on his bike. Fortunately he was able to stop without being injured.

Obviously there's a problem on the LBCC parking lot. For every problem there are solutions.

Sgt. Loran Davis, Swing Shift Commander, made several suggestions: Buy and

use a locking gas cap. Always lock your car (be sure the headlights are off). If you see suspicious activity, whether it's your car or not, report it to the Sheriff's Department or the State Police at once. 'Report all thefts,' he stressed. State Police have increased their surveillance of the LBCC campus, but they need the help of all victims in order to work effectively.

Sgt. Davis also suggested that LBCC might consider issuing stickers to identify LBCC students and staff and require that the stickers be placed in a uniform position so off campus cars can be identified.

LBCC has also taken strong, preventative steps according to Ray Jean, Director of Facilities. Members of Mr. Jean's staff are constantly patrolling the parking lots and The Valley Merchant Police has been hired to provide armed police to help curb the thefts and vandalism. The additional help was necessitated by the layout of the campus parking lots. The lots were designed intentionally to obscure the cars for aesthetic reasons long before the gasoline shortage. However, the design makes it difficult for routine patrols by the Sheriff's Office and State Police. The only real solution was to put men on foot in the parking lot on a constant basis as long as the problem exists.

The beefed up patrol and additional help from the school, though it does deplete Mr. Jean's budget, has had results. Early last week the State Police stopped someone at the locked gates and last Thursday night two people were arrested for

gas theft.

The sticker system, remote signal devices from the parking lot, and increasing the lighting of the lot are currently being given serious consideration.

Parking lot lights

Dr. Ray Needham, President of LBCC, announced that the lights in the parking lot will be turned back on as soon as the electricians can hook them up. It is unfortunate that the criminal activities of some people has necessitated the reversal of Dr. Needham's original decision which was motivated by the desire to conserve energy and save taxpayers' dollars.

Vocational opportunities to be viewed Feb. 20-21

'Focus on LBCC' is the theme of the career days and open house activities planned for the Linn-Benton Community College campus February 20 and 21.

The career days are planned to better orient high school and junior high school students with the programs offered at LBCC, and the open house Thursday evening from 7-10 p.m. is an opportunity for the general public to tour the campus.

The students will primarily be observing regular classroom and lab activities while special displays and demonstrations are planned for the evening open house, as well as tours of the classroom facilities, according to Bob Talbott, director of the guidance center and coordinator of the activities.

Talbott said the student tours have been arranged by the guidance center in cooperation with school counselors and teachers. He said that approximately 295 high school students are expected Wednesday and more than 520 junior high school students Thursday.

Open mike now open

Last Friday noon, several student folksingers inaugurated a new weekly event in the Fireside Room, an 'open mike' coffee concert—a creative opportunity for local performing artists.

GregRobin Smith, Programming Council Chairperson, said 'I got the idea from Western Washington's 'open mike' when I was up there for an ACUI conference. It seemed like a good idea and I think it will work here.'

The "open mike" to be called STRAWBERRY JAMMIN', will be available to all those who want to express themselves creatively. There will be two mikes, a mixer and two speakers on loan from Dick West, Music Instructor. The program will end when people stop coming.

To be on the program, one needs only tell the announcer before hand who he is and what he is going to do so some balancing of performers can be accomplished.

Although this is open to everyone, only creative things (poetry, singing, playing, comedy, etc.) will be accepted. "This will not be a 'soapbox,'" he stressed.

Anyone wanting to help or participate is asked to contact GregRobin at ext. 226, or see him in the Fireside Room at noon, Friday.

Songbird's wings clipped

David Aerni, 'Songbird,' who was scheduled to perform February 11 at noon in the Fireside Room, unfortunately got his wings clipped last weekend in San Diego. According to a telephone call from his brother, he is waiting

to be released from San Diego's city jail.

Although the reasons why haven't been mentioned, we can all assume that the 'jail house rock' will be his tune until 'the bird has flown.'

Talbott explained that the career days are organized to help achieve the aims of a statewide program which offers junior high students an opportunity to explore various careers particularly in the vocational field. And high school students will be able to examine further many specialized career programs related to the general course of study they are pursuing in high school, Talbott said.

Talbott said the open house is intended to provide the general public with a view of programs and student activities at LBCC. He is particularly hopeful that the parents of students who participate in career days will attend the open house. The college is located two miles south of Albany on Highway 99E. From the Corvallis, Philomath, Lebanon, and Sweet Home areas the campus can be reached by taking Highway 34 to the intersection with Highway 99E and turning north on 99E.

Opinion

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EDITORIAL

Keep the faith

Last term I wrote an editorial, meant to be slightly tongue-in-cheek, on what it means to be an Oregonian. Since then, an out-of-state friend, somewhat resentful of my 'Oregon Attitude,' asked me why I didn't write something on being an American instead. Didn't I believe in the Constitution anymore?

That question started my mind whirling on two tracks.

The first was, why had I chosen to affiliate myself with my state rather than my country? I decided it was because I think that Oregon is moving in a direction, in many areas, I would like to see our entire country go. Plus it seems to have a unity and integrity which the United States lacks at this time. After travelling and living in many parts of this nation, I have returned always to Oregon. I am an Oregonian.

But pursuing my second train of thought, I am also an American, and I began to try to pin down exactly what that very basic part of my identity means to me.

There are so many aspects of our society that I disagree with, not as vehemently as some, just because there is always another side to at least consider. But I can't help disagreeing.

Watergate, one of the biggest scandals in our history, has corroded a nation's confidence as it never has been before; yet the fact that the whole affair has been made so public, despite a powerful, reluctant president, says a lot for the American system.

There are terrible social and economic inequities, continuing pollution, rising inflation, a faltering economy, long powered on over-consumption and oil. The United States is passing through a critical crisis period.

But I know I will stick around through these hard times—America is my country and I'm not ready to leave.

In Canada this summer I was surprised at how defensive I became in my country's behalf. Canadians have a view that the United States is totally paved, polluted, riot-ridden, overpopulated, and greedy, and that any American in their right mind can't wait to escape across the border (though there is a definite 'Yank stay home' attitude). It's not THAT bad.

Despite the many problems, I still feel that I have the freedom to live my life pretty much as I want to live it. There is room for not only dissent but opportunity to change the system. It IS changing, because concerned Americans are putting in the energy and time, years even, necessary to change the momentum of a country as large and complex as the United States.

I am an American, and until I completely lose faith, so shall I remain. I still believe.

Elane Blanchet

THE COMMUTER

THE COMMUTER is a weekly publication of the Associated Students of Linn-Benton Community College and students of Journalism 9.206. 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 LBCC.

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Viewpoint

Tourists: Luxury we can't afford

Bill Sweet

Last Tuesday night after Energy Czar Simon's announcement that service stations will no longer be allowed to sell their gas to their regular customers on a priority basis, Governor Tom McCall announced his approval of the plan. He gave a token nod to the 'mom and pop' stations (independents) need to maintain regular customers to stay in business, but went on to say that 'the wheels of commerce will grind to a stop' when the 'tourist season' starts again this spring.

'We're in an energy crisis.' Attribute that statement to any of thousands of people in authority, including the governor of Oregon.

Tourist season? Our governor is pleading with Simon for 8 million gallons of gas just to get us through February.

Tourist season! Oregon is a progressive state. It has set trends that have been implemented across the nation. Many, if not most, of these ideas were inspired or led by Tom McCall: The abortion bill. The bottle bill. The decriminalization of marijuana laws. The alternating license number rationing plan.

Tourist season?! Oregon has been a touchstone for the rest of the nation. And I, for one, am damn proud of what the state has accomplished. But I respectfully—no that's dishonest. Straight out and simple, if the energy crisis is real, tourists are a luxury we can not afford. And Oregon can not allow itself to become a leader in stupidity that

enhances big business at the expense of the small, independent businessman.

My father taught me not to look down the barrel of a shotgun to see if it was loaded. The safest way is to check the firing chamber and magazine. I suggest that the responsibility of our leaders is to demand that the oil companies show how they are spending those excess profits.

One company earned 578 per cent—that's no typo. Five hundred and seventy-eight per cent—profit in the last quarter of last year. That kind of profit is real incentive to maintain any kind of shortage.

How about a rhetorical question: What would happen to our gas 'shortage' if the government established a 10 per cent limitation on all oil company profits and required that all profits above the 10 per cent limitation be pooled in a national fund for exploration, experimentation and development of new alternate forms of energy?

Well, maybe we'd still have a fuel shortage, but at least we would have immediate funds for discovering new means for supporting life on our planet. Just maybe we wouldn't have to rip off the shale coal which rightfully belongs to our descendants. Just maybe we could solve part of our pollution problems with new, clean energy sources and cleaner, more efficient conventional engines as a stop-gap measure until the new sources can be made commercially available.

We could begin in our state with rational (instead of irresponsible) acts and laws.

Governor McCall could lead the nation again by converting that gas hog of a Lincoln to burn an alternative, cleaner fuel such as methane. Our governor and legislators could enact a law that would immediately require that all violations of motor vehicle laws which are related to pollution and unnecessary gas consumption, such as speeding, Jack Rabbit starts, poorly tuned engines (and the list continues to grow) be subject to an automatic penalty of 10 per cent of the initial fine to be placed in a state pool for research and development of promising ideas in conservation of old energy sources and utilization of new ones.

I sincerely hope that Governor McCall will reconsider his instant approval of Simon's dictatorial law which ultimately can only hurt the small businessman. We are in a time of crisis whether manufactured or not. Now is the time for clean, honest thinking. Governor McCall can and should use his proven ability for forceful inventiveness and instinct for practicality to clear the muddled gasoline situation in Oregon. Our state can lead the nation again. But this tourism business is nonsense. I grant it's a major industry in Oregon. But, if we must sell our gas to out-of-staters in order to eat, maybe it's about time to go on a diet. I can stand to lose ten pounds or so.

The problem is really not how we allocate the fuel, but how we get it. Without oil all of our 'wheels of commerce' will quite literally 'grind to a stop' tourists or not.

RHIP OFFS

It's enough to make you yell !!?†\$

Doug McLeod

Last week, Ken Traveller had pulled into a local gas station; not to buy gas, but to get his car fixed. The attendant had accused Ken of trying to buy some gasoline, and had made him leave the station.

Ken drove his sputtering and popping car down the street to the next station. He parked behind the station this time, so the attendant would believe that he really wasn't trying to buy gas. Ken walked around to the front of the station, where the attendant was telling two guys, "I'm sorry, but we won't have any gas until tomorrow."

The two guys scowled at the attendant, and then left the station.

Ken told the attendant about his car, and how it was barely running.

"Pull 'er inside," said the attendant. "I'll take a look at it."

Ken walked around to the back and got in his car. When he came around the corner on his way back, he saw the attendant putting the gasoline hose in a fancy sports-car which had pulled up out front. Two girls chewing big wads of gum were sitting in the car, and they were chatting to each other as the attendant washed their windshield, checked the oil, and aired-up their tires.

Ken was thirsty, and as he put his 30 cents in the pop machine, he overheard the girls talking. The girls were on their way to Salem, where they were going to help a boyfriend polish the chrome wheels on his "Charger." Ken reached into the pop machine to get his soda, but the cup hadn't dropped down, so all he could do was stand there and watch as his thirty-cent soda fizzled down the drain. "You'll have to write a letter to the vending company," said the attendant. "We don't have a key."

The attendant waved to the girls as they roared off in their sports-car, and then he went inside to look at Ken's car.

Ken was scratching his head and glaring back at the pop machine as he followed the attendant inside. The attendant had opened Ken's hood and was taking out the spark plugs when another car pulled up to the island. Its driver got out and came in the station.

"No gas," said the attendant. "Please," begged the guy. "My Mother is on her deathbed, and I have to get to Portland."

The attendant kept saying "no," but the guy unreeled such a sob story that the attendant finally gave up.

"O.K.," said the attendant. "I'll sell ya some gas."

The driver was getting back in his car as the attendant started the pump and stuck the hose in the tank. The attendant squeezed the nozzle handle, and faster than you can say "filler-up," the handle went CLICK! "Why you no-good !+&\$\$!!," said the attendant. "You're tank is already full."

The meter on the pump read 6 cents. The attendant put the hose back in the pump and said, "Get out of here and don't ever come back!"

The guy started to drive off, but the attendant jerked open the car door and stuck his hand in under the guy's nose.

"Gimmie my six cents," said the attendant.

Ken was standing inside watching it all, and he was thinking about the guy he had seen earlier getting 87½ gallons. Then he thought about the two girls, and the guy he just saw. Ken was also wondering where the bus station was, and how he wanted to be sure and remember the name of this town.

The attendant came back inside and continued taking out Ken's spark plugs.

"Is there anyplace in this town where I can sell my car?" asked Ken.

The attendant turned to Ken, gave him a Nixon-type grin, and said, "Not unless you sold one here last year."

Mailbag

Eight page effort

To the Editor:

This is a letter long over due. Only a few people know how THE COMMUTER is put together. Most of them are the staff members. This year's COMMUTER has been outstanding in its dedication.

The easiest way to compile a newspaper is to use as much "canned copy" and to print as few pages as possible. When THE COMMUTER staff found that it cost no more than \$2 per issue to print an eight page paper, they unanimously decided to do just that as often as possible. Of course, printing eight pages instead of four meant doing twice the work for the same pay, but the staff felt that the flexibility of an eight page paper was worth the extra effort. That extra effort has kept the COMMUTER's staff

in the journalism office until as late as 1:00 a.m.

The staff of THE COMMUTER has my personal thanks, and I'm pleased to now make it public. But there are others who are not members of the journalism class who added great depth to the newspaper: Sandy Byington continued her "Feedbag" column even though she was no longer in the class, and Ross Jackson's "Car Corner" column received a good reception from the readers. Ross has never been a member of THE COMMUTER staff (although I wish he would become a member). We welcome and deeply appreciate contributions from anyone who would like to help us. Thanks, Sandy, Ross and the staff.

Bill Sweet
Advisory Editor
THE COMMUTER

Caught in the act



Bob Plumlee, a LBCC custodial engineer, finishes painting signs on Handicapped parking stalls on the south parking lot. He casts suspicious glances at on-the-spot photographer, Bob Byington.

SCHEDULE, WEEK OF 18-23

Monday, 18: Student Government Meeting, 4:00 p.m., Santiam Room; Ag Club Meeting, 12 noon to 1:00 p.m., Alsea Room; Voter Registration, 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m. to 9:30 p.m., College Center Lobby.

Tuesday, 19: Chess Club Meeting, 12 noon, Calapooia Room; Women's Consciousness Group, 12 noon, Santiam Room.

Wednesday, 20: Film "SLAPSTICK" Continuous, Fireside Room; Open House - Career Days.

Thursday, 21: Play Production, "Girl in the Freudian Slip," 8:15 p.m., Forum; Open House - Career Days.

Friday, 22: Play Production, "Girl in the Freudian Slip," 8:15 p.m., Forum; Chess Club Meeting, 1:00 to 2:00 p.m., Willamette Room; Basketball, LBCC-SWOCC, 7:30 p.m., SAHS Gym.

Saturday, 23: Play Production, "Girl in the Freudian Slip," 8:15 p.m., Forum.

LBCC Cafeteria's HOUSE SPECIAL

Food Service Cook-Louis Reigard

Monday: Cube Steaks

Tuesday: Ham and cheese casserole

Wednesday: Roast Beef

Thursday: Tuna casserole

Friday: Spaghetti

Level of interest key to attendance

Wes Hofferber

To increase school attendance or classroom participation is to involve the student on his own level of interest.

The student that is majoring in a class will want something more from that particular class than the student majoring in some other aspect of the class.

Teachers would have to teach the same class on different levels for the different student levels of interest.

Classes could be set up in a different fashion. Students with the major would take classes with students of the same major. Students would not be placed on the same set of standards to be met by the teacher as those being set for a major class or just an interest class.

A major class level of instruction would better benefit the teacher in several ways. A teacher could get into the nitty-gritty with a major class, and not have to lower the standard of instruction for a small minority of students who might not want such a deep involvement in that class.

The non-major class is more of an informative style of class. The teacher also here has the benefit of only instructing students of interest rather than the nitty-gritty students.

Each class will carry the same credit but the difference would be the class standard. The student that is majoring in a field of, let's use art, for example, would not want to dissect his subject or lube him either, but would like to know why we move as we do or digest without cutting or smelling the

innards. He may want to know how to change the oil in his car but not want to bore it out or increase his cubic flow of fuel to the pistons via a 360 degree dual port tunnel ram. But if he can't use the tool, how is he going to learn? The idea is not to use the tool, but to understand the machine.

Fight voter shortage

Greg Robin Smith

When there was an electric shortage, everyone pitched in with their two watts worth to help out. It was clear to everyone that their little bit could and would make a difference.

Now with the gas squeeze, we again find people discovering that little things do matter such as prolonged idling, racing the engine, excess speed, etc. Before, it didn't really matter if we wasted things, now we realize how much we need these things we once took for granted.

I propose another shortage most have not talked about. The shortage of voters.

Nixon took his overwhelming percentage victory as a go-ahead sign. I say 'sheep dip.' The last presidential election had one of the smallest voter turnouts in history, so how can

he take that as an affirmative sign? How can he assume such national apathy is good?

When will people learn that a vote is as important as that one kilowatt not used, or that gallon of gas saved. Sure when the problem hits at home it counts. When you may not be able to watch Sunday football, you turn off that extra light. When you may not be able to drive to the corner store for that 6-pack, you watch your speed. But when you have one of the most powerful means in this society to change it for the better, you toss it away like your litter, just knowing someone will take care of it for you, and it won't hurt, much.

If you aren't registered, do it. If you are, vote, and when you vote, believe in what you are doing.

Please vote!

From my tub:

A room with a view

Pat O'Connor

If you were invited to visit a bathroom, you would undoubtedly think, 'Some kind of nut.' Besides, a bathroom is a bathroom, and when you've seen one, you've essentially seen them all. Admittedly, all bathrooms have some similarities and this one is no exception, but bathrooms, too have their areas of individualism.

Its dimensions are on the rather ordinary side, being approximately six feet wide, twelve feet long, with a ten foot ceiling. The high ceilings in older houses made it possible to practice levitation without taking a chill. The women and children were also kept busy knitting wool sox to protect the lower extremities from the perpetually cold floors.

There are two very ordinary doors. One leads to a back porch, and has long since been rendered unusable by many coats of paint. The door opening in from the hall is the one currently used, and it has no distinguishing feature except for a small sign cautioning, 'Trespassers will be beheaded.'

The walls are typically imaginative for a rental; the upper half being stark white, the lower half being blah blue, and the floor an intense blah gray.

It contains the usual trio of convenience one associates with indoor plumbing. The washbowl is endowed with two separate faucets, offering you the choice of being either frost-bitten or scalded. Over the washbowl is that handy little item known as a medicine cabinet with a cracked, wavy mirror on it that resembles one in a carnival fun house. It leaves you wondering if you did the right thing by getting out

of bed; because the way you look, you're not too sure you are capable of handling the forthcoming events of the day. I'm sure beards are grown by men with mirrors like this as a matter of self-preservation, the risk of shaving is just too hazardous.

Curly-legged tubs of this vintage were built for lingering and relaxing, having a nice slant to the back and being long enough to really stretch out and enjoy doing whatever it is you're doing in there. I suspect the designer was a writer, because it seems to be such an ideal place for that purpose. It really is quite comfortable, though I recommend a couple of towels for padding. Uninterrupted privacy is assured if you have trained your family to not disturb those using the bathroom by pounding on the door, screaming, crying, or shouting threats. This training works best if you have a good lock on the door and two bathrooms.

As you recline in the tub you see the bright red reminder for the ecology minded, 'Save water, bathe with a friend.'

But then there are so many things to look at in this bathroom, so many you almost forget about the blah paint.

The window, which, along with the second door is also permanently painted shut, has its own battle against 'the blahs' going, being hung with a curtain that has a gypsy mixture of just about every bright color on the color wheel. All over the walls are posters with philosophical sayings, such as Snoopy claiming 'Work is the crabgrass in the lawn of life.' Another woefully advises 'Why worry about tomorrow, we may not make it thru today.' Then up high near the ceiling is another which, depending on

your point of view, may simply be advertising for a familiar airline, or considered x-rated.

Instead of the usual rod used for hanging towels, there is a length of black chain looped along the entirety of one wall, holding an assortment of brightly colored splashes of terrycloth. An eight inch plastic daisy looms out of its pot in evidence that it thrives very well in its moist atmosphere. Hanging in an appropriate place is a replica of a parking meter to remind readers to not overpark. In a corner we find a large grinning plastic Jack O' Lantern, who is happy to have found a year-round place for himself as a wastebasket.

Candles abound, since bathing by candlelight conserves energy, reduces the electric bill, and hides the missed dirty places. And to what otherwise might be a rather mundane ritual, it adds an air of elegance.

And last, but not least, by any means, there is the toilet, a throne of grandeur if there ever was one, adorned proudly with its seat of flaming orange. Directly opposite a large skunk accusingly proclaims, 'You Stink.' Resting on the tank top is a pathetic little fellow standing in a toilet, his hand on the handle in utter despair, saying, 'Goodbye, Cruel World.' Next to him we find an island miss, bedecked with grass skirt and a lei as she demurely conceals a bottle of 12 year old Scotch.

Well, that's it, the view from my tub. I have to get out now, because this is also a place of great entertainment for my cat. She spends hours in here being absolutely mesmerized by the dripping water from the leaky faucet.

The River King

by Connie Whitaker

(Editor's note: Last term in our lit issue, "The River King" was printed in a mutilated form, due to lay-out errors. With our apologies to both Connie and our readers, we are proud to present here, in its rightful form, "The River King.")

Part I

She was called Cotton, the sort of name that fit the silent person she was. She blamed her name for her shyness which in turn accounted for the fact that she had had only two males in her life. The first, a brief affair with a boy who came to her when she was seventeen and left her with a feeling of coldness toward her opposite sex. She barely had time to straighten her tear bruised mind when she found a married man, someone with whom she saw no future. Somehow, she remained pure, and, retaining herself she sought companionship from her light gray Arabian gelding named Smith.

Cotton loved horses, she always had. She found the only peace she'd known in being with them, riding or just talking to them. She loved to ride Smith along the Santiam River, where she found the sun, the trees, and the calm chatter of the water comforting. The view wasn't special, not beautiful, yet pleasant. There was little to see, only the trees and bushes, an auto worn dirt road, an uncountable number of no trespassing signs, the huge steel train trestle a few miles upstream, and the river.

The girl lived a lonely life. She kept an apartment in the city, sharing it only with her desires. She worked part-time in a bookstore. She boarded her horse two miles from the Santiam River and spent most of her free time with Smith. He was her only friend Cotton, the gelding and the river were often companions only so that loneliness would not take complete control over the girl. She rode along the river every day if the weather would permit her to. She knew the scenery so that each tree, fence post and rock was a clear image in her mind.

That was why it seemed strange that Smith was nervous as they paced their daily ride along the bank. For the past week he had been overly wreckless, stumbling often, prancing, head tossing, and nickering. She became paranoid and she found that she had begun searching the ground already covered as they rode. She would have thought nothing of it had it not been for Smith's persistence. She knew better than to mistrust the senses of her horse. As

time passed and the gelding's nervousness continued throughout each day near the river, Cotton was aware that someone was watching her. She stopped riding near the water's edge.

As winter bit, Cotton missed the rides very little because of the cold and wet weather. She went to the stable where she boarded Smith and, as always, brushed him and talked to him. Occasionally, between rain showers, she'd walk him up the road a ways for exercise and for something a little different to do.

Spring drifted back with the new life in the leaves and flowers and Cotton felt a freshness; a freedom, remembering that this was the time of year she could again return to the river. On the first sunlit day, she put Smith's bridle on, mounted and left the stable area. Trotting the gelding along the path that took them to the water, Cotton recalled vaguely how

spooky the horse had been shortly before winter had come down. She no longer thought much of it. She accepted the possibility Smith had been bored by the river rides. Now with the spring air flinging itself at them, she thought his boredom forgotten.

At the river's edge, Cotton again became familiar with the scene. It seemed more lovely than it had the fall before, and she knew it was because of the wild iris that was blossoming at each side of the dirt road. They added color to a picture where the color seldom changed.

Cotton was excited, almost happy. She didn't know why, but she thought it was because of the coming of the new season. This was the only time of year she ever felt any gaiety, she recalled. She enjoyed it now, knowing that it would only last as far as the day. That night loneliness would press her again as always. She listened to the peaceful conversation the river gave to her and hummed to the tune the wind in the trees sang her.

Smith was also glad of his new freedom with the warmer season's arrival. He jogged easily with a slight pull on the bit waiting for the girl to give him his head so he could stretch the muscles that had begged for release all winter. But though his pace was steady and certain, the horse was nervous. She hoped it was only from the excitement of the spring. But, nevertheless, for her own peace of mind, she brought the gray to a halt and sat silent, listening for any sign that might tell her she was not alone. She heard nothing but the sounds she had always known in the past; the river's single songed voice and Smith's heavy breath.

But there was something there. The girl knew. The gelding turned his head holding it high with pricked ears pointing to the bushes.

"Who's there?" she whispered not really wanting to know. She squeezed Smith with her knees urging him forward.

A sound, well known to Cotton, though frightening, came from the river. It was no louder than a stone being tossed in the water, but it told her that there was someone hiding nearby and Smith, also startled, hesitated as the girl urged him forward. The hesitation wasn't for long, but it was long enough for the grubby little man that smelled of fish and bourbon to flash from his camouflage and grab the reins to prevent the horse and girl from fleeing.

"Let go!" the girl cried and kicked the horse desperately in the sides trying to push the man out of the way.

"Not until we talk," Cotton eased up on Smith and sat staring defiantly at the little man.

"Do I know you?" she asked forgetting her shy self for the moment.

"No, my dear, but I know you."

He released the reins, stepped back, and brushed himself off as though he could get any of the dirt from his ragged, musky clothes. Cotton waited patiently for him to reveal to her who he was and how he knew her.

"I am Festerfisher," he finally said, "king of the river."

Cotton stared at him, at first thinking the statement to be some kind of a practical joke. But the man was serious, she saw this as she watched him closely and she could not help but smile down at him.

"Really?" she said sarcastically.

"You are Cotton," he continued. "And your horse is Smith."

Cotton was astonished. "How did you know that?" she asked, softly.

"The River King knows of all who wanders along his waters."

"You sure you're not the River Troll?" Cotton said bitterly. "Shall I pay a toll so I can go now?"

Festerfisher ignored her and turned to scan the river with his small, gray eyes.

"I am a lonely man," he said and there was a restlessness in his voice. "The River King needs a mate." He paused. Cotton sat peacefully on Smith who was no longer nervous. Festerfisher continued, turning back toward her and forcing her eyes to meet his. "I have chosen you, Cotton."

"You're kidding," the girl said even though she knew he wasn't.



Festerfisher was solemnly still. He gazed at Cotton with a somber face and the girl's returned expression was one of coldness and fear.

"What makes you think that I have chosen you?"

"You have no say in the matter. I want you and that is all that counts."

Cotton thought a moment. "You're crazy!" she told the little man.

His face did not change as he reached for her hand to bring her down from the horse. Cotton slapped it away and kicked Smith into a gallop leaving the dirty little man who called himself the River King to eat the mud thrown up by the horse's hooves. Smith ran, she let him, but she strongly felt the urge to pull him up and look back at Festerfisher, then laugh at him, until he shrank back with shame. Knowing that running would not satisfy her, she brought the gelding to a stop and turned to look behind her. She expected to see Festerfisher, crouched near the earth, with his face buried in his hands as he wept. Instead she saw no one. The grubby little man had vanished and she wondered if it all had not been an illusion.

Cotton did not return to the river for several days. The weather had been good for some time, but she was haunted by the little man. The fact that he existed by the river did not bother the girl. He seemed mystical to her by his strange disappearance. There was something so unreal about him. He knew her name. How?

What else did he know about her? After first meeting Festerfisher, Cotton had decided that he was no more than a bum looking for an easy lay. But the more he tortured her head the more she realized that there was more purpose in him than that. She tried not to think

about it for she did not believe in God or destiny. Soon she began believing that there had been no Festerfisher.

She was drawn back to the river. She walked Smith through the drying mud, her eyes searched the scenery for any sign that would give her the River King's presence. There was no sign of him. The gelding paced evenly without a trace of nervousness and Cotton began to think her last ride along the river as an amusing experience. She saw herself trotting behind the grubby little man along the rocky banks of the water dressed in dingy, smelly bush torn clothes. She imagined herself hearing the hoofbeats of an approaching horse as she hid amid the trees, and popped up in front of a boy child on a liver chestnut pony, telling him that she had adopted him to be her only offspring.

Cotton, the River Queen, and Smith, a royal river horse,

rider that was not yet in view.

Cotton pulled the gelding to a halt and waited. From around the corner, hidden by bushes and trees, a man on a chestnut Arabian mare trotted casually along. He was a small person, dressed in black, saddleseat style, English riding clothes. He posted easily with the horse's delicate trot as they came closer. The saddle was a black jumping saddle, and matched the snaffle bitted bridle the horse wore.

The man brought the mare to a stop by Smith who eagerly stretched his nose to reach the chestnut who showed very little interest in him.

The man looked familiar to Cotton. She knew she had seen him somewhere, but could not think where. He was a handsome man, clean shaven and a true horseman. She asked him the name of his mare.

"Cotton," he replied.

The word hit the girl almost as hard as a death in her family. She was puzzled, yet the image of this man was coming back to her.

"What is your name?" she asked, afraid of the answer.

"You may call me the River King," his face was somber. Cotton stared at him.

"I thought your name was Festerfisher."

Still his face did not change. "If you wish to call me by that—"

It was more than Cotton could take. She started to turn the gelding, but Smith refused to leave the mare. In anger, the girl jumped from his back and started to run. "Why do you want to kill yourself, Cotton?"

The question stopped her. She faced the man, tears were now wetting her cheeks. His expression was still unchanged.

"What else do you know about me?" she screamed.

Festerfisher said nothing. He simply stared down at her from the mare's back.

"What are you!" the girl demanded.

The man dismounted, let the reins drop, and slowly came toward the girl. Cotton backed away. She was terrified. Her heart was jumping and her legs felt very useless.

"Stay away from me!"

The River King took her in his arms.

"I want you," he whispered in her ear.

"No, no," Cotton tried to get free. "I'm a virgin."

"Cotton, look at your horse."

She did. Smith and the mare were unafraid of one another. They scratched each other's withers and licked each other's shoulders.

"Please don't fight," said the man.

Cotton relaxed a little. Festerfisher kissed her neck, then her cheek softly, tenderly. Cotton was his. His touch was warm and passionate. She returned his affection, kissing him and caressing him. They made love, in the open beneath the warmth of the sun with the music of the river churning and laughing beside them. The beauty filled the young woman with hope. She again wanted to live. She again had something to live for so she slept.

Part III

Cotton dreamed. She was at the river, Smith was not there. She was hiding in the trees completely out of sight from another girl who rode along the dirt street on a chestnut Arabian mare. The horse was nervous and the girl was too. She was starting to turn around when a grubby little man jumped out in front of the animal and latched his hands onto the reins.

"Let go!" the girl screamed.
 "I want you!" cried the grubby little man.
 "No, no, I'm a virgin!"
 "I want you! I want you! I love you!"
 The girl stopped.
 "Love?" she said. "I've never been loved."

The girl climbed down from the mare and hand in hand the man and girl drifted into the bushes.
 "I've never been loved

either," said Cotton.
 She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.
 "You are loved, Cotton," a voice said. "I love you."
 Cotton opened her eyes. The dream was gone and she sat up to stare into the river. Her loneliness was gone and she found a smile on her face. Smith walked up behind her and nuzzled her shoulder. She patted his head and looked around. She and the gray Arabian were alone. She was not surprised

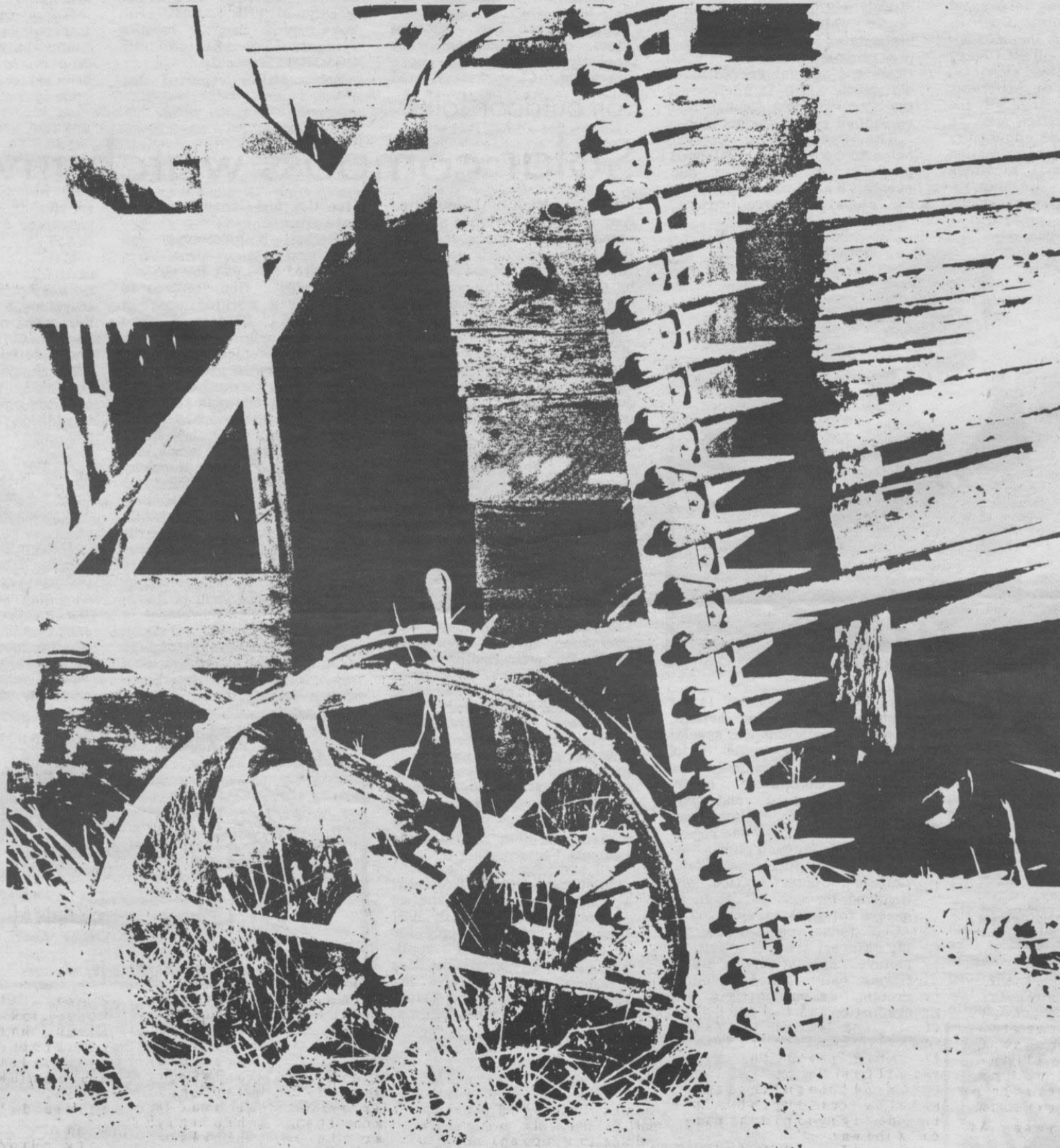
and she was certain now that the River King had been the dream image. But, oh, how that dream had changed her. She felt so wonderful, so alive. She wanted to live forever. She wanted to talk to everyone, make friends with the world. She got to her feet, then swung up onto the gelding and turned him back toward the barn.
 It was evening, the mid-summer sun was going down. Cotton allowed Smith to canter briskly, the wind in her hair was

pleasant and playful. She laughed at the trees that whipped the breeze, then sang back to the river with love. She wondered why she had let so much life pass by.

Smith shied suddenly and Cotton nearly lost her balance. She reined him in very much puzzled. The gelding's ears were forward, his head was cocked, his eyes were big and rolling. He nickered. There was an answer. Then a chestnut

Arabian mare, riderless and tackless, trotted from the bushes. Cotton gasped. She watched the other horse and then smiled.

"Oh, River King," she said. "I love you as you love me."
 The mare turned and cantered away. Cotton watched her go. She urged Smith on, life pumping her more than before. She would never see the River King again, but then, she no longer needed him.



untitled

byington

The Byrds got the Nazz
 MacCleans got pa-zazz
 Some bands got jazz
 so it must be true
 that the news
 got the blues.

Myra Johnson

untitled

Nixon is my shepherd, I shall not want,
 He leadeth me beside the steel factories
 He restoreth my doubts in the REPUBLICAN PARTY
 He guideth me down the path of unemployment
 for the Party's sake.
 I fear no other evil for thou art against me.
 Thou annointest my wages with freezes so that
 my expenses runneth over my income
 Surely poverty and hard living shall follow me
 all the days of my life
 And I shall live in a RENTED HOUSE forever!

Donated by Harry Carter

Sometimes a Kirby Vacuum Cleaner

With its powerful vibrating attachment
 isn't enough.
 Locked bathrooms with Ms. Semi Glossy
 dreams drooled by hand,
 don't always make it.
 Adrenilin strength draggin' you down an alley
 tearing at your goddamn clothes,
 exposing your freezing breast,
 gets to be a little tense
 but you do learn
 as he stabs his fantasy
 through your thighs
 that true lust
 is hard to come by.

Moms Maloy

Who Will Grace A Turkey Helper

Those barely edible preservatives
 that line the Safeway Shelves.
 Who will meat their directions
 and in just one minute of one skillet's time
 turn around and ask some kid
 to thank God
 for that meal minus food piled on paper plates.

Moms Maloy

College Center

Activities get together

Chris Dawkins

Is there some program or activity that you would like to see take place at LBCC? The place to go with your request is the College Center office. Bob Miller, Director of the College Center and Activities, and Judy Green, Coordinator of Student Activities, are always open to new ideas to present to the Programming Council.

Bob Miller's job includes administering all College Center services, such as food services, the recreation area, programs that are given through the College Center office such as arts, lectures and community services, and the coordination of non-instructional meetings held on campus. He also administers activities programs

able Food Service Cook, Lou Riegaurd.

At night, the College Center is managed by Marc Brown, Center aide. The books are kept by Shirley Williams, College Center bookkeeper.

Judy Green is Coordinator of Student Activities. She works closely with Bob Miller and also works closely with the students as she coordinates the programs of clubs and organizations and special recreational activities. She is advisor to the Programming Council and consultant on all student clubs.

The Programming Council helps to coordinate a balanced program of activities and events. It allocates ACCF funds for clubs and organizations,



Margaret Orsi's smiling face greets each visitor to the college center.

including drama, music, inter-murals, sports, clubs, student publications (The Commuter), athletics, and student government.

As you approach the College Center office, the face looking at you through the window is Margaret Orsi. Her cheerful face can be seen all over the college at different times of the day, as she goes about her duties as secretary.

The other secretary of the College Center office is Pam Kasson. Another familiar face around the College Center is Doug Hurst. He is the food service manager. The gentleman with the big smile

behind the food counter is our lectures, performing artists, films, convocations and special events. It is made up of AS-LBCC Vice President, three special committee chairpersons (lecture and performing artists, films, and special events) and one representative from each club.

All of the functions of the College Center office are financed through ACCF funds except for food services. The ACCF funds are allocated for the different areas of activities, lectures, sports, events, clubs, films, rally squad, musical groups, drama, artists, and graduation.

Government notes

The meeting was called to order by Wes Hofferber, 1st Vice President.

Present: Susan Haines, Pres., Wes Hofferber, 1st V.P., Sharon Gentry, Bus. Mgr., Greg Robin Smith, 2nd V.P., L. Haynes, L. Strauss, M. McBride, J. Kilburn, S. Saxton, R. Marsh, G. Bonds, J. Green, B. Miller, A. Moyer, Members absent: D. Collinson, J. Weedling, and D. Melsha.

Wes reported on the OCCSA meeting held Saturday, Feb. 9. Steve Hurlbert and Doug Cudahey have been removed from office and temporary executive officers were appointed. Chemeketa donated

\$100 to OCCSA to help counteract the deficit. This money was to pay a group for the Saturday dance, but the group from Portland donated their time in hopes of future bookings by member schools.

Wes suggested we make recommendations on the reorganizing or restructuring of a state-wide Community College Organization, and also attend the Spring Convention.

Lauri suggested that the Senate minutes be printed weekly in THE COMMUTER. Sue moved that a meeting synopsis be sent to THE COMMUTER weekly.

Bob Miller reported that

unless the lounge and cafeteria are left cleaner, a person will have to be hired to bus and this will automatically raise prices. Also styrofoam cups may have to be used which would also raise prices.

Sue moved that a letter of thanks be sent to MHCC for hosting ACUI and doing such a fine job. Sharon seconded, motion carried.

Greg seconded, motion carried. Jamie, Mark and Lauri were appointed responsible.

Sue suggested we become involved in the MS campaign headed by Maggie Riggs, PCC. Wes stated that Maggie has been asked to send information.

For outdoor folks

Solar compass watch invented

William Rice of Paintsville, Kentucky, has invented a solar compass watch more accurate than the magnetic compass. After 23 years of development by the inventor, the product is now available to outdoors people.

The solar compass indicates direction by reference to the sun. It is accurate within approximately seven and a half degrees, since it depends solely on the position of the sun and the high quality of the watch movement. The 2 per cent variation which may exist occurs because local sun time does not match local standard time uniformly across a time zone.

Rice originally became interested in solar navigation while on duty with the Coast Guard during World War II. Studying the history of navigation, he was impressed by the direction-finding ability of early explorers. He guessed that the same principles could be practical in the woods.

Travels from the Arctic Circle to the Equator convinced him that a solar compass could be reliable and highly accurate. In 1950 Rice began to approach experts. He was told it would be impossible to patent the device, and that only a large company could market it.

In Johnson County, Kentucky, a banker, a jeweler, and an attorney helped out. By 1967 Rice was ready to apply for patents. The initial applications were rejected, but Rice continued to perfect his specifications until the Patent Office accepted his claims.

Five U.S. and Canadian patents were granted.

Getting a prototype was the next step. One firm requested \$100,000 for the job. A Swiss firm offered to construct a working model at their own expense. The handmade original took three months to complete.

Rice formed the Pastime Corporation to market the new product. A one-man company, Rice made his own arrangements for international air freight, customs bonds, and duty. His Eastern Kentucky banker helped by entering into a respondent affiliation with a national bank, buying futures in Swiss francs, and obtaining the necessary letters of credit.

The solar compass-watch is manufactured in Switzerland by the 120-year-old firm of Revue Thommen. The movement is 17-jewel, waterproof, and shock protected. The case is stainless steel; the strap is corfam. Sold with a one-year guarantee against manufacturing defects,

service is available after the guarantee expires. The price is \$59.95

Mechanically, the compass card is connected to the military time spindle and, therefore, turns at half the speed of the regular hour hand, making one revolution every 24 hours. Provision of solar compass-watch to provide correct military time and accurate compass readings, all in addition to local time.

A star chart is engraved on the back of the watch so that the user can also find directions at night.

Determined to keep the profits from the venture in Johnson County, Kentucky, Rice is currently marketing the watch nationally from a special trailer parked on his own land, at the junction of Routes 23 and 201 in Paintsville, Kentucky, about five miles from the cabin where he was born.

Bob
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One agonizing point LBCC lost 3 close ones

Blue Mountain Community College edged out Linn-Benton by one point Saturday, February 9, as Timberwolf, Jerry McCullough hit a 20 foot shot with only seconds left, to win 65-64.

This leaves Linn-Benton with a 9-4 league record. The two teams fought a close battle throughout the game, and defensively matched up well. Linn-Benton built up a five point lead with 6 minutes left to play, but then had shooting problems that allowed Blue Mountain to take the lead once more.

Mark Peterson led the Roadrunners with 22 points, followed by Gary Frank with 16. Randy Bishop hauled down 16 rebounds, to lead in that department.

UMPQUA VS. LBCC

The score on Friday, February 8, was 64-63 as Umpqua Community College bested the Linn-Benton Roadrunners by one point. Shooting 28-93 field goal attempts for .301 percent, and 7 of 18 field goal attempts, for .389, the Roadrunners could not pull past Umpqua's zone defense to win.

Linn-Benton had four men scoring in double figures, as Kim Dorsing had 13, Gary Frank 14, Ken Anderson 12, and Randy Bishop 11. Bryan Coyne dominated the boards for the Roadrunners, with 13 rebounds.

Umpqua controlled the game for the most part, led by guard Tom Loomis. The halftime score was 38-35. During the second half, Gary Frank almost pulled through a Linn-Benton victory, but because of ill health had a poor shooting night, and failed to connect on several vital shots. This makes LBCC 9-3 for the season, 2 games behind South-western Oregon, the league's number one. Umpqua is third with a 8-4 record.

CHEMEKETA VS LBCC

The third time did not prove to be the charm for the L.B. Roadrunners on Wednesday, February 13, as they again came

out on the short end of another one point decision. This time it was the Chemeketa Community College Chiefs as they lost 66-65.

Led by Gary Frank with 24 points, Linn-Benton controlled the first half adequately, but lagged behind during the second half to provide Chemeketa the victory. A last-ditch effort almost-but not quite-pulled it through for the Roadrunners. With 15 seconds left on the clock, they were down by 6 points. Twelve seconds later they had added 5 more points, but could not make the time stretch quite far enough.

Randy Bishop scored 11 points for Linn-Benton and grabbed 13 rebounds. Ken Anderson had 12 points, and Bryan Coyne also had 11.

This leaves the Roadrunners with 9-5 OCCAA record—and a fight to stay in contention for the state title.

Help wanted

Debbie Conrad

Free entertainment is in the offing for anybody with an LBCC student body card each time the L.B. basketball team has a home game. Although lacking the fame of the UCLA ball club or the controversy of a player like 'Pistol' Pete Maravich, the Roadrunners have a lot to offer in the way of excitement, suspense, and fast-paced action.

Talent abounds in the OCCAA with players like Mark Peterson, Gary Frank, Ken Anderson, Randy Bishop, (Linn-Benton), Ken Stobie (SWOCC), and Greg Ishmael (Chemeketa). In spite of the hard work and dedication put out by the athletes, there has been poor turn out at the games.

The high scoring games, coupled with fast-break defense make viewing a Linn-Benton game an exciting experience. And support from the student body does help. Perhaps one of the players summed up when he commented, 'We like to win. And we like people to watch us do it.'

Curt Leonard ineligi-bull

Linn-Benton's basketball team is without 6 foot five forward Curt Leonard, following a national reversal of a regional ruling concerning his eligibility.

A new rule by the National Junior College Athletic Association states that an athlete transferring from a non-member NJCAA school to a member NJCAA school outside of his district, must wait for a year before being allowed to play for the member school.

In this case, Curt enrolled in Mt. Hood Community College last year and played in two basketball games before a knee injury forced him to drop the sport, and he later dropped out of Mt. Hood.

When he tried out for the L.B. hoop team at the start of the 73-74 season, Linn-Benton's Athletic Director, Dick McClain checked with Jerry Hale (the regional NJCAA director) from the College of Southern Idaho to determine if Leonard was eligible or not. Receiving an affirmative answer, basketball coach Butch Kimpton placed him on the team roster, where he started each game that he played in.

The question of his eligibility came up again in December, when McClain again checked with the regional office. Again Curt was ruled eligible to play.

Then last week, Chemeketa Community College of Salem raised the issue once more. This time it was taken to the NJCAA national office in Hutchinson, Kansas where the regional ruling was reversed and Curt was declared ineligible to play. This raised the question of whether the games that he played in should be forfeited. The national office did not require this; they left it up to a vote by the athletic directors in the Oregon Community College Athletic Association. In a meeting on Monday, February 11 at Lane Community College in Eugene, they ended with a 4 yes-2 no-3 abstaining votes to allow Linn-Benton to keep its hoop wins. McClain commented that it was 'an administrative error, outside of LBCC's control,' and that Curt 'was caught in the middle.'

Pool club produces second and fourth in northwest tourney

Frank Bitterman and Susan Haines put LBCC on the map as a pool power last week, in the Northwest Regional ACUI Collegiate Tournament held in Portland, February 7, 8, and 9.

Frank, winner of the school tournament earlier this fall and leading point holder in the Pool Club, took second place in the men's division. Susan, Student Body President and winner of the school tournament's women's division, finished fourth in the women's division.

Players from colleges and universities from Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Hawaii, Alaska, and British Columbia competed in the tournament.

Frank, the Pool Club's organizer and team captain, finished second with 7 wins and 2 losses—more matches than any other player in the tournament—and dropped 569 balls to his opponents' 482. Both losses were to Dan Louie of Washington State, tournament winner and last year's National Champion. Louie posted runs of 58 and 41 against Frank and earlier in the tournament won a match in a single run of 75 balls.

Susan won two matches and was awarded a third on a forfeit, then lost to Janice Ogawa of Idaho, the eventual winner, and Cindy Schribner of the University of Oregon, who finished second. Beth Brown, OSU, finished third.



The second place Billiards Trophy was won by Frank Bitterman, who lost only to last year's national champion. Susan Haines came in fourth place in Women's Billiards.

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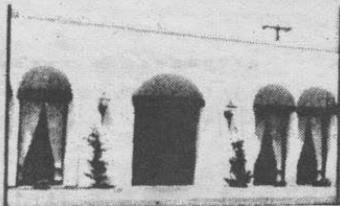
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In the meantime, write for a free summer bulletin to:
Summer Term Office, Corvallis, Oregon 97331.

Oregon
State
University

Rep due

A representative from Lewis & Clark College will be on Campus to talk with students who may be interested in transferring to Lewis & Clark.

TIME: 1:30 p.m.
DATE: Monday, February 18.
ROOM: CC-108, Admissions Office.

BUILDING: College Center.
If you have any questions concerning this visitation, please contact Jon Carnahan, Director of Admissions, in the Admissions Office.

NOTE: ALL STUDENTS INTERESTED SHOULD MAKE AN APPOINTMENT IN THE ADMISSIONS OFFICE BY MONDAY NOON—FEBRUARY 18.

CLASSIFIED ADS

THE COMMUTER is now offering a column for free personal ads. Drop ads off at F-105 (in the 'in' basket on desk) or place in campus mail. No money transactions advertised, unless accompanied with 5 cent per word payment.

For sale

For Sale: 18' Acrylon Tepee, 6' liner, door. New - never up. Call Frank, 929-3473 or 929-5212 and leave message.

FOR SALE: Far Fisa compact portable organ with Leslie; also Console Silvertone turntable and AM-FM stereo system. Best offers. See College Center Office.

Personal

The rules governing Letters to the Editor apply to personal ads as well. THE COMMUTER will not accept for publication any ad which might in any way be a personal attack on any individual or any statements which may be libelous or slanderous.

Rose Ostby, owner of Wise Personnel Agency, in Corvallis is conducting FREE workshops for people who are seeking employment. The next workshop will be held at Home Federal Savings and Loan, February 25 at 7:30 p.m. Topics to be discussed will be How to Apply for a Job and What Employers Look for in an Applicant. Guest lecturers will be Dr. Richard Weinman, Prof. of Speech Communications who will deliver a lecture entitled 'Minorities in the Mass Media' and Marv Clemons from the LBCC Business Division will speak on 'Why should you be hired?'

Although the workshops are free, there is limited seating, and interested persons should contact Ms. Ostby at 752-3441 to reserve seating.

Notice to: Whoever stole my gas, please return cap when finished.

Pd like to thank all the people who cooperated with me in connection with the mini-survey for my health project. Jeanette Stokesbery

Go to Reno

For a get-away-from-it-all three days during spring vacation, a group of people are getting together for a bus trip to Reno, Nevada.

The cost of the trip \$95 per couple, which includes both lodging and transportation. Thirty people are needed to get the trip together.

To make reservations or get more information call either Mr. Al Walczak at Extension 252 or 214, or Mrs. Patsy Chester at 928-2361.

ACUI Trophies on display

The new trophy plaques in the display case in the College Center were received at the A.C.U.I. Regional Tournaments in Gresham, February 7, 8, and 9. There were teams there from colleges and community colleges of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Alaska. The first place Mens doubles winners in bowling were

Larry Johnson and Stan Roth. They bowled a 1205 score for three games. Although he did not get a trophy, Harold Meier took sixth place in all events, by bowling a 1727 score in nine games.

The Chess players from LBCC came in tenth and eleventh place.

Caldwell conquers El Capitan

Last week (Tuesday, the 12th) Dean Caldwell, climber of El Capitan in Yosemite, spoke to a small, but fascinated audience in the LBCC Forum. The self-taught climber from Oregon gave a lecture about 15 minutes in length, then proceeded with his hour long slide-tape.

The introduction concerned itself mainly with physical preparation for the trip. The slide and tape presentation covered the actual climb. Using two projectors to eliminate the blackout period between slides, he blended the pictures and music to accent the mood.

Take two years off this summer.

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For further details contact the Professor of Military Science at the

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