



# Christmas Literary Issue-see pages 3-10

Winter Continuing Education Class Schedule — see pages 11-14

# The



# Commuter

Volume 2, Number 6

LINN-BENTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE, ALBANY OREGON

December 7, 1970

## Hanoi Letter Given To Gov. McCall



Harvey Scott pins a "Help A P.O.W." button on the lapel of Oregon Governor Tom McCall as COMMUTER Editor Jim Haynes looks on.

On Wednesday, December the 2nd, Jim Haynes, editor-in-chief of THE COMMUTER, accompanied by staff member Harvey Scott, presented a letter signed by nearly 600 students to Governor Tom McCall.

The letter, initiated by THE COMMUTER November the 6th, urged humane treatment of prisoners of war in North Vietnam and requests publication of an extensive list of those held. It was presented to McCall during an open house held at the Capitol building. An additional 45 signatures from the staff and faculty of the college went on an addendum letter supporting the student efforts.

When McCall asked, "How long did it take to get the signatures?" he seemed surprised but very elated to learn that THE COMMUTER had published the letter before he himself had made a formal request of Oregonians for 100,000 signatures in support of better P.O.W. treatment.

Scott told McCall of a special convocation held at the college November the 25th at which Mrs. R. Elzinga of Oakville spoke to students urging them to write letters to the Hanoi government requesting humane treatment of prisoners of war. Mrs. Elzinga had stated that the North Vietnamese "will be influenced more by letters from local government officials and private citizens than by appeals from Washington."

Mrs. Elzinga's son, Capt. Richard Elzinga, was reported missing over Laos March 26. She thinks he may be a prisoner of war. In speaking about prisoners of war she said, "These boys can stand physical torture better than they can stand the apathy of the American people." Over 100 students gathered in the student center to listen to Mrs. Elzinga speak on the P.O.W. issue.

Scott and Haynes both emphasized to McCall the fact that they now intended to publish a form-type letter for individual signatures and make it available to as many people as possible. "You really are organized," said McCall. "This is the way we can reach the people."

Governor McCall will forward the letter to the Paris peace talks next January. Currently, about 10,000 Oregonians have responded to his request for better P.O.W. treatment.

### CONVOCATION

On Wednesday the 25th of November, Mrs. R. Elzinga accompanied by Mrs. E. Dale Knight appeared before more than 100 students in the student center offering a little background on the present 'Help a P.O.W.' campaign in our state. Mrs. Elzinga told of her families anguishes and the hopes they maintain for their son. She made a personal plea for continued student help.

During this special convocation, questions were answered from the floor. One student asked, 'will these letters and signatures really do any good?' Mrs. Elzinga commented that the attitude of the Hanoi government is not to respect the American government, but that they do recognize and honor American people.

Both Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Elzinga expressed fears for their sons after the recent bombing raids on North Vietnam by the United States. Mrs. Elzinga stated that the 'bombs were close enough to the camps that the boys knew something was happening.'

Each of the speakers praised the Linn-benton letter appealing for the humane treatment of the American P.O.W.'s.

## 'Runners Take Opener

THEY'RE NOT WORRIED, JUST INTERESTED.

See story and related pictures on page 16



## Ice Halts Classes

LBCC was not spared during the silver thaw November 23. Lack of power to operate the many electrically powered machines, without burning them out, forced the administration to close school at 11:00 a.m. that day.

Besides the power failures, the administration was worried about students being injured by falling ice. The biology labs had quite a few things in incubation, but enough power was allotted to keep these things

protected.

Everything was not under control, however, the next morning as the power was still lower than normal. This was taken care of, and classes were held as scheduled.

Dr. Adams asks that students who are unsure if classes will be held during any future weather extremes, listen to any local radio station. These stations will broadcast the closure of LBCC if weather deems necessary.

# EDITORIAL

## CHRISTMAS LETTER

As this edition of THE COMMUTER goes to press, my sincere thanks and appreciation accompany it. The previous two editions have been complimented by many staff members willingness to put in overtime and to turn in superior quality articles, effectively creating one of the best community college newspapers in the state. I applaud the efforts of each member of the staff and greet them, along with every member of the college, with this special Christmas letter:

"I SALUTE YOU: THERE IS NOTHING I CAN GIVE YOU WHICH YOU HAVE NOT GOT: BUT THERE IS MUCH, VERY MUCH, THAT, WHILE I CANNOT GIVE IT, YOU CAN TAKE.

NO HEAVEN CAN COME TO US UNLESS OUR HEARTS FIND REST IN TODAY. TAKE HEAVEN! NO PEACE LIES IN THE FUTURE WHICH IS NOT HIDDEN IN THIS PRESENT LITTLE INSTANT. TAKE PEACE!

THE GLOOM OF THE WORLD IS BUT A SHADOW. BEHIND IT, YET WITHIN OUR REACH, THERE IS JOY. THERE IS RADIANCE AND GLORY IN THE DARKNESS COULD WE BUT SEE, AND TO SEE, WE HAVE ONLY TO LOOK, I BESEECH YOU TO LOOK.

AND SO, AT THIS TIME, I GREET YOU. NOT QUITE AS THE WORLD SENDS GREETINGS, BUT WITH PROFOUND ESTEEM AND WITH PRAYER THAT FOR YOU NOW AND FOREVER THE DAY BREAKS, AND THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY."

jh

## Faculty Column

### SELECTING WINE

By JAMES K. BARNES

At this moment, somewhere in the world, someone is looking over a wine list, trying to decide whether to select Chateau La Lite de Rothchild, Chateau Montrose, Almaden, or if desperate, Gallo. Perhaps you have been in a situation where you were called upon to select an appropriate wine for a very special dinner. Perhaps you have not been in that situation. It doesn't matter. I have decided to bless this publication with a few ideas about which wine should go best with which food.

Since candy is not ordinarily served with a main course, neither is a sweet dessert wine. More frequently, dry dinner wines are enjoyed with main dinner courses, or perhaps Roses. Red dinner wines go best with red meats because their robust flavor blends more easily with hearty dishes. White dinner wines are best with chicken and fish. The characteristic acidity of white dinner wines seem to break down the unpleasant oily substances which give some seafoods "fishy" tastes. Rose or pink dinner wines can be enjoyed with any type of food.

The following chart should help:

Appetizers — Dry Sherry, Champagne, Special Natural Wine (Apertif like May Wine)  
Seafoods — Any white dinner wine like Rhine Wine or Chablis  
White Meat of Fowl — Same as seafoods

Dark Meat of Fowl — Any white dinner wine such as Rhine Wine or Sauterne, or any red dinner wine such as Claret or Burgundy

Steaks, Roasts, Chops, Hamburgers, Game, Spaghetti — Any red dinner wine such as Claret or Burgundy (these include Cabernet Sauvignon, Beaujolais, St. Emilion, etc.)

Desserts — Any sweet dessert wine such as Port, Muscatel, Tokay, Sweet Sherry, Sweet Sauterne, Sweet Champagne, or Sparkling Burgundy  
Cheeses — Port or a red dinner wine such as Burgundy Nuts — Port

Rose or dry Champagnes can be enjoyed with any type of food.

The concept that only one wine is exactly right with a particular food is part of a tradition which should be left to wine enthusiasts who make wine a hobby.

Millions of people enjoy red wines with all foods or white wines with all foods. For the beginner, however, the preceding chart is a recommended starting point. Personal tastes and trial are better guides than hard-and-fast rules. If a rule were established it might be "the wine that pleases you is the wine to use."

Each person must try various types and brands to find the wine that pleases him, then remember the label and get the same wine next time.

A toast to your selection!

# MONDAY MORNING

By JEAN HAMMEL

Since man has removed himself almost entirely from nature he tries to find consolation in returning to his old nesting atmosphere in an almost ritualistic manner: the camping trip.

In my opinion there are two types of campers, those who "rough it" and those who don't.

The first category is sadly lacking in members. These people are the adventurous ones, the ones who pack only a toothbrush and a sleeping bag. Often taking no food, they live off berries, nuts, and whatever they can spear with their toothbrushes.

Despite the lowered living conditions there are many spiritual gains to being the "rough it" camper. There is the feeling of accomplishment, of oneness with nature, pneumonia.

True, there are health hazards, but let it be known that the "rough it" camper would not be cheating to bring along a first aid kit or at least a bandaid. If this camper is lucky he makes it through his haphazard stay and returns to society to rest and nurse his wounds.

Now, those who don't "rough it" are entirely different. The members of this group usually consist of the average suburban family out for a "week in the woods."

Most families in these modern times are not quite prepared for the shock of only cold running water (where you can find it) and no telephones. Some, however, do recognize the once removed relatives of the telephone pole: the tree.

When planning the family camping trip, the average suburban husband forgets to take into consideration the average suburban housewife. As the husband prepares for the small intimate outing, wifey packs for a trek across the Cascades.

In packing for this trek the housewife tries to plan for any possible emergencies. Thus an array of useless articles find their way into the already crowded vehicle. Such things as electric fire starters, TV dinners, electric skillets, presto logs, and various and sundry ridiculous items pop up among kids, animals, and lumpily rolled sleeping bags.

Once the troops are packed, locked and roped into the car the traveling is all forward with a minimum of comfort.

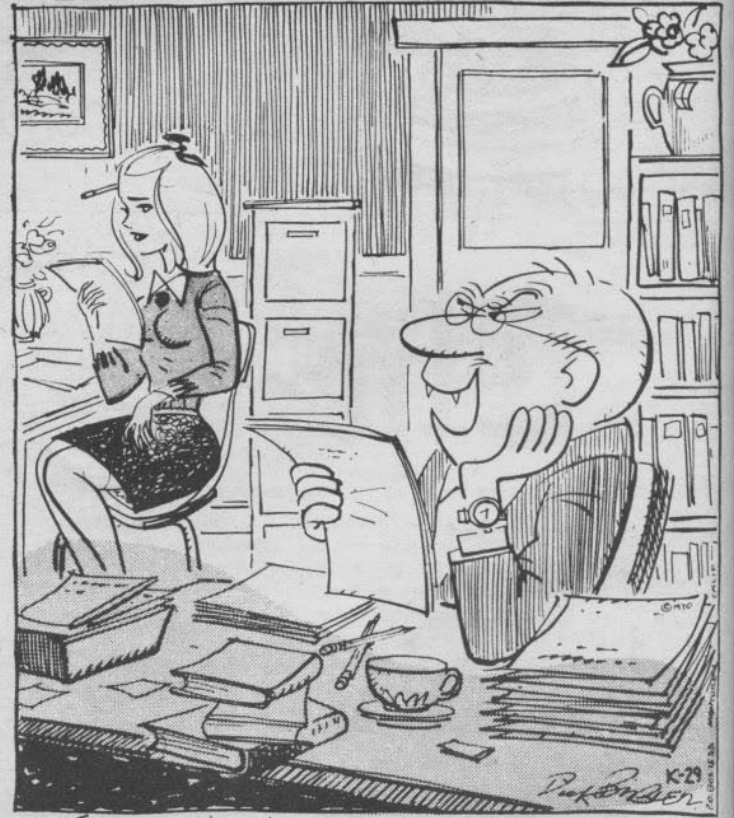
Just as if a con-skin cap suddenly appeared on his head, the family man takes on all the knowledge and sense of direction of Daniel Boone. This, of course, is done with the help of three thousand maps and compasses, packed skillfully into the bulging glove compartment.

Most of these campers are afraid to travel the Unknown Roads and often stop when they reach the edge of the map for fear that any more forward movement might land them over the edge of the earth.

Finally the tired and weary campers find their spot, a perfect place with electric outlets, sanitary toilets, and pre-cut wood. All this for the low, low price of twelve dollars a night.

Don't feel that the campers are completely losing the joy of "roughing it." The great outdoors is still there — as are the ants and mosquitos and,

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"OH I KNOW IT'S THE SAME FINAL I GAVE LAST TERM BUT THIS TIME I CHANGED THE ANSWERS."

oh my, someone forgot to pack the salt!

As one can see, there are drawbacks to both types of camping. The object, as in every two choice situation, is to ignore both choices and find that happy medium.

sheet, students and teachers are able to establish a means of communication both inside and outside the classroom. Treasure this — administrations have a tendency to forget the communicating needs of students.

## Tail Feathers

TO THE EDITOR:

Unique is the term I would use to describe Linn-Benton Community College. It is original in its design, fresh with new ideas, and oriented toward student involvement.

I am a student at Oregon State University, and last week I toured LBCC's campus. Besides seeing the classrooms and offices, I visited the library, the Learning Resources Center, and Schafer Lounge.

What impressed me about Linn-Benton was its size. Going to a larger school, I have found it almost impossible to have a class with less than fifty students. However, at LBCC, I learned that class sizes are limited to approximately thirty-five students. Instead of being a name on a computerized roll

When I walked through the Student Center, I could find little reason for a student not to become involved in a school activity. What with a car rally to participate in, clubs to join, and a Letter to Hanoi to sign, there is little reason for apathy to be present on the LBCC campus. A good example of students working together for the benefit of the entire school would be the publication of THE COMMUTER, the bimonthly school newspaper.

Apathy comes from a lack of student interest or pride in his school. One of the reasons that LBCC students have for being proud of their school is that it represents one of the best educational opportunities in Linn and Benton counties. I am pleased that I had the occasion to visit your campus.

Sincerely,

Patricia Middleburg  
Political Science  
Oregon State University  
Corvallis, Oregon

## 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.

Editor-in-chief  
News Editor  
Editorial Editor  
Sports Editor

Jim Haynes  
Nancy Bryan  
Linda Coburn  
Roger Zippler

Reporters: Laurette Coache, Barbara Dycus, Jean Hammel, Nancy Larsen, Rose Miller, Harvey Scott, Doug Bem

Photographers: Joe Tompkins, Don Billings

Advisor: Ken Cheney

Office hours in the LBCC Board Room 2 - 3 p.m. daily.

Address correspondence to: Editor, THE COMMUTER, P.O. Box 249, Albany, Oregon 97321

## IS GOD DEAD?

Is God dead? Some believers secretly fear he is, while others, atheists, suspect that the answer is no.

The question reflects on the meaning of His existence to begin with. There is still the age-old assertion that not only does He not exist, but that He never did exist. Today, many individuals hold that God, in the image of man sitting in heaven, is dead. In the interest of religion they seek to imagine a God who can touch man's emotions and engage men's minds. God himself is thus in question.

Throughout many Christian areas churches stand all but empty, silent witnesses of a dying faith. The suggestion is that life is meaningless, and waiting for God is hopeless; It is likened to the thought of the existentialist who wrote: "It was easier for me to think of a world without a creator than of a creator loaded with all the contradictions of the world."

Teenagers get the feeling that churches are preaching the existence of a God who is nowhere visible to them. The "I love God, but I hate the church" belief had (and may still have) a near blanket effect on the thousands that have turned to drugs, or other means of escape.

While it seems certain that early human beings were religious, it is yet uncertain as to exactly when the one-God idea became apparent in man's spiritual heritage. The main question now is concentrated on why God has become so hard to believe in.

Beliefs have changed greatly since the medieval world, often referred to as the great age of faith. In his book, "The death of God," Gabriel Vahanian suggests that Christianity, imposing itself on the various aspects of culture, made itself a part of that culture, and that belief in God was undermined when the world later changed.

In talking with a young minister in California several years ago, I asked him what he thought the hardest part of his job was. "Preaching a living God to a dying world," he replied. The complexity of that statement tells me that if God IS dead, it is because we have killed Him.

Jim Haynes



As we celebrate  
Christ's birth,  
let us pray for  
peace on earth

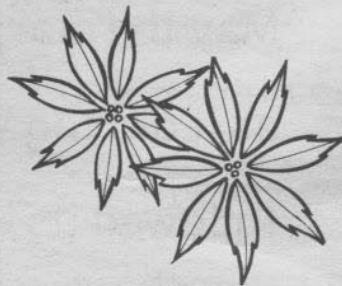


## DURESS AND REPRIEVE

I remember those white-washed  
Spring Saturdays of my childhood.  
Lawn-mowers and their navigators  
Shuttled across the yards,  
Swallowing up the grass —  
Fresh new spearheads,  
Catching and reflecting sunlight  
in hues of yellow-green

Then every double-time chaos of Saturday  
waited to breathe  
into the half-quiet sigh of Sunday  
— one more weekly reprieve.

Jean Hammel



## UNTITLED

Dear kind and gentle, keeper  
Let this from your mind not pass  
For there's a tiger in the closet  
With a nickel in his ass  
Well, that coin isn't placed right  
And the tiger's gettin' miffed  
He'll be gettin' downright angry  
If that nickel doesn't shift  
He afdidgetin' an' squirmin'  
And he's really in a mess  
If that coin wd move a little left  
The pain would be much less  
Poor tiger, that's your cross to bear  
Until your days are done  
Constipation stops inflation  
Kaopectate, anyone?

Lynne Johnson

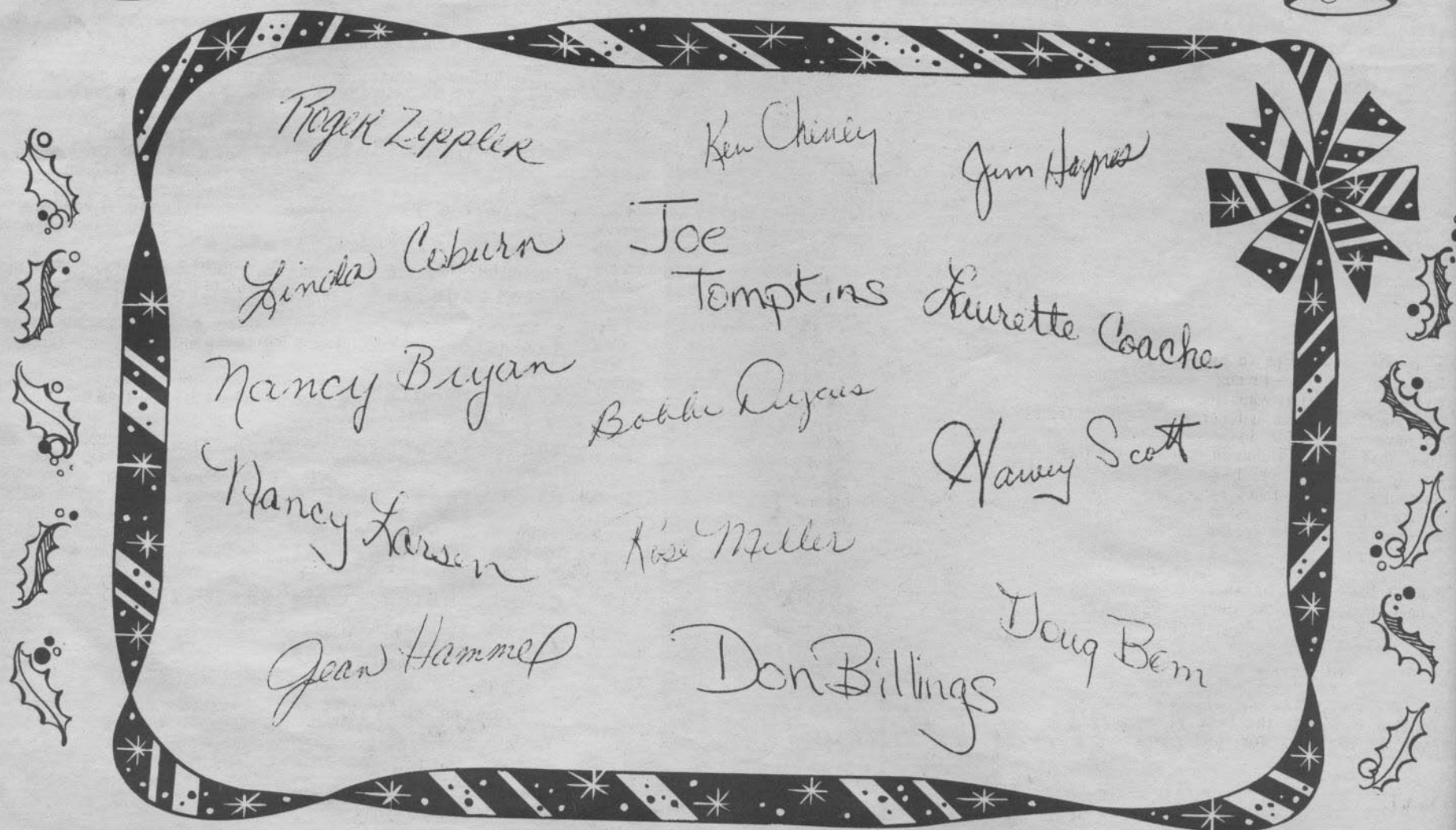




# CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

May the star of Bethlehem bring you great joy  
as it did the Wise Men from the East as they  
followed its light in search of the Infant Jesus.  
Let us rejoice once again at His birth  
during this holy season.

HAPPY HOLIDAY WISHES FROM THE  
***Commuter Staff***



*Roger Zippler*

*Ken Cheney*

*Jim Hayes*

*Linda Coburn*

*Joe Tompkins*

*Lucretia Coache*

*Nancy Bryan*

*Bobbi Dugas*

*Nancy Scott*

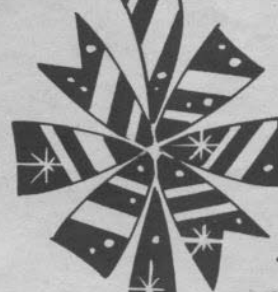
*Nancy Larsen*

*Kate Miller*

*Jean Hammel*

*Don Billings*

*Doug Bern*



GONE BOY GONE

Gone boy gone  
Gone boy gone

have gone and left.

And now winters coming on since you have gone.

Summer and spring were an everlasting eternity  
when you were here.

And now they ar on their way  
and winter is here to stay.

Our memories hang, like the last leaf upon a winters tree.  
only to grow and fade as you leave me.

Your eyes and face stay as an illuminous vision in my mind.  
as you leave me behind.

Where are you going?  
that you can't take me.

Don't leave me this fate  
to stay behind and wait.

Pll remember you as the snow falls softly to the ground.  
For in my mind, summer and spring will never again come  
around.

There will never be another dawn,  
since you have gone.

Gone Boy gone...

Nancy Bryan

I LIE

I lie.  
I said I understand.  
I said I know why you must walk away from me.  
But darling can't you see Pll never understand how you could  
leave me hepllessly. . . stranded. . . empty.  
Singlely abandoned.  
I lie.  
I said I knew you'd leave.  
When all the while hope flickered that you'd find a way to stay  
and how I prayed our parting would be delayed another day.  
I lie. I said I could stand the hurt.  
I said that I was strong enough.  
For I had hurt before and that'd suffice to strengthen,  
toughened  
twice the hurt would not be sore. But I feel the loss in every  
pore.  
And tears still come.

I lie.  
I said I didn't expect to see you again.  
I said it would not matter when.  
But hope does not so easily die and no matter how loudly I cry  
'Pll live without your smiling eyes'. . .  
I lie.

M.A.T.

Is it wrong to want to be the best?  
To work with love through every test!  
To feel your skill at your fingertips  
And your heartbeat quicken when talent ticks-  
To have such pride in what you do  
That each accomplishment thrills you thru  
And to know that challenge lies ahead  
Hastening to it without a dread  
or fear of failure. Is it wrong  
to want to rise above the throng?

Pll never settle for mediocrity!  
For, I have faith in what is me.  
I have hopes and the deepest pride  
of what I am down deep inside.  
But, what I want to be is great-  
creating skill - not second rate.  
If pride is wrong, it's still my aim  
To use this talent to bring me fame.  
To live each day the best to be,  
Even if it's just for me!

M.A.T.



EDEMA

Screaming from the belly  
of a computer,  
Caged in a four-walled  
universe,  
of paper clips and pencil pimps,  
of escalators and elevators,  
Built by novice angles  
(for novice demons)

There below —  
Rivers of traffic pour into  
boiling concrete;  
Moving just past reaching,  
A palms breadth from the horizon.

Jean Hammel



NATURE'S TENDER WEAPON

A slender slice of life sustaining  
blades within themselves retaining  
the worst pollutants the air can give-  
returning oxygen that we may live.

A single field sustains a city!  
Supplying breath - it's such a pity  
that of it's charity most know not.  
The gentle blade. . . . not worth a thought.

To give it's seed it bleeds and dies -  
and for just one day, a smoke-filled sky.  
The field prepares again to bear  
a sea of green to clean the air.

Peggy Toftdahl

BRAVE NEW WORLD

the anguish of the pilgrims as they marched by--  
was echoed by their sins.

deep and reaching sins gored scars in the souls of  
their ancestors.

marred the bountiful plains and triumphat mountains  
of the once sacred valley.

cries of pain and hopelessness screamed from their  
lips.

time will not comfort the forgotten memorials nor  
death the ancestors.

Forgiveness increases the pain.

Sin magnifies the lust and bounty.  
Evil tears at their hearts-- and they surrender.

Sin and evil are the creators

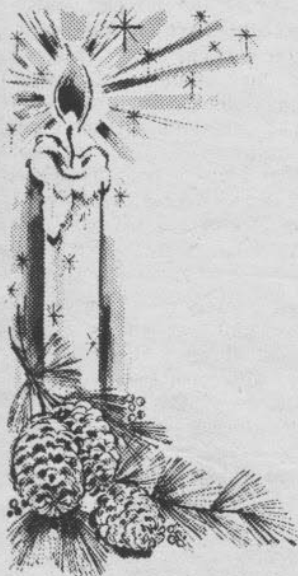
Pain the promise

Torture the answer

Anguish and hopelessness are the drivers

The Brave New World has aged and died-no tears were shed  
no emotion lost--it was gone without notice without a  
glimmer of HOPE!

Nancy Bryan





## Saigon Tea Girl

By DARWIN HANNING

"You buy me tea, G.I.?"  
"Go away," he snapped before he took his eyes off of the bottle of beer he was holding.

"You number ten son of . . ." his glance shot up into the slanted eyes of the most beautiful girl in Vietnam. Her jaw was set to take the blow, but as she saw his expression change, her eyes transformed into their natural almond shape. In her smile was the sparkle of gold, as a matter of fact, her right front tooth was gold.

"OK, G.I., no buy me tea. I sit and we talk." As she slid into the seat his eyes followed the silken blackness of her hair. The shoulders divided it so that it fell to the middle of her back and to the most natural roundness that he could ever hope to behold.

"My name Thi. What is yours?" "Joe." He looked to see if she was going to laugh. She only smiled, her tooth glittered, her eyes fluttered. "You very handsome, Joe." Her hand timidly touched his. That was too much, he lighted a cigarette, inhaling deeply he coughed. She held up the beer for him to take a drink. Her hand touched his thigh.

"Joe, I work all day and nobody buy me tea. Please, you buy me tea?"

"Yes, I'll buy you a tea." As he finished saying it the bar-boy placed the tiny glass of green liquid in front of the girl and waited to be paid.

"Joe, give him 200 P." Without disturbing the hand that was on his thigh he reached into his pocket and took out a 200

Piastra note and gave it to the boy.

"You very good, Joe." He was beginning to hope. Her skin looked so soft, he wanted to touch it, but she might remove her hand. She raised her glass to make a toast. He raised his. She smiled, took a sip and put the empty glass down.

"You buy me one more, Joe." "I can't, Thi. I haven't got enough money."

Her hand moved on his leg. He swallowed hard.

"OK Joe. I go to work. I come back, maybe."

She got up and moved to another soldier sitting at a table.

"You buy me tea, G.I. I work all day and nobody buy me tea."

# I Am A Hippy And I Believe

By DAN BOND

I am, what many of you would consider, a hippy. When I refer to you I am referring to the general society, philosophy, and religion that most people believe in or pretend to believe in. I think you'll agree most of you are phonies, you no more believe in God than you believe in equal rights or justice for all. To understand my philosophy, and - or my life, I would like to use you and your system as a comparison to mine.

I do not believe in God as a supreme being because I do not believe in the past. God is dead, yesterday is dead, they will never again exist as they were. To worship a mass of dead skin and bone, or to reminisce of yesterday is ridiculous, foolish, and senseless. You've created a God to forgive you after you've sinned, the crime has been committed and all you need is to ask God to forgive and you feel no longer guilty of the crime. Does this forgiveness correct the sin? Does it put life back into a

corpse, make a daughter a virgin again or take the harsh words of injustice out of the heart of an innocent child. No, this God will not work, I worship my God, the God I have created within my mind and heart and conscience. A God of love and hate, a God that judges for me right or wrong before I commit the sin. My God is not a crutch, an excuse, my God governs my existence.

I believe that all men, regardless of race, creed, color, or wealth are created equal. That each man is entitled to a life as he chooses.

I do not kill my fellow man, I do not close my door to a man in need, nor do I rape my neighbor's wife. I do not commit these sins because I am not poisoned by illusions. When I see a black man I judge him not by his color but by his actions, his beliefs. When I see a woman I do not create visions of her naked, I see her as a person with feelings and ideas. Perhaps the reason I do not create visions of her is because among my people sex is much more civilized than

yours. If a man and woman share a curiosity among my people then we satisfy our curiosity, naturally and simply. Your society allows sex only with strict principles. This creates emotional distress among your people, the emotional tension increases until it finds release. The result of this release may be rape, suicide, or murder. In most cases I believe your society of wealthy or middle class people forces this emotional pressure upon your poor people. An economically

poor person in your society is shunned from his God, whose head office is supposedly at the local church. According to society, a person must dress accordingly to attend services on Sunday. If a man cannot afford the type of dress required he feels he shouldn't go. By not going he has no God to forgive his sins, and again he has no release for tension or distress. I believe this is your chief cause of crime and mental sickness. My God requires no church to occupy, no preacher to sell Him to me, or a certain day to worship Him.

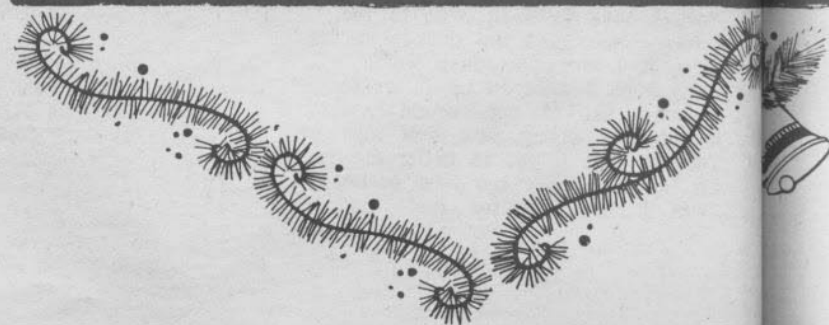
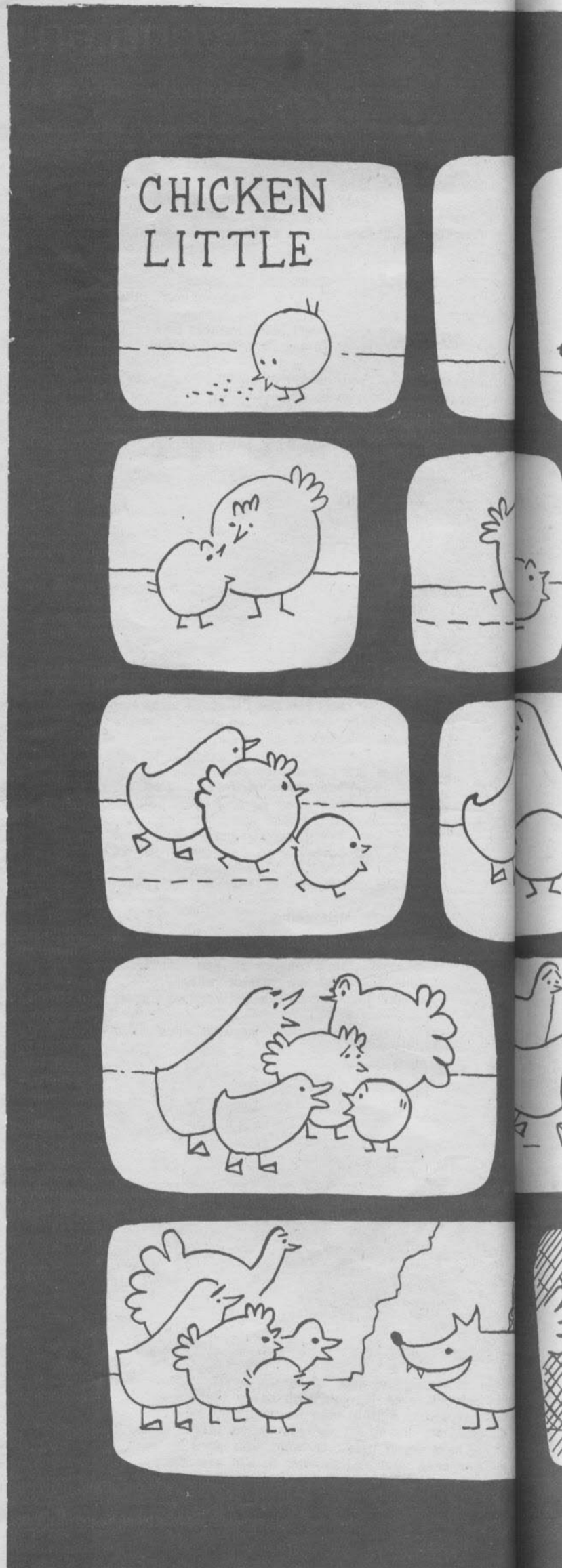
I believe life is an object that is alive, that breathes and that reproduces. I believe most of nature's creations are alive, for example, flowers, trees, animals, grass and many others. To kill these life forms needlessly is evil. To reproduce nature's creations into weapons for war or giant robots disguised as industry, whose purpose is to transform human life into mechanical life, is wrong. I shudder to think of modern technology and the consequences we might suffer if the pollution and disregard for human life continues.

I do not teach my children how to compete in your society, compete for the most expensive automobile, largest wardrobe, or the largest bank roll. I teach my children of human compassion, nature and its natural creations, I teach them of happiness and of sorrow.

I feel I am a truly free and happy man. To me this is what really matters. If you are happy with what you've done

to your society then forgive my assumption that you've really screwed it up. If you're not happy with what you've made of this world I'm sorry, but I believe you've passed the point of no return. Mankind is doomed, thank God.

It is my hope that perhaps by going to college I can insure my wife and my son's future as much as possible and that one day when he writes a theme on his life he can begin with, "My Country tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," because I regret I cannot.





# The Bungler

By WAYNE THORNTON

Though many men are vain, few will admit to such a trait. In maintaining this vainness they attempt to play it cool, make all the right moves, and seem in control of all situations. Actors such as John Wayne, Paul Newman, and Robert Mitchum are the essence of manliness for the cool ones. Mimicking these giants of the silver screen is the epitome of "cool." Many pull the act off quite well, but then there is the bungler. He is always trying to make the grade and over-dramatizing every insignificant scene. They somehow inevitably botch it. Going back to my high school days, I can find no better example of a teenage Mr. Cool who always blew it than my buddy, Gary Morton.

Gary was a good looking young man even when he wore his thick bifocals. He was usually a sharp dresser, and had a blondness that hinted of Norwegian ancestry. Gary played an active part in the athletic program in our high school, and he was often placed in the limelight of school events. For his role as star athlete he developed a swagger and a nonchalant look. Gary worked at being the all-around athlete who was always ready to meet the challenge.

The most basic feat on the tricky little mini-trampoline in gymnastics required a good deal of practice for most people. Surely a simple forward flip wouldn't be all that difficult for a man of Gary's ability. With a practiced John Wayne walk, Gary approached the mini-tramp and climbed on the padded table above it. "Now it is time to show the audience a thing or two," he thought. Springing from the table he hit the canvas disc full force and launched himself into orbit, far beyond the safety spotter's control. Height is valuable in gymnastics and Gary got plenty of height, distance, and spin. The flip was not a bad one for his first one of the day; as a matter of fact it was a bit too good. Our hero's feet missed the mat and the gym floor. So did his knees, stomach, and chin—but not his teeth. Miraculously he was unhurt.

As he picked himself up off

TO SCOTT . . . . .

If my love for you

Were carved out of silver,

It would reach to the moon

In delicate towers of filagree,

And as it stood there,

Reflecting the light

of that heavenly orb,

There would be no need for morning.

Jean Hammel

the floor, his first words were, "Tastes like knotty pine." Gary's cool had been dealt a terrific blow.

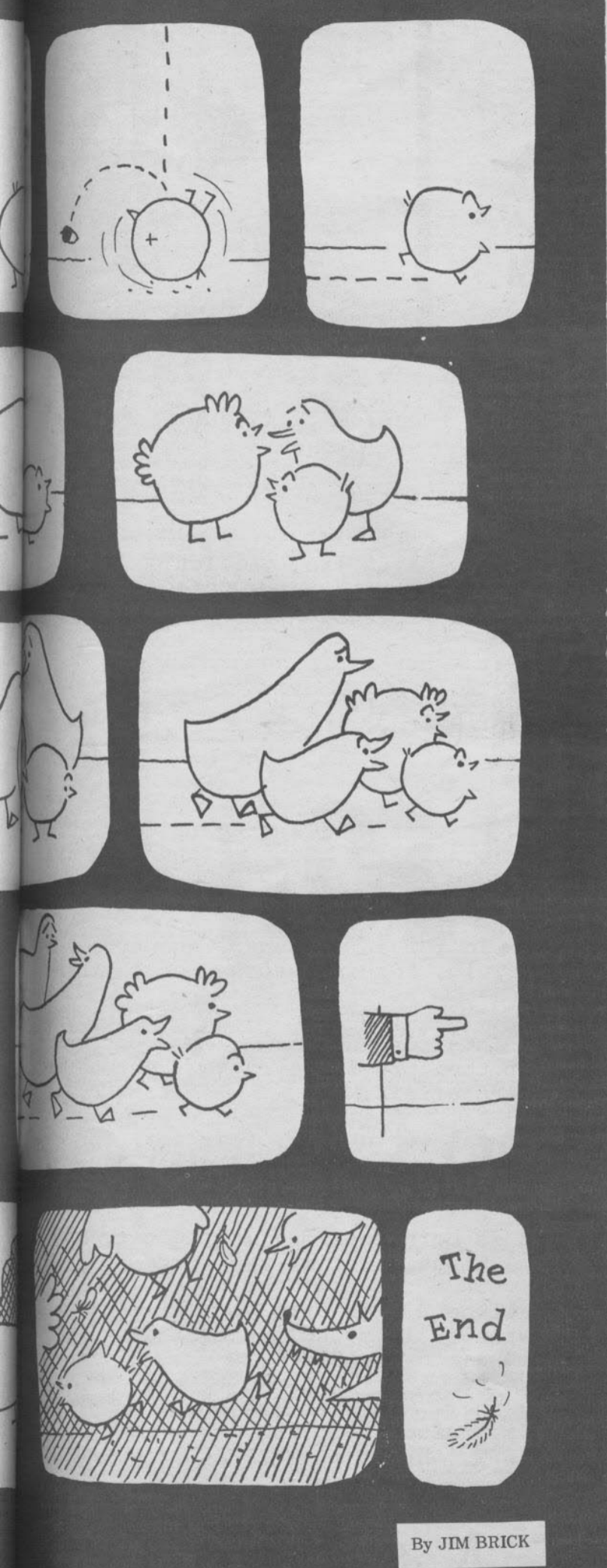
Often Gary's opinion of himself got a little out of hand. When this happened, someone in the group never failed to remind him that he wore thick glasses and could truly be nick-named four-eyes. On one particular occasion, several days after he scored the winning points in a basketball game, a bunch of the gang were holding a bull session at the local A & W Drive-In. Gary kept bragging about the prettiest girl in school hugging his neck, after the game. The time had arrived once more for us to put him in his place. No one in the car could resist calling him four-eyes, that detested nick-name. With a look of disdain he exited from the car and headed for his own vehicle. Having navigated this course at the busy drive-in, he turned and gave us all a chilling, blue-eyed stare of contempt (typical Paul Newman style). He then climbed into his car and reached for the steering wheel. It and the rest of the controls were three feet away in the front seat. Gary swiftly changed from the back seat to the front seat and roared away from the scene, to the sound of his pals' loud guffaws.

Teenage boys sometimes feel the need to prove their bravery. There is no better proving ground than a lonely cemetery on a foggy Halloween night. Our particular test involved walking in a group to the far side of the graveyard and touching a headstone that glowed dimly in the night. The evening was very still and quiet. The fog reduced visibility to about an arm's length. Somehow we reached our objective with our wits still intact, but with the hair on our necks standing on end. Everyone touched the headstone at the same time except Gary. Stating his disapproval of our cowardice, he slapped the stone with a loud smack and began to jump up and down in a flat-footed manner on the old, soggy grave. While doing this he announced his bravery for all of us to hear. "I am not afraid of the dead! Ghosts don't scare me!" Gary shouted. Our hearts filled with terror as we

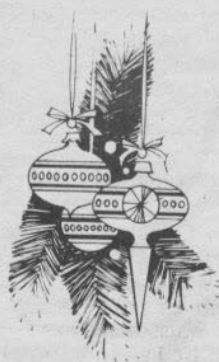
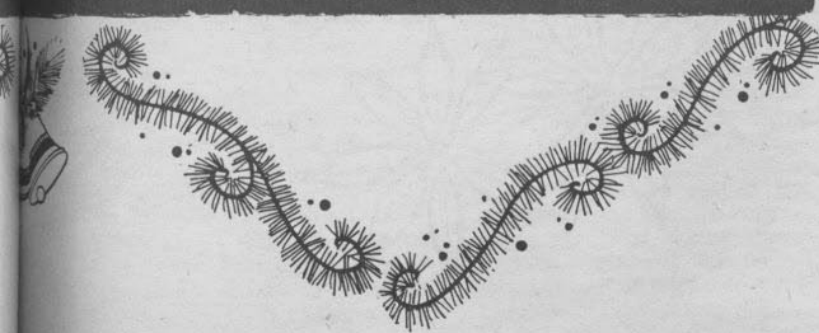
watched Gary's feet pounding upon the grave. After the fourth jump the expression of boastfulness on Gary's face changed to one of perplexity and then to stark terror as he disappeared with a rumble of dirt into the depths of the grave. In unison we executed an about face and began a mad scramble for the safety of our car. As the engine came to life a muddy Gary flung himself into the car. In a few short seconds he had scaled the walls of the deep grave and caught up with us. The most frightened boy in the county now cringed in the back seat. He was on the verge of tears and his bravado was completely smashed.

The movie "Thunder Road," starring Robert Mitchum as a whiskey runner in the prohibition days, had a great deal of influence on the dauntless Gary Morton. In imitating Mitchum, he began to dangle a lit cigarette between loose lips, and also began to slur words out of the corner of his mouth. One scene from the movie that really impressed Gary was the one where the bad guys try to run Mitchum off the road. Doing about 75 miles an hour on a mountain curve, Mitchum casually flicked a lit cigarette through the passenger window of his foe's car. The hot coal landed in the driver's lap, causing him to lose control and crash to his death. Gary presented his rendition of the scene on the main drag of the town. A friend and myself had just come to a halt at a stop light. Gary came slinking up beside us in his hot-rod Ford. He casually lifted the lit weed (which he never really smoked) from his lips and flicked it towards our open window. In the movie Robert Mitchum had rolled his own window down. Ol' Butcher Morton forgot to do this important step. We witnessed his look of anguished surprise for just a split second. In trying to get away from the 2,000 degree ember, he stepped on the accelerator and ran the red light in a burst of speed.

Some guys have the knack of being cool. They always are on cue and never miss a line. Then there are those who constantly blow it. But at the bungler's expense, life is made much more entertaining and humorous.



By JIM BRICK





And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judae, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem.

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

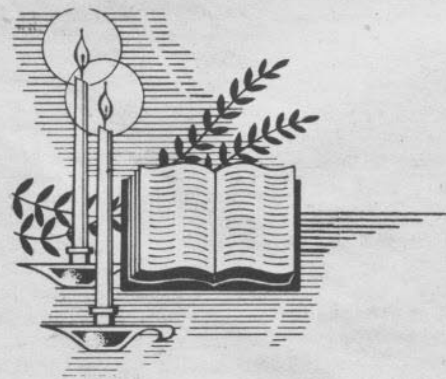
And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

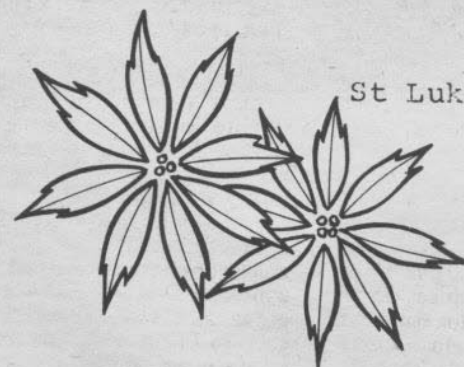
And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger:

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly host praising God, saying, GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.



## PEACE

May it reign in every home at Christmastime . . . and ever after



St Luke 2:1-14





I WONDER

TWH

Whoom!! The spacecraft hit the moon!

No sound that could reach the earth,  
But did it, in some way, touch the sixth sense of all  
things on that eventful day?

A puma, basking on a rocky ledge in the sun,  
Came to all fours at a run,  
Spring-steeled muscles sent him on his way,  
Only to stop him but a stride away.

The wolf pack pursued a stag through the snow,  
Glistening fangs only inches to go,  
The beasts stop as one, lifting their heads to the  
brother on the sun.

Beat . . . pound . . . pump . . . oh savage hearts,  
But cringe, slink, crawl on the ground, oh fearsome pitiful devils.

The great horned owl with talons fierce,  
Into the bloody warmth of the luckless weasel, they began  
to pierce.  
Breaking, tearing, ripping . . . suddenly its beak was raised,  
With the red drops of life adripping.

Great feathered wings spread for attack or self-preservation,  
Back to your meal, wise old friend,  
'Tis only my brothers of man fulfilling their destination.

Back to the age-old chase, animals of the pack,  
Someday he will disappear and leave nothing but his tracks.

Back to your place on the rock in the sun, oh killer of  
cattle and sheep,  
Today is another without the beginning of your eternal sleep.



"Nobody Wins!"



# HOLIDAY HERALD

## Food For Thought

By DAN BOND

As the army truck moved slowly along the rutted road garbage was spilled from the over full barrels in back. Behind the truck ran perhaps twenty Vietnamese women and children, the women would scrape the garbage off the ground into containers. The more hungry of the children would eat the garbage and dirt just as they scooped it from the ground. These people are starving. The truck upon reaching its destination dumps the load into pits and the garbage is buried.

From the cargo barge gliding down the river to receive another load of supplies, on which I am a passenger, I see the Vietnamese people along the banks begging for food. Instead of giving food the "American GP" has a better, funnier game called something like "let's drown those little bastards." The object is to throw empty C ration cans out to lure the children close, close enough to throw full cans at them in hopes of hitting to kill

or drown "the little bastards."

I spent twelve months in Vietnam in the U.S. Army. Not a very proud U.S. Army but a bitter, perverted U.S. Army. The scenes I have mentioned above are not uncommon, these scenes are some of the more merciful incidents. I've seen a woman trade her body for a can of beans to feed her family, a small boy eat a four inch grasshopper alive for a bar of candy.

The general attitude for these people seems to be, "what the hell, they're just a bunch of slant eyes." I feel sorry for these Vietnamese people. Perhaps the reason I feel sorry for them is I can see a glimpse of my life in the way they exist.

When I was eleven years old my father was hospitalized suffering third degree burns over most of his body. A can of gasoline fell off the back of a running truck, spilled and ignited on Dad who was working under it. Our family, being poor to begin with, was forced to move out of town onto a hog ranch. The house was old and

unkempt but it meant free rent if we would feed the landlord's hogs. We had a garbage route in town where we picked up the garbage and fed the hogs. Much of the garbage we received was still usable, such as day-old donuts, produce with wilt only on the outside, and restaurant goods. Each load was carefully sorted out before the hogs were fed and we ate the good food.

As the savings ran out times got harder and harder until we were really skimping, eating mush and the goods provided from the hog route. At this time my mother had five children and pregnant with another, I was the oldest. It was rough on Mom; it was rough on all of us.

One day while visiting Dad in the hospital he called me to his side and said, "you're the man of the house now, take care of our family." I was but eleven years old but when I saw my father crying, I grew up fast.

I began going to the city

dump, which was less than a mile away from the house. I saw that many of the goods which people threw away were still usable. I got the idea I could sell the usable junk if I sorted it out, so I did. I salvaged old mattresses, sofas, chairs, and many other items that were still good. It worked, either the people bought it out of necessity or out of pity, but it didn't matter to me. I was making one or two dollars a day selling junk, plus I knew enough about metal to sort the brass and copper and aluminum from the junk to sell at metal shops. Whenever people came to the dump they would let me unload the junk so I could sort through it. I became a familiar person to the garbage men.

It was a lot of work but it was worth it, just to see the look of pride in Dad's eyes when Mom told him how I helped out. Our family didn't go hungry, there was always something on the table to eat. I stayed awake many a night

wondering if there really was a God and if so why had he singled out our family to suffer. I tried to figure out why the people in the bakery would feed the day-old doughnuts to the hogs, or why the rich people would throw away good furniture to burn at the dump. I couldn't understand why the city people always stared and pointed at us because we weren't dressed as nicely as they were. I haven't yet figured it out. Is being poor a crime, does it make you less human than other people?

Our family survived the ordeal quite well, Dad made it out of the hospital and back to work and we moved away from the hog ranch and lived as humans should. We left behind us a bad experience but one that increased our understanding of life and of people. It greatly saddens me to think of how many more people today are forced into situations as bad or worse than my own experience was. I know of one whole country, Vietnam.

# The Nearing Extinction of The Timber Beast

By FRANK VITARIS

There are a few, some say none, left of the breed known as Timber Beast. Logging has taken on too many aspects of the "civilized" world to allow them room. These "old school" workers, though lacking in formal education, were geniuses in their own right, but even so, their ingenuity cannot any longer hold its own against present "new-fangled" ideas and conditions.

The realization of this affair has overcome many of them, but for some it has added a new vigor to life.

Not a vigor to enter unto the new way, not at all, but rather something with which to compare the old ways and further, something to good naturedly compete the old ways with.

One of these true loggers is Clarence Windom, a man who stands up on his two hind legs and does not act but is the part. Clarence knows what a 14 hour day is and has yet to use an "electric or gas saw-thing" in anyone of those hours. He still swears by his "misery whips," cross-cut saws.

Clarence began logging in the days of horse, ox, and man power and quit with the passing on of steam, and the true Timber Beast in actual production. But his passing out of production did not mean his passing out of existence. He still runs his own show, slow but still very much existing, steam donkey (until he blew the boiler up in a race against a gypo cat show; so went the only type of "ma-chine" he ever really accepted), oxen, log skid roads, cross-cut, screw jacks, and the only thing in fair time with today, his \$1.00 pocket watch in its snooze box case.

His pocket watch may at times run slow, but his patience does not. But his patience runs on a different scale than those more recently produced. If a task goes well, no matter how low the gear; good. But if something won't "c'operate," no matter what the speed, it had better mend its ways.

Clarence used to snap his galluses, which were gargantuan (he told me that they were ordered special from the Hudson Bay Company), whenever things were very good or just as bad. But one of the best snaps they ever got was when he, with a cross-cut, beat a man with a chain-saw. The contest was formulated after the consumption of 1 1/2 gallons of hard cider, during which Clarence contended that his saw was a match for any saw on the

hill, not altogether an idle boast. Well the bet was taken; the first to fell 10,000 feet. Whether Clarence was lucky or whether he failed to mention all he knew, the next morning the woods were closed to all power saws due to fire danger. Clarence won the bet and twenty 3/4" chokers.

After I had known Clarence about a year and a half I heard a story about him which pretty well summed up his attitude towards "scientific progress." It seems that he got a job as Bull Cook (camp tender) in a certain camp "just in time to help" as he later recalled.

About this time electric lights were installed in the bunkhouse and at the same time a wrath against them was installed in the being of Clarence. "What was wrong with kerosene?" Rodents played havoc with the wires and several small fires resulted. "They're evil, they are, it figures" was heard daily. But to make matters worse fire extinguishers were placed in the bunkhouse, for obvious reasons, but not obvious enough for Clarence, he went to war. He said that they were "tools of the devil," these lightbulbs and chemicals. The bulbs were "injurious to the brain" and the extinguishers were no hindrance but a help to the fire.

He talked the men, Swedes, Scotts, and French into demanding a demonstration of the extinguisher's ability. The Bull was only too happy to comply figuring it would quiet things down. A good blaze of boxes was kindled and an extinguisher was brought out. At the first discharge the fire shot a straight course for heaven; the second dose only sped it on its way. The Bull was flabbergasted and the men had verification that it was indeed a satanic tool as Clarence had said. The extinguisher was later checked and found to contain pure gasoline. Clarence won his war. No lights (electric) or fire extinguishers were found in that camp for many years.

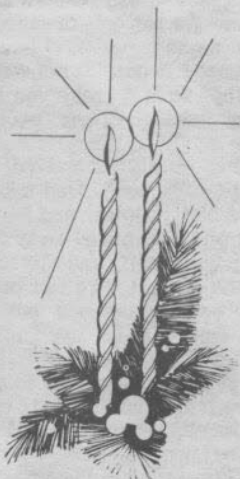
As Clarence was on in years one of his relatives convinced him that it would be to his benefit to move into town. With grave misgivings he moved, in three weeks condemned towns as "dirtier than the combined britches of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John" and swore that he would die in the timber when the time came.

Clarence is still fighting electricity, chemicals, machines, and cigarettes (you should chew or smoke a pipe) and his cry of "timber" still rings out with the gusto and strength "of the old rugged cross" as he would say.

## WHITE MORNING

The morning was white  
And the air was clean.  
If God was there,  
I'm sure he smiled,  
For it was then that the sun  
broke the dawn,  
And set that morning of our love,  
In the bud of a white rose.

Jean Hammel



## ESCAPE

TWH



Take off your clothes, kick your boots from your feet,

Blow the stale air through your nose,  
Inhale deeply the desert night . . . .  
Scented by the Ocotillo Rose.

Raise your arms upward to the star-studded sky,  
Lift your eyes to the yellow moon,  
Let it go . . . . . now, such an age old savage cry.

Feel it, feel the wind on your face,  
It's strumming, strumming the strings of your soul,  
Taking you back to another time, another place.

Move swiftly across the mesquite-dotted sand,  
In the moonlight muscles rippling and sweat glistening,  
Four, five, six . . . . . so many miles you ran.

Rattlesnake on the prowl in the cool of the night,  
Softly little one, doomed kangaroo rat,  
Bobcats screeching and clawing over a tasty bite.

Long, lean strides cover easily the sandy ground,  
Challenging laugh from deep inside an expanded chest,  
With a second wind, the heart has eased its rapid pound.

Stopped so suddenly, flesh ripped in shreds,  
Barbed wire strung so tight . . . . . invisible in the night,  
Warm and sticky blood stains the sand,  
Easy son, be not a fool, the old ones have long since been dead.

# The Volkswagen Driver

By SCOTT DAVIS

In 1934, Adolf Hitler commissioned Ferdinand Porsche to build a small economical "people's car." But, the car was to be released to the masses only after the war. As a result, Hitler himself only saw prototypes, and after the war, when Porsche came to his plant, he saw only the bombed out ruins. But, with his genius, hard work, and red tape wading, Porsche saw it grow to be the largest producer of automobiles in Europe. His car has captured the fancies of millions of owners both in its native Germany and all around the world.

I find that this short history of the Volkswagen (as "People's Car" is spelled in German) can be valuable in understanding the person who drives one. The car has always been a gutsy underdog. Gutsy — from its fully independent, torsion bar suspension to its all synchromesh four speed transmission (neat-sounding sports car stuff, huh?) — but the underdog comes from the engine. Twenty-five horsepower just won't make it on anything but a motorcycle. Even now, it only puts out fifty-three horses. Herein lies the first of the quirks of the "bug" owner. The car's acceleration can only be kindly described as "safe". As a result, everything from Falcons up leave him in the lurch in the local "Stoplight Grand Prix". So, to compensate, the poor fellow begins to develop fantasies, Dragster fantasies. He spends forty dollars on extractors. Zoom, fifty-nine horsepower. Frustrated, he goes to see the "Love Bug" six nights running. Every time some child in his nine hundred horsepower XYZ Sex-Substitute GT floats past him, he sees . . . a foot to the floor, the squeal of tortured rubber, smoke, and especially, the look on the guy's

face as he sees his headlights get sucked out. But only for a moment. He abruptly snaps back to reality, shifts docilely into third at twenty-five and forgets . . . until next time.

Actually the poor baby finds that he can be competitive under certain circumstances. He discovers that his first gear is incredibly low, and that even though he usually shifts to get across the street, if he waits, he will beat anybody across an intersection. So, trembling with anticipation, he secretly revs up his engine (not difficult to do) and dumps the clutch. He hurtles forward at a gratifying clip, startling the barge next to him. Of course, his unsuspecting victim has had his ego shattered almost beyond repair. To save face, the victim duplicates the VW's effort. However, with six times the Volkswagen's power, the results are a tad different. The differential groans, the tires squeal, the exhaust roars. Oh yes — did you know that VW's never get tickets? The only way one can get zapped for speeding is to get it wound out in fourth and aim for a school zone, sans muffler tips. Perhaps if the horn was also blaring a cop would bother to notice. However, if the "boys in blue" don't watch Bugs, they certainly look at least twice at the Nine Hundred Horsepower XYZ Sex-Substitute GT's of this world. So, in the dramatic vignette just presented, out from nowhere springs a TWELVE HUNDRED Horsepower XYZ Sex-Substitute Police-Car. Numerous small black notebooks are filled with citations and a certain VW passes, snickering.

Another facet of the Volkswagen driver is his incredible

dauntlessness in traffic. One example of this is the courage necessary to face the freeway access ramp. It offers enough room for the domestic car to accelerate to speeds well above legal limits, if necessary. It does not offer this same consideration to the Volkswagen. Imagine the feeling when the approaching traffic looms at a menacing pace, and you press the already floored accelerator. Your speedometer struggles — 45, 45 1/4, 45 1/2, 46. By this time, the traffic swirls disgustedly around you as you edge, disgraced, into the truck lane.

The VW driver is also brave in town, when the cars are really thick. With its quick, easy steering and short wheelbase, it is a natural to careen in and out of snarled traffic. Careening, I might add, in front of every Nine Hundred Horsepower XYZ Sex-Substitute GT he can find. But if the bug is agile on the streets, its forte must be crowded parking lots. "ZIP" is the battlecry as the bug pops into places spots vacated, after much ponderous weaving back and forth, by the aforementioned N. H. H. XYZ S-S GT.

The last identifying mark of the VeeWee owner is the Smile.

The Smile comes when he passes proud owners discussing 1160 cfm and proclaiming thirteen-second quarters. "Odd," thinks Our Hero, as he sees the groove worn in the three month old gas tank by innumerable gas hoses. He remembers the earnest little paragraph in his owners manual which reads:

"It may be necessary in wet climates to lubricate the Fuel Tank Cap Threads (Part 23) to prevent rusting from infrequent usage."

There it goes again — The Smile.

## Sue Reigns Over 'Silver Thaw'

"Silver Thaw" was the theme for this year's LBCC Christmas Prom, held in the Student Center on Friday, December 4 from 8 - 12 p.m.

High point of the dance was the announcing of the court, consisting of a Queen and 5 princesses — four elected and

one honorary. The honorary princess, a member of the faculty, administration, etc., was chosen by the prom committee, headed by Prom Chairman Barbara Bell. Eleven girls were nominated for the court. They were Kris Ammon, Deanne Anderson, Barbara

Bell, Sharon Clark, Sheryl Collins, Diane Coon, Charlotte Herrold, Debbie Larsell, Sue Morrow, Sherrlynn Nickolous and Cathy Saari. Queen was Sue Morrow. The four elected princesses were Cathy Saari, Sheryl Collins, Diane Coon and Sharon Clark. The Honorary Princess was Kim Weers.

"The Shades of Grey," a Corvallis group, provided the music for the dance.

Serving under Chairman Barbara Bell were Co-Chairman Frank Holler, who performed the coronation ceremony, Band Selection Committee Chairman Dave Bloom, Decorations Committee Chairman Bruce Mafcy, Refreshments Committee Chairman Doris Lanham and Queen Selection Committee Chairman Bob Drake.

"I think things went pretty well," stated Bell, regardless of the fact that some people who signed up to help didn't pull through.

## LBCC Contaminated

A graphic demonstration of the effectiveness of Biological Warfare was given by Sandi Lidgerding, one of the biology staff when she contaminated the campus with a harmless bacteria called serratia marcescens.

To effectively contaminate the campus, Mrs. Lidgerding smeared the bacteria on the biology room door knob. Later she went from doorknob to doorknob collecting samples in petri dishes. She even approached students and asked them to touch the jell in the dish to see if any bacteria was on their hands.

The amazing thing, it seemed to Sandi, was the fact that no one really asked her what she was doing. This is the basic reason that Biological Warfare is so effective and deadly, besides the fact that it spreads easily and naturally.

Each sample proved fruitful, showing again the danger of this type of warfare. During her discussion class, Mrs. Lidgerding mentioned that in the past few people were truly curious about this method of warfare, except the army researchers who were already

turning out dangerous strains of bacteria for future use. Now, however, citizens have cited the government, asking for the facts of Biological Warfare. Just recently, books have been published to answer these questions. Anyone who really wants to know the truth about

the Government's "hidden" weapons should go to a public library and read what has been published. Any questions not answered there could only be answered by the Government itself.



PEACE GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN



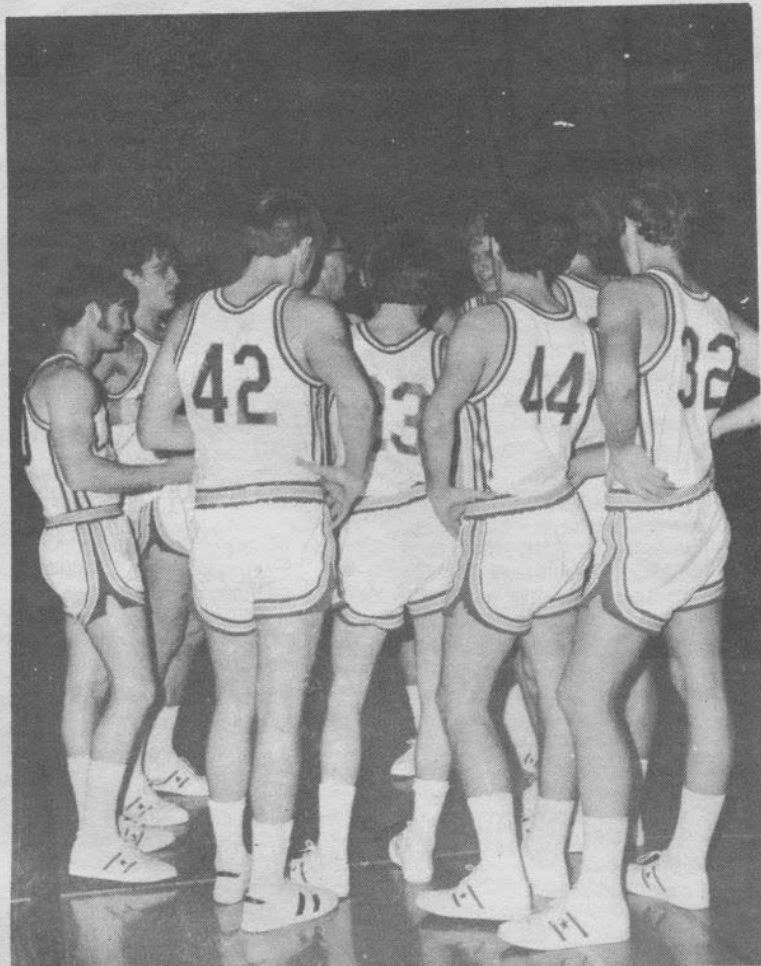
# Happy Birthday LBCC

★

# OPEN HOUSE

★

# Kimpton's Klan Burns Christians



Coach Kimpton talks over game strategy with his Roadrunners at half time. LBCC won against NWC, 62-49.

## Birds Grab Number One Ever 62-49

By ROGER ZIPPLER

The ancient sensation of first game jitters quickly melted in the stomachs of the Linn-Benton Roadrunners as they hammered the outclassed Northwest Christian Crusaders by an overwhelming margin of 62-49. The historical Dec. 1 contest was the first intercollegiate sporting event LBCC has ever completed in since the college was established four years ago. And the Roadrunners convincing triumph at the Albany High School's gymnasium made the milestone a pleasant memory for Linn-Benton patrons.

"We rebounded well and handled their presses," said Coach Butch Kimpton, LBCC's hoop mentor. In result, the white, purple, and gold clad cagers dominated a major portion of the encounter's tempo.

Flashy forward, Tom Williamson, who netted 12 of his 15 total scores in the initial half was the mastermind of Linn-Benton's stingy defense. Williamson outmuscled Crusader foes on numerous occasions, leaping high over the rim with his fingertips to haul in valuable ricochets.

That night the 'runners exhibited board supremacy on both ends of the maple courts.

Front linemen, Jim Vorderstrasse, Bruce Martin and Danny Lipsey showed considerable poise and mental alertness when recovering misguided volleys.

A surprising speedster from Roseburg, Terry Cornutt, brought his bag of tricks to town and dazzled the Crusaders defense with an assortment of dribbling, passing and scoring antics.

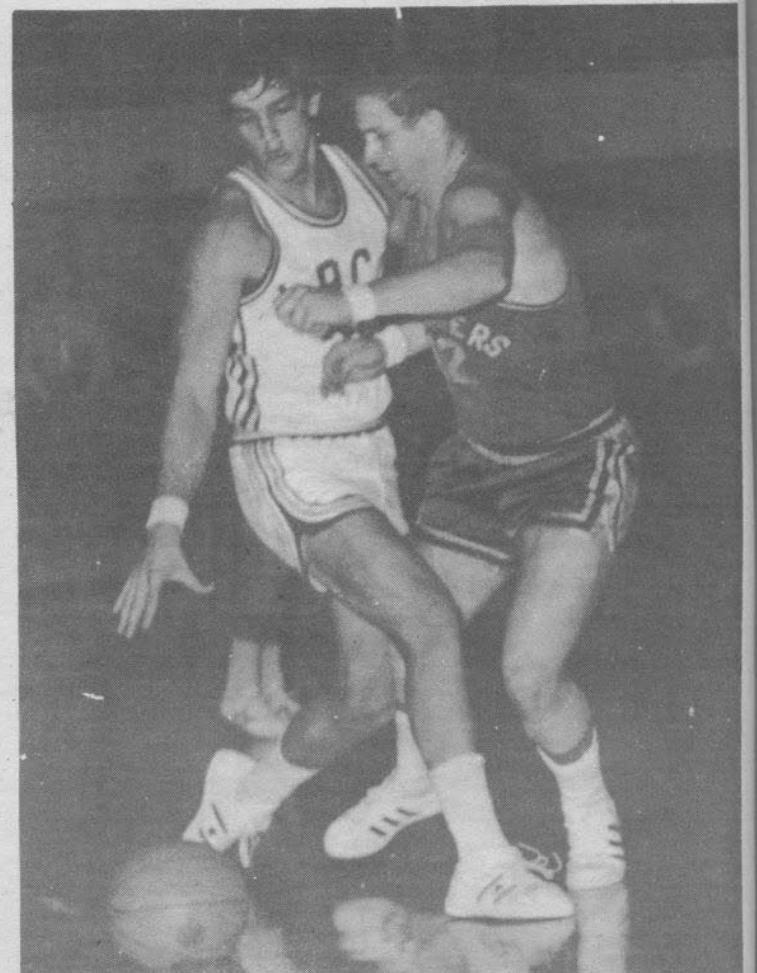
"I felt we were quicker than them, so naturally we began to pick up the pace and ran a lot," said Cornutt. And run he did, snaring rebounds and capping fast breaks with his patterned soft-touch, fade away jumper. Cornutt finished the game with

14 points and a handful of assists. It was Cornutt who scored the first two points of the game for LBCC. Cornutt's bucket will go down into the record books as the first goal ever scored in the history of Linn-Benton's intercollegiate basketball program.

Bob DeKoning, a rangy 6'5" guard who is improving with every bounce of the orange, led all scorers with 19.

Sophomore Bruce Tycer, the only Roadrunner with any college experience (he played JV ball at SOC in '69) saw limited duty because he is still recuperating from an ankle operation. Tycer managed four points, however, including a 30 foot bomb from the left corner.

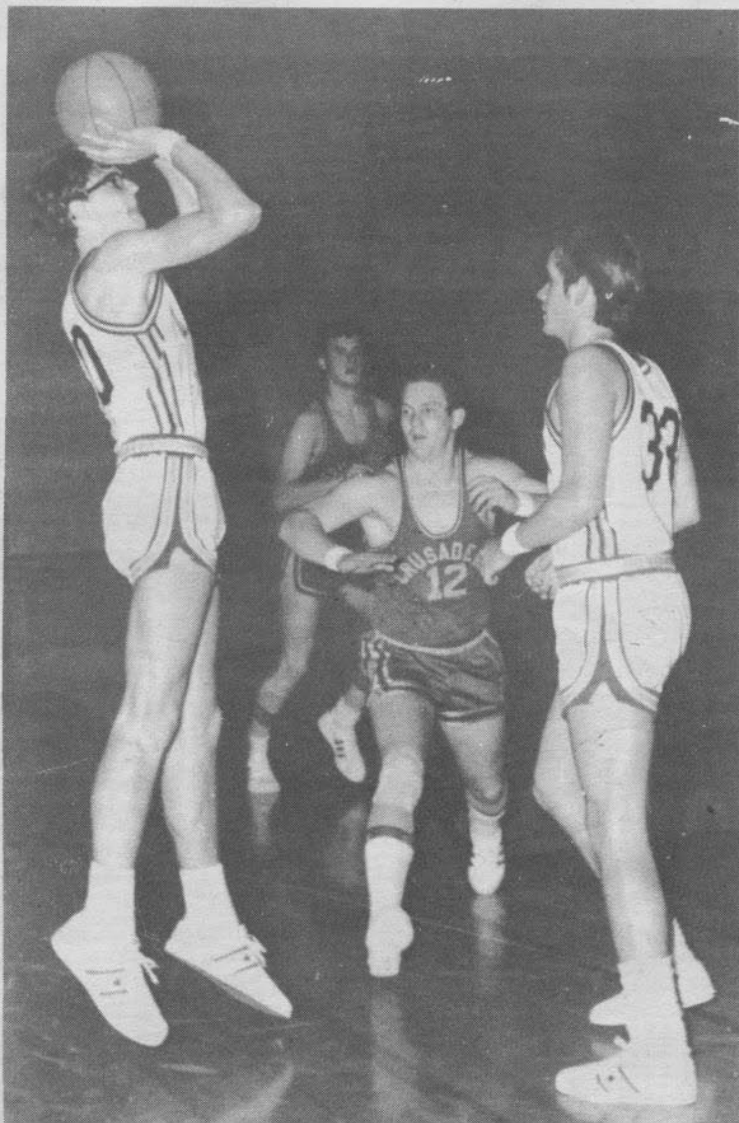
The Crusaders were very cold when finding the range



Triggerman, Terry Cornutt, puts a behind-the-back dribbling move on defender Dave Lipp. Cornutt finished the game with 14 points and 6 assists.

# SPORTS

## DeKoning Flips Jumper

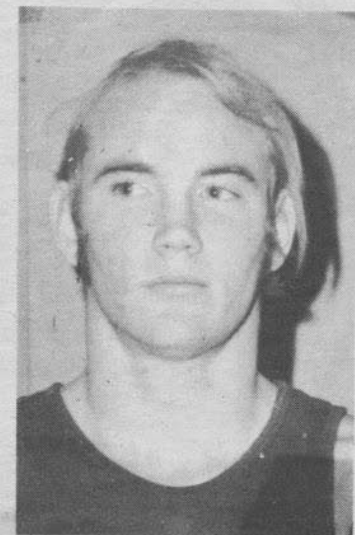


Bob DeKoning pumps in two of his 19 total points. DeKoning took the tiffs scoring honors. Lipsey looks on.

during the opening stanza as only four NWC field attempts successfully plunged the hoop.

5'10" Dave Lipp along with John Richardson, who was the high man on the pole for the Crusaders with 15 points, were the only potential sparks the visitors had to offer as threats at first.

But in half number two, Dick Koeing caught fire and spread



TOM WILLIAMSON — double figure rebounder.

the momentum along to his teammates. NWC began capitalizing on LBCC's mistakes and if DeKoning hadn't of tanked four straight field goals early in the final 20 minutes, the Crusaders would have been within striking distance of the lead.

The Roadrunners hit well in the first minutes, but a five minute lull phase in which LBCC failed to assemble a single point spoiled the club's chances of coming away with a high scoring victory.

"We're all glad to get the first game over with," remarked Kimpton after the

smoke lifted from the heated court.

"I like to get everyone into the lineup; you can't win ball games with only five players," Kimpton indicated. All Roadrunners suited up for the battle saw action on the court.

The Roadrunners displayed a sharp, classy appearance in the manner in which they progressed toward the rim. Only at times in the second half when the Crusaders collapsed on Linn-Benton's "backdoor maneuver" did the 'runners perform poorly. The talented Linn-Benton cagers, sporting only one player who isn't a freshman, are sure contenders for their division crown this year. For an expansion club this may sound premature, but the precisioned, cat-quick play that Linn-Benton exhibited against the Crusaders, along with the clubs sky high morale and spirit put the newcomers in a special category of their own. My opinion is biased, but it has facts to back it.

LBCC — 34 28 — 62  
NWC — 17 32 — 49

LBCC 62 - Cornutt 14, DeKoning 19, Williamson 15, Martin 6, Tycer 4, Vorderstrasse 3, Simons 1, Lipsey, Hawkins, Nist.

NWC 49 - Lipp 7, Schroder, Doty 7, Richardson 15, DeKoning 10, G. Smith 5, Brock 2, Procter, Palisink 3.

## Dull Facts

This nation's worst riot took place during July of 1863 in New York City. During the four day melee, 1,200 people were killed. At issue was the right of the government to draft civilians into the Army.