

# THE COMMUTER

Wednesday  
March 4, 2009

Linn-Benton Community College, Albany, Oregon

Volume 40 No. 19

## The one with all the California



Photos by The  
Commuter staff





**The Commuter**

**Editor-In-Chief:** Gregory Dewar  
**Managing Editor:** MaryAnne Turner  
**Newsroom Desk:** 917-4451  
**E-mail:** commuter@linnbenton.edu

# CAMPUS NEWS

News about Linn-Benton Community College, including the Sweet Home, Lebanon, and Benton Centers.

## Upcoming career fair at LBCC

**James Scales**  
The Commuter

Come discover the career opportunities with some of the region's best employers. Learn about the programs and training offered here at LBCC and attend special FREE workshops to enhance your job-finding

skills. This will be a wonderful opportunity for anyone, LBCC student or not, to come and get help with finding a job. This FREE event that is open to the public takes place Thursday March 5, 2009 in the LBCC Activities Center Gym at LBCC in Albany, Oregon.

## ASG Elections postponed

**Blair McMackin**  
The Commuter

ASG elections have been postponed until later this week due to technical difficulties with the website. Media Services, who puts the website up for us, ran a test on the site and everything seemed fine for the last few days, but when people went to vote it was not counting correctly and removed candidates from the page. Media Services is having to go back and re-write the program from scratch.

The ASG wants to make sure that everything runs perfect for this week. Voting will now take place today starting at 7:30 a.m. and will end on Thursday at 11:30 p.m.

ASG president Hannah Gzik is very embarrassed and sorry about the situation. "I thought we had it on lock down just to find that it was broken. I will never understand technology completely." Hannah has asked for LBCC students and staff to pass the word along, so go make a difference in your school and get out and vote for the ASG.



### Coping With Transition Workshop

Please join Rosemary Bennett and Mark Weiss for a workshop that concentrates on coping with transition and the kind of non-stop change we are all experiencing. The workshop will be in the Willamette room on Wednesday at 3:00 p.m.

**LBCC Launches Academic Planning Assistant Pilot Program**  
Students in Business and Computer Systems, Arts and Communication and pre-Health Occupations can now see an Academic Planning Assistant in addition to their advisors. For more information about the program contact Angie Klampe 917-4780

### Massage Appointments Available

Lois Strobe, message therapist, has the following appointments available:  
 Thursday, March 5 in room ST-125, \$15.00 for 15 minutes  
 Times are from 11:45-12:00, 12:00-12:15, 12:15-12:30

### Cherry City Music Festival

Salem, Ore. - This spring, historic downtown Salem will transform into a bubbling cauldron of bleeding edge independent music as dozens of bands converge at the 3rd Annual Cherry City Music Festival from April 9-11, to benefit at-risk youth, diabetes awareness and arts education. For more information visit [www.cherrycitymusic.com](http://www.cherrycitymusic.com)

### The following workshops have been cancelled:

Strategies for Students, both sessions on Friday will be cancelled, sorry for any trouble.

### Majestic Art gallery: Host local artist Howard Bruner

Please join us for our monthly Artists Reception on Friday, March 6 from 5-6:30 p.m.

### Facilities hours changing

The new hours for the Facilities Office will be from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. and will begin on Monday, March 2.

### DAC Monday Movies

The Diversity Achievement Center offers two films on the changing nature of women's lives, work and contributions: "There's No Such Thing As Woman's Work" on March 9 from noon to 1 p.m. and "Women in American Life, 1955-1977" on March 16 from noon to 1 p.m.

### Free stuff for the Periwinkle Child Development Center

Help them collect points in the Campbell's Labels for Education program to exchange for needed classroom supplies by saving proofs of purchase from participating Campbell products and sending them to PCDC101 through the inter-campus mail service. For a complete list of eligible products visit [www.labelsforeducation.com](http://www.labelsforeducation.com).

### Invitation to a Celebration!

You are invited to join the 20th Year Celebration of Turning Point Transitions, next Thursday, March 5 between 5-6 p.m. in the Library Reading Room. Please drop by and visit and enjoy the refreshments. Funding will be provided by the Trust Management grant awarded April 2008.

### CARDV Spaghetti dinner

The Center Against Rape and Domestic Violence's annual Spaghetti dinner will take place Tuesday, March 10 from 5:30-7:30 p.m. at the Church of the Good Samaritan in Corvallis. See Kristen Jones for tickets, available for \$10-20 on a sliding scale. Please join CARDV and support this wonderful community event.

### Athletic Department Fund Raiser

The LBCC Women's and Men's Basketball Teams play Mt. Hood CC Saturday, Feb. 21 at 4 and 6 p.m. Please come to the AC building Gym and cheer on the teams in one of their final home games this season. In lieu of game entrance fees, we are asking for \$2 or a can of food - all proceeds go to the Linn-Benton Food Share. Through the generous donations from LBCC students, LBCC staff

and sport fans, LBCC's athletic department has already raised \$92 in cash and a variety of canned and nonperishable food items for the Linn-Benton Food Share. Thank you for your support of our teams and this worthy fund-raiser! Go Roadrunners!!

### Civil Air Patrol to Host Open House

The Camp Adair Composite Squadron of the Civil Air Patrol invites member of the public interested in learning more about search and rescue, disaster relief, air and space exploration, and

youth leadership and education to attend its open house on Monday, March 2, at 6:30 p.m. at Santiam Christian School in Adair Village. For additional information on this event you can call 541-917-3370 or visit [www.campadaorcap.org](http://www.campadaorcap.org).

### LBCC Winter Choir Concert "We Have Had Singing"

The LBCC Choir and Re-Choired Element will perform its winter concert "We Have Had Singing" on Thursday, March 12, at 7:30 p.m. in the LBCC Russell Tripp Performance Center in Takena Hall. In addition to the concert, there will

be a "sneak peak" of LBCC's new Men's Ensemble, the only community college men's choir in the state of Oregon.

Tickets are \$6 non-reserve seating, and can be purchased at the Russell Tripp Performance Center box office, or by phone at 541-917-4531. Box office business hours are Tue.-Fri., 8 a.m.-noon and 1-2 p.m. Tickets are also available online at [www.linnbenton.edu](http://www.linnbenton.edu), powered by [www.etix.com](http://www.etix.com) or can be purchased one hour prior to performance. For more information, contact the LBCC theater box office at 541-917-4531.



## Wouldn't it be great if the things you really needed in life were free?

If you were to become unexpectedly pregnant today, finding the right help shouldn't come with a price tag.

- Talk with someone who genuinely cares
- Get a confirmation pregnancy test
- Learn more about all available options

At Options Pregnancy Resource Centers we offer personalized care and resources that are absolutely **free, confidential** and **available** at just the right time—whenever you need them.

Since 1986, we're here for you.



**options**

Pregnancy Resource Centers

[possiblypregnant.org](http://possiblypregnant.org)

**Corvallis**  
867 NW 23rd St.  
757.9645

**Albany**  
409 1st Avenue W  
924.0166

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# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Reviews, upcoming events,  
 and the cure for weekend boredom.

## POETRY CORNER

"Putting in the Seed"  
 by Robert Frost

You come to fetch me from  
 my work to-night  
 When supper's on the table,  
 and we'll see  
 If I can leave off burying the  
 white  
 Soft petals fallen from the  
 apple tree  
 (Soft petals, yes, but not so  
 barren quite,  
 Mingled with these, smooth  
 bean and wrinkled pea);  
 And go along with you ere  
 you lose sight  
 Of what you came for and  
 become like me,  
 Slave to a Springtime passion  
 for the earth.  
 How Love burns through the  
 Putting in the Seed  
 On through the watching for  
 that early birth  
 When, just as the soil tarnish-  
 es with weed,  
 The sturdy seedling with  
 arched body comes  
 Shouldering its way and shed-  
 ding the earth crumbs.

Hello one and all. Students,  
 staff, and faculty alike, you  
 are once again invited to join  
 the Poetry Club in a celebra-  
 tion of the power of words to  
 create space for sustenance.  
 We invite you to join together  
 in a celebration of cour-  
 age in the face of adversity,  
 commemorating our own  
 brave efforts (past, present,  
 and future) in these times  
 of economic and emotional  
 upheaval. Bring poetry,  
 stories, song, or any other  
 medium of expression that  
 inspires you to celebrate each  
 day, no matter the condi-  
 tion. The event will take place  
 Wednesday, March 11 from 1  
 to 2 p.m. in the Library Read-  
 ing Room. Any questions or  
 cyber contributions may be  
 directed to LBpoetry@gmail.  
 com. We hope to see you  
 there!

-Kaedence Eaton

## How to eat like a Californian

**James Scales**  
 The Commuter

Just about everyone has heard of In-N-Out burger. I myself used to spend a weekend with my friends in a car just to go get the burgers. What makes In-n-Out so special? Possibly their oh-so-simplistic menu consisting of two combo meals, a hamburger, a cheeseburger, a double-double, fries, soda and shakes. In line behind anyone from around the area, you may hear some odd strings of words when they want their burger. They are not crazy. There is a secret menu at the In-N-Out burger, one that many have tried to document, and many "locals" will be sour with me for printing, but it's some knowledge that everyone should have to get the fullest experience out of their road trip to what is truly one of the best burger places.



Photo By Lydia Elliott

The triple-triple. Very similar to the double-double, which are two meats and two slices of cheese. The triple-triple is simply the three times counterpart. Other variations include the four by four, five by five, four by two being four meats and two cheeses, two by four being four cheeses and two meats. The most I have ever had is a 15x15 shared with my cousin.

Animal style. One for the people who like their mustard and pickles, your burger patty is grilled with mustard, as well as your onions. Topped with extra special sauce, this can be done to anything. Try fries animal

style, grilled onions extra cheese and special sauce.

Three by meat, or two by meat. Your burger, minus the cheese.

The Flying Dutchman, this is my favorite extra to order. It is two meat patties and two cheeses. Some- times in a rush, (when is In-N-Out not packed?) they will sub over your 30x30 for 14 dutchmans and a double-double.

Veggie burger, double tomato, no meat no cheese, another option that is vegan friendly.

Grilled Cheese. Your burger, hold the beef, with double the cheese. Veg- etarian friendly option! Some people like this option more than the veggie burger because cheese is tasty good.

Extra Toast. Crispy crispy buns! Well done, or light fries. Depending on what you order you will have your fries left in the fryer longer or shorter respectively.

Along with all the burger combinations and secrets, you can mix any of your milkshake flavors, all the way to a Neapolitan milkshake.

One thing to learn is that more often than not, your In-n-Out cashier will order anything for you. Rumors have been had of 100x100's and even a side salad with their special sauce. If you do make it to an In-N-Out, take this guide along. You'll order like a local and be rewarded with a delicious treat you may not have been able to get.

## Upcoming music events this week

**MaryAnne Turner**  
 The Commuter

- Norman, Friday, March 6, 10 p.m. \$3 cover
- The Svens, Saturday, March 7, 8 p.m.

**FireWorks Restaurant and Bar**  
 1115 SE 3rd St., Corvallis, (541) 754-6958

- The Sar Shalom Project with Santino Cadiz, Opener: Jake Duncan, Friday, March 6, 8 p.m.
- The Crescendo Show & Mirror Coincidence Saturday, March 7, 8 p.m.
- Karl Smiley, Sunday, March 8, 7 p.m.
- Open Mic. with cash prizes Every Monday, Sign-ups at 8 p.m. Music starts at 9 p.m.

**Block 15 Restaurant and Brewery**, 300 W Jefferson Ave., Corvallis, (541) 758-2077

- Sam Holmes and Friends Wednesday, March 4, 6:30 p.m.
- Every Monday: acoustic folk jam, 7 p.m.

**Bomb's Away Café**  
 2527 NW Monroe Ave., Corvallis (541) 757-7221

- Charlotte Thistle Thursday, March 5, 7:30 p.m.

**Cloud 9 & The Downward Dog**, 126 & 130 SW 1st St., Corvallis, (541) 753-9900

- Cloud 9:
- Sideways Portal Friday, March 6, 9 p.m.
  - Tourist & Arcweld Saturday, March 7, 9 p.m.

**The Downward Dog:**

- Oakshire Brewery Bingo Night, Soul Search w/ Turntable Enabler, Thursday, March 5, 8 p.m. & 10 p.m.
- "Deeper" w/ DJ Sierra Friday, March 6, 11 p.m.

**Calapooia Brewing Co.**

- 140 Hill St., Albany (541) 928-1931
- Rusty Hinges, Thursday, March 5, 7:30 p.m.
  - The Bone Jars, Saturday, March 7, 8 p.m. \$3 cover

## Classifieds

**They just make cents. Place an ad today with The Commuter at [commuterads@linnbenton.edu](mailto:commuterads@linnbenton.edu)**

**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.

### Help Wanted:

**Where can you meet over 50 employers all in one spot? LBCC Career Fair(LBCC)** Mark your calendars for March 5 10am-2pm in the AC Gym. Invite your friends and family as this is a free, open to the public event. See [www.linnbenton.edu/careerfair](http://www.linnbenton.edu/careerfair) for tips and suggestions and to see who is coming!

**Web Developer (#7136, OSU campus)** You must be a student to apply for this part-time job and have knowledge of designing websites. Pay is \$12-15/hr.

### Wildland Firefighters (#7128,

Toledo—Oregon coast) Spend the summer working outdoors and making great money! \$11.05-14.91/hr plus medical & dental benefits.

### Youth Day Camp Leader (#7134,

Corvallis) If you like to work with kids, this summer job is for you! About 35 hours/week Mon-Fri. Be able to recruit volunteers and maintain a safe environment.

### Other Stuff:

Pregnant? Free pregnancy test. Information on options. Non-pressured. Confidential.

Options Pregnancy Resource Center.  
 Corvallis 757-9645. Albany 924-0166.

[www.possiblypregnant.org](http://www.possiblypregnant.org)

**CLINICAL HYPNOTHERAPY TRAINING PROGRAM.** Become a Certified Hypnotherapist. The Howard L. Hamilton School of Hypnotism will take you from basic through advanced in 20 lessons in a time frame that is convenient for you. Upon completion, you are qualified for membership or certification the The National Guild of Hypnotists and The Oregon Hypnotherapy Association. Pay as you go at \$75.00 per lesson. (541) 327-3513

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# SURREAL LIVING

Crosswords, cartoons and some fun facts to brighten your day.

## Crossword

- ACROSS**
- 1 First name in espionage
  - 5 Memory method
  - 9 Pot starters
  - 14 Olfactory offense
  - 15 Something shared
  - 16 Leg bone
  - 17 Presidential power
  - 18 Exploits
  - 19 Benefit from tutoring
  - 20 Components
  - 22 Blessed
  - 23 Claim as a right
  - 24 Foundation
  - 25 Regardless of
  - 28 Slugger's stat
  - 31 Ambassadors' offices
  - 35 Secret observers
  - 37 Guys' dates
  - 38 Dry runs
  - 40 Swindle
  - 41 In full hearing
  - 43 Greedy
  - 45 Morning moisture
  - 46 Truly amazing
  - 48 Iowa State city
  - 49 Elicits
  - 54 Sports venues
  - 57 Wife of Odysseus
  - 59 French Open winner of 1989
  - 60 Warsaw native
  - 61 "The Right Stuff" org.
  - 62 Spooky
  - 63 Supplicant's request
  - 64 Molecular building block
  - 65 Post-Christmas events
  - 66 Setback
  - 67 Outer edges

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
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17				18				19				
20				21			22					
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54	55	56				57	58					
59						60				61		
62						63				64		
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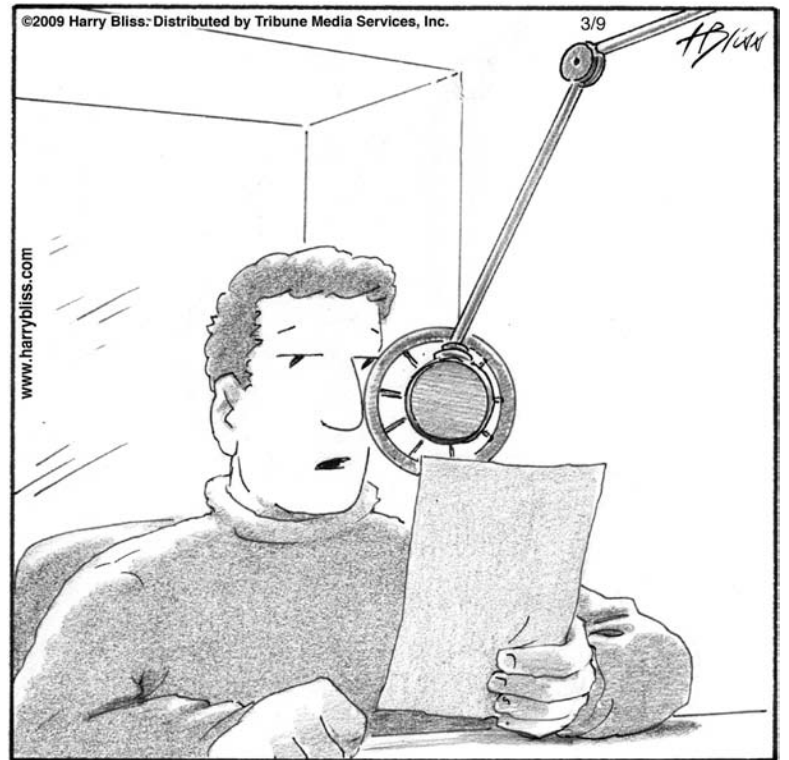
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3/4/09

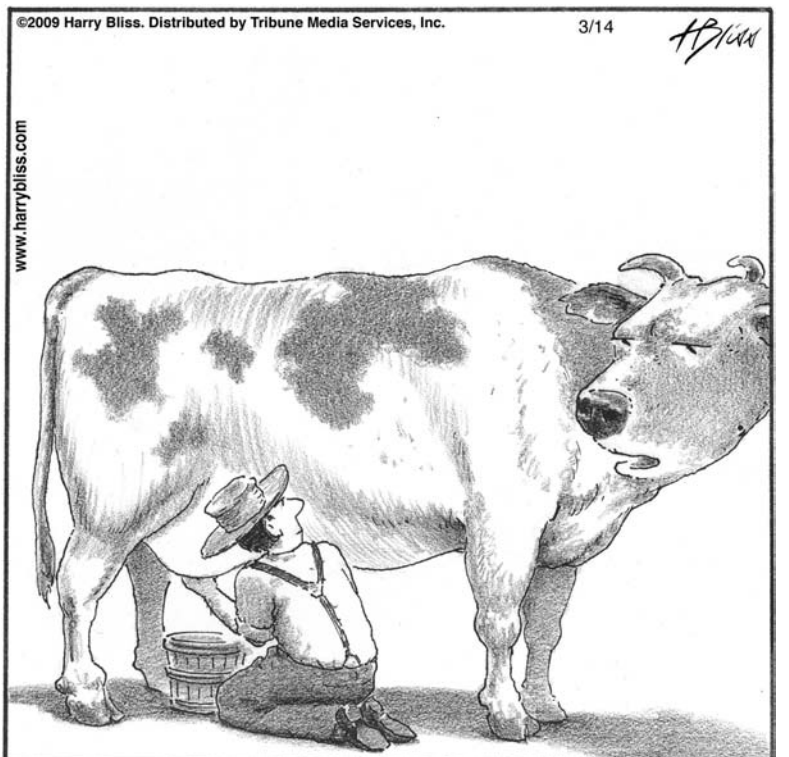
- DOWN**
- 1 Relocated
  - 2 Fred's first partner
  - 3 Clan emblem
  - 4 Bakery bouquet
  - 5 Most circular
  - 6 Force out
  - 7 Very French?
  - 8 Switchback turn
  - 9 Map tomes
  - 10 Female relative
  - 11 Ski lift
  - 12 Cork's country
  - 13 Dune material
  - 21 Ceases
  - 22 Fri. follower
  - 24 Small nightclub
  - 26 Strainers
  - 27 Mexicali money
  - 28 Puerto —
  - 29 Suitor
  - 30 Distinctive doctrines
  - 31 Old-time oath
  - 32 Stag or hart
  - 33 Exhale forcefully
  - 34 Tempe sch.
  - 36 Trident-shaped letter
  - 39 Monotony
  - 42 Harms
  - 44 Sign over
  - 47 Director Craven
  - 48 Sharpshooter
  - 50 Pertaining to an arm bone
  - 51 Raccoon cousin
  - 52 \_\_\_ salts
  - 53 Clothes lines?
  - 54 High cards
  - 55 Mother of Hera
  - 56 Viscount superior
  - 57 Type of shirt
  - 58 Shade trees
  - 60 Sidekick

### Solutions

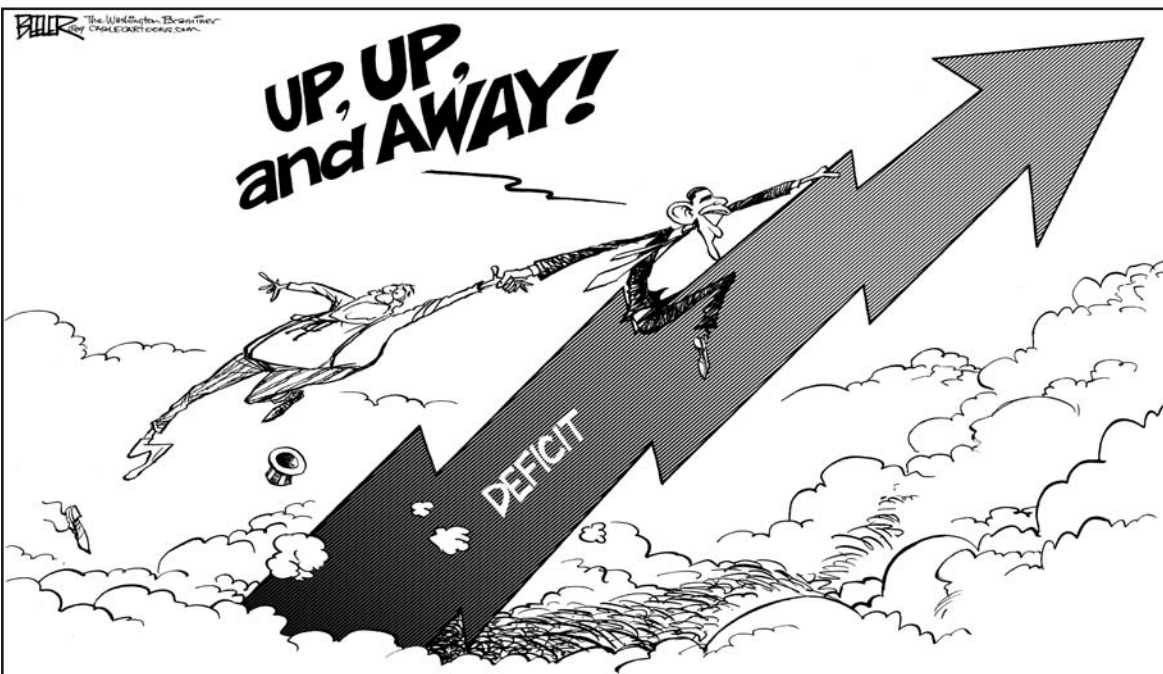
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A	T	I	B	I	A	S	O	U	R	S	O	R	O
S	A	N	T	E	S	A	N	T	E	R	O	T	A



"This just in — I no longer have a job."



"They're real."



The Commuter  
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Opinion Editor: Brandon Goldner  
Newsroom Desk: 917-4451

# opinion

Submissions to The Commuter:  
E-mail: [commuter@linnbenton.edu](mailto:commuter@linnbenton.edu)  
Drop-in: Forum 222  
Please sign and keep to 300 words or less.

## PERSPECTIVES:

How do you feel about the "F" word being used in the paper?



Pat Lemke  
Network Admin.

"It was a f\*\*\*ing abomination."



Sean Rodgers  
Welding Tech.

"I use that word a lot, but really there's just a time and a place."



Tom Miller  
GED Program

"I think its fine, too much censorship is a bad thing."



Christina Hahn  
Fermentation Sciecnes

"I was pleasantly surprised when I found it."



Coquille Rex  
Biological Sciences

"It was completely and absolutely appropriate, especially for the picture it accompanied."



Clint Johnson  
Legal Admin.

"For any other publication it would have been extremely unprofessional, but for a school newspaper, it was just fine."



Kendahl Stratton  
Philosophy

"Within a certain context, I'm fine with it."



Rose Peterson  
Undecided

"It does offend me, but in our society people use it all the time, and putting it in the paper is part of freedom of speech, but I still don't like reading it."



Kirk Jensen  
Elementary Education

"The word is an explicative, and if used gratuitously it can cheapen the effect; it's not politically correct but it was printed in a publication for adults to stress a point. I'm fine with it."



Drew Conley  
English

"It's crossing the border... society has put a face on it and it makes people feel a certain way, and even with the first amendment, out of respect we should stay away from using it in the paper."

Compiled by Chris Negahbani.  
Photos by Becca Martino. The views expressed in Perspectives do not necessarily represent the views of The Commuter staff.

## OSU summer session '09

**this summer...**

- Choose from one, three, four, eight or 11-week sessions
- Stay on track for graduation
- Complete a prerequisite or bacc core requirement
- Finish a full three-course sequence in one summer
- Enjoy smaller class sizes
- Save! Everyone pays in-state tuition
- Need a flexible schedule? Explore the variety of courses offered online

**Schedule of classes now available online!**  
Registration begins **April 12**  
Classes start **June 22**



[summer.oregonstate.edu](http://summer.oregonstate.edu)  
[summer.session@oregonstate.edu](mailto:summer.session@oregonstate.edu) | 541-737-1470

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# SAN DIEGO

All of us: Doing stuff...but not in your house.



Rob Priewe: Journalism Instructor



Photos by The Commuter staff



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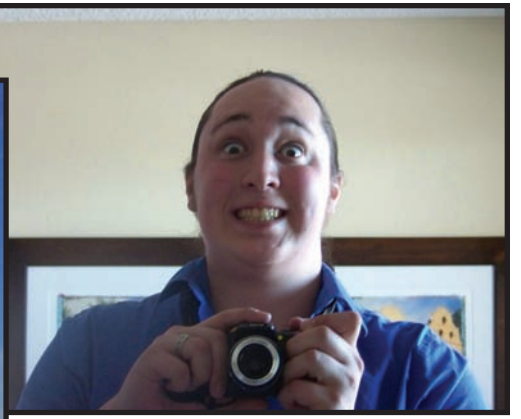
Jon Neuneker: Online Editor (Above, holding guacamole)



Rick Casillas: Sports Editor (Above and Below)



James Scales: A&E Editor (Above)



Gregory Dewar: Editor-In-Chief (Above and Above Right)



Gary Brittsan: Copy Editor (Below)



Lydia Elliot: Photo Editor (Above)



Max Brown: Contributing Editor (Below and Below Right)



Photos by The Commuter staff



Blair McMacken: Copy Editor (below)



Eve Bruntlett: Photo Assistant (Left)





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# LOCAL NEWS

Community news about the mid-Willamette Valley, including Albany, Lebanon, and Corvallis.

## Block 15's first birthday party

**Brandon Goldner**  
 The Commuter

Despite the shaky economy, scores of music- and beer-loving patrons were on hand for of Block 15 Restaurant and Brewery's one-year anniversary party.

There were more than 60 people, at 5:45 p.m., filling the tables, the bar, and even eating food from a narrow ledge, their pulled-pork nachos and drinks precariously close to the heads of those sitting in the booths below.

On tap the brewed special for the occasion was Block 15's anniversary ale, described as a Northwest Belgian strong pale ale. The flavor was bright and complex, incorporating local honey, Belgian grain, and a yeast called Bastonge that is only available two months out of the year. The end result, which sold exceptionally well according to the staff, had a gravity of 9% and a varied and

delicious taste that evolved over the course of a few seconds before settling down.

There were three musical guests, with the 6 p.m. group being the Ty Curtis Band, who brought an expertly-executed blues sound along with tinges of other musical styles. They commanded the audience's attention, and often garnered applause and cheers in the middle of their songs.

We at The Commuter wish Block 15 all the best. Corvallis and the mid-valley are lucky to have such a venue whose amazing local brews, reasonably priced late-night menu, inviting atmosphere and ever-cordial staff are second to none.

Learn more about Block 15 and the Ty Curtis Band at [www.block15.com](http://www.block15.com) and [www.tycurtisband.com](http://www.tycurtisband.com), respectively. More pictures of the party can be found online at [www.linnbenton.edu/commuter](http://www.linnbenton.edu/commuter).



Photo by Brandon Goldner

A crowd fills Block 15 to listen to the Ty Curtis Band on the brew pub's one year anniversary.

### OSU-Cascades Campus

Centered in Oregon. Centered on Students.

#### Join us in Bend! Campus Preview Day

8:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m., Saturday, April 18

Meet professors, current students and admissions/financial aid staff. Call to reserve your spot.



## Yes, you can complete your degree.

And the place to make it happen is OSU-Cascades, with small classes, personal attention and your choice of more than 20 accredited degree programs from OSU and UO.

- Art
- Business
- General science
- General social science
- Human development and family sciences
- International studies
- Liberal studies
- Mathematics
- Natural resources
- Psychology
- Tourism and outdoor leadership

#### IMPORTANT DEADLINES

- MARCH 31** – Scholarship priority deadline
- MAY 1** – Transfer student admission application priority deadline
- SEPT. 1** - Fall term application final deadline

541-322-3100  
[OSUcascades.edu](http://OSUcascades.edu)

In partnership with University of Oregon and Central Oregon Community College.

**Oregon State | Cascades**  
 UNIVERSITY | C A M P U S

2600 NW College Way Bend, Oregon 97701-5933

The LBCC Performing Arts Department Presents:

## We Have Had Singing

Performed by the LBCC Concert Choir & Re-Choired Element, & presenting a sneak preview from the new Men's Ensemble

**James Reddan, Conductor**



**Thursday, March 12, 2009 ~ 7:30 p.m.**

Russell Tripp Performance Center

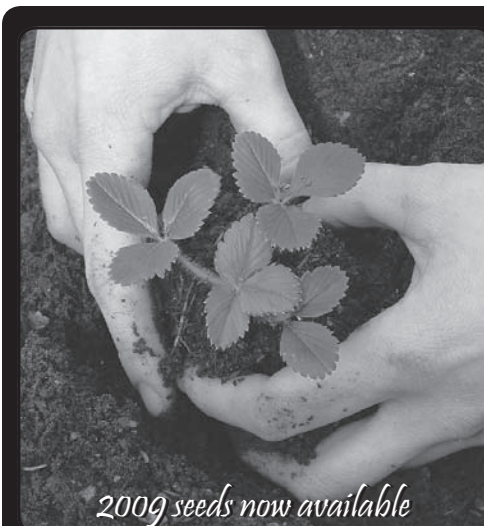
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**The Commuter**

**Editor-In-Chief:** Gregory Dewar  
**Managing Editor:** MaryAnne Turner  
**Newsroom Desk:** 917-4451  
**E-mail:** commuter@linnbenton.edu

# Staff Blogs

How we REALLY feel.

## “California made me an asshole driver,” or “California drivin’ on such a winter’s day”

**Gregory Dewar**  
The Commuter

I started off as a naïve Oregonian driver. There were certain tenants that were adhered to around here. If someone was signaling, you let him or her in. If you were going slowly and someone was riding your ass, you let him or her over. You drove safely and tried not to kill the people around you.

This all changed somewhere near Los Angeles. Copy editor Gary Brittsan and myself took turns driving down to San Diego this last week for The Commuter’s annual trip to the Associated Collegiate Press conference for the west coast.

Things were fine, we enjoyed the higher speed limit and large flat stretches of road between Mt. Shasta and the Grapevine, and it was quite a relaxing drive.

Then I hit L.A. in rush hour in my Ford F350 Econoline 15-passenger van. And that’s when L.A. hit me. We crawled for about three hours through that stretch of I-5 at which point I was cut off at least 30 times, forced into another lane four times and forced to slam on my brakes about 100 times.

I learned quickly that if I wanted to hit my exit or make it into the carpool lane (or even merely survive) that I would have to endanger myself and other drivers, because no one in their right mind in California is going to give you a “brake” when you’re trying to drive.

Part of me wonders if seeing Oregon plates is like when a shark smells blood... and the denizens within California’s borders strike out liberally for any kill they can mark off as a notch on their bumper.

I learned to change lanes without signaling as a reflex, to sprint across multiple lanes, to force people out of my way. I learned to fuck-over other motorists simply to get to where I wanted to go.

You would think that motorists would have a higher will to survive. That cutting off a huge passenger van or sprinting right in front of it on your motorcycle would seem like a bad idea to them. But the fact that you’re in a large vehicle seems to equate to being slow and having a short stopping distance. It’s like they wanted to be crushed by a large vehicle and they were just hoping I wouldn’t pound the brakes fast enough for their vehicular suicide.

Some part of me wanted to commit vehicular homicide. After L.A. I passed the van back to Gary at an In-N-Out burger after realizing that my driving was literally homicidal.

The weekend went fine, amazing in fact, as fun and educational times were had by all.

Then the trip back started. I was relaxed throughout San Diego and a stop off at the beach near Camp Pendleton as I asked some Marines why they were stuffing a man in their trunk and they just smiled and said because of seat belt laws and they didn’t have enough.

Then L.A. before rush hour and times were

good. We blasted Queen and sang every word as well as listened to the Wayne’s World soundtrack.

I glanced down at the gas gauge and it was below empty. And I was halfway through L.A. Intrepidly, I pulled off at an intersection that said it had gas, but alas, we could only use our gas card at Chevron stations. We canvassed some of L.A.’s suburban sprawl before getting back on I-5 and a few exits down we tried again.

We looked and looked for a Chevron, but none were to be had. We stopped at a McDonald’s to ask for directions, but no one would really talk to us. After scrounging up enough change to allow everyone to go to the bathroom, we continued on exploring. After an hour on a reserve tank, Contributing Editor Max Brown broke down and bought us gas at an Arco— at this juncture is was 5:10 p.m. — rush hour, and we were in the bowels of East L.A. The car next to us that pulled up was riddled with bullet holes from a 9mm Uzi and we all thought that it was probably a good idea to leave as it got dark.

We started driving north keeping a bearing on I-5 to avoid the rush hour. The intersections were so crowded and bad I found myself dodging between pedestrians, swerving across multiple lanes and turning so hard I had to almost throw the van into a spin to avoid tipping over. Every intersection I progressively found myself doing more stupid and dangerous

things just to get through.

And I think that’s why we never got shot: I fit right in down there nearly killing myself and everyone around me just to get from point A to point B.

We drove to north L.A. in this way before finding a freeway going West and we followed it to I-5. Somehow, without a map, a van full of white kids drove through East L.A. and safely made it back onto I-5! Gary and I fist-pounded our victory and cheers were had by all: L.A. had been defeated by two small-town country boys.

On the freeway I took everything I’d learned in two trips through L.A. and fought an uphill battle to make it, judicially, to a stopping point right before the Grapevine at which point I gave the van back to Gary. When I woke up it was Shasta City and it was my turn to drive again.

Then I relearned how to drive like an Oregonian again: down steep hills in the pouring rain through a high velocity wind advisory, hydroplaning and being pushed between lanes. I realized somewhere near Ashland that other drivers were no longer my concern and I could drive civilly: I had to battle Mother Nature now.

Driving home from LBCC after unloading the van, however, I still found myself driving like a Californian down HWY 34 and brutally attacking everyone around me.

I never got the finger once in California. But I’ve gotten it a couple times back here in Oregon. And I’ve rarely tried to kill anyone here...

## Blog Diego

**James Scales**  
The Commuter

5:30 p.m., finally leaving, only half an hour late, whatever, we can still get there with plenty of time. What, stopping, its WilCo, seriously, what the hell? I thought we wanted to go down there asap... Fine, on the road, glorious I-5 at, oh we are only going 50 mph. Its cool, we will get there soon, it’s just raining and the van is large.

The van’s turning off I-5? I thought we would just take I-5 all the way down, but maybe some other way is going to be faster. Okay, I am hulk mad now. MCDONALDS!?! Why in God’s name are we here. We already need a food stop!?! NO, please God, let this trip not last forty-two and a half hours... Please?

After the many, many stops we finally got on the road and managed to keep on trucking. Passing without incident into California, through the Siskiyou’s in a very shaky large van, watching anime. Some of us fell asleep, some of us sang loudly to songs we hadn’t heard since the 90s (thanks Greg for bringing your CD collection.) We would soon come upon the first In-N-Outs from Oregon. Immediately, everyone’s stomach growled and we knew what we wanted for breakfast; unfortunately this was at eight o’clock and the joint wasn’t open yet. People started saying things like, “I’m saving myself for In-N-Out.”

Wonderful LA traffic, exacerbated by the fact that our current driver is going about 10 mph in our van with Oregon plates, all the while being yelled at by true Californian drivers. Halfway through, a glorious burger stop! Everyone gets out and trudges

sleepily, and happily, into the restaurant, except the vegetarian. Everyone orders Double-double meals and shakes. Eating is done and we climb back into the van, to finally make it to our hotel.

San Diego, the city of my birth, we make our way to the hotel without incident. Sitting in the valet parking area we find out hotels aren’t guaranteed to have two beds, it costs thirteen dollars to park, and thirteen dollars to get internet, and thirteen dollars to not be killed by their secret assassin. Jesus, we are kind of miserable, but the pool looks great. We make to the speaker and she is dreadful; this is a bad tone to start off the conference. Reading a speech off her paper, all of us nodding off. Free food, that wakes us all right up! Tons of chicken wings and all the happy-hour bar food you could want. Tonight will be great.

Retiring to our 15th floor hotel room, the party started. No details were recovered.

The conference is starting off wonderfully, awake at four a.m. and no breakfast. A mile and a half of jogging/walking and a quick stop at a convenience store followed by a nice soak in the hot tub makes for a great morning... minus the no breakfast. The first session I attend is all about how to get your newspaper into the “new media” realm. Very basic stuff, but the ideas are what were so important to take away from this speaker. Some business entrepreneur major who took over after his school’s entire newspaper staff had a falling-out with the administration. He took their newspaper to the internet, took it to Facebook, took it to all these social tools and was very successful, so successful that he never graduated and had his very own workshop

at this conference. I was impressed and so ready to jump into the “new media” scene.

The second, third, and fourth sessions of the day fly by, some people making me very jealous quoting their ad sales at several thousand an issue all the way up to twenty grand minimum for their “special issues.” Meeting some very nice people and some great contacts for the possible career path in front of me.

After the fourth workshop, we realize we may be out of money shortly. I am apparently allergic to lobster... even though I had lobster not even ten days prior. No details were recovered.

Saturday, I wake late for the first session and follow around lazily the rest of the day, I have some great ideas on how to bring people in to the newspaper’s website, and how to sell ads. Some kids from the Midwest I keep running into finally agree that our paper is better than theirs. A great triumph is had by The Commuter, we finally know someone who agrees that we are better than they are.

Lazing about the afternoon, we head off to Fred’s Mexican restaurant. Could have been better, but it was a nice staff dinner. Nice to eat at a sit down place before we have to spend umpteen hours back in the car on the way home.

We return to our 15th floor room and the party started, no details were recovered.

I wake late, pack and climb into the car, the trip is hazy at best. I can only really remember playing lots and lots of Warcraft 3, Enfos. Yay for repressing memories. All in all, it was a fantastic trip with lots of things learned that hopefully you will see implemented into the paper.

## My experiences in San Diego

**Eve Bruntlett**  
The Commuter

We packed our bags into the minivan we would be spending the next 18 hours in, then we hopped in and left my little home town behind. A few weeks ago I also left Corvallis to go to Seattle; it was the biggest city I had ever seen. I thought that was big, but San Diego was even bigger, and this time I wasn’t going with close friends. When we arrived at the hotel I was again in awe: it was the biggest, and most expensive hotel I had ever stayed at.

The plants that I saw while I was there were the best: palm trees and tropical flowers. Being a floral photographer, it was the experience of a lifetime. Some of the flowers looked like orchids on trees; some of my favorites were the birds of paradise. I have always been drawn to bright colors, and the birds of paradise were nearly a neon orange and royal purple.

The adobe-style buildings also caught my eye. In Corvallis all the buildings are made out of brick or wood. There they seemed to be made out of plaster. We went to old town and saw all sorts of crafty arts. Lots of the artwork had a “day of the dead” style, with skulls and skeletons and lots of vibrant colors. It reminded me a lot of the craft fairs we have here, except with stores instead of tents, selling a variety of shiny things because everyone likes them.

The city was serene in a way, with the parrots singing in the palm trees and beaches with sparkling blue water. It was beautiful by the beach, and we came in the morning before the crowds. The tide was out, and the beach was littered with shells; I collected as many as my hands and pockets could hold.

Everything was big and amazing in the city. There were big and exciting things to see everywhere you go, but still I could never call it home. I am small town born and raised. I may travel around the world some day, but I will always return to my little town of Corvallis.

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# Staff Blogs

How we REALLY feel.

## A surprise life lesson

**MaryAnne Turner**  
 The Commuter

After 19 long hours and over 1,000 miles, I was happy to be on my feet. The buildings were huge, and the air was tainted with smog. Everything looked a faded, dingy sand color that was only beautified by palm trees. I remember looking up at the buildings, holding a kink in my neck and thinking, "is that really necessary?"

We checked into our hotel and went for a walk before the first boring speech (that almost put us to sleep). The center of this hotel was a man-made oasis. Tall palm trees surrounded the Egyptian temple-like architecture. Rushing water filled the senses with moisture and a sense of cleanliness under the half-assed shade of the smog-covered city. Birds of paradise grew under fig trees, and a hammock by the pool said to me, "this is paradise."

It's not often you get a sunburn in February, or get on the wrong train and end up almost in Tijuana. The journalism convention was supposed to open up ideas, and provoke a better paper. After a few sessions I realized that we have something

good going with our team. One thing that does happen often is learning a lesson where you never expected.

The best part of the whole trip was getting to know my team. I just hate that it is so close to the end of it all. The most important part of working in a stressful, deadline-pregnant industry is getting to know your team. You have to establish almost a family-like environment, or you'll never be able to fully understand and help each other out.

Through experience we learn life lessons that are crucial to social survival and our own emotional well-being. Sometimes the truth will really hurt someone, and sometimes you have to take the chance. The truth will always set you free. Even when the truth will break someone's heart, you have to think of the lies that ensue when you just don't speak. I guess I was there to learn about communication, and to my surprise, the lesson was in San Diego, just not at a convention discussion. I spoke my mind, and the truth has set me free. The lesson learned: communication is the key to freedom.

## Left my heart in San Diego

**Lydia Elliott**  
 The Commuter

Last weekend I traveled with the rest of the Commuter staff to San Diego, California, to attend a college journalism conference. Despite my anxiousness at leaving my family and other responsibilities behind, it turned out to be a trip I will never forget, and for all the right reasons.

I always wanted to drive through the Siskiyou Mountains and see Mt. Shasta. The brilliant red soil, green ferns, and towering trees that lined I-5 were much different than the clay-packed flat landscape that surrounds the Willamette Valley. We stopped for a break in the amusingly and ambiguously named Weed, California (a logging town named for its founder, Abner Weed). The view of Mt. Shasta covered in snow and surrounded by brilliant blue sky was unforgettable.

Sixteen and a half hours after leaving Albany, we arrived in San Diego at 3:30 a.m. Too exhausted for sleep, the occupants of our van crawled out into the 70-degree air to look at the landscape of palm trees and skyscrapers silhouetted by the city lights and nighttime sky.

The next morning it was difficult for those of us who made it to the keynote speech to stay awake. After lunch my friend and co-worker MaryAnne played guitar by the pool. The weather was better than I remembered it could ever be in my birthplace, warming my skin as I closed my eyes and listened to MaryAnne's beautiful voice carry across the breeze.

After attending a series of classes about the future of journalism and the importance of developing new ways of communicating in our Internet-charged society, I learned a few important things: There is little to no money in journalism, i.e. get a side job.

There is no set future for journalism, and few ways

to pay for it.

The Commuter has the least-paid staff with the best newspaper in the country. Hands down.

I have more confidence than ever in our newspaper. We were original, the others were cookie-cutter. We had magazine-style covers, the others were generic black and white. We also generated all of our own content, and never rely on other news outlets for material. For our under-funded newspaper and barely compensated staff, we have a lot to be proud of. This trip proved that to all of us.

After four days of learning about our future careers, unpaid or not, it was time to come home. Some of us were ready for our own beds, or missing our families. I was ready to stay forever. Having grown up in southern California, I realized how much I missed the palm trees and sun. I missed the fancy cars and well-manicured landscape. I missed the authentic Mexican food. I missed everything about California. Ok, not the traffic, it's true. I also wish my fellow Californians would learn how to use their blinkers when driving, because I never saw one used once the entire drive each way.

After arriving home at 4 a.m., I was too tired to sleep. I looked at my photos and regaled my husband with stories. When I finally woke up the next day, I missed my friends who had been on the trip. I wondered where they were and if they wanted to go to the pool or the Mexican restaurant across the street. I wondered where my assistant was and why she hadn't made me coffee yet. Then I remembered that I was back home and this was my real life. I put on my make-up in the mirror and smiled at all the memories I had from this trip. The Commuter staff grew closer as friends and co-workers, and we became better journalists. Although the return to reality was tough, the thought of applying everything we learned to our paper, and our newfound confidence in what we do, is exciting and fulfilling.

## The San Diego Chronicles

**Rick Casillas**  
 The Commuter

The staff of The Commuter was sent down to attend the Associated Collegiate Press Journalism Conference in San Diego this last weekend. This is our story. \*Insert Law and Order noise\*

The trip down has been awesome so far. We split our parties into two vans, and I think I got the better half of the deal (no offense Lids, Rob, etc!). Our motley crew consists of yours truly, that lovable dilettante Greg, big pain James, head chef of my heart, Asian sensation Jon, Mad Max who presumably came to find Mt. Doom, camera lush extraordinaire Becca, the Gar-bear, and merry MaryAnne.

After I spent about an hour trying to think up nicknames for everyone, I noticed several things were amiss. Firstly, Jon had managed to keep his shirt on for more than an hour in an enclosed space (a new record). Secondly, my laptop was refusing to charge. On top of that, the ventila-

tion in the van sucked, for some reason even on full blast cool we were still getting lukewarm air blowing in our faces. This problem was further compounded by the vast quantities of perishables we had on our person that we were desperately trying to consume in time. Unfortunately, we didn't get to the ham in time to save it from becoming a big plastic hot pocket of failure.

Despite the minor setback, most of the trip through went well, and I spent the wee hours of the night not being raped at rest stops along the freeway, and watching anime with Max and James while Greg desperately searched for a fifth reason why zombies are natural. As things settled down and the '90s mix got quieter, we found our corners and tried to sleep in excited preparation for the day ahead. I found a window in the back of the van and spent the night trying to kick Jon in the head as he lay on the ground eating tacos in the dark.

To be continued online!

### Submit to The Commuter!

commuter@linnbenton.edu  
 917-4451  
 Forum 222

Opinions expressed in letters to the editor do not express the views of The Commuter, its staff, Linn-Benton Community College, Dexter Morgan, or Santa Claus.

## THE COMMONS FARE 2/18-2/24

### Wednesday

TBA Special BBQ menu to be filled in later.

### Thursday

Entrees: Pineapple Fried Rice with Shrimp, Chicken and Dumplings, Evil Jungle Prince with Mixed Vegetables  
 Soups: Minestrone and Mulligatawny

### Friday

Chef's Choice

### Monday

Entrees: Chicken Curry Fried Rice, Roast Pork Loin, and Chile Rellenos  
 Soups: Senate Bean Soup and Chunky Basil Chicken

### Tuesday

Entrees: Spanish Turkey Meatballs with Saffron Rice, Taco Bar and Vegetable Lasagna.  
 Soups: Caldo Verde and Curried Cream of Carrot

\*Gluten-free

**The Commuter**  
**Editor-In-Chief:** Gregory Dewar  
**Opinion Editor:** Brandon Goldner  
**Newsroom Desk:** 917-4451

# opinion

**Submissions to The Commuter:**  
**E-mail:** commuter@linnbenton.edu  
**Drop-in:** Forum 222  
 Please sign and keep to 300 words or less.

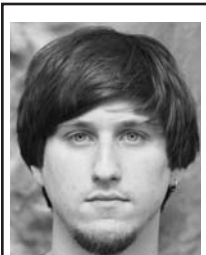
## Why we cursed

**Brandon Goldner**  
 The Commuter

There are some students and professors who were curious as to why we chose to use profanity in our last issue (and a couple other editions so far this year). One person commented that they believe The Commuter has more profanity in it now than ever before.

I think it's a fair question to ask: Why did we use profanity? And is it okay for a publication such as ourselves?

Answering the second question first: yes. It's okay.



Brandon Goldner

This may be a shock to some of you, especially those students and administrators that grew up during the time when

USA Today was a novelty, the Wall Street Journal didn't use pictures, and print journalism was thriving.

Well here's a quick aside: Journalism is hurting right now. There are a lot of reasons for this, but the most important one (aside from that whole Internet fad, which we're sure will blow over any day now) is that print media forgot how to be relevant.

Today we find ourselves with our biggest newspapers giving their content away for free in exchange for Apple putting a huge banner advertisement across the top of their website, and with nothing to show for it but rapidly contracting newsrooms, smaller print editions, and declining readership.

So what does profanity have to do with any of this? It's the recognition that providing a service for people in the form of great news, intriguing opinion pieces and interesting writing sometimes requires getting people's attention when something is important. All of our staff had been faced with that heady chunk of tobacco in the water fountain more than once this year; we even had a contributor write about it. When we saw yet another, we said "enough is enough." That's why in the last issue, along with the picture of that cancer-causing glob of death clogging the drain, you saw the 'f' word.

"Well," you ask, "you said the word before. Why omit it now?"

Because profanity for no reason does nothing to serve, nothing to inform, and nothing to draw attention. In short, cussing for no reason is just fucking stupid.

## Will God's will pay Octo-Mom's bill?

**Ryan Henson**  
 The Commuter

Nadya Suleman recently told MSNBC that she believes "God will provide in his own way" for her 14 children — eight of which were born as octuplets on Jan. 26.

14. That is two more than the number of players on the active roster of the Portland Trailblazers, and three more than the number of players on the starting offense of the Seattle Seahawks.

Well, hopefully God is unruffled with the idea that Suleman received in-vitro fertilization, a process where egg cells are fertilized outside of the womb, after she already had six children conceived by the same method.

She should pray that God's "own way" of providing comes in a monthly living stipend or a blank check, because Suleman professes she has no income, receives food stamps, and plans to "temporarily" raise her children with the college loans she'll get when she goes for a masters degree in counseling.

Imagine being counseled by this woman. Suleman, who was recently dubbed "Octo-Mom" by tabloids, had both of her fertilization treatments at the same Beverly Hills fertility clinic. The treatments, costing around \$48,000, was paid for out of a disability settlement she received for a back injury obtained while working at a mental

hospital.

She may need to return that mental hospital as a patient if she thinks that she'll have enough time to get a masters any time in the next couple decades, and her idea that student loans are going to provide her enough money to raise 14 children (even temporarily) really just takes astounding ignorance.

The hospital bills of the eight newborn children alone are estimated to cost up to three million dollars. Try to pay that one and still buy your books.

So, as Suleman puts the financial future of her children in the lap of the U.S. Department of Education and the mighty hands of God, I see her children's futures carved out a different way, one that extends past a FAFSA form and falls short of the devine.

Suleman has recently set up a website (www.thenadyasulemanfamily.com) where she displays pictures of her brood and asks visitors for donations. Huh. I wonder if God has a PayPal account.

Also, other than the web-begging, I see Suleman's children getting raised by public tax dollars, a book deal, a visit to Oprah and Ellen, and maybe a reality show on TLC where she lives in a five-acre compound, buys corn flakes in industrial-sized barrels, and drives her children around Southern California in a small bus.

So I guess the question is will her fifteen

minutes of fame be enough to provide a stable future for her children? Well, if not, maybe she could just pop out a few more.



Photo courtesy (MCT)

For Nadia Suleman, this scene will undoubtedly play itself out many times over.

## Letters to the editor

### Real colleges don't cut arts

I walked into the college today to pick up the new copy of The Commuter. "Farewell to the Arts" greeted me as a headline. This issue of the paper basically detailed the slash and burn approach that the powers that be have taken as a problem-solving approach to the economic woes of our times. "Seriously?" I asked myself. "This is the best answer that these highly paid, high-powered administrators can come up with to solve a budget crisis? Lets eliminate the photography department and the e-zine?"

"What's next?" I asked myself. "Why don't we shut down the English department while we are at it, imagine the money that we could save then!" This is exactly the kind of short-sighted decision making that supports the notion that education at community colleges is subpar to that of state universities. Sadly it seems this commonly-held idea may have some validity.

For example, what does OSU or UO do when hard times hit? Do they cut out entire departments? No, they act like a professional educational institution and not a high school. I realize of course that LBCC does not receive

the kind of funding that our state universities get, but we as attendees of this institution have a right to an educational system that is run just as professionally as any other college.

What do I propose that we do then when faced with budget shortfalls? First of all, I suggest that we fire anyone who thinks that the answer is cutting out "education" from our "educational institution." That only leaves "institution," which I suspect could probably be lightened up a bit (photojournalism gets students jobs post graduation, LBCC administrators do not obviously). So what's important for this college? Educating and graduating as many people as possible and getting them into the local workforce, of course.

You'll notice that the cuts started with the arts — and they always do. But why is this so? Does journalism have less to do with education than sports does? Does basketball get college students jobs? So why is it that sports don't ever get cut and the arts always do in schools? The answer is that people would never accept sports being eliminated — even suggesting the idea is almost controversial enough to start people's blood boiling. I think it is time that we showed that we are not prepared to tolerate closing ANY departments as an

excuse to save money.

I propose that we form a riotous mob of students and educators and demand a better alternative to saving money. This is OUR college and OUR education, which we pay tuition for because we believe in its value. Don't be afraid to get mad about your education being downsized, students and staff of LBCC! In fact, get as loud and obnoxious as you can until something is done about it. It's up to us to protect the quality of education (and sports) of this college and no one else is going to do it for us.

**Jason Ziegler**  
 Pre-nursing student at LBCC

### ASG election had faults

My name is Nicholas Bowman and I am one of two ASG Presidential candidates. I am writing this letter in response to the recent and developing news that has been brought to my attention.

As some may know, today and tomorrow were scheduled to be election days for next year's Associated Student Government; however, this has changed.

I have just been informed that there are technical issues with the website and the

elections will be postponed until next week. To the best of my knowledge, there were issues with missing candidates from the ballot and an inaccurate accounting system. What I would like to know is how we got all of the way to the day of the elections without testing and following up on the one and only voting system that was in place. Maybe I am speaking out of turn and voicing my concerns without proper knowledge of the events that have led up to this calamity, but I am concerned. Part of having a successful democratic process in place is providing confidence and faith, to the people, in the systems and workings that make that very process possible.

I hope that this experience is one that provides those who are responsible for what has happened with an opportunity to learn from their mistakes. It is heartbreaking to know that so few people are knowledgeable, concerned, or involved with what is happening around them, but it would be even more sad to know that progress was lost, and even fewer people cared, because some had lost their faith in the system that was put in place to support them.

Respectfully,

**Nicholas Bowman**