

The Commuter

Vol. 25, No. 7

Nov. 17, 1993

Packwood's sins
not worth the
firestorm
③

Novaks offer annual
free Thanksgiving
dinner
⑤

Cartoon magic ain't
what it used
to be
⑥

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

Belhumeur wins bid to stay on as mayor

Controversial mayor victorious in battle with local conservatives and others who dislike his style

By Tony Lystra
Of The Commuter

Albany Mayor Gene Belhumeur dodged a recall attempt last night after listening to months of campaigning to oust him from his job.

Final unofficial tallies last night showed that with 53 percent of Albany voters responding, 5350 residents voted to keep Belhumeur in office while 4609 voted against him.

Belhumeur turned up last night at the Linn County Court house amidst a flurry of supporters to personally hear the votes tallied.

"I'm glad I'm going to have an opportunity to prove myself," Belhumeur said. "I guess I'm still here. I've been an obstacle in the OCA's way. I don't think the OCA is going to let us lead

our lives."

He also expressed grave frustration with the people of Albany. "People who had an issue with me never came to me," he said on the Courthouse steps after the election, "People don't get involved in politics unless it affects them personally."

One young woman poked her head out of a crowd of reporters and voters and said she had called Belhumeur several times with issues she thought were very important to herself and her children. She said Belhumeur had brushed her off.

"You say all these things that don't express the needs of Albany," she said. She then cited Belhumeur's son's recent trouble with alcohol possession at a local high school. "You can't get your own home under control. How can you run the community?"

"That's a very dirty thing you're saying," Belhumeur responded.

Citizens for a Better Albany and

OCA representative John Leon both spent months rallying Albany residents to kick Belhumeur out of office. Both were surprised at the election results.

Citizens for a Better Albany Treasurer Dala Rouse said there would not be a second attempt to recall the mayor, but she said the city of Albany needed better candidates for next November's mayoral elections.

Rouse said she thinks Albany citizens voted in support of Belhumeur because "they feel he's done nothing illegal. . . . Albany is a very sympathetic city."

Leon said he was "stunned by the results."

He said Belhumeur's success would only continue "the polarization that exists in the city. This is not a vote that endorses his kind of leadership. He must change his style of leadership."

He said the election results did not represent a defeat for the OCA.

Before results were in, Belhumeur told The Commuter, "This hurts. I think



Photo by Michelle Harris

Gene Belhumeur, still mayor of Albany

we're making it tough on people who want to serve local government. This job doesn't pay much and the criticism gets severe and insulting."

Belhumeur shook Leon's hand shortly before he left the courthouse and headed up the street for cocktails at the Buzzsaw. "We need to sit and talk and work out our differences," he said.

Hwy. 34 declared safety corridor

The Oregon Department of Transportation attempts to slow down motorists

By Chris Whitlock
Of The Commuter

The Oregon Department of Transportation has begun altering Highway 34 in an effort to transform the 10 mile stretch between Corvallis and Interstate 5 into a safer highway for motorists.

Last Monday, the Oregon State Police and the ODOT declared that portion of Highway 34 a "traffic safety corridor." Since then, road workers have installed intersection warning signs and larger speed limit postings. State Police are also peppering the roadside with radar-armed patrol cars to slow speeding motorists.

Signs reading "traffic safety corridor next 10 miles," "lights on for safety," and "this is not a freeway," will be constructed and placed near the I-5 off ramp sometime this week, according to ODOT District Manager Ken Hilton.

Hilton said the ODOT hopes to make Highway 34 safer by strictly enforcing the speed limit, constructing warning signs and lights and educating motorists about the dangers of careless driving.

Officials have suggested reducing Highway 34's speed limit from 55 miles per hour between Corvallis and the interstate. The ODOT will consider the effects of such a speed reduction and present the results to the state Speed Control Board, who will make the final

decision.

Transportation officials are also considering the construction of a traffic signal at the Oakville Road intersection, where a Shedd teenager died last month. Hilton expressed opposition to the proposed signal at Oakville Road. "I believe putting a light at Oakville would create more problems," he said.

Hilton said the traffic signal at Highway 34 and Peoria Road is testament to the notion that a signal at the Oakville intersection could do more harm than good.

In the three years before the Peoria Road signal existed, a total of six accidents hit the intersection, resulting in five injuries and one fatality. Five of the six accidents were related to turning cars and one was a rear-end collision.

In the three years since the signal was installed, 11 accidents have struck the intersection, resulting in 17 injuries. 9 of the 11 accidents were rear-end collisions. Only one involved a turning car. The intersection at Oakville Road has seen 10 accidents in the last three years, resulting in nine side impact collisions involving turning cars and one rear-end collision.

Hilton said history has shown us that "if a traffic signal goes up at Oakville, rear-end collisions will increase." He also said accidents involving turns were likely to decrease, but motorists would rear-end each other more often because the sharp corner before the intersection would not allow them enough warning to safely stop at the light.



Photo by Michelle Harris

Cold Day for a Kilt

Forty degree weather and cloudy skies greet a bagpiper marching past the reviewing stand in Albany's Veterans Day Parade Thursday. The annual event is the largest Veterans celebration in the state of Oregon, and considered one of the largest in the country. A slight decrease in attendance this year was blamed on the inclement weather.

Portland police could care less about heisted auto

By Tony Lystra
Of The Commuter

Last weekend one Portland resident initiated me into what I thought was a club exclusive to true urbanites.

He stole my car.

I wouldn't feel so bad about the whole deal, except it was new. I drove it to Portland with three friends to see The Lemonheads at a club in the South East end of the city. When we walked out to the curb side after the show, it was gone.

"Didn't we park here?"

"Yeah."

"Dear Lord."

Some bozo was out driving my car—sitting behind my wheel, listening to my music. The concept was a tad much for a born and raised Corvallisite to swallow.

Commentary

It was pushing two a.m. when I called 911. The folks at Portland dispatch gave me a non-emergency number. Non-emergency indeed. I was freezing my taters off on a pile of bloody napkins in the middle of weirdo central.

It was pushing two a.m. when I called 911. The folks at Portland dispatch gave me a non-emergency number. Non-emergency indeed. I was freezing my taters off on a pile of bloody napkins in the middle of weirdo central. Flashing neon lights above the phone booth might as well have read, "Knife me, I'm stupid."

The folks I'd driven up with realized the stuff they'd left in the car was gone too. My girlfriend couldn't stop talking about her stupid wallet. Mike lost his wallet and three of his favorite R.E.M. CD's. Annette lost her friend's CD player. And I lost a car. Funny, living in Corvallis I never thought a person could lose a whole car.

Keys, yes.

Wallet, of course.

But never a big hunk of steel and molded plastic.

A car is a man's cherished retreat from the world. He sets the steering wheel just where he likes it. The seat is slid back to that perfect point where he can stretch out and his toes just touch the pedals. The seat back is reclined so his back slips into the grooves of the upholstery like a hand in a silk glove. His tunes are in the stereo. His friends are in the passenger seats. And no one he doesn't like is allowed along for the ride. With the turn of a key, life becomes bliss for just that hour-long trip to the big city.

But all of that mattered for jack now. My car, my world was in the hands of strangers—ruthless strangers. I could only imagine machine gun toting thugs rambling through back alleys—75 miles per hour in first gear—spitting chewing tobacco on the carpet and smashing out cigarettes on the ceiling.

Back at the club, I told several bouncers and bartenders that the car was gone. I was hoping they'd let me use their phone—maybe slip us a little sympathy and a cup of coffee. No such luck.

"Awe bummer man!" one door man said, "You should git yerself a big gun like I did. I've had five of my cars ripped off. But I'm gonna get one of those sons-a-bitches one of these days."

More than one hour later we were still doing our best impression of eskimos in front of the club. We couldn't feel our toes and there was no sign of the

I headed back to the bombed out phone booth to remind them my car was still gone and we were still completely screwed.

They said they'd been delayed by a local burglary. "I'm sorry sir," the officer said, "Please be patient. We haven't forgotten you."

I had expected Portland's boys in blue to sweep in with a silver-lined patrol car, tuck us neatly in the back and rush us straight to the nearest precinct for blankets and cocoa. "Our best officers are looking for your car now Mr. Lystra," they would say, "We'll have it back to you in no time."

How naive I was. After almost two hours, one officer showed up at the club. He told me I should go home while they looked for my car.

My battle with the Portland Police Department continued into the morning. Now safely at home among the living, I called their non-emergency number again.

"We've found your car Mr. Lystra," the Portland police told me, "It's two blocks from where you said you parked it."

And here's the clincher.

"We're not convinced your car was even stolen. There's no evidence anyone broke into it. We understand you were at a night club. Are you sure you didn't get too drunk to remember where your car was? Are you sure you didn't just panic?"

I'd had enough. These folks were going to believe me, and they were going to help me, or it was going to be fresh bacon for breakfast tomorrow. It was eight a.m. I still hadn't slept. And these yo-yo's were patronizing the hell out of me so I wouldn't make them drive downtown and look at my car. It was time to take charge.

I wanted to say, "Look you stupid police lady. I know you stooges are sitting back at the office sucking down donuts and laughing your fat butts off about this, but I'm new at this. This sucks! And you will go down to my car now. And you will look at every inch of it very closely. And then you will call me back and you will apologize to me because you realized that I am in fact a poor sorry victim instead of a partied out moron!"

Instead, I said, "Could you please take a closer

look at my car so I might know what kind of condition it is in before I come up and get it please?"

"Please hold."

After hours on the phone with the police and still no sleep, we hitched a ride to Portland and grabbed the car. I called 911 again and shouted at the operator until a patrol car showed up. We rummaged through our stuff. Annette's CD player was gone. My girlfriend's keys were gone. Roughly ten of my favorite CD's were history.

Still thinking under the delusion that Portland police care one iota about car theft, I called the department on Monday.

"Why the bad attitude about my car?" I asked. "Why don't you folks care when people come to your city and their car gets ripped off?"

A Portland administrative detective (he wouldn't give me his name) told me one car gets yanked off Portland's streets every hour. With that many stolen cars cruising around the city, he said Portland police don't have the time to investigate every theft. When they recover stolen cars, they're usually smashed up, missing stereos, seats and windows. Most of the stuff is usually pawned off at second hand stores.

"They pull 'em out, get their 20 bucks, get a hit of heroine and they're happy," he said.

He also said catching car thieves is tough. So tough that car theft, a class C felony, is now treated as a misdemeanor. That doesn't mean Portland police don't catch car thieves. The officer I spoke with took the paperwork from six arrests down to Portland's district attorney's office Monday morning. He said the justice system doesn't have room for petty thieves anymore. "We're not going to bump a rapist out of jail for a car thief," he said.

"It's pretty hard to get us excited about it when there's nothing on the other end. We arrest more people than the courts can handle anyway."

That means Portland police officers yawn and sometimes laugh when a panicked college student like myself calls 911 from a pay phone and demands results. After the fact, one officer told me I was lucky a patrol car even showed up at all.

"If your car is stolen, it's a matter between you and your insurance company," he said.



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Commuter Staff

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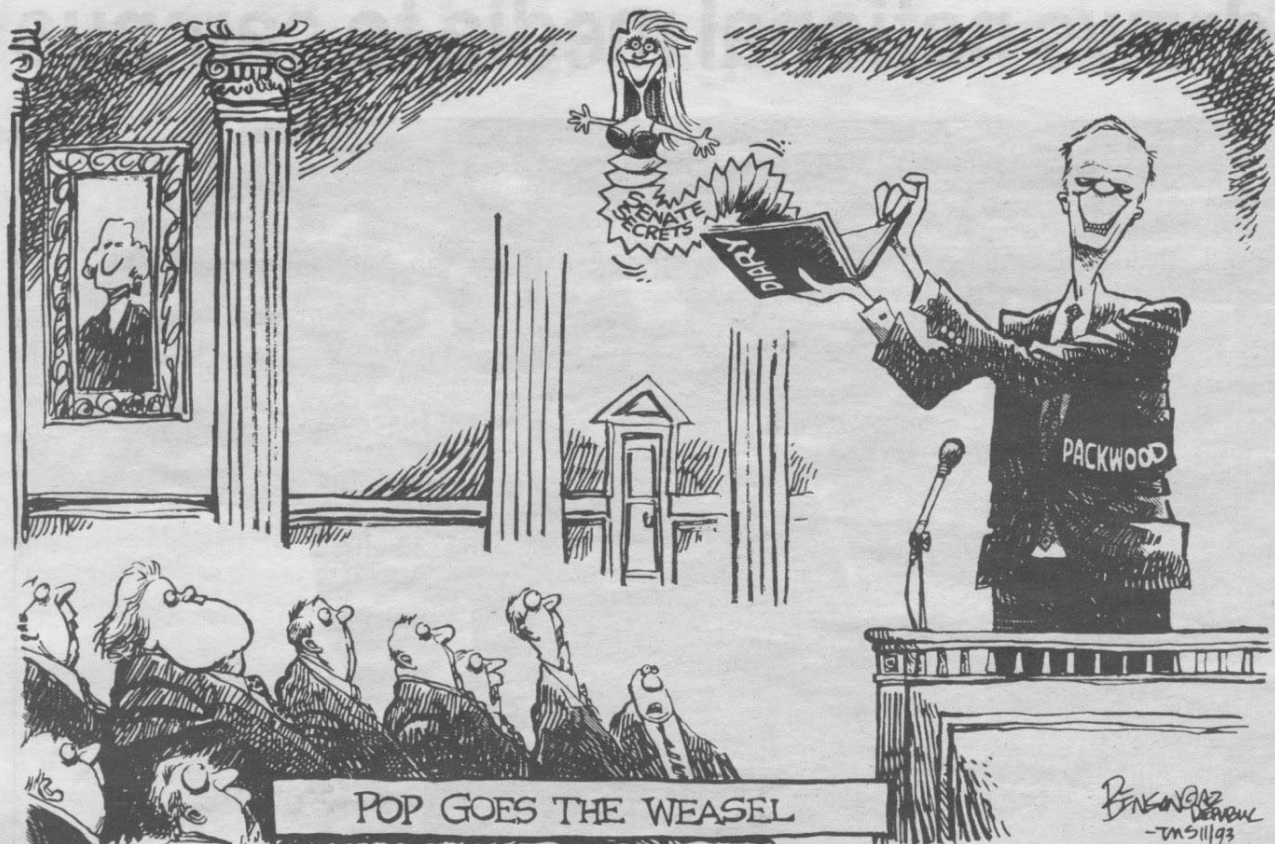
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Opinion



Packwood may be immature and wrong, but being a dork is not a hanging offense

By Richard Cohen
The Washington Post Writers Group

Washington—Somewhere in this town, among the monuments and grand houses, Bob Packwood is licking his wounds. He has been humiliated, scorned, attacked and, has threatened a subpoena. His face is gaunt, his eyes hollow, but the politician in him manages a smile for the cameras anyway.

He's a cur who should by now be gone from public life, but I feel sorry for him nonetheless. To this day, I doubt if he understands what he did wrong.

As for myself, I don't fully understand how being a dork got to be a hanging offense. Over the span of more than 20 years, Packwood put the crush on some 25 women.

The evidence is that he was no womanizer, if that term implies a certain grace in the gentlemanly art of seduction. For flowery words and perfumed patter he substituted the ambush, the sneak attack. He was to seduction what Pearl Harbor was to warfare.

All of this is reprehensible. None of it is defensible.

Once again, I am not defending Packwood. Once again, the legal issues are clear. But I have to wonder if women in general benefit from boosting boorish behavior into the stratosphere of a serious crime.

But in the context of sexual crimes, Packwood is—at best—guilty of misdemeanors. He was not the sort of sexual harasser who abused his authority to extort sex and punished women who would not comply. As for whether he created a "hostile working environment," the evidence is mixed.

Some women undoubtedly thought he had done so. Others, though, simply chose to ignore his swipes. Packwood, after all, was a man who took "no" for an answer.

From what we have been told, Packwood was entirely egalitarian in choosing his targets. He put the move on women who worked for him as well as ones that didn't. Over some he had power. With others, though, the power relationship was reversed.

His alleged attempts to seduce a hometown newspaper reporter or, earlier, a campaign chairwoman, are instances where he held a weak hand. Had the reporter written what had happened, had the chairwoman (a volunteer, after all) quit and gone public, Packwood's career would have ended right there.

Two issues have to be separated here.

The first is legal, involving the Senate Ethics Committee's right to see the now-celebrated diary.

That's an open and shut case. Once Packwood cited the diary for exculpatory purposes, the committee had the right to demand the whole thing. The law is the law, no matter who you are.

The second issue, though, is one of proportion. In Packwood's case, we are talking of a protracted legal fight, the Senate in debate for two days and, of course, the political demise of a pretty good politician.

More than that, we are talking of ruination—not just the ignominious end of a career, but the complete devastation of a reputation. Had Packwood cheated on his taxes or taken bribes, it's doubtful he would be as shamed (if not ashamed) as he is now. He has been accused of the cultural version of a capital crime.

In some sense, Packwood has become the vehicle for the fury many women feel at men for their treatment over the years—for the incessant, often distasteful, male view of them as prey. But his sins, while real, are also symbolic.

When Sen. Patty Murray (D-Wash.) said she was being thanked "for sticking with women," she essentially acknowledged that Packwood's case was a kind of class action suit in reverse: He was standing in for all men, including the very worst of sexual mashers.

But Packwood's not a rapist, not a mugger. He's just a guy frozen in the amber of a geeky adolescence—a loner, a drinker, a workaholic, a policy wonk who cried when the 1986 tax bill cleared committee.

What he needed, what he deserved, was a good slap from the women involved and, ultimately, a fatal political reprimand from the voters of Oregon. What he does not deserve is a kind of induced political suicide—immediate resignation from the Senate, as some of his critics have demanded. Just being a man accused of sexual impropriety is not, in itself, reason to suspend due process and elementary fairness.

During the Clarence Thomas hearings, men were constantly being told that they "don't get it." Well, I don't—not all of "it" anyway. I am a man, and I'm trying to make allowances for that, for having a different perspective. But some women I know think no differently. They, too, wonder how certain awkward moments somehow got rolled into so large a ball of fury.

Once again, I am not defending Packwood.

Once again, the legal issues are clear.

But I have to wonder if women in general benefit from boosting boorish behavior into the stratosphere of a serious crime.

The solemnity of the debate, the fervor of certain women, can make you think Packwood's victims suffered a trauma from which recovery is not likely.

The sheer lack of proportion in this matter can lead you to believe that Packwood is not the only one freeze-framed in adolescence.

So, it seems, are some of the women out to get him.

Shattered relationship ends family closeness

By Dave Bishop
Of The Commuter

His right hand on the screen door, he paused before leaving the house. Looking back over his shoulder into the kitchen towards his wife, he silently rejected the temptation to rekindle the argument.

The squeek of the door's uncoiled hinge announced the disintegration of a family.

I'd seen these two middle-aged, oversized children verbally assault each other before, neither giving an inch. The silence left in the wake of today's skirmish made it apparent this was the final battle.

The line had been crossed this time.

The unspeakable had been spoken, and the truth lay naked and shattered between them. Each wore wounds caused by the power and accuracy of the other's verbal weapons.

Their faces were stained by tears and strained by hatred. Each showed the glaring, unforgiving eyes and the sagging body language which announces the death of a dream.

The silence screamed almost as loudly as the unretractable words, the finger pointing allegations, and the violent promises which had so recently articulated the end of this fragile, doomed relationship.

Their two stunned, teenaged daughters, had mutely witnessed the final battle. Now, drained of both tears and emotion, they dejectedly waited for the inevitable.

For one final, desperate moment, the eyes which had shared twenty years of marriage met, and, neither having the understanding, compassion or maturity to back down one emotional iota, saw only an adversary.

Slower than seemed humanly possible, my brother pushed through the door and stepped out of an alliance he had the ability to salvage, into something he had been indelibly programmed to fail at since birth—life.

As the screen door loudly slammed, fanning a small dusty breeze, I knew I had witnessed not only the end of a marriage, but the death of a future.

Parking violation debate rages on

To the Editor:

In response to Buck Childress's letter defending campus security and Mick Cook all I can say is that Mr. Childress is not very well informed. First of all, I did not slander Mick cook. I can back up everything I wrote. Second of all, if Mr. Childress wants to talk about slander; what about him slandering me by writing that I was parked illegally even after it has been proven otherwise. As proof of this, I'm leaving a copy of a letter from Jon Carnahan, president stating that in his opinion and the opinion of the school, I was not parked illegally in the Commuter office. Mr. Childress may come check it out for himself. Mr. Childress is guilty of jumping to conclusions when he wrote that "he knows I was parked illegal." buck, the person who wrote the ticket did not know the parking rules for that particular area and didn't know what he was doing. If he did, he would not have written the ticket. Is that my fault? Does that mean I parked illegally? No, it does not. So Buck, why don't you get your facts straight before you accuse me of parking illegally again. Also, the point of my letter was a person is innocent until proven guilty (not the other way around) and that it was unfair and illegal for students to have to choose between paying a fine or going to a student hearing and trying to prove their innocence. And yes, Buck, I can prove that the burden of proof was on me and the students that appealed their tickets last year. Also the contention that this institution would be the equivalent of a madhouse without Mick Cook is ludicrous.

Norman Sheeran

Belhumeur battle draws national media to campus

By Trista Bush
Of The Commuter

A reporter from the national television program the MacNeil/Leher NewsHour showed up at last Wednesday's meeting with LBCC students and petitioners advocating the recall of Albany Mayor Gene Belhumeur.

OCA representative John Leon and Citizens for a Better Albany, the driving forces behind the recall, answered questions which LB students wrote on note cards and passed forward. Belhumeur said he mixed several of his own questions into the cards.

Lee Hochberg, the MacNeil/Leher correspondent, covered the meeting for a follow-up story about the OCA's attack on the homosexual political movement. Several students stayed in the Forum after the question-answer session to watch Hochberg interview Leon and Gehrke.

Leon told Hochberg he was shy of the national press because he'd been burned too many times when the reports reached the public. However, he finally agreed to a short interview. He told Hochberg he wanted Belhumeur out of office primarily because of his consistent advocacy of gay rights. He added that, for him, the recall had nothing to do with the fact that Belhumeur was married to an African American.

Citizens for a Better Albany Treasurer Dala Rouse also said her beef with Belhumeur had nothing to do with racial issues, although she added, "I wouldn't want my son to marry into another race."

Belhumeur smirked at that comment and patted a recorder next to him. "And I have it all on tape," he quipped.

Chief Petitioner Rick Gehrke and Rouse fielded some 42 questions in what turned out to be a heated and emotional hearing.

Here are a few of the questions LB students had for the petitioners:

Q: What specific action has the



Photo by Michelle Harris

A small turnout of students attended the Q & A session that featured Rick Gehrke and Dala Rouse of Citizens for a Better Albany. Also in attendance was Albany Mayor Gene Belhumeur.

mayor done to justify your action?

A: Rouse; "The dissention with the city council members. Gene has a tendency to go back and forth between the members. We now have two city council members who don't talk to each other. I think the mayor of Albany needs to be more professional."

Q: What's the connection between the recall petitioners and the OCA?

A: Rouse; "Leon has helped us in regards to petition and flyers. I have nothing to do with the OCA, I'm not a member, nor do support their measures."

Q: Did the recent fines given to the OCA by the State Treasure's Office

affect your campaign against the mayor?

A: Rouse; "No, we have not received any funding from the OCA. We are not an OCA organization. I don't know how many times I have to say that!"

Q: Your committee has distributed a flyer door-to-door in Albany that states: "Mayor has misused and overspent" his expense account. Last week the finance department indicated that \$416 remains in his \$500 annual budget. Can you explain this discrepancy and is your information misleading?

A: Rouse; "I don't think there is a discrepancy. He has charged \$160 in mileage. If you go month by month he's

definitely overspent. I don't think I ever charged \$100 in mileage the 12 years I've been on the city council."

Q: While in office, did Gene do anything you support?

A: "I can't think of anything presently."

Q: Have you ever tried to compromise or talk with Gene about your problems with him?

A: Gehrke; "I personally never have. I have my feelings with what he did. Talking was not going to change anything. I have known other people who talk to him. A person who has that attitude that 'I'm right and not going to change' is not worth talking to."

The Women's Center

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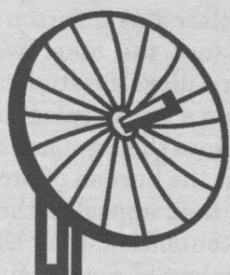
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Ad
Council

Ska intertwines jazz and Jamaican music

By Edi Rodriguez
Of the Commuter

Last week at the Roseland Theater in old town Portland, I had the chance to see the father of traditional Ska music—The Skatalites—perform before an appreciative crowd.

Ska is a mix of jazz and black Jamaican music that developed in the ghettos of Jamaica as an outlet for people to speak out against the problems and oppressions of their time. During an era when local radio stations played the music of white America, Rasta drumming fused with the music of black nationals and the music we know today as Ska was born.

The Skatalites were the first to market this powerful free-form music of rebellion, combining a unique mixture of melodic horns set to drums.

As Jamacians were brought as slaves to Europe Ska continued to develop in England where musicians, in time, were making records. Bands like the Specials sprung out of the genre established by artists like the young Bob Marley—music directed at having fun without losing politically

conscious lyrics and spirit.

Traditionally, Ska music was performed but not written down. In Europe today the music of the Skatalites is studied in a conscious attempt to write down and preserve Ska.

The Skatalites were the first to market this powerful free-form music of rebellion, combining a unique mixture of melodic horns set to drums.

The Skatalites were joined at the Roseland by some younger bands—Selector, The Toasters, and Special Beat (a mix of members from the Specials and English Beat).

The music started at 8 p.m. with the Toasters playing a 45-minute set. Next came the Selectors, who played some old songs like "Three-Minute Hero," "James Bond" and some newer tunes such as "Whip Them Down" (a song about fighting back against racists).

Next up were the Skatalites, who opened with "We come in Freedom" and played for a good hour. They also did their version of "The Guns of Navarone." The Skatalites closed their set with the same tune they opened with—"We Come in Freedom."

The final band of the evening was Special Beat, who played a somewhat short set filled with classics from both the Specials and English Beat. "Tears of a Clown" and "Message to Rudy" were some of the highlights of their performance.

Cartoon magic just isn't what it used to be

By Shonda Amundsen
Of The Commuter

I remember those good ole Saturday mornings. After a week full of strenuously creating crayon masterpieces and extensively learning how to tie my shoes, it was always a relief to crawl into my worn out longjohns and drag "fuzzy blanket" along with me to my morning of adventure. Before anything, we would head on over to the kitchen cabinet to get that loyal brown bowl that was always stashed in the back. I loved to stuff it full of stale Fruit Loops before I started my relaxing ritual.

It was at the butt crack of dawn. My final destination was to sprawl out on the family room floor. The sole purpose was to stare aimlessly at my favorite cartoons until lunch. On Saturdays, I had no thoughts of staying in between the lines or figuring out methods for shoelaces. No, the only stress I endured was deciding whether "Bugs Bunny" or "Alvin and the Chipmunks" fit my mood.

Those days are long gone, though. The magical moments of Saturday mornings are mere memories. To have that desire now would mean setting my alarm clock and pressing the snooze button only four times. But, I have valid excuses for my lack of enthusiasm.

One reason is that they just aren't making the new cartoons exciting. Of course "Shelly Duvall's Bedtime Stories" at 7:30 a.m. does sound tempting, but weighing that option with the other, I have become more enthralled with sleeping than Shelly Duvall. I have to wonder if the coming generation is satisfied with "Tooth Fairy, Where Are You?," "Cadillacs and Dinosaurs" and "Eek The Cat." I think I would rather watch "Soul Train" at 9 a.m. It seems like these kids are getting ripped off, but maybe that's all in the plan. Perhaps the networks have a new philosophy to turn kids off TV, so they won't end up with the cabbage-brains that too many of us have.

The other reason for turning up my nose at these toons is because of my age. There's an unspoken vow that people take when they reach the age of thirteen. Before then, everything is pretty neat and spiffy, but afterwards, attitudes must be fixated on the idea that all things are on the brink of stupidity. It's a rule. If someone decides to go against it, they're a freak and will eventually be locked up for a while. Really! I've seen it happen to the best of 'em.

So, that describes why I, and most other people over 13, don't watch Saturday morning cartoons anymore. Well, that and the sleep factor. I guess if we want to watch our childhood heroes now, we'll have to learn how to set up that darned VCR.

Depeche Mode are for the faithful and devoted

By Jim Eagan
For The Commuter

There was a flood of activity at the coliseum in Portland. Stage hands were moving set pieces and instruments around. Large silver drapes hung from the ceiling and they were being dropped to stage level. For a while, people were walking and talking casually. Suddenly, the whole building plunged into darkness. Wild yelling and screaming filled the air. Depeche Mode was ready to do their thing.

"I can taste more than feel/ This burning inside is so real . . ." The opening number, "Higher Love" began. More screaming. Halfway through the song, lead singer David Gahan stepped

out from behind one of the curtains, basking in all his glory. The screaming continued.

The first tour since the "Violator" tour was a mass of lights, sound and video images. Bizarre images, products of Anton Corbijn's artistic genius, flooded the eyes. The music was incredible. It was Depeche Mode, need I say more? It was a collage of their best stuff ranging from "Black Celebration" to "Songs of Faith and Devotion."

Many things about this show impressed me. On previous tours, synthesizers were the focus of Depeche Mode's music, but this show proved the band's versatility. Martin Gore's

guitar playing was really good. I was amazed at just how good a drummer Alan Wilder actually is. The incredible video images and lights were perfectly orchestrated with the songs they were set to, also.

The only thing that let me and other Depeche Mode followers down was their lack of pre-"Black Celebration" material. They left out some of their best material including "Master and Servant," "Somebody," and their best known song, "People Are People."

All in all, it was an awesome show. It was well worth the \$26 ticket and \$32 worth of souvenirs. I can't wait for Depeche Mode to come around again for their next tour.

Attractions

LBCC Blood Drive

The Student Programs Office and RSVP will co-sponsor a blood drive on Nov. 17 from 9:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. in the Boardrooms. LBCC's quota for the drive is 100 pints. There is a special need for blood during the holidays.

Gallery Talk and Reception

Cityscapes/Landscapes/Abstract shapes will be shown through Dec. 9 in the Humanities Gallery, AHSS Bldg. Oil paintings on canvas by Paul Briskey and stained glass by Carol Krakauer will be featured. A gallery talk with reception following will be held on Friday, Nov. 19 at 11:30 a.m.

Story Reading and Workshop

Margaret J. Anderson, a children's fiction writer and nonfiction author, will give a reading on Nov. 19 at the LBCC Board Rooms A and B from noon to 1 p.m. and a workshop on Nov. 20 from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. at Albany Public Library.

Thanksgiving Feast

The Culinary Arts Santiam Restaurant will serve a Thanksgiving feast on Nov. 24 from 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. The menu features prime rib or grilled cornish game hen with chestnut garlic soup, horseradish whipped potato, chayote with corn and red pepper, and pie. The cost is \$7.25. Call extension 203 for reservations.



Photo by Micky Shannon-Monroe

Cold Cornucopia

A huge ice sculpture festooned with the riches of the Oregon harvest decorates the table at last week's Culinary Arts buffet. About a hundred people attended the event which served as a final for a class in fancy buffets. The buffet helps prepare students for work in the hotel and hospitality industry. Last week's buffet featured smoked ham, baked salmon, seafood, and a wide variety of salads and desserts all derived from the Northwest. The next big event for the Culinary Arts students is a Thanksgiving feast featuring prime rib with Yorkshire pudding or grilled cornish game hen with wild plum sauce.

Sports

Roadrunners welcome talented rookie squad for 93-94 season

By Zachary Spiegel
Of The Commuter

Randy Falk, head coach of the LBCC mens basketball team, is bringing a very young but talented team into this year's upcoming basketball season. After compiling a 13-14 record that was good for fifth place in league last year, the team will stress the importance of working together to collect more wins, he said.

"There are a couple of returning players that I feel will make a great impact on the success of the team winning games," said Falk, identifying Kevin Moreton, a 6'2" swingman, and Jim Dewey, a 6'4" forward. He said both of these players will likely see a lot of playing time.

Two of the new players that Falk



Randy Falk

said could make an immediate impact on the floor are 6'6" forward Greg Obrist and 6'5" post/forward, Matt Bonnicksen.

"This year we had 34 players express interest in our program, 16 of which will be kept as rostered players. As of right now we have 11 players on the active roster and five more will become eligible winter term," stated coach Falk.

"It is hard to recruit the top-notch players to come here due to the restriction on scholarships," he added. The NWAACC (Northwest Athletic Association of Community Colleges) limits the number of terms that tuition can be paid to 24, but LB limits the number of terms paid to 13. The scholarship covers only tuition—not books, room or board.

"The strong coaching staff we have at the college is a big reason why we get those top-notch players to play here," remarked the coach. "Joe Kleinschmit is my assistant coach and Jim Martin and William Abraham are the team managers. They are all a great deal of help to me."

Falk has coached at LB for three years. Before that he was head coach of the mens basketball team at Lewis Clark State College in Lewiston, Idaho. He got his start at Washington State University as an assistant under WSU head coach Kelvin Sampson.

The Roadrunners open their season on Nov. 27 at Green River Community College in a non-league contest and they kick-off league play on Dec. 7 at 7:30 p.m. as they host NW Christian College.



Photo by April Brazinsky

Going to the Hole

Intramural/Recreational Sports hosted a 3-on-3 basketball tournament in the LBCC gym Saturday Nov. 13. A total of six teams competed in the tournament sponsored by the Schick Super Hoops Program, Northwest Regional Tournament and the Student Programming Board. The winning team of Joe Barba, Jose Cepeda and Joel Kercado will advance to the Northwest Regional Tournament at Central Washington University in February.

Kuhn Theatre The Beverley Hillbillys

Adults\$4.00 Fri, Sat, Sun.
Seniors\$2.50 7:00 pm
Children ..\$2.50 8:50 pm
Sat. & Sun. Matinee
2:00 & 3:50 pm
All Ages \$2.50
668 S. Main, Lebanon

Attention! Pre Nursing Students



Informal Group Advising Sessions

Topics:
The Point System
Application Process
Nursing Job Market
NLN Pre-admission Exam
Sessions:
Wed. Dec. 1—10-11:00am
Thu. Dec. 2—12-1:00pm
Thu. Dec. 2—4:30-5:30pm
Fri. Dec. 3—3-4:00pm
All Sessions in HO114

Classifieds

HELP WANTED

Students needed! Earn \$2000+ monthly. Summer/holidays/fulltime. World travel. Caribbean, Hawaii, Europe, Mexico. Tour Guides, Gift Shop Sales, Deck Hands, Casino Workers, etc. No experience necessary. Call 602-680-4647, Ext. C147

OCS-Providing positive support for developmentally disabled adults with behavioral challenges. 1-on-1 staffing most shifts in residential setting with 1 to 3 residents. Experience desired, but not required. We provide extensive training. \$6.70/hr after training. Acceptable driving record. Hiring Relief. Apply at 531 NW 5th, Corvallis, OR.

WINTER SKI RESORT JOBS. Up to \$2,000+ in salary & benefits. Ski/snowboard instructors, lift operators, wait staff, chalet staff, + other positions. Over 15,000 openings. For more information call: (206) 634-0469 ext. V6065.

SPRING BREAK '94-City of Lake Havasu, is seeking responsible campus reps to promote largest Spring Break in the West. Earn \$\$\$ + Free trips! Greg (503) 251-1260 Or (800)4HAVASU

MISCELLANEOUS

93-94 Peter De Fazio scholarships. Eligible applicants are Oregon residents residing in the 4th Congressional District (Linn Co and part of Benton), dislocated timber workers, full time students who've applied for financial aid and are successfully completed 12 credits at LBCC. Deadline: 11/19/93, applications are available at the career center.

Central Oregon Builders Association Scholarship for 1994-95. Eligibility: Residents of Deschutes, Crook, or Jefferson Counties majoring in construction related fields. Deadline: April 1, 1994. Applications are available in the Career Center located in Takena Hall.

Leslie S. Parker Scholarships: Eligible students are females who have completed at least 2 years of satisfactory course work. Deadline is 3/1/94. Additional info can be picked up at the career center.

Any one interested in joining the LBCC Soccer Club, please contact Russ Moline at CC 213, Student Programs ASAP!!!!!!!!!!!!

Need a room-mate? Place an ad in today's classifieds for immediate results!

16 Track Recording Studio and Promotional Photography. Large Rooms, Grand Piano and Hammond Organ. \$20 per hour, call Dennis at 754-7328.

FOR SALE

Large storage cabinet (98" tall, 34" deep, 40" wide). \$100 or offer. Also Free Bumper for 1970 Chev PU. 745-5628.

1969 Karman Ghia, new engine, brakes, and stereo. \$1500 or best offer. 451-2486.

1989 Mazda black, prof. lowered, snug top, prime wheels, alarm, power doorlocks and windows, competition stereo. This is a great truck! Call Zach at 757-1443.

HI-FONICS PRO 12" subwoofers, brand new, \$100 each, only 6 left 752-4852

Classified Ad Policy

Deadline: Ads accepted by 5 p.m. Friday will appear in the following Wednesday issue. Ads will appear only once per submission. If you wish a particular ad to appear in successive issues, you must resubmit it.

Cost: Ads that do not solicit for a private business are free to students, staff and faculty. All others are charged at a rate of 10 cents per word, payable when the ad is accepted.

Personals: Ads placed in the "Personals" category are limited to one ad per advertiser per week; no more than 50 words per ad.

Libel/Taste: The Commuter will not knowingly publish material that treats individuals or groups in an unfair manner. Any advertisement judged libelous or in poor taste by the newspaper editorial staff will be rejected.

WANTED!

Sports Editor

The Commuter is seeking a sports editor for the 1993-94 year. Students with some journalism class experience preferred, but all interested applicants are encouraged to apply. The appointment carries a \$585 annual position grant and provides valuable training and job experience. Appointment is made by the editor-in-chief.

Applications available in
The Commuter Office, CC210.

The Comic Crypt

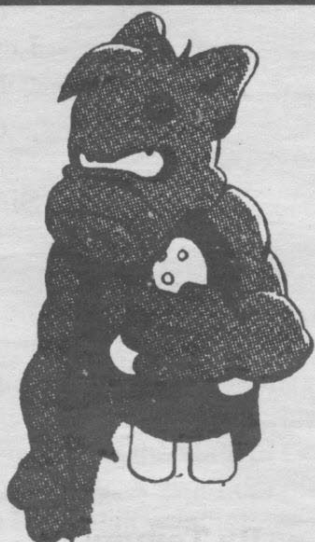
120 Ellsworth, Albany OR

CEREBUS

HE'S THREE FEET TALL.
HE'S COVERED IN
SHORT, GRAY FUR.

AND WOMEN
LOVE HIM.

...BUT HE
HATES
TO BE
CALLED
'CUTE'.



Our First Thanksgiving Out Of Grace

The empty armed chair at our table
 Honors a son and brother whose death stabs
 As a knife in the breast and carves us.
 Never to return, our simple smiles.
 Kip's once-warmth is savored, while
 Stuffing spills and sliced meat bares bone.
 Gone like Kip's grace, flesh nourishes flesh
 Instead of soul. Napkins crumble to tissue.
 Vegetarians pick at chopped and mashed morsels.
 Instead we are hungry for wholeness.
 Never to return, our daily trust--
 Gone like joy on this day of no rejoicing.

By Linda Varsell Smith

Invitation to Breakfast

I hadn't asked for formal attire
 in an invitation to dine at my feeder.
 But the fufous-sided towhee
 came in sophisticated display...
 elegant feathers and peckable manners.
 We ate our breakfast together...
 cereal, of course.
 I had my shredded wheat indoors
 and watched him dine on birdseed,
 scattering it right and left
 in joyous splendor.

Betty McCauley

Thanksgiving Turkey

Farmer Brown seeks a mature turkey
 who thinks when Brown lurks he
 should take a walk on the wild side
 but being somewhat on the mild side
 runs to the farmer's child's side.

He races. All becomes blur. He
 spies Sara's skirts--a place to hide!
 Sara protects the bird beside her. He
 fluffs his feathers, puffs with Sara's mother pride.
 (But her father axes him from another side.)

By Linda Varsell Smith

Running Through Space and Time

Finding direction.
 Seeking the stars.
 Looking through the stars.
 Seeing through the light.
 Seeking the truth.
 Seeing the truth.
 Getting it together.
 Partaking in destiny.
 Peace will be here again.
 Listen to the voices that surround us.
 Just be careful which voices you listen to.
 There is deception at every turn.
 There is wonder at every sight.
 The knowledge and truth is there for the taking.
 Look beyond the realm.
 Look through the world around you.
 See the truth that lies within.

By Tammy



Moons Of A Distant Star

Moons of a distant star
 reflect love
 in patterns of this
 in patterns at night
 into a calm
 out of fright
 Lost souls look to the stars
 heal the wounds
 cover the scars

Sign posts.....for passing cars.

By M. Brendle