

The Commuter

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New ASLBCC constitution passes by single vote

by Mary Hake
The Commuter

With only 51 students voting, the new ASLBCC constitution passed by the narrowest of margins—one vote—in last week's elections, and three new officers were elected as write-in candidates: Sarah Hammelman, president; Max Sammann, Student Services/Extended Learning representative; and Richard Childers, Business Training/Health Occupations representative. Write-in winners must receive at least 40 percent of the vote cast, according to the new ASLBCC constitution. They must also submit their completed applications to the Student Programs Office by noon today. Other positions on student council will be filled either

by appointment or by another special election.

New officers will begin their term May 31 following a short transition period to learn their duties.

President-elect Hammelman of Mount Angel is the oldest of four children in a farm family. She is completing her first year at LBCC, majoring in crop and soil science and agriculture education. She also works part-time as a field representative for NorPac.

Hammelman has served as Science and Industry representative since October 1995 and on the Student Activity Programs Committee, which oversees student fee appropriations. She said that being on student council has really helped her learn what's going on, explaining "It helps to know what's coming."

Her goals for student government include further supervision of student fee money to determine exactly where the money is going and what percent these fees will increase whenever tuition goes up.

Hammelman plans to create a more inviting and informative student government in order to better serve LBCC. She wants a bulletin board accessible where pertinent information for students can be posted.

One change Hammelman hopes to incorporate will be integrating LBCC clubs into ASG by having their presidents meet with the council to plan and coordinate activities.

"I'm looking forward to continuing on with the changes we've begun," Hammelman said.

Dive-bombing birds terrorize parking lot in defense of nests

by Melani Whisler
of The Commuter

Sing a song of six pence a pocket full of rye, four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. When the pie was opened the birds began to sing. "Isn't that a dainty dish to set before the King?"

Imagine pulling into the Southeast parking lot first thing in the morning. Turn off your ignition, lock the car and start your trek across the sea of asphalt just as a blackbird swoops out of a tree and dives for your head. The black blur misses your head by a fraction of an inch. Whew . . . that was a close one.

Judging by the number of complaints the LBCC Security Office has been getting about Kamikaze blackbirds, there've been plenty of close calls.

It's nesting time for the many Brewer's blackbirds who populate the parking lots; so for the next few weeks, while the mothers stay with the young ones, it's the male's duty to protect the nest against predators. And when you park near the shrubbery in the Southeast parking lot, you classify as a predator.

According to security officer Mick Cook, there have been about six students who have reported being attacked within the last two weeks.

"The birds are quite territorial, and increasingly aggressive," said Cook. "They're only protecting their nests. Based on the number of complaints we've had so

(Turn to 'Birds' on Page 2)



Photo by Trevor Gleason

Flower Power

Eager buyers swarm over the annual Horticulture Club flower sale outside Takena Hall last Friday. According to Greg Paulson (at left, with hat), the club sold 165 hanging baskets, 30 flats of annuals, vegetable starts and herbs, and a variety of mixed color planters. Money raised from the sale supports various club activities and field trips.

Peace Pilgrim II reveals the three keys of happiness in campus visit

Dannie Bjornson
The Commuter

His name brings visions of long hair, beads and sandals to mind. However, Peace Pilgrim II, a man dedicated to teaching the principles of peace and conflict resolution, is far from that stereotypical image. With his stately British accent and gentlemanly countenance, he surprised some when he spoke at LBCC last Tuesday.

Peace Pilgrim II, as he is commonly referred to, travels the country encouraging peace with ethics that he says he derived from the Bible. He speaks at schools, churches,

groups and rallies.

When Peace gives his talks he points to his three rules for harmony: "Peace begins with yourself; follow the Golden Rule; and love overcomes hatred."

"The principles of peace are absolutely simple, follow the Golden Rule: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,'" he stated emphatically. When faced with adversity, he simply "turns the other cheek," and comes with "I don't agree with you, but I love you." That is the "only way to solve conflicts in the world, he stressed. Peace added "It's important to look at yourself. You're the most important person

to look at."

After making that declaration, he had the group stand up and hug themselves and say, "I'm wonderful." Peace added "Let go of yesterday. Everyday is a new day, so allow yourself to forget mistakes."

"Literally I love the hell out of you," he said, drawing an emotional breath. Tears glistened in his eyes. "Everyone is the same; everyone is unique. We are one people, one totality personified. (Individually) your heart is the most incredible thing. We are related by our hearts. Our life-force is breath. When we breathe out,

(Turn to 'Peace' on Page 2)

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

✓ Beloved Behemoth

Keiko's popularity lures legions of tourists on the road to Newport

Page 5

✓ Bugs Are Back

Volkswagon Graveyard helps keep bug lovers happy and healthy

Page 8

✓ On The Line

Roadrunners look forward to decisive doubleheader at home Thursday

Page 9



Peace follows in footsteps of the original

✓ **From Page One**
someone else is breathing in what we have just exhaled. They are breathing air that was inside us."

Peace embraced the students who attended as they departed.

A native of England, Peace immigrated to the United States in 1954. He worked as a manager of a wholesale diamond company and as a diamond cutter before that. Peace moved to Eugene from California about eight-and-a-half years ago.

After he moved to Eugene, he began taking walks several times a week. During one of his routine walks, a voice inside his head told him to become Peace Pilgrim II. He would be following in the footsteps of the original Peace Pilgrim, a woman who for 28 years walked across the U.S. for peace, and who had a great impact on his life.

"I should be Peace Pilgrim II," Peace declared after ten days and nights of losing sleep. "The moment I said that I made a commitment. It was the greatest privilege of my life."

But, in order to fulfill his calling, Peace was forced to give up all of his material possessions including his real name. Without money, Peace depends upon the kindness of others to provide him with food and accommodations.

He trekked out on a 2,000 mile journey by foot that traversed Oregon, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Oklahoma. He then turned North and walked nearly to Canada and then West.

At that point, X-rays confirmed that Peace needed both of his hips replaced. After the surgery, he was unable to continue his mission by foot. Dedicated to



Photo by Dannie Bjornson

Peace Pilgrim II talks with students about his three keys to conflict resolution.

his calling, he let it be known that he needed a vehicle. One was provided, but because of the expenses for gas, insurance and maintenance he began to draw Social Security.

Peace, who turns 70 this week, intends to keep his mission alive for as long as his health permits. He attributes his life to his goal of having a happier, kinder world.

"I was a victim for 35 years. We perpetuate craziness. We have Utopia, we've just made a cesspool out of it."

"Yes," he declared. "I am idealistic." He then added "People tell me 'You know you're wasting your time. We'll never have peace.'" Peace Pilgrim II, shakes his head forlornly, "With that attitude, we never will."

Birds are more aggressive than last year

✓ **From Page One**
far, I'd say we're about halfway through their nesting period."

Blackbirds are not traditionally aggressive animals, but when they feel threatened, they try and threaten in return.

"This happened last year too," said Cook. "But last year they just swooped down on people. This year we've had people saying the birds actually made contact with them."

If it feels like you just stepped out of an old Alfred Hitchcock movie, take heart. There are things that can be done to avoid being a target.

"My best advice to students and staff is not to park there," said Cook. "That's the only way you can guarantee not to get attacked. You can also try staring them down or waving your hands in the air and yelling when you see them coming."

Other defense tactics suggested during the attacks last year included using an umbrella, wearing a hat with black-painted eyes on top, carrying a red-tailed hawk on your shoulder, wearing a snake around your neck, feeding them bread crumbs or wearing sunglasses on

top of your head.

"To get rid of the bird problem, it's either going to have to be extermination or patience. We're not about to exterminate them, so our only solution is patience," Cook said.

The King was in his counting house counting out his money. The queen was in the parlor eating bread and honey. The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes, and along came a blackbird and snipped off her nose. Along came a blackbird . . .

Corrections

The slide show and lecture on the Chinese Imperial Tombs on May 22 at 10:30 a.m. will be at The Corvallis Art Center, not at OSU as incorrectly reported last week.

Due to an editing error the Commuter incorrectly reported iron-on decals were available in the LBCC Bookstore. The decals won't be available until later.

what students think

Sunshine provokes students to skip classes and go play

by Josh Burk
of The Commuter

"Going to school is hard enough, but when the sun comes out and it gets hot outside it is almost impossible to go to class on a regular basis" said LBCC student Mark McRoy.

In the past month residents of the Willamete Valley have started to see the sunshine through those seemingly never-ending winter clouds. Along with the clouds disappearing are the students in the classrooms. It seems that many students tend to side with McRoy, it's just too darn hard to go to school inside when the weather outside is so appealing.

Mitch Richardson, a first-year student, says "I couldn't wait for the weather to start getting nicer. I don't really mind the rainy, windy season, but it just seems to make time drag on. A week of rain seems like a month. Whenever you want to go outside and do something you can't do it because it is too wet to do it."

"When the sun comes out I like to get together with my friends and go to a lake. My grades always drop a little during the spring term because I miss so much class," said Leonard Williams.

It is true that when the sun appears the students seem to disappear. Leaving empty hallways and empty rooms, but filling up the drive-through windows at the fast food places and filling up the local parks and lakes.

But the sunshine does more than make students skip school; it makes everyone feel good. People start becoming more friendly and just seem to enjoy life a little more.

Shawn Serven, a second-year student, thinks that sunshine works to your advantage. "Even though I sometimes miss a little more school than normal and my grades slip a little, I have a lot more fun doing whatever I am doing. I am a happier person, and I tend to spend more time being active rather than lying around the house watching TV."

Beth Simpson, a dental student, tries not to allow her school work to slip during the good weather, but it is difficult. "Working in the morning and going to school in the afternoon is hard enough, but I have been able to handle it pretty well so far. With the better weather on its way, it is going to make it just that much harder to

stay with it."

With all the Linn-Benton students who have problems keeping a regular schedule at school, there are just as many people who continue to stick it out and go to class.

For these people the secret seems to be not to let your peers talk you into something that you really don't want to do.

"I can't hang around with my friends much when I am going to school because they don't go to school, and they are always trying to get me to go goof off with them during the day. I haven't missed hardly any school all year and I am very proud of myself," said Marv Gable.

Robbie Carter, a first-year student, says that the problem of skipping school definitely starts at home. "I live in a house with four other people. I am the only one that goes to school and the only one that respects others' feelings. All night long my roommates are up partying and being loud.

This makes going to bed almost impossible. Now that the weather has started getting nicer, I have to put up with them being loud and obnoxious during the day too. Sometimes I get lucky and they leave; but they always spend half-an-hour bugging me trying to get me to go with them. It's tempting when I see how the sun is shining outside, but, to me, school is more important."

"No matter what the reason is, staying in school and getting your money's worth is always going to be more important than playing basketball or swimming in a river," said Mark Lowery. "I like to play hoops and swim just as much as anyone but I choose to do it on the weekend or during the summer when I don't have any obligations which are more important."

Jason Riggs, a first-year student, thinks that in college you need to be more responsible. "When I was in high school I didn't mind skipping school. In fact, I did it all the time. If there was a good reason to skip, I did it. Actually, I didn't even need a good reason, I just did it. Now that I am in college I think that it is more important to go to school. The way I figure it, back in high school going to school was free. But now I am paying to go, so why not go?"

*"Going to school is hard enough, but when the sun comes out and it gets hot outside it is almost impossible to go to class on a regular basis."
—Mark McRoy*

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The Commuter is the weekly student-managed newspaper for Linn-Benton Community College, financed by student fees and advertising. Opinions expressed in The Commuter do not necessarily reflect those of the LBCC administration, faculty or Associated Students of LBCC. Editorials, columns, letters and cartoons reflect the opinions of those who sign them. Readers are encouraged to use The Commuter Opinion Page to express their views on campus or community matters.

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CAMPUS NEWS

Depression-era story takes the Takena Theater stage

The Grapes of Wrath, John Steinbeck's epic tale of America's Dust Bowl migration, comes to life on Linn-Benton Community College's Takena Theater stage for a two-weekend, five-performance run starting Friday, May 24. Performances are at 8 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays, May 24, 25, 31 and June 1 and at 3 p.m. Sunday, June 2. Tickets are \$7 and go on sale May 7 at Rice's Pharmacy, 910 N.W. Kings Blvd. in Corvallis and at Takena Theater Box Office, LBCC, 6500 SW Pacific Blvd., Albany, Tuesdays through Friday, 1-5 p.m. All seating is reserved. For reservations, call 917-4531.

Using Frank Galati's 1988 stage adaptations and a bold, multi-media staging, a 32-member ensemble of student and community actors plays out the story of the Joads, a family of Oklahoma sharecroppers who struggle against all odds to find a new life in the "promised land" of California.

Director Pat Kight, veteran of 14 years of community theater productions in Albany and Corvallis, says the

play is "a stirring testament to the abiding strength of the human spirit. The power of Steinbeck's words, and his feel for the language and people of the Dust Bowl migration, are what give the play its power and beauty."

Steinbeck's novel, source material for the Tony Award-winning play and the Academy Award-winning 1940 film, is considered a classic of American literature. The play was first presented in 1988 by the Steppenwolf Theater Company of Chicago and came to New York City at the Cort Theater in 1990.

For the LBCC production, technical director Bruce Peterson and scene shop manager Patrick Murphy have created a wooden scale replica of a 1920's farm truck which, overflowing with the Joads and their belongings, serves as the play's central scenic element.

Multiple projections of hundreds of Depression-era photographs, along with music from the era, help create what the director calls a "total immersion" theatrical experience. According to Kight, "The play

reflects a harsh period in American history, and some patrons may find a few moments in the script objectionable."

The cast ranges from middle-school students to experienced community actors, including several playing multiple roles as the people the Joads meet on the road, in the camps and in the fields as they make their way West. Cast members are Albany residents Matthew Alexander, Mike Baze, Alex Boedingheimer, Clinton Burgess, Randy Brown, Seth Carter, Jane Donovan, Alan Edwards, Chaundra Goodpastor, Chris Gorrell, Michelle Griffith, Sandy McCormack, J.B. Nelson, Gene Shrou, Eric Singer and Scott Wadlow; Corvallis residents Diana Allen, Jim Ambrosek, Delany Deaver, Tim Fitzpatrick, Christine Freemard, Shannon Hawkins, Dean Kennedy, Sasha Larsen, Laura Scott, Gary Tiedeman and Wendi Turner; Kryss Daily and Jeanne Pitts, of Lebanon; and H.P. Drake III and Jason Rice, of Scio.

Klampe awarded FFA Honorary Degree

Rick Klampe, an animal technology instructor at Linn-Benton Community College, was awarded the state FFA Honorary Degree recently by the Oregon FFA Association, a youth organization for high school students interested in agriculture. The award, given to only three individuals each year, recognized Klampe's organizing work for the State Livestock Judging Contest each August in Salem.

"It's really for a compilation of things I've been doing for FFA over the past eight to 10 years," said Klampe, who has organized the livestock judging contest at the state fair for the past 10 years. "It's an award for the volunteer time put in to make the program

stronger, more active and to help the kids to reach their goals."

Klampe also has organized a summer livestock judging clinic at LBCC for the past six years and the annual FFA contest at the Linn County Fairgrounds in April.

A Salem native, Klampe, 35, had judged livestock for over 15 years in competitions throughout Oregon, California, Michigan, Texas and Washington.

He has an associate's degree from Linn-Benton Community College and bachelor's and master's degrees from California State University at Fresno. Klampe has taught at LBCC since 1989.

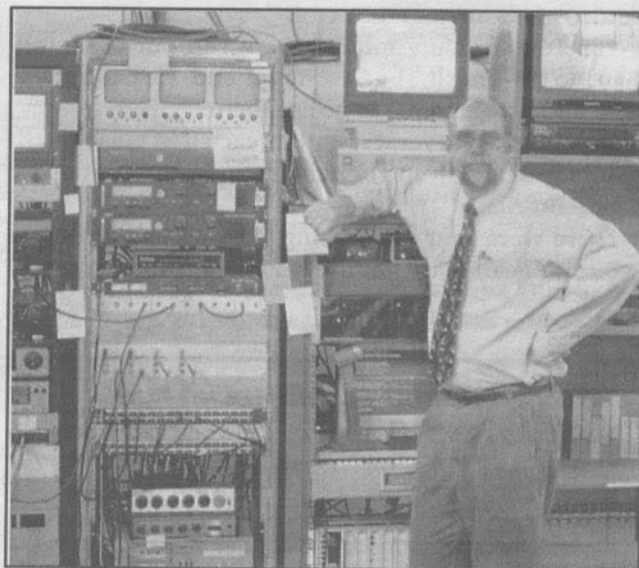


Photo by Trevor Gleason

Paul Snyder, media specialist, shows off some of the video equipment used by the college.

Governor picks Snyder

LBCC Media Specialist Paul Snyder has been appointed to Gov. John Kitzhaber's Advisory Committee to examine the Western Governors' Association's proposal to create a "virtual university."

The committee, made up of 30 educators from around the state, will begin working this month on the proposal of the WGA, a Denver-based organization of 21 state and Pacific territorial governors. The proposal calls for the creation of a computer network linking information and resources from various colleges and universities to be made available over the internet.

Missionary visits campus Friday to discuss Liberian civil war crisis

Jay Wicks, a Christian missionary who recently returned from Liberia, will meet with students to discuss his experience during the African nation's civil war.

The discussion will be held on Friday May 17, in room T-219 from noon to 2 p.m. All interested students are invited to attend.

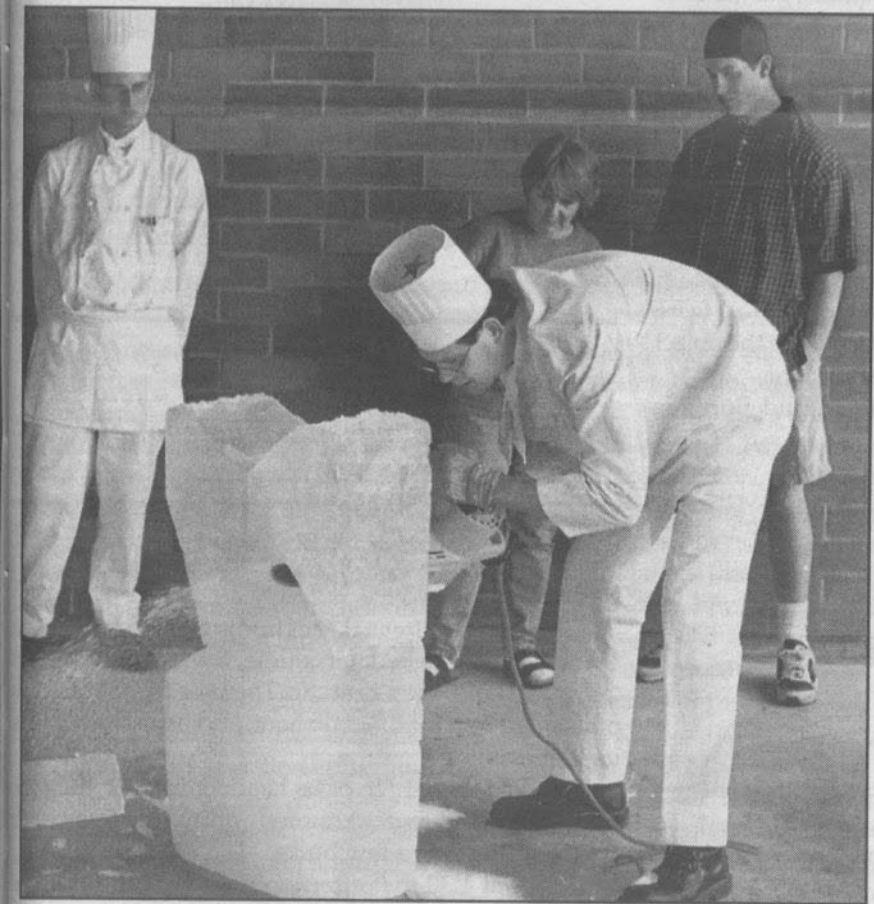


Photo by Zach Deets

Cold Cuts

Scott Anselm, LBCC Culinary Arts Department coordinator and chef instructor, demonstrates ice-carving techniques in the College Center Atrium. Watching are culinary arts students Collin Fischer, Susie Garrett and John Halgrimson. Anselm and his students were preparing to conduct a class for culinary students from local high schools who came to LBCC last week to learn ice sculpting.

LBCC graduate battles challenges head-to-head and ends up in D.C.

Delaine Crawford takes a deep breath before naming her Pentagon internship this summer: "I'll be on the Department of Defense Records Management Task Force in the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense with Command, Control, Communications and Intelligence." Those in the Pentagon call it C31 for short.

"We're very happy to have her come here," says Linda Self, program support administrator in the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense. Crawford was one of the top four candidates out of 15 vying jobs in her office, said Self.

After obtaining her security clearance, Crawford will stay at American University in Washington, D.C. from June 12 to September 10. Her husband Charles,

now completing a management degree at OSU, will stay in Sweet Home and care for their two children.

Success and great prospects, however, were not always a part of Crawford's life. She dropped out of school in eighth grade and spent years as a "wild kid," roaming around the country and working here and there as a waitress. When she was almost 20, she became pregnant with her first daughter. "That's when I started settling down a little bit, well, actually, a lot," says Crawford. She passed her GED tests in 1988 and signed up for her first class at LBCC. She dropped it, tried again a while later, but again did not complete the term. Her husband had been harvesting Christmas trees but decided to enroll in LBCC and

pursue a degree.

After the couple completed a marriage encounter course, her husband came back from school one day and asked her to quit her waitress job and go back to school with him. Crawford says they didn't know at the time how they were going to pay for both of them to study. But through a great deal of faith, and a combination of public assistance, financial aid and an LBCC Foundation grant, she was able to begin full-time studies in early 1992. Two years later, she walked proudly through the graduation ceremony with an associate degree and admission to Oregon State University's business administration program with an option in accounting.

"One of the reasons I choose account-

ing is that it's the hardest option in the college of business and there's not a lot of CPA's," says Crawford, who first discovered she had a learning disability after testing and diagnosis at LBCC.

"I would have never done things like this before," says Crawford of her accomplishments. "I'm on a committee with the chief of police from Sweet Home, and to be able to sit around with a police officer and not feel funny has been really neat."

Although Crawford, now 29, felt too old at first to go to school, a friend told her, "You're going to be 30 with or without a degree so you might as well start now." One of Crawford's secrets of school success she says is "Suit up and show up every day."

Burned Out in Burns

Ill-fated rabbit-hunting excursion takes valley boys through endless miles of sagebrush country to somebody else's idea of paradise

by Craig Hatch
of The Commuter

If you're looking to spend a glorious, fun-filled weekend in a great, happenin' town, DON'T go to Burns!

This is one of life's simple truths that I learned last month after an ill-fated hunting excursion.

Planning for a rabbit-hunting trip to eastern Oregon was not much of a project. Grab a bag of Doritos, a half-rack of Mountain Dew, some other assorted junk food, and some bread and bologna, and all the nutritional requirements are taken care of.

"There's so many rabbits, we'll run out of ammo trying to get 'em all," boasted my friend. He has family there and was anxious to go see them.

So we picked several weapons each that we wanted to sight in or shoot, and bought enough ammunition to invade Bosnia.

There were four of us going, so we piled into two Jeeps and headed up Highway 22 for the long journey ahead.

Rolling into Burns, you are instantly unimpressed. It appears as if they just discovered electricity five years ago. It lacks even the small-town appeal.

The best part of a road trip across Oregon is the constantly changing scenery. Passing through the Detroit area, the trees are overwhelming. It's quite pristine.

The weather was nice, so we rode with the windows down (windows on a Jeep consist of zipper flaps) and our arms hanging out. The first hour or so of the trip went rather quickly.

Then we got to Bend. The town is large, mostly because it is spread out and growing rapidly. A quick survey of the city shows that it was not laid out very well to be a big town. Residential and commercial districts bump and intermingle, and the road system is a little chaotic. The newness of many of the fast-food joints betray the nature of the town.

Still, the people seemed friendly enough. Unlike most other cities, Bend seems to have kept at least some of the small-town mentality.

The landscape changes dramatically as you proceed farther East. If you like flat desert wastelands, highway 20 to Burns is your Eden. Almost immediately after leaving Bend, the trees disappeared along with all signs of life.

Let's face it, if you live east of Bend, Hell is a local call.

The hour-and-a-half drive to Burns is decorated only with sage and the occasional dead husk that passes for a tree in those parts. This drive tests the mettle of anyone trying to hold a conversation. Soon, long pauses become the order of the day, as blank stares emanate from the now-weary travellers.

There is one gas

station/quicky-mart between Bend and Burns. The gas prices are typical of a place that has the only gas for 65 miles either way.

The last 65 miles is worse than the first, if that's possible. By this time, the pathetic efforts at conversation that you have been using to kill time have long since dissipated and the blank stares have given way to nods and shaking of the head to maintain a basic awareness of the road.

It should be noted that the stretch between Bend and Burns is completely straight, save two minor curves in the road. These apparently occurred when the asphalt layer momentarily went to sleep while laying out this stretch.

The only other thing worth noting is the unrelenting tracks of fence that border the road. With thick, wooden posts that are placed about every 10 feet, one wonders how long it took the poor farmer to lay all of it in. But it's still the only thing to look at most of the trip.

Rolling into Burns, you are instantly unimpressed. It appears as if they just discovered electricity five years ago. It even lacks even the small-town appeal.

Being from a small town, I can appreciate the perks of rural communities. Burns has none of them.

Spread out like Bend, (these people obviously put up buildings so they have something to look at) there seems to be nothing except grocery stores, gas stations and bars.

The gas prices are no better than the open desert. Again, the people seemed all right, except they didn't appear to like outsiders. They must have thought we were Californians.

Burns is a very good place to go if you wish to mindlessly shoot off a few thousand rounds at a whole lot of nothing. There are plenty of non-living targets to sight in with your arsenal of fire-arms.

Living targets, the type we were looking for, were surprisingly scarce. Jackrabbits, which were the object of our hunt, were supposed to be abundant.

The thing about hunting rabbits around Burns is

that the farmers will love you. To them, rabbits are nothing but pests which destroy crops and carry infection.

After leaving the bouncing metropolis, we headed to the property where we were supposed to meet my friend's parents, only to find a small tool shed, several fences, and a small camper trailer.

"You guys can stay here tonight," his mother said brightly. "We're staying with my parents at their house."

Of course, figuring we had a house to stay at, half of us did not think to bring any sleeping bags or blankets. Still, we decided to make the best of it. We cut across the open field to see what we could see.

We saw nothing.

The only life we noted was a garden snake.

"They'll be out later tonight," said my friend. "Let's go up to the radar station."

The radar station probably was the high point of the trip. It is an old, abandoned military radar base from World War II. It has long since been reclaimed by weeds, teenagers professing their love in paint, and trigger-happy lunatics with guns.

Set up on top of a hill a few miles outside of the city, the station proved to be an excellent spot to sight in on an array of weapons.

The view from the hill was fairly impressive. Burns looked like the town that time forgot. The hills themselves contain a huge supply of obsidian, and some beautiful pieces can be found easily.

Afterward, we headed out to an open designated shooting range. All we found there was the dead carcass of a cow someone had dragged up there to rot.

After eating dinner, we went out that night in the backs of the Jeeps looking for the elusive bunnies. We managed to see three, but were unable to get any good

Burns is a very good place to go if you wish to mindlessly shoot off a few thousand rounds at a whole lot of nothing.

shots. In plain English, we missed.

Frustrated after a day of finding practically no life, we went to bed. Of course, Burns' nights are not just cold, they're arctic. The little camper the four of us piled into retained no heat, and little sleep grace us that evening.

The next day, three of us headed out into the rocks that crowd the area. Although quite impressive, the only wildlife was a few birds.

By about 1:30 that afternoon, we had about had it. But we decided to have one more look around.

We waded out across some flooded fields. It was there we actually saw some targets. Over the next couple of hours, we saw about a dozen rabbits. This was a great improvement over our last outings.

Unfortunately, the rabbits were quite disgusting. They were dirt scraggly and parasite-ridden.

Any thought of eating the pathetic creatures was quickly eliminated.

We left pretty much disappointed about the trip.

A severe sunburn was the only souvenir I brought home from this all-too-unforgettable trip.

At least the long ride back was a little more interesting. I slept.



Illustration by Jacob Schmid

ROAD TRIP

Oregon's newest star attraction wows the crowds in Newport

by Dorothy Wilson
of The Commuter

"Ohhhhhh, Ahhhhhh."

Exclamations of primal delight penetrate the invigorating marine atmosphere as the crowd nears the underwater viewing area of our own local hero, Keiko.

Visitors of all sizes huddle up to the three huge viewing windows. Keiko appears and the "ohhhhhhs" and "ahhhhhhs" start all over again. People call out involuntarily, as though possessed, as the 8,000-pound, 21-foot, sleek, black-and-white beauty swims leisurely up to the windows, rubbing up against them like a gigantic, lovable dog offering a friendly greeting.

Then he takes off at about 15 mph around the pool, returning slowly at about 2 mph, noticing a group of about eight children. Nodding his head and looking directly into their smiling faces—the children become ecstatic. The rapport between Keiko and the children seems entirely natural, almost to be expected.

Although all ages populate the crowd on this busy Saturday morning, not all ages are as thrilled to see Oregon's beloved behemoth.

Some adults are too impatient to wait for a turn up front, so they quickly leave after a glance or two of Keiko. Children under 3 or so don't seem to know what is going on, and they get annoying their parents and older siblings. The pubescent teens are either fascinated or bored—doesn't seem to be any middle ground there.

The most dedicated and interested are those ages four to 12 and several of the adults.

A few gracious adults make sure that children get to see, while others hog up space for a bit too long.

If visitors hang around for awhile, they can work their way up to the windows. And a walk around the other exhibits in the aquarium, then back to Keiko a few times is rewarding because he's in different moods throughout the day.

According to Diane Hammond, public relations officer at the Oregon Coast Aquarium, the best advice is to get to the viewing window early, because he's been alone all night and is more interested in seeing people at the window early in the day.

However, it is also intriguing to watch him play with his toys, and they are introduced off and on throughout the day.

When a blue ball about the size of a beachball suddenly plops into the pool from above, Keiko takes notice immedi-

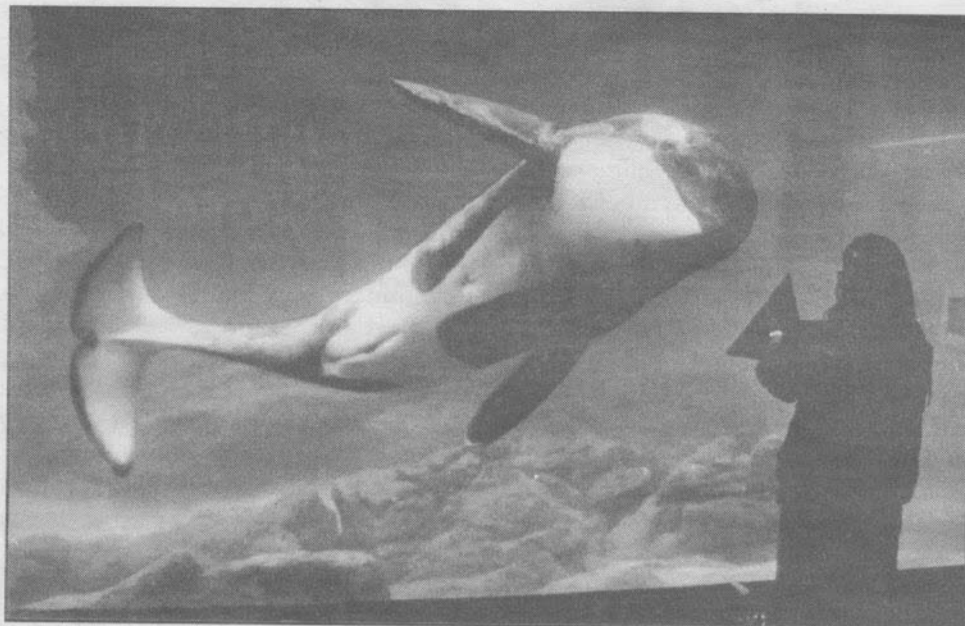


Photo Courtesy of Oregon Coast Aquarium

Keiko responds to signals from Renata Fernandez, one of his trainers, in his new home at the Oregon Coast Aquarium in Newport.

The Oregon Coast Aquarium is located on the South end of Yaquina Bay Bridge off Hwy. 101 at 2820 S.E. Ferry Slip Road, Newport, Ore.

Admission is \$8 for those 14-64 years of age, \$7 for seniors, \$4 for those 4-13 years of age and children under 3 years of age are admitted free.

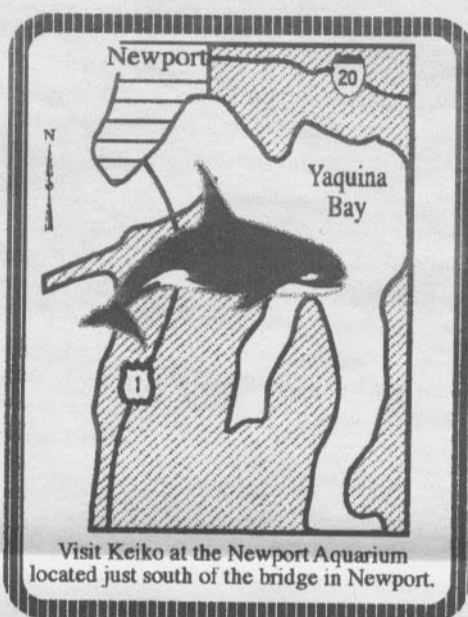
Summer hours are from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily. For additional information call: 541-867-3434.

ately, turning from the crowd and "standing" in the water to face the ball on the far side of the pool. He looks at the ball for about 10 minutes as delighted visitors watch him rock back and forth near the viewing window.

Hammond says Keiko is now learning to play for the first time in his life. He's had this new ball for about three weeks and he is learning to manipulate it—pushing it around and dragging it underwater. He doesn't have to perform anymore, but trainers are keeping him busy and interested in his new environment.

"We're really only limited by our own imaginations," says Mike Glenn, curator of mammals at the aquarium. "We're going to keep him guessing, keep him wondering and interested, so he doesn't latch onto a routine that will get stale. He's got a lot of potential, and we mean to tap it all."

In the effort to keep Keiko mentally stimulated after visitors hours, he has recently been given his own television. So far he's been shown "The Lion King" and "Blazing Saddles." Trainers will also



Visit Keiko at the Newport Aquarium located just south of the bridge in Newport.

"Keiko is much more active, more energetic, you can tell this is good for him."

—Renata Fernandez

use the television to introduce other killer whales to him.

Two of Keiko's trainers from Mexico came with Keiko to the aquarium, and both agree that his improvements have been dramatic and reassuring.

"Keiko is much more active, more energetic, you can tell this is good for him," said trainer Renata Fernandez.

Keiko's pool is almost four times as big as the one in Mexico City. It is 150 feet long, 75 feet wide and 25 feet deep. It is constantly filled with fresh seawater, the first natural ocean water he has been in

since his capture in 1979.

Still, seeing a large animal in captivity can be heartwrenching. He seems lonely as he navigates his small world.

Studies of the orca population in the Puget Sound area have led researchers to conclude that the male killer whale has a lifetime bond to his mother. Killer whales in this area of the globe spend their whole lives traveling with their mothers. Is it possible that Keiko longs for his mother after all these years in captivity?

Whatever one may think about marine parks and animals in captivity, the parks have been largely responsible for dispelling ridiculous ideas about whales, such as their being man-eaters. This new awareness has led to more field research and, finally, to protection for whales in the wild.

The type of animal parks now emerging are primarily involved in education and preservation of species as well as rescue operations, such as the Keiko Project.

The Oregon Coast Aquarium and the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife work together on the care and rehabilitation of stranded seabirds. And the Northwest Marine Mammal Stranding Network, in conjunction with the aquarium, state police and wildlife agencies, work together to rescue whales, seals and sea lions.

The aquarium, open since 1992, has a huge collection of marine animals—from sea pens (worm-like creatures who live in the sand) and fantastic-looking jellyfish to sea otters rescued from the Exxon Valdez oil spill and seals and sea lions. In addition, a marvelous group of sea birds, many of whom have been rescued, keep visitors charmed. Be sure not to don't miss seeing the giant Pacific octopus as he languorously moves around his darkened cavern.

But there's no doubt that it's Keiko the crowds are coming to see. Aquarium attendance has more than doubled since Keiko's arrival. He has indeed captured the imagination of not only the folks who made the trip here to see him, but of millions of people of all ages from all over the globe.

"Free Willy," a children's movie about freedom—the freedom to be who we are meant to be—has become reality. That reality was echoed in the voice of a little boy who was waiting in line with his parents to see Keiko... "When can we see Free Willy?"

No doubt thousands of children who came to know Keiko as the star of that popular movie are asking their parents the same question.

Will Keiko ever be free? Many factors weigh in the decision

by Dorothy Wilson
of The Commuter

When and whether Keiko is released back into the wild will depend on a decision reached by an independent board of expert advisors appointed by the Free Willy-Keiko Foundation Board of Directors.

Although Keiko's ability to meet the following criteria is essential, other developments and factors will enter into the decision, and it may take years to properly evaluate his chances.

Keiko's original pod (family) must be found and it must be determined that they will accept Keiko back into the group.

Release also hinges on Keiko's ability to learn hunting skills. Some of the play activities and the introduction of his natural foods may help prepare him for development of his hunting skills. Generally killer whales who are born in Icelandic waters, like Keiko, eat only fish. Hunting in pods, they encircle and herd the fish into small areas for easy feeding. Killer whales in

other areas prey on seals, penguins and other types of whales.

The United States Government and the government of Iceland must reach an official agreement to release him back into Icelandic waters.

Keiko's release depends on his medical progress. According to aquarium officials the papillomavirus, which caused the lesions near his pectoral flippers and tail flukes, seems to have cleared up. However, they say it is too soon to tell whether the condition will recur. His teeth are worn down by years of chewing on the edge of the cement pool in Mexico, but there is no indication that the damage has penetrated the pulp cavity.

Keiko is enjoying his new diet of squid, herring, capelin, sardines and salmon, and he has gained approximately 800 pounds. Some of the folds in his stomach that were closed due to his limited diet in Mexico are now opening.

He is responding very well to the new exercise

programs at the aquarium, and his overall musculature is improving. His fallen dorsal fin, although not a health risk, has improved dramatically in the last two months. The fin has come up six inches so far, mostly in response to his being underwater more.

Keiko's veterinarian, Dr. Lanny Cornell said "Keiko has only been in his new home two months—that's a very short time to make long-term predictions about his eventual recovery."

Keiko was born in 1977 or 1978 and is now almost full-grown. According to aquarium officials, he could grow another one to two feet in length.

Orcas live between 25 and 40 years. However, recent studies suggest they might live even longer. It was recently documented in a Puget Sound study that a female killer whale may have reached 75 years of age.

The Free Willy-Keiko Foundation still needs to raise more than \$1.5 million for the first two years of Keiko's care. Donations can be made to the Free Willy-Keiko Foundation, care of the Oregon Coast Aquarium.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Ska's upbeat rhythm inspires happy feet and racial unity

by Christina Bondurant
of The Commuter

Unique sounds of drums, bass, rhythm guitar and various horns fill the air. The music is upbeat and rhythmic, the kind that forces you to move. People of all ages are dancing their butts off, and you'll spot quite a few sporting suits, suspenders, and shiny shoes.

This is Ska, the life of rude boys and girls.

What the hell is Ska anyway?

Ska is a type of dance music unlike any other. It's a combination of Jamaican reggae and rhythm & blues.

In the beginning, Ska was Jamaican dance music that kept the poor folk on their feet. In the early 1960s it swept the entire country and everybody was skanking.

Desmond Decker, the self-proclaimed king of Ska, then took his music to England where he discovered

lots of racial tension.

Two-Tone, a label started by Jerry Dammers, soon emerged. Dammers was sick and tired of the fighting between blacks and whites. The name Two-Tone was symbolic of a need for racial unity. You'll often find black-and-white checkers and designs related with Ska, also symbolizing racial unity.

Ska then swept the U.K. Although the sound had slowed down a bit, it still had the same upbeat rhythm.

This is when the most prominent Ska bands emerged: The Specials, English Beat and Madness. Rude boys and girls came out at this time, dressed in nice threads and suspenders, black-and-white, of course. They are dedicated to Ska and everything it stands for.

In the early 1980s Ska almost died out. However, it

was brought to America and swept our nation like it did all the others, causing the rebirth of Ska.

Ska is now more popular than ever, with new bands popping up everyday. If you've never been exposed to Ska before, I strongly recommend you get exposed! Especially if you like something you can dance to.

There are thousands of Ska bands around, but I have a few I definitely recommend: The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Operation Ivy, Less Than Jake, Hoodlum Empire, The Voodoo Glow Skulls, Skankin' Pickle and The Scandals (from Eugene).

For more information about Ska check out the Internet, local record stores and clubs like the Venetian Theatre in Albany. As Ska continues to increase in popularity, don't forget that it's not just great music, it also stands for something: the unity of us all.

review

Special effects help make up for sub-par plot in 'Twister'

Pretty well-rounded film but effects take front seat

by Ben Cole
of The Commuter

Wind, flying cows and mass destruction are the real stars of the summer's first blockbuster movie, "Twister." There are some talented actors and a bit of a plot to the film, but these all take a back seat to the amazing special effects.

However, if you're curious about the storyline, here goes: It all starts out with a tornado (the writers sure didn't wait long to get the ball rolling) in 1969. A family has sought shelter in an underground shed, but this tornado is an F-5, one of the strongest tornadoes around. The wind is ripping the door to the shed open, and the father is trying to keep it shut. Unfortunately the man isn't stronger than Mother Nature and he gets sucked away, while his wife and daughter look on.

Fast forward to the present day. Bill (Bill Paxton), a former tornado chaser and soon-to-be weatherman, is attempting to get his soon-to-be ex-wife, Jo (Helen Hunt), and, until recently, tornado-chasing partner, to sign some divorce papers. Jo was also the little girl in the 1969 tornado. Bill's in a hurry to get the papers signed, because he wants to start his life over with therapist Melissa (Jami Gertz), whom he brings along.

Jo and the rest of her team of tornado chasers are setting up, preparing for a tornado that's expected to run through town in a matter of moments.

It's obvious that Jo is having a harder time letting go of the marriage than Bill, so to distract him from the divorce papers she shows him their pride and joy, "Dorothy".

"Dorothy" is the code name of a revolutionary instrument that is designed to release tiny sensors that will go inside a hurricane. Bill thought it up, but when he left the group it was only in the conceptual phase.

If the group can ever get it to work, it will give them information about tornadoes that would enable the chasers to better predict when tornadoes could be expected to roll through town. Jo's ploy works, and Bill is persuaded to come along for one more trip.

Of course, this also means that Melissa has to come along. She is very unprepared for what lies ahead. A tornado comes by right on time, and Jo and Bill try to get Dorothy to go inside the tornado, but the twister has other plans. Dorothy doesn't get set up right, and the tornado twists around Jo's truck, forcing Jo and Bill to get out and find something to hold on to.

The storm quickly passes by them, Jo's truck almost crashes into some of the other vehicles in the group, and Melissa is scared half to death, although that tornado was only an F-3, a fairly weak twister.

The tornado chasers are all having a blast in the meantime, feeling envious of Bill and Jo for being right out in it.

To make the plot a tad bit more interesting, there is a villainous tornado watcher who is funded by the government, Jonas (Cary Elwes). Jonas is an extremely boring bad guy. He never tries to kill our heroes. The worst thing he has ever done is steal the design for Dorothy, and built his version of it, called "Dot."

The rest of the plot mostly involves more tornadoes, each one increasing in ferocity. The group also struggles to get Dorothy to work right, while always beating Jonas to the tornadoes.

Now for the special effects, which are the real reason people are going to want to see "Twister." The tornadoes are amazing. You can't help but wonder when watching one tear across everything in its path: were the filmmakers really stupid enough to actually film scenes during a tornado? Of course not, but these storms convey a feeling of awe, like a real twister would.

Not only are the visuals extraordinary, the sound effects deserve special mention as well. The wind howls loudly, the ground sounds like it's really shaking, and it, amazingly, makes you feel like you're there with Jo and Bill. Not many movies accomplish this. In fact, I don't think I've ever seen a film that brought me into its world more than "Twister".

The plot is a little weak and the cliché "couple trying to overcome all odds and get back together" storyline is here. But if you want to see a movie that from beginning to end amazes you, "Twister" is a must see.

A quick tip: go see "Twister" at Albany Cinemas. Although it's at both 9th Street Cinemas in Corvallis and at Albany, the Albany theater has a much better sound system, so the sound will especially jump out and grab you.

I give "Twister" 9 out of 10 stars.

Great special effects makes up for bad acting and poor plot

by Josh Burk
of The Commuter

If you are a special effects freak, then this is the movie for you. But if you are looking for good acting and a good perplexing plot, then you should move on and see something else.

"Twister," starring Helen Hunt and Bill Paxton is not a very complex film but the special effects definitely make up for it.

Paxton and Hunt were old flings but now Paxton is engaged to another woman (Jami Gertz). From the start of the film you could tell that Paxton and Hunt still had feelings for one and another, and it was inevitable that they were going to get back together.

The movie follows a group of tornado chasers, headed by Paxton and Hunt, and their struggles to obtain never-before-obtained information about tornadoes. Many years ago Paxton and Hunt had dreams of a device that could go up into a tornado and deliver data on what goes on inside the funnel. As technology advanced Hunt was able to transform their dreams to realities. They invented "Dorothy." "Dorothy" was basically a metal trash can that was supposed to be placed in the middle of a tornado then release hundreds of sensors up into the funnel relaying information back to the crew.

The rest of the film takes the audience through two days' action packed tornado chasing. The crew scampers from county to county in hopes of getting a jump on newly forming tornadoes.

"Twister" only offered one interesting twist to the plot. This was the their government-backed adversaries, headed by Cary Elwes. Along with trying to keep up with the tornadoes, Hunt and Paxton also had to keep up with Elwes. Elwes played a snotty stuck on himself scientist who successfully stole Paxton and Hunt's idea of "Dorothy" and made a much more sophisticated model named "Dot."

The rest of the film was pretty lame, only kept alive by the tremendous special effects and the awesome Digital Surround Sound. (This can only truly be experienced by watching the film at the Albany Cinema—nowhere else can you hear such impressive sound).

The visual effects of the movie were also a notch above. Looking into the sky just before a tornado hit or looking into the tornado itself was simply scary. Everything looked so incredibly real that it made you think that you were a guest star in "The Wizard of Oz."

One of the tornadoes that Paxton and Hunt faced actually trapped them inside of it in their pickup. The whirling winds turned the truck completely around several times before passing on. In this scene you really get to see the extreme power of a twister. The real scary part about this was that this was only an F-3. As tornadoes go, an F-3 is a fairly mild tornado.

At the end of the movie you get to experience what an F-5 is like. It destroyed basically everything around, including houses, barns, tractors, etc. The miracle of the movie was that Paxton and Hunt were able to withstand the winds of nature by simply tying themselves

to a water pipe. Although this part was unrealistic, it was pretty cool because it showed the inside of the funnel of the twister from Paxton and Hunt's point of view.

For the most part I didn't like the film. The acting wasn't very good, by either Hunt or Paxton, who I think normally do a very good job. The plot wasn't that great either. It was a good thing that the special effects were so intense and realistic because if they weren't then I probably wouldn't have stayed to the end.

Overall I was disappointed in the film. I went into it thinking that it was going to be one of the best movies that I've seen in a long time, this was on account of the movie was made by the same person who did "Jurassic Park" and "Speed" which are two of my favorites.

"Twister" probably won't win any awards but if you want to see a lot of cool effects then "Twister" is it. I give "Twister" 6 out of 10 stars.



The rest of the film was pretty lame, only kept alive by the tremendous special effects and the awesome Digital Surround Sound. (This can only truly be experienced by watching the film at the Albany Cinema—nowhere else can you hear such impressive sound).

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

White brings Shakespeare to life for many students

Melani Whisler
The Commuter

It's remarkable to find someone as energetic and enthusiastic about their job as English teacher Jane White. Most known for her Shakespeare class, she's perfected a teaching style that makes Shakespeare easy to read as Dr. Seuss.

"I think it's rewarding to watch my students progress reading Shakespeare. They begin struggling, but when they catch on they become fluent with it," said White.

"I got hooked on Shakespeare my sophomore year in high school when we read some of his work in my English class" said White. "It's was then, and still is now, the best literature I've ever come across."

As a little girl growing up in Michigan, White said she wanted to be a teacher. "You know kids play games? Well, while others played house, I played school," she said. Since she has three sisters and a brother, White had plenty of pupils in her make-believe class.

After graduating from Mount Clemens High School in Mount Clemens, Mich., (about 20 miles northeast of Detroit), White attended Michigan State University, where she received her bachelor's degree in English.

After one year at Colorado State University for graduate school White returned to Michigan and taught junior high and high school English for four years. At the same time she went back to MSU to finish her master's degree in English.

It was during her first four years of college that White was able to travel abroad. Each summer her German professor arranged for students to work in Europe. With a few of her friends from MSU, White worked for eight weeks as a chambermaid at a large hotel in Switzerland.

In 1975 White moved to Corvallis and began teaching part-time at LBCC. In her spare time, she worked on a book project with some high school students from Cannon.

Together we worked on a written history of Lebanon, she said. "We talked to elderly people and searched the area, it was a lot of fun. We worked on it only part-time during the school year, but when summer hit we were able to work on it a lot more."



Photo by Bill Jones

Jane White relaxes in her office after her English composition class.

"You know kids play games? Well, while others played house, I played school."

—Jane White

White began teaching Shakespeare as a night class in 1978, a year before the BBC began producing Shakespeare's plays over a seven-year period.

"I taught the plays in the order the BBC released them. They usually came out with four at a time, so it worked out perfectly each term," she said. In 1985, White took over the daytime Shakespeare class.

After she began teaching full-time, she and Dave Perkins took student groups to Europe four different times. "It was called 'Literary and Scientific Heritage of England,'" she said. "We traveled to London, Stratford and Oxford in 17 days."

During the fall term of 1988, White ventured to Spain, France and Italy to study abroad. "I had quite an

extensive library that I hauled around with me from hotel room to hotel room. I went to the places where the literature in my Western World Literature class took place. It was an opportunity to deepen my understanding of the place where it all happened," she said.

What makes White's teaching unique is her style. She refuses to "stick to the books." Although the only textbooks she uses in her Shakespeare class are the plays themselves, she leads her class discussions with not just her own interpretations of the plays, but with other students' as well. There are always new ideas and theories coming up in her class. Many times students have seen her change her opinions about plays based on their interpretations.

Tables are pushed together and chairs are gathered around as students open their books. Her discussions are not "This is what I think," but rather "OK class, what do you think?" The class is student-led with White acting as a moderator.

Students are also offered the chance to see the plays performed live on stage when local theaters around the area are performing them. White tries to take a class each term, but sometimes it doesn't always work out.

Winter term she arranged to take a small group of students to Portland to see a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but, because of the ice storm, plans were canceled. This spring and summer she plans to take two groups of her former and present students to Ashland's Shakespearean Festival.

White's world goes far beyond volumes of Shakespeare. She's been involved in many Loft productions including "Lysistrata," "The World of Carl Sandburg" and others. She's been involved in community productions in both Albany and Corvallis as well.

White has many hobbies she enjoys when she's not teaching. White is a locally published author, with a passion for poetry and short stories. One of her favorite pastimes is reading, which she shares with a women's book group in Corvallis.

She also keeps a flower garden yearly; and this year she's added a vegetable garden. The trees that border her property in south Corvallis are home to birds that she likes to watch while relaxing in her backyard. Occasionally she'll go for a long hike in the woods. She even creates hand-woven baskets.

ACT's risqué 'Les Liaisons Dangereuses' debut this week

Jennifer Broxson
The Commuter

Albany Civic Theater closes the month of May with their first-production run of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," (Dangerous Liaisons), in an eight-show run.

Directed by 12-year ACT veteran Rob Moore, the ACT cast and production members stage Christopher Hampton's adaptation of Choderlos de Laclos' scandalous 18th-century French novel, calling the provocative nature which lies within the leisured classes of the

time.

Michael Onstad, previous choreographer for ACT's "Pippen," now commits to the leading role of Le Vicomte de Valmont. Combined with Lynelle Littke, who plays Marquise de Merteuil, these characters scheme in a deceitful struggle, driven by sex towards power and control.

According to the playbill, along the self-centered path towards domination people are mere pawns. In the play a convent-cloistered virgin will be seduced,

her betrothed humiliated and disgraced and a respectable married woman destroyed, her self-respect shattered and her reputation ruined.

Thought to be slightly "racy" for ACT's norms, this performance should convey the sentiment of the moment in a direct and open manner. This includes bedroom scenes.

Due to the adult content, children are not advised to attend.

Oscar Hult, costume designer/Footman, advises "anyone who likes a real

good drama" should attend this elaborate production.

The show runs May 17, 18, 24, 25, 26, 30, 31 and June 1 at 8:15 p.m., with a 2:30 p.m. matinee on May 26, at Albany Civic Theater, 111 First St. W., Albany.

Tickets cost \$7 for general admission and \$5 for juniors and seniors. These may be reserved or purchased at: Sid Stevens Jewelers, Albany, 967-8140; Rice's Pharmacy, Corvallis, 752-7779, or at the ACT theater 45 minutes before showtime.

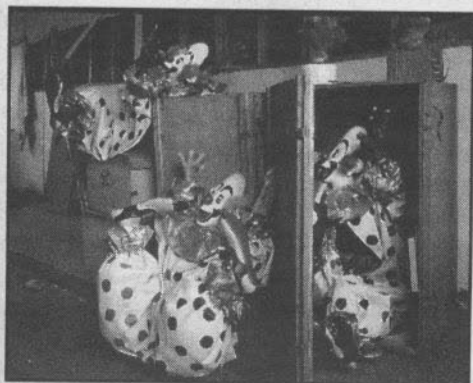
Eloquent Umbrella readings May 22, 23

Readings from the 1996 edition of The Eloquent Umbrella, Linn-Benton Community College's literary magazine, will be held Wednesday, May 22 and Thursday, May 23.

The first public reading will be an open mike reading, sponsored by the Willamette Valley Writer's Series and featuring writers from The Eloquent Umbrella, will be held noon to 1 p.m. in the College Center Board Rooms.

The second reading, sponsored by the Willamette Literary Guild, featuring writers in the new Eloquent Umbrella at 7 p.m. in the Corvallis Arts Center, 700 S.W. Madison Ave.

Copies of the latest Eloquent Umbrella will also be available later this month for purchase at LBCC campus bookstores, Grassroots Bookstore and The Book Bin in



"Mechanical Clowns," by LBCC instructor Rich Bergeman is on the title page of The Eloquent Umbrella, which is due to be distributed later this month.

Corvallis, the Corvallis Arts Center and in other area bookstores.

LBCC PERFORMING ARTS DEPARTMENT PRESENTS

JOHN STEINBECK'S

The Grapes of Wrath

ADAPTED BY FRANK GALATI

May 24, 25, 31 at 8 P.M.
June 1 at 8 P.M.
June 2 at 3 P.M.

Linn-Benton Community College
Takena Theatre

Admission is \$7
All seating is reserved
Ticket outlets: Rice's Pharmacy in
Corvallis and the Takena Theatre
Box Office (917-4531)

SAVE 50%
PRESENT THIS AD AND GET 2ND TICKET FOR HALF PRICE

If you require accommodation for disability in order to attend the play, please contact us at 917-4536.

LBI

VW Resurrection

Obscure junkyard in tiny Rickreall devoted to keeping bugs and buses on the road

by Renee' Lunsford
of The Commuter

It was a bright sunny day (rare for the Valley), and I felt like doing something out of the ordinary, so I asked my son, Cash, if he would like to go looking for the elusive "Volkswagen Graveyard" located near McMinnville, Ore. Cash had heard about it from a friend of a friend, and it was purported to be some kind of Shangri-La for Volkswagen restorers and hobbyists. But, after several phone calls, we had not yet come up with any concrete evidence of its existence, so we assumed that this must be a nickname for the business.

We decided to just get in the car, head for the general vicinity and ask around. First we stopped at a McMinnville wrecking yard and inquired. The man at the counter said, "Nope, never heard of them." Next, we tried the phone book. There was only one listing that even mentioned Volkswagens, OK's Import Autos, but it was located in Rickreall (not far from Monmouth). We tried it.

When we pulled up, we knew we'd hit pay dirt. Bright colored VWs filled the front parking lot—orange and green vans, red and orange squareback sedans, a green and black bug and a canary-yellow 914 Porsche.

A pleasant-looking, dark-haired man (whom I later learned was owner/mechanic, Tom Cifelli) leaning over a van with its hood opened asked if he could help us.

I asked, "Is this the place referred to as the Volkswagen graveyard?"

"Sure is," he said.

A fence ran behind the business and after I explained to him what we were there for, he said, "Go right on in; in fact Tom can even show you around. I would, but I'm working on a rush job." The back lot contained about a half-acre of VWs from all eras in non-working conditions along with lots of spare parts.

The Volkswagen graveyard seemed to provide just about as many colorful human characters as it did VW parts. Tom (Thurman), our guide was one of them. His vehicle was the rush job. I asked him, "So, are you the typical VW owner?"

*"Is this the place referred to as the Volkswagen graveyard?" I asked.
"Sure is," he said.*

He answered, "Well, I don't know about that, but I sure do like my bus. You see, I live in it." With a little prompting he explained "You know those metal steel posts that you see on all the fences, the red and green ones? Well, I spent eight years of my life working at a steel mill painting those. Can you imagine eight hours a day painting fence posts! One day I woke up and I thought, 'There's got to be more to life than this—I hate my job. I hate my life.' So nine months ago, I just quit. I've been on the road ever since, and I'm loving it."

I circled around the lot and tried to ask a few more questions of Cifelli, the owner. He was surrounded by about three or four onlookers. "So this place has been here 23 years, right?"

"Right," he replied, "but I've only been here three." About this time a towtruck rolled up and the driver asked for directions. Cifelli good-naturedly gave them.

I fired off another question, "So, how'd you get started in this business?"

"At my Uncle's Volkswagen lot in the Bay Area. I've been working on Volkswagens for about 18 years," he replied.

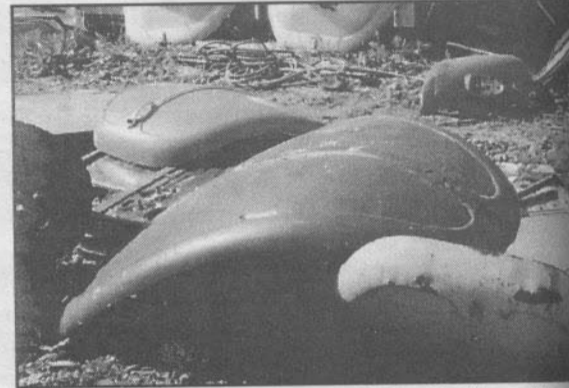
I asked Thurman why he chose OK's Auto Imports to service his van. He said, "I bring it here because I've been ripped off at other places and he (Tom Cifelli) knows all about them (VWs) He does good work."

I've been told that VW people represent a special kind of people and Thurman confirmed it. "As soon as my van's finished," he said, "I'm heading for the coast."

If you would like more information about OK's you may call 1-800-423-8460.



Tom Cifelli (at right) took over the fabled "Volkswagen Graveyard" in Rickreall about three years ago and continues to run the 23-year-old wrecking yard and to repair bugs and buses. Tom Thurman, at left, brought his van in for repairs recently. Thurman has been living and traveling in his van since he quit his job in Pennsylvania nine months ago. You can find the Volkswagen Graveyard by taking Highway 99W North out of Corvallis about 30 miles. You can call the graveyard at 1-800-423-8460.



Photos by Renee' Lunsford

Bugs enjoy revival in hands of avid fans

by Renee' Lunsford
of The Commuter

In the 60s and 70s, I listened to Elvis and the Beatles on the radio, watched Mohammed Ali and Marilyn Monroe on TV, and I drove a Volkswagen.

You may be wondering what all of these things have in common. They all turned out to be classics and, with the exception of Elvis, I took them all pretty much for granted. A Volkswagen Beetle was my first car, so I didn't have much car experience to compare it to.

I assumed that all cars handled well in snow and ice, could be taken on off-road excursions, cross mountain streams with virtually no ill effects and travel 180,000 miles with little or no upkeep.

When I traded in my Beetle for another car, I found out that I was wrong and that the friends who said keep it because it would be a collectible were right.

According to Henry De Kuyper, feature editor of VW Trends magazine, interest in the Volkswagens has recently been on the rise, especially in the restoration of vintage vehicles. De Kuyper says the magazine has 85,000 subscribers worldwide. The largest group of subscribers is 20-24 years of age and the second largest group is under 18.

Hot VWs, another Volkswagen magazine, has 35,000 subscribers, but actually sells closer to 90,000 copies per issue, and the age of their average reader is 45.

Some people ask "What's the attraction here? I just don't get it." Aside from the nostalgia aspect and the collectible value (one rare Hebmuller sports a price tag of \$100,000), I think a lot of people discovered the same things that I did while driving my VW Beetle.

The majority of Volkswagens are still relatively inexpensive, versatile and have a quality that I can only describe as heart or a "never say die" personality. They seem to be a lot like the Timex watch: "They can take a licking and keep on ticking."

This quality was not accidental. In the 1930s Adolph Hitler ordered the German auto industry to build a little car that the average person could afford to drive. Volkswagens were probably the only good thing to come out of the Nazi regime.

In cooperation with the famed genius designer, Ferdinand Porsche, they eventually came up with the VW Series 30. (These looked very much like the Bugs that you see on the street now, except they did not have a back window, bumpers, tail lights or running boards.)

Testing on the VW Series 30s was the most extensive in car history, collectively the cars were driven 1.5 million miles. Modifications were made and production began. By 1978, Volkswagen had sold 5 million

autos in the U.S. and over 19 million Beetles worldwide.

The versatility of the VW has evolved from a combination of original design and after-market modifications.

The stock Volkswagen's air-cooled system would allow it to cruise all day at 100 kph (62 mph) in the African desert or the cold Russian winter without needing antifreeze and was built light enough to support the weight of the engine and transaxle over the wheels to give it great traction.

But, as John Hilgerdt, author of "How to keep Volkswagen alive," states "I could hardly pick up a hot NYC date in a black '57 Beetle (so what if it had a last oval window—who knew?); you could hardly cruise Crenshaw Boulevard or flirt with the car at Mel's in a stock Beetle. Just would not do."

And so customizing and hot rodding began. Came the wrenches, torches, glass and lead, sand and paint sprayers. Volkswagens emerged from yard garages as chopped, lowered, oval wheel lead sleds with deep, glossy lacquer paint jobs, hit the boulevards with fenders cut away to clear tires on Empi rims; a speaker system where the seat used to be; bumpers replaced by Nerf bar engine lid deep-sixed to show off a Sano chrome-motor, and lightning graphics on Imron paint. B sunroof sedans, convertibles, sporty Ghias, Ty and buses all joined the parade."

What are your options today if you are a Volkswagen fan? At the very least, you can buy a Volkswagen shirt, subscribe to a Volkswagen magazine like Trends (714) 693-1866 or Hot VWs (714) 693-1866, watch Disney's made-for-TV movie "The Love Bug" (airing in December or January 1997). But there are other things you can do, too.

Henry De Kuyper says, "There are over 200 shows around the country per year." The schedule of Volkswagen events: drag races, car shows (Bug-Bus Bashes), bathing suit contests, and desert races usually included in one of the above listed publications which are available at most magazine stands. You also obtain schedules and other information from the Internet by searching under "Volkswagen," "Beetle" or write to the Volkswagen Club of America, P.O. Box 154 Dept. HVW, North Aurora, IL 60542.

On June 11, The Woodburn Dragstrip will host the 11th Annual N.W. VW Bug Run. The event will include drag racing, Bus Push, Engine Blow, a swapmeet for the family, Show and Shine and many other activities. For more information call, Al at (541) 689-1111 or Tim at (503) 655-3679.

SPORTS PAGE

scoreboard

Baseball Results

CHEMEKETA 9, LINN-BENTON 1
 Chemeketa 110 000 322 — 9 13 0
 Linn-Benton 100 000 000 — 1 4 4
 Derryberry and Bennett; Cedergreen, Knight (8) and Aguiar, Haver (8). L—Cedergreen, 5-1. 2B—C, Wick 2; LB, Lowe. 3B—C, McDowell. HR—C, Barney.

LINN-BENTON 7, CHEMEKETA 5
 Chemeketa 001 013 0 — 5 5 1
 Linn-Benton 300 130 x — 7 7 3
 Messman, Soule (6) and Derryberry; Crane, Stateler (6) and Haver. W—Crane 3-3. L—Messman. 2B—LB, Pex. 3B—LB, Greene. HR—LB, Curtis.

LINN-BENTON 10, LANE 0
 Linn-Benton 101 501 2 — 10 12 0
 Lane 000 000 0 — 0 5 1
 Greene and Aguiar, Haver (6); Bridge and Dube, Ennion (6). W—Greene, 4-2. 2B—LB, Gammon, Garcia. 3B—LB, Gammon, Lowe. HR—LB, Gammon (1), Mansky (1).

LINN-BENTON 4, LANE 3
 Linn-Benton 000 002 101 — 4 8 0
 Lane 000 011 100 — 3 10 3
 Stateler and Haver, Aguiar (7); Cook, Whitt (8) and Dube. W—Stateler, 4-4. 2B—LB, Pex; L, Hayden, Myers. HR—LB, Thompson (4); L, Van Meter.

Standings

Mt. Hood	14	8	.636	—
Clackamas	13	8	.619	1/2
Chemeketa	...	14	9	.609	1/2
Linn-Benton		13	9	.591	1
SW Oregon	6	15	.286	7 1/2
Lane	6	17	.261	8 1/2

Track Results

LB Fourths: TJ—Josh Harpole, 42-4 1/2.
 LB Fifths: TJ—Tony Knox, 41-9 1/2; 800—Brian Earls, 1:59.74; 400R—Harpole, Ryan Grant, Moses Bullock, Knox, 46.94; HJ—Sami Bond, 4-10.
 LB Sixths: TJ—Bullock, 41-8 1/2.
 LB Sevenths: 1,600R—Harpole, Grant, Bullock, Knox, 3:55.31.

Schedule

Thursday, May 16

Baseball

Mt. Hood (2), 1 p.m.

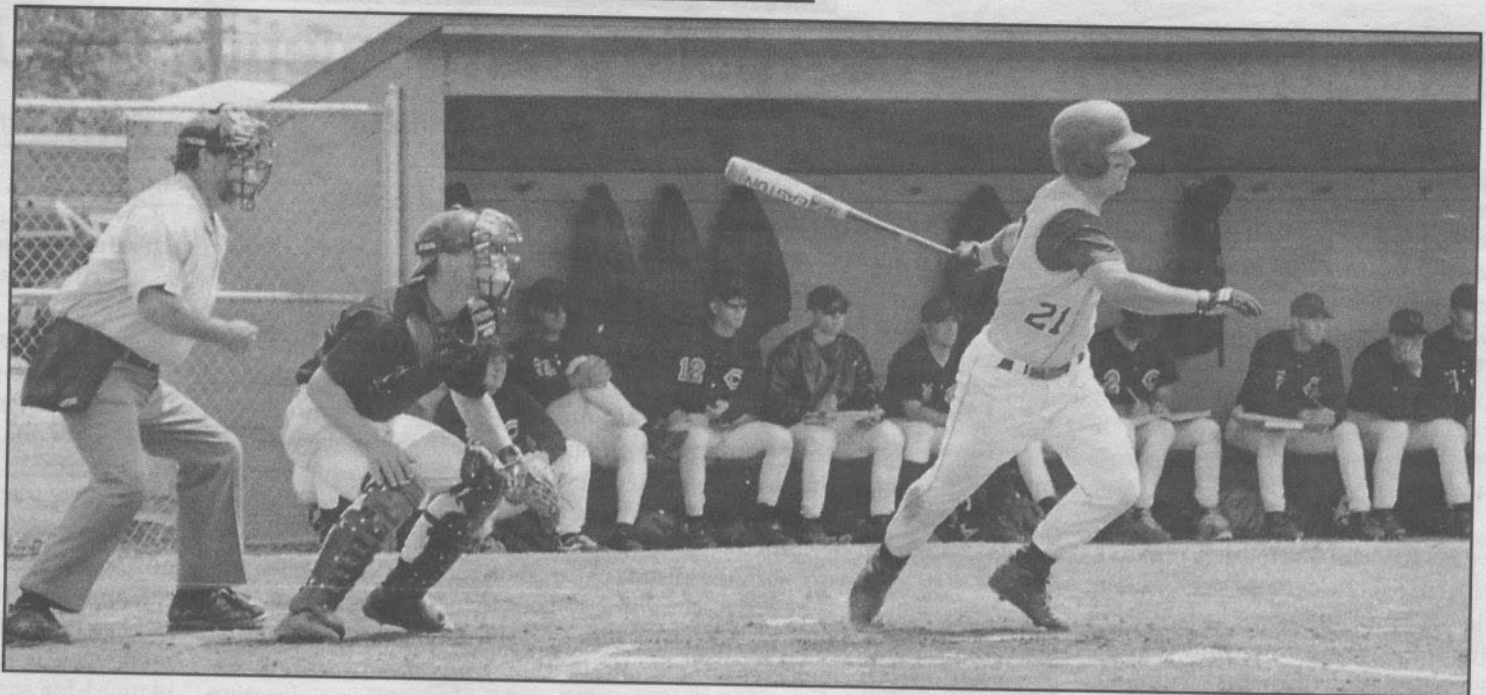


Photo by Jessica Sprenger

Jim Pex connects for a double as the Roadrunners split a doubleheader last week with the Chemeketa Chiefs.

Roadrunners sweep to stay in playoff hunt

by Jessica Sprenger of The Commuter

Neftali Aguiar's sacrifice fly scored Jim Pex to give Linn-Benton a 4-3 victory and a doubleheader sweep over Lane last weekend.

With the sweep the Roadrunners remain in the playoff hunt, with tomorrow's home doubleheader against Mt. Hood remaining.

In the sixth inning of the nightcap of the Lane twinbill, Shawn Thompson hit a two-run home run, his fourth of the year, to give Linn-Benton a 2-1 lead. After Lane tied the score, LB's Miguel Garcia scored on Craig Pfeifer's single in the next inning, giving the Roadrunners a 3-2 lead. But the Titans retaliated again in the bottom half of the inning to tie the game, setting the stage for the Roadrunners' final comeback. Pex led off with a double, and after moving to third scored on Aguiar's long fly ball. And this time, Lane couldn't counter.

LBCC's Chad Stateler struck out seven and walked one for the win, improving his record to 4-4.

The Roadrunners struck fast in the first game of the doubleheader when freshman Derick Gammon smacked a lead off home run. From there the Roadrunners rolled to a 10-0 shutout.

Gammon missed hitting for the cycle by a single. He scored

four times and was left at third in the seventh inning. Joe Mansky hit a two-run homer in the seventh for Linn-Benton. Ricky Lowe tripled in the third and Garcia doubled in the fourth when the Roadrunners hit through the order.

Joel Greene, 4-2, struck out seven and walked four to earn the victory.

Earlier in the week, Randy Crane struck out eight and walked four, helping the Roadrunners to a 7-5 victory over Chemeketa.

Linn-Benton put three runs on the board in the first and one in the fourth. Then in the decisive fifth inning, Greene led off with a triple and scored on Pex's double. Pex and Lance Haver also crossed the plate in the inning.

The Roadrunners' only loss of the week came at the hands of the Chiefs, who used a three-run home run in the seventh inning to ignite a rally that defeated Linn-Benton 9-1. The Chiefs were up just 2-1 going into the inning. The Roadrunners' only run came when Lowe's double scored Gammon in the first inning.

Linn-Benton is now 13-9 in league and 19-11 overall. The Roadrunners were scheduled to play Chemeketa Tuesday in a single game, weather permitting.

Thursday the Roadrunners face Mt. Hood.

Roadrunner track team takes sixth place in weekend meet

Jessica Sprenger of The Commuter

The Linn-Benton men's track team finished sixth at the Southern Region track meet over the weekend, led by Josh Harpole, who had the men's best finish with a fourth place in the triple jump, timing 42-4 1/2.

Tony Knox and Moses Bullock finished fifth and sixth in the triple jump.

The Roadrunners also fielded relay teams for the first time this season. Both relay teams consisted of Harpole, Ryan Grant, Bullock and Knox. In the 400 they finished fifth and seventh in the 1,600.

Brian Earls cracked Linn-Benton's top

10 list in the 800 with a time of 1:59.74 and a fifth place finish.

Bullock cleared 5-11 in the high jump and Robert Boyd finished ninth in the javelin with a throw of 169-6.

"We finished where I thought we would," Roadrunner track coach Brad Carman said. "I thought we would be a little closer to Chemeketa and farther from Umpqua and SWOCC."

Sami Bond cleared 4-10 in the high jump and finished in a tie for fifth in the women's competition.

Bond, Earls and Harpole will compete at the NWAACC Championships May 23-24 at Mt. Hood.

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for 1996-67

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DEADLINE IS MAY 17

Applications available in:

The Commuter Office (CC210) or from advisor Rich Bergeman (F-108) For additional information call ext. 4563 or 4451

PAUL TURNER

Honesty may be the best policy, but sometimes you just can't win

It was a construction job. A friend had just acquired a piece of property, and I was nominated to help him turn it into something presentable. In the course of making it into something presentable, I used a rather nice tool belt he had bought for the job. When the job was almost over, I went out and bought a similar tool belt for myself, having become addicted to having different pockets for screws, nails, tape measures and different slings for hammers, triangles and snap-lines. It was cool. I wish I had such an efficient device for carrying my school stuff.

Shortly after the job was done, my buddy did something creative with his tool belt. Now, we've been friends since we were kids, so for him to accuse me of swiping his tool belt was well within the acceptable parameters of our friendship. I told him to go chase himself—I bought my own belt. Too bad if he misplaced his; he wasn't getting mine. He didn't believe me. He thought I'd ripped off his tool belt because I was too cheap to go out and get my own. Now, there are times I've been known to pilfer the last piece of pizza or the odd cold beer, but actual material goods were a little beyond my scope of theft.

To this day he still gives me crap, accusing me of swiping his tool belt. Every time I go out to work with him, I make damn sure I wear that belt. And he makes sure to ask, "Howz my tool belt holding up?" I tell him I didn't know. Once he finds out where he tucked it away, he'll know. The conversation usually disintegrates from there into rather pointed commentary on each other's character. When we're both pushing walkers down the sidewalk to see "Rocky 46," we'll still be arguing about that stupid tool belt.

But it does make a point.

It sometimes happens, in the course of life, that you are not believed to be telling the truth. What sucks is that you are. Now, we have all been through the kid stuff. No, mommy, little brother stole the change from

the counter, not me. Meanwhile, little bro is stuffing his face with a freshly purchased candy bar while you're enjoying the quiet of your room on a sunny afternoon.

As we get older, it isn't always a matter of whether you did something or not. It's more of a matter of what you were thinking when you did something. While being attended to by the beautiful clerk behind the store counter, did you mean to keep smiling at her or were you just being nice? When the guy with the T-shirt ripping at the seams—above the stomach—holds the door for you, did you linger a little while saying thank you? What were you thinking? Nothing, honey!

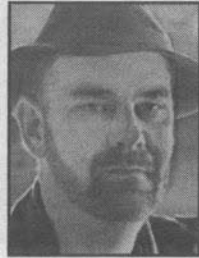
Since my old friend still believes I had something to do with the disappearance of his tool belt, the feeling that I'm never going to convince him otherwise often haunts me. Not that I give a rat's whisker what he believes, but it shows that you can't please all the people all the time. When I find myself in a situation where I know I ain't gonna win, I think of my old friend.

Relationships with significant others are veritable minefields of situations where you are never going to be believed. Usually it starts with, "What did you mean by that?" It actually doesn't matter what you meant. The partner asking the question has already made up their mind what you meant. By asking you what you meant, they are handing you more rope with which to hang yourself.

No matter what you say, it will make things worse. You are damned by any statement. The best thing to do is keep asking "What?" Feigning stupidity carries a lot of weight in my house. Unfortunately, I'm often not doing a whole lot of feigning.

Sometimes that happens when you get older is that responsibility creeps into your life. As if a crack of lightning strikes you from above, you will find yourself in the unenviable position of having power over other human beings. Many people, not feigning stupidity, think this is cool. Golly, you get to tell people what to do, and they have to do it!

Yeah, right.



classifieds

SCHOLARSHIPS

All scholarship applications are available in the Career Center in Takena Hall unless noted otherwise.

Ford Family Foundation Scholarships. Elig: Applicants must be single heads of households who have custody of dependent children who will be pursuing a baccalaureate degree full-time as an undergraduate at an Oregon 2-or-4 year, non-profit college or univ. Application and rest of material deadline is May 31, 1996.

'96-97 Oregon Logging Conference Scholarships. Committee hopes to award 6 \$600 grants this year. Students need to be studying in one of the following areas: forest wood related, welding, cat skinning, diesel mechanics, choke-setting. Application deadline is June 5.

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First off, people are like water. They take the path of least resistance. So between what you told them to do, and what gets done, lies the land of INTERPRETATION. "I thought this is what you meant?" They cry after presenting you with their version of completing a task. Is that a familiar tune? You often end up doing it yourself.

What comes with this responsibility is decision-making which affects the lives of those around you. This more often than not, sucks goat cheese. When it deals with making decisions about people's future, there is usually a loser.

For some reason, I found myself involved in the interview process of two people applying for the same position. They were both about equal in ability and references. I liked 'em both.

One of them was going to walk away from this meeting in a really bad mood, and I was going to be blamed for screwing up their day. It wasn't an easy decision, but we made it, and I was right—it screwed up their whole day.

When I had a conversation with the person who came in number-two, I had to keep reminding myself of my friend with the misplaced tool belt. In both cases, neither believed me when I said, "Hey, it wasn't my doing." I just have to get on with my day since there is not a thing I can do about what these people think. Trying to change what people think often moves into the realm attempting to move a mountain with a cheese slicer.

Someone once said the world is a blessed place for those not dammed with self-awareness. Yeah, it's easier to get through your day when you blow-off what people think. Unfortunately, we often have to live with what people think.

I'm sure when my friend visits me in my deathbed he will say, "Hey, moron. Before you kick off, gimme back my damn tool belt."

And I'll say, "It's my grandkid's tool belt, you schlomb. Yours is in the bottom of some box you threw out 50 years ago. Now get lost."

And he'll still think I'm lying.

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OPINION PAGE

commentary

Humans weren't meant to live on a diet of meat

by Nicole Russo
of The Commuter

Could it be true that a meat-based diet is not only unhealthy, but unnatural? It seems likely, because not only is a meat-based diet high in saturated fat, but it also hampers our digestive system. The digestive system of the natural carnivore is designed for flesh-eating, unlike the human digestive system.

"We are predisposed to eat fruits, vegetables, grains and beans," says Dr. Dean Ornish, an author of nutrition books. "That's what our body has evolved to handle."

This is demonstrated by the inadequate amount of acidity in our saliva, bile in our liver and acid in our stomach and the relatively small size of the human kidneys. It's clear that the natural diet for humans is a vegetarian one.

Meat has no essential nutrients that cannot be obtained directly from plant sources. Dr. Ornish also tells how people today eat less food yet weigh more than our ancestors. This can be attributed to the fact that the average American has a 20 percent fat intake per day when a person only needs a mere 2.5 to 6-percent daily fat intake to satisfy protein requirements.

Having a meat-based diet can be costly not only to your pocket book, but to your health. According to the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute, the cost in 1983 to the U.S. from heart attacks amounted to \$60 billion in medical bills, lost wages and productivity. The National Cancer Research Institute found that women who eat meat on a daily basis are four times more likely to get breast cancer than those who eat little or no meat. And if that isn't food for thought, think about how food-borne illnesses related to meat and poultry cost Americans between \$2 billion and \$4 billion each year in medical expenses and lost wages. Contrary to popular belief, eating meat can be downright dangerous. Did you know that over 500 deaths each year are attributed to E. coli contamination in beef, and according to the Environmental Defense Fund, on average, Americans have 1.5 grams of DDT in their bodies at any given time?

Not only environmentally, but for our own health, becoming a vegetarian is becoming increasingly important. People who do incorporate a vegetarian diet into their lifestyles often say they feel lighter, healthier and have more energy. Considering the contrast between a meat-based diet and a vegetarian one, it's easy to see why. According to Dr. Ornish a meat-based diet is:

- high in cholesterol, and clogs up your arteries.
- high in saturated fat, which raises your blood cholesterol level.
- high in oxidants, like iron, which oxidize cholesterol to a form deposits in your arteries.
- low in anti-oxidants.

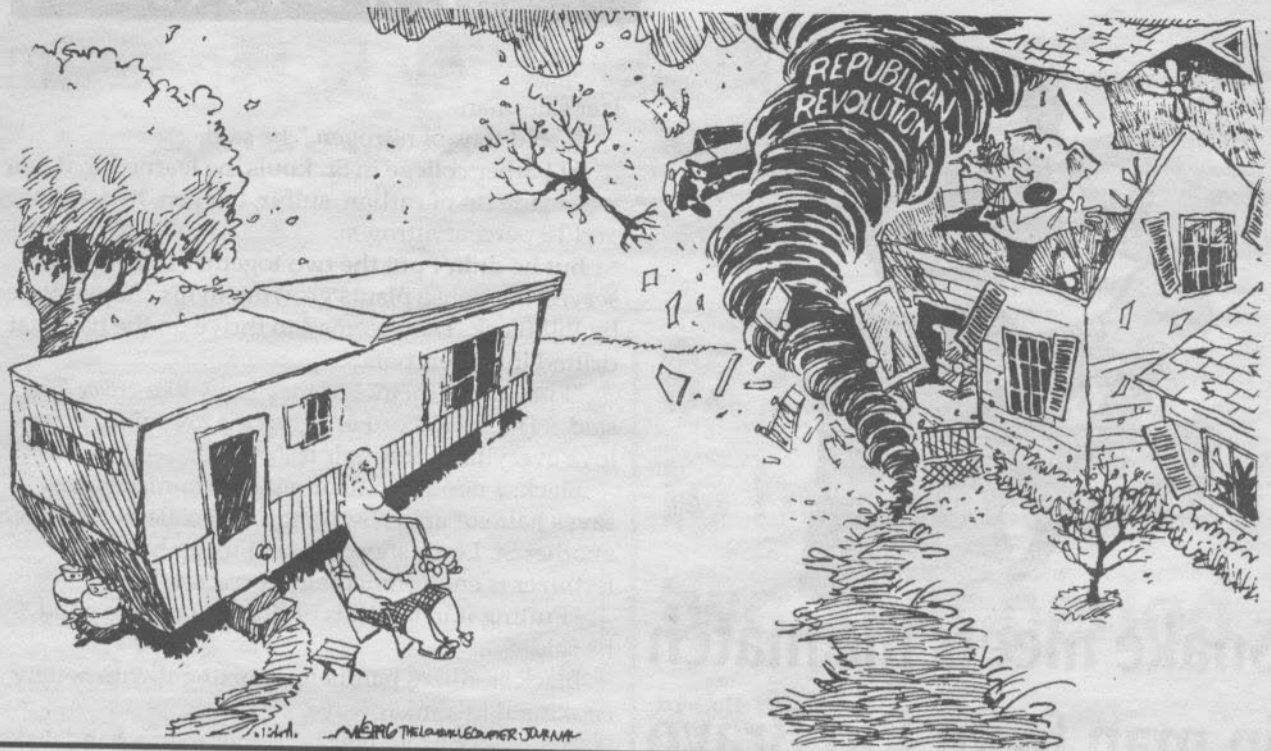
Vegetarian diets on the other hand:

- contain virtually no cholesterol.
- are low in saturated fat and oxidants.
- are high in naturally occurring anti-oxidants.

Moreover, according to William Castello, M.D., director of the Framingham Heart Study, vegetarians live other people by about six years.

The Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine, a group of 3,000 physicians, recently promoted "New Four Food Groups:" fruits and vegetables, whole grains and legumes. Meat, poultry, fish, nuts, seeds and oils have been termed "optional foods" and are considered necessary for our health. This goes along with the theory that humans never fully evolved to eat meat in the first place. We have no sharp-pointed teeth to tear flesh, as do carnivores, but instead have flat teeth to grind (plant) food. Furthermore, unlike carnivores, who can eat excessive quantities of saturated fat without developing clogged arteries, humans, as well as other herbivores, develop arteriosclerosis when saturated fat is introduced into their diets.

The overwhelming facts supporting a vegetarian diet as being the natural and healthiest one for humans parallels the human's anatomical predisposition towards it. After all, it's not common for a person to kill a wild animal, catch it by sinking claws into its neck, bite its neck and feel comfort in the taste of fresh blood and uncooked flesh.



commentary

http://www.porn . . . Should or shouldn't the federal law regulate the Internet?

by Pete Petryszak
of The Commuter

I was snooping around on the Internet the other day, looking for some dirt on Bob Dole or some info about the latest proposed laws in Congress. I found some stuff about Dole, most of it unprintable and of dubious validity.

Anyway, after a couple of hours searching the "politics" and "government" menus I decided to take a break and look through "entertainment." I saw a listing for a site which depicted body art and decided to take a look at it. I like to look at interesting tattoos, although I have none of my own and have no plans to get one.

Well, this site was not about tattoos. The first image to appear on the screen was a close-up photo of a fully erect penis with a large gold ring embedded in its tip.

I wasn't sure whether I was supposed to be shocked, nauseated, thrilled or offended. My first thought was "Why the hell would any sane male do that to himself?" The next thought I had was "Why am I still looking at it?" And with that I retreated back to the political sites I am used to, where I would be free from disturbing images of mangled genitalia. (Unless, of course, Dole thought he could win over some 18-25 year-old voters by sporting new nipple rings. Thankfully, he doesn't seem to be that desperate yet.)

Not long ago, Congress passed the so-called Communications Decency Act as part of the larger Telecommunications Bill. That measure prohibits publishing of sexually explicit material on the Internet where they would be accessible to children. Before it could take effect, however, the ACLU and some Internet providers filed suit in federal court to have the law struck down on the grounds that it infringes on the right to free speech. The two sides recently argued their positions before Chief Judge Delores Sloviter of the third Federal District Court in Philadelphia.

While the intentions of the writers of the law are admirable, I have a problem with their proposed solution. I don't think anyone would disagree with a law that punished pedophiles who use the Internet to find victims, but I have yet to be convinced that the CDA would be effective in doing that. Pedophiles don't lure their victims with sexually explicit images and propositions. They entice them with offers of friendship, a free trip to an amusement park or something along those lines. Furthermore, there are laws already on the books that prohibit the distribution of photos which show people having sex with children or genuine sexual assaults.

Secondly, the law prohibits providing sexual images to children, but how can someone's age be determined over a computer? You can ask someone, but that person can always lie. And how can an Internet provider be sure a child isn't using a parent's account to search the net?

I believe the final nail in this law's coffin will be the unintended consequences it will have on other web sites which have nothing to do with pornography. A ban on "explicit references and imagery related to sexual and excretory functions" would effectively shut

down any web site devoted to colon, prostate or breast cancer, as well as any site which distributes information about impotence or sexually transmitted diseases.

Finally, almost as an afterthought, we must recognize the fact that consenting adults have the right to discuss their sexuality and exchange sexually explicit images. These protections are spelled out in the First Amendment. Conversely, there is nothing in the Constitution guaranteeing the rights of parents to abdicate their responsibility to supervise their children.

The average new computer costs more money than I paid for my car, so I wouldn't expect any young children to be able to purchase one without some financial help from their parents. When a parent buys their child a toy with lots of small parts, it's the parent's responsibility to watch the child and make sure little junior doesn't choke while trying to swallow them.

The same principle is true for computers. If you buy your child a \$3,500 "toy," then you'd better watch how he or she "plays" with it.

If a parent doesn't want his or her child exposed to pornography on the Internet, that parent has a number of options that don't require the passage of a federal law. The first option is to not provide the child with access to the Internet. No law requires children to be on-line, and if a child finds material which the parent doesn't approve of, then the parent can cancel his or her account or disconnect the modem.

Parents also have the option of pressuring Internet providers to provide child-friendly menus that aren't connected to any of the juicier sites on the net. Once the service providers see that there is a large enough market for "safe" web connections, I guarantee they will start providing it.

Lastly, the parents have the option of actually parenting. This means watching what their children pull off the Internet, and breaking the connection if they find something offensive.

Another aspect of parenting is (horror of horrors) talking to your children about sex. Face it, parents, your kids are going to grow up some day, and they're going to ask you questions that you don't want to answer. And the longer you put off talking to them about that forbidden subject, the more chances they will have to take information from other sources, be it the Internet, raunchy magazines, or some pervert with a box of candy.

Supreme Court justice Potter Stewart said in 1966: "Censorship reflects a society's lack of confidence in itself."

I have confidence in the parents of this society to decide when and how to talk to their children about sex and intimacy and in their ability to protect them from being exposed to things they are not yet ready for. And I find censorship more offensive than any image of consenting adults engaged in intercourse.

The law, as I see it, is unconstitutional, so I am hoping that this court rules in favor of the ACLU. Both sides have stated that they will appeal to the Supreme Court if they lose, however, so this won't be the last we hear about this issue.



Snake meets his match in man from Rio Bravo

EDINBURG, Texas (AP)—A Rio Bravo man bitten by a poisonous coral snake killed the reptile and shaped its skin into a tourniquet, probably saving his life, officials said.

Valentin Grimaldo, 40, was walking with his brother along U.S. Highway 281 near Encino Friday when he reached into a stand of grass and was bitten on the hand.

"He grabbed the snake and bit the head off. He skinned it and used the skin as a tourniquet to keep the venom from spreading," said Lisa Killion, a spokeswoman for Edinburg Hospital.

A passerby drove Grimaldo, his snake tourniquet in place, to the hospital's emergency room. Grimaldo was in severe pain, sometimes writhing in his hospital bed, throughout the afternoon.

Hospital officials said Grimaldo should make a full recovery.

Grimaldo's brother, Fidel, kept the snake's head as a keepsake.

The red, yellow and black coral is one of three varieties of venomous snakes found to the Rio Grande Valley.

Coral snakes, slender and averaging about 2 1/2 feet long, are members of the cobra family.

Barber's dream may lead to Furry Farms

ST. LOUIS (AP)—Hair today, corn tomorrow. That is Bill Black's motto.

Black is a St. Louis barber who believes one of the world's most untapped natural resources—human hair—is being wasted. He argues that hair is a source of organic nitrogen, protein and trace elements, and should be used as a chemical-free fertilizer.

For more than two decades, he has been mixing hair with potting soil and selling it under the name FertHAIRlizer. He isn't getting rich, breaking even in his best years.

Now, Black's belief that plants grow better with hair is getting a tryout at a world-renowned research institution. He persuaded the Missouri Botanical Garden to use hair in one of its 23 demonstration gardens outside the Kemper Home Gardening Center.

At a soil amendment display, visitors will monitor the progress of plants grown in soil mixed with either wood chips, pine needles, straw, leaf mulch—or hair.

"Hair has a miraculous ability to hold soil together, keeping it loose but also stopping erosion," Black said.

The hair garden is obvious. Although the hair was mixed in with the soil, it has risen, like a bouffant hairdo, to the surface. Tufts of brown, black, gray and red hair stick up from the soil as if some multicolored furry creature has been half-buried there.

"It's definitely the most noticeable of them all," said Katie Belisle, a horticulturist at the Garden.

Before following his father and grandfather into the barbering business, Black, 50, had been a fertil-

izer salesman.

"I sold tons of nitrogen," he said.

At barber college in St. Louis, he learned that hair was made up of carbon, sulfur, oxygen, hydrogen, and 18 percent nitrogen.

But he didn't put the two together until he observed the house plants growing in his shop—Styles by Bill Black. They seemed to thrive on the hair that drifted into their pots.

"I neglected them, but they grew like crazy," he said. "The good Lord enlightened my mind. Plants love everything that hair is!"

Black, a nondenominational lay minister, now saves hair cut at his own shop and collects hair from another St. Louis shop. He said using hair as a fertilizer is environmentally correct.

"Putting it in landfills or burning it is no good," he said.

Black sterilizes hair before mixing it with soil by cooking it in a microwave.

"Once sterilized, hair is cleaner than a handshake, cleaner than a kiss," he said.

His unusual calling has earned Black plenty of publicity. He's done Leno and Letterman, but was bumped from Carson. For Letterman, he wore a vest made of human hair.

"He called it a toupee with buttons," Black said.

Black appreciates that hair—once it's left the body—is a turnoff to most people. That may explain why his product is not a big seller at a buck a pound.

"I would have quit a long time ago if I did it for the money," he said.

"This business will never go," Black was advised.

Still, Black thinks people will be swayed when they realize the value of a natural resource grown by everyone.

"We use manure," he reasoned. "We do all kinds of Frankenstein things with putting human body parts into other people."

Black hopes the proof will soon be in the Garden's demonstration plot.

"I know it looks terrible now, but when the flowers start blooming ...," he said. "We're going to look back in the future and say how stupid we were not to use hair."

Just the fax, ma'am!

BENTONVILLE, Ark. (AP)—When a bomb threat was called in to the Bentonville School District last week, every school was evacuated except one.

Students at Apple Glen Elementary School stayed in classes because a warning transmitted by fax machine wasn't noticed until after the threat turned out to be a hoax.

By using a fax machine, messages can be sent to each school in quick succession, said Bruce Jones, the director of personnel for the school district. But the fax wasn't noticed by Principal Mike Mumma.

Jones said Tuesday that each school now will have

CHAOS by Brian Shuster



"I think we must be almost all the way to China by now."

a radio in the office so district officials can communicate with all schools simultaneously.

Mumma called the threat a "wake-up call" to examine the district's crisis policies, which include procedures for deaths and suicides.

The other seven schools in the district conducted fire drills to clear their buildings.

No bombs were found.

Spendy fruit trendy

TOKYO (AP)—Got an extra \$1,300 to spend? You could take a cruise in the Caribbean, get a natty new suit—or buy a melon in Japan.

A department store in the northern city of Sapporo put two melons—described as "perfect beauties" in color and sweetness—on sale Thursday for \$1,285, or 135,000 yen, apiece.

The store bought the fruits at auction at the Sapporo Central Wholesale Market, Kyodo News reported. The store regularly bids on the highest priced melons to hit the market each year.

Pricy fruits are common in Japan, where apples, melons and grapes are coddled during cultivation and prized as gifts. A passion for eating melons—known to go for \$100 each ordinarily—is a sign of opulence.

These melons, however, are too expensive even for the Japanese market. They usually go unsold and are ground into juice—which sells for about \$3 (300 yen) a cup.



You don't want to get this kid started!

DALLAS (AP)—"Hoo-hoo, hee-hee, HAW-HAW-HAW!" 11-year-old Tyson Harper shrieked for more than 20 seconds, his eyes bulging and his face turning red.

The Fort Worth fifth-grader's high-pitched, frenzied howl won the "Oddest Laugh in Texas" contest—thanks in part to chum Aaron Plaskonos, who tickled his bare left foot at the crucial moment.

"It sounded kind of like a distressed wet cat," said Bob Phillips, vice president of Classic Attractions, which owns Ripley's Believe It Or Not! museums in Grand Prairie and San Antonio. Ripley's sponsored the contest.

The only child among the 11 finalists, Tyson snagged the \$350 first-place prize.

So what inspires the champion laughter? "America's Funniest Home Videos. My feet being tickled. My cat. Every time when I get up in the morning and I'm going to the bathroom, my cat usually jumps out and scares me," Tyson said.

Tyson's mother, Sylinda Harper, said her son has a normal laugh for everyday situations. His hyena imitation, she said, explodes when he's "really excited." Like when he's watching the movie "Naked Gun."

More than 1,000 entrants were winnowed to 11 before the finals Wednesday at the Grand Prairie museum.

Although there are 25 Ripley's museums across the country, the second annual laugh contest was held only in Texas.

Tyson said he was happy he'll be featured in an upcoming Ripley's cartoon and exhibit. But he doesn't plan to defend his title next year.

"I've already had enough laughing for a lifetime."