

Sign-up

Registration for spring term starts Monday in Tadena

Registration for spring term starts Monday—the same day as final exams.

Jon Carnahan, LBCC registrar, "assumes that business will be slow until March 13, when new students are scheduled."

Class schedules have been out since last Friday. The Registration Office in Tadena Hall has them stacked on the counters.

Faculty members are advising students in their own departments this week. Tables for advising will also be set up in Tadena Hall Mall starting Monday morning.

Only continuing students may register through Wednesday, "in order to assure proper classes for their programs," Carnahan said.

Thursday, March 13, registration will be opened to new students and those returning

from an absence. If students continuing from winter term haven't been able to register before then, they can also register for classes that have not been filled.

New full-time students must attend an assigned orientation session before registering. There are not enough new students entering spring term to permit their grouping by major. The orientation sessions are scheduled for 9 a.m., 11 a.m., and 2 p.m. March 13, 14, 18, and 21.

People interested in starting school at LBCC in the spring term should apply by Friday.

Spring term classes begin Monday, March 24. The Registrar's Office will be open every evening except Friday during the first week of classes. It will be open Saturday, March 29, from 8:30 a.m. until noon. □



photos by Julie Brudvig

The LBCC Flying Opankes Folk Dance Club participated in a folk dance benefit concert at Oregon State University last weekend. This was the first time the LBCC group has been invited to dance in the nine-year-old annual event. Proceeds from the show went to the Benton Association for Retarded Citizens and the OSU Summer Dance Workshop. The eight-member LBCC troupe included Advisor Glenn Weber, Ron Dickey, Sally Spieler, Jo Broadwell, Coleen Belisle, Debbie Morgan, Art Rubiera and Dave Phelps. They danced four Polish numbers in authentic costumes from Weber's collection. □

LBCC student files for 'Agent Orange' claim

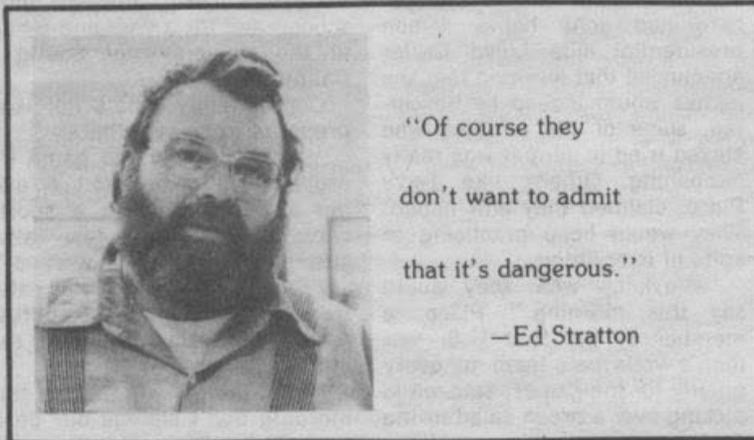
by Jean Van Geest
Staff Writer

LBCC student Ed Stratton has joined hundreds of Vietnam veterans in submitting claims to the Veterans Administration that they were exposed to and have experienced effects from Agent Orange.

Agent Orange, named after the large orange barrels the chemical mixture was stored in, was used as a defoliant in Vietnam from 1962 to 1971. It was a mixture of two herbicides, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T.

In 1971, government scientists linked 2,4,5-T with birth defects and still births and governmental use of the chemical mixture was discontinued.

Scientists have also concluded



"Of course they don't want to admit that it's dangerous."

—Ed Stratton

that the manufacturing process of mixing the two herbicides usually creates small amounts of dioxin, a deadly toxin.

Yet, V.A. Director Max Cleland said the only long-range

effect that can be contributed to Agent Orange so far, is Chloracne, a severe skin disease.

Some other symptoms indicated by veterans claims include birth defects in off-spring, can-

cer, numbness of extremities, psychiatric problems, loss of sex drive and headaches.

The U.S. Air Force estimates 1,200 men were exposed during spraying operations and about 25,000 Marines may have been exposed through inhalation, skin contact and drinking contaminated water.

"The big fight is coming back east," Stratton noted. Several law firms representing Vietnam veterans have filed suits in New York against six chemical companies that produced the toxic ingredients in Agent Orange. The companies are Dow Chemical Co., Hercules Inc., Diamond Shamrock Corp., Uniroyal, Monsanto Co., and Thompson-Hayward Chemical Co.

The chemical companies have in-turn filed a suit contending that, if the dioxin created in the mixture caused any injuries, the U.S. government is responsible. "Of course they don't want to admit the stuff was dangerous," Stratton charges.

Stratton was stationed at an airfield in Vietnam which was home base for "ranch-hands," the aircrews that sprayed Agent Orange. He said the dioxin from Agent Orange stores up in fat tissues. He didn't experience any effects until he lost some weight and the dioxin was released into

his blood stream. He then developed a temporary skin rash on his hands and numbness in his fingers.

The symptom that really bothers Stratton is some apparent memory damage. He said his memory is not at all as good as it was before his weight loss.

Veterans who believe they may have been exposed to Agent Orange should go to the outpatient clinic in Portland for physical examinations.

"That's about the only thing they can do for now," said Milton Weaver, coordinator of the LBCC Veteran's Affairs Office.

Further information about how to make a claim can be obtained from Weaver in the Veteran's Affairs Office, T 111, ext. 377 or 375. □

Hearing is today

College President Ray Needham will hold a second hearing on the new tuition proposal today at noon in the College Center Board Room B.

The proposed increase would raise tuition from \$141 to \$156 for full-time students per term. Last year tuition was increased by 9.8 percent, from \$128 to \$141 for full-time students per term. □

Inside...

• **Tableau**, a special, quarterly supplement containing student art works, poetry and prose returns... see center.

• Teenage parenthood may sound romantic, but for people who become parents at an early age, growing up becomes an over night affair... see pages 6 and 7.

• LBCC students and staff met on the racquetball courts last weekend. To read about the results... see page 10.

Editorial

Dark campus invites danger

by Charlene Vecchi
Managing Editor

With accidents becoming more frequent on campus lately, some attention should be paid to the lighting situation outside at night. One week ago people attending the production, "A Woman for All Seasons," found a dark walkway from the parking lot to the door. It was a cloudy night (as most of them are in Oregon) and murky blackness can hide many hazards.

Students taking night classes this term have been conscious of the darkness as they walk from campus doorways to the parking lot. Women make special efforts to leave the building together.

Energy conservation is hard to support when it poses immediate danger.

If there had not been other cars in the parking lot the night of the Reader's Theater production, the darkened approach to the building would have made a person wonder if there was indeed a play going on.

On week nights all the outside lights are supposedly left on until midnight, when they are programmed via computer to switch down to the "night light" system. On Fridays, the night light system comes on at 5 p.m. and stays in effect for the weekend.

Ray Jean, facilities director, said an "oversight" must have happened somewhere on that Saturday night. He didn't know if facilities had received a "work order" concerning the lights or not.

But that does not explain the night lighting situation during the week. How long will it be before someone's oversight results in someone else's injury? □



Letters

Theater-goer hails 'Woman'

To the Editor:

Hooray for Jane Donovan! I'm so glad she's come to LBCC as director of the Loft Theatre.

A few months ago she charmed me with TRANSFORMATIONS. It was fresh and fast-paced and very entertaining. However, A WOMAN FOR ALL SEASONS wowed me! The actresses were

super but the material chosen (poems, essays, etc.) was the real star. It was thought-, tear-, and laughter-provoking. I felt like I was at a big "slumber party" sharing my thoughts, fears, and jokes with my buddies. Thanks Ms. Donovan and everyone involved in the NEW Reader's Theatre. I love it!
Jane LaFazio
Graphics Student

Commuter takes a break

Today's *Commuter* is the last one of winter term. Because they were not born geniuses, students who work on the paper will be using the rest of this week to study for their finals.

There will not be a paper during the first week of spring

term either. The staff will be undergoing a major metamorphosis. This does not mean that the editors have quit. Actually, the staff does not know what this means. They only know they will sleep a lot. The next paper will be published Wednesday, April 2. □

Seminars look at industrial world

LBCC's Industrial Technical Society, a co-curricular club will be sponsoring two seminars on Saturday.

The seminars will discuss automotive customizing, painting and bodywork. Bob Ramsey will talk about "Special Painting

Techniques" at 9 a.m. in the IA auto body-area workshop. He will cover the painting of murals and paint blending.

Ted Babcock, of Salem Customizing Specialists, will discuss "Fender Flaring Techniques" at noon. □



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Politics dampen Olympic outlook

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO (CPS)—Low, gray clouds hung around Pikes Peak providing an appropriately somber mood at the Olympic Training Center, where athletes prepared to learn if they would get to go to the Moscow Olympics this summer.

Most already knew the answer. Many had given up hope in mid-January, when President Carter first threatened to boycott the summer games unless the Soviet Union withdrew its troops from Afghanistan by a Feb. 20 deadline. Some of the athletes here had gone home. When presidential aide Lloyd Cutler announced that morning that the games would indeed be boycotted, some of the athletes who stayed tried to deny it was really happening. Others, like Terry Place, claimed they still hoped. They would keep practicing in spite of everything.

"We knew what they would say this morning," Place, a member of the first U.S. women's volleyball team to every qualify for the games, said while picking over a green salad in the Training Center's dining hall.

Despite strong suspicions that Cutler's announcement was the end of her Olympic hopes, we just hope the president will back out of a foolish decision.

"We don't have time to worry about their wars," she adds bitterly. "We're too busy practicing."

As bad as the announcement made her feel, she remembers the hardest part of dealing with the boycott threat was in mid-January, when Carter first proposed it.

"We had a lot of trouble practicing because we didn't know if we were going. In the morning, we would go to practice and think 'What are we doing in this gym?'"

But Place and her teammates maintained an exhausting practice schedule anyway, laboring nearly eight hours a day, six days a week. They've been at the Training Center—a former Air Force base and headquarters for the North American Air Defense Command—since March, 1978, except for six weeks off at Christmas and for occasional tours.

Before that the 22-year-old Place had been at it since 1973, starting with the Junior National Volleyball Team, through high school, and for a year-and-a-half at the University of Southern California.

Consequently, she's not well prepared to be elsewhere.

"If they cancel the game I'll probably just go back to L.A. and get a job, maybe in a sports clinic. Except for a few baby-sitting jobs, I've never worked."

From the middle of the cafeteria, a U.S. Olympic Committee (USOC) spokesman called for the athletes' attention:

"The things you heard this morning don't change our position. The USOC said they will decide in April (whether to honor the boycott), and their position still stands. The government would like us to make our decision right away, but we will wait and see if there is a shift in public opinion. You just keep about your training."

The announcement was received by a little applause.

"We've even gotten letters and telegrams calling us unpatriotic," Place says with disgust. One of her teammates got a letter earlier in the day that promises a forthcoming athletic event of "the highest caliber, outside the Soviet Union." Her teammate laughs humorlessly, "Yea, highest athletic caliber."

"Shifting public opinion is

about the only chance we have. Place confirms.

Center Director Bob Mathias call it "the 10 percent chance."

Mathias, dressed in red and smoking a cigar in an office filled with plaques and trophies from his days as an Olympic athlete, cautions, "You have to remember that a lot of teams have been selected yet. Most of them want to keep going until the minute, hanging onto the 10 percent chance that we may go to Moscow."

For Place's volleyball team it's now or never. "If you look at the potential basketball players, they're probably still in school. They might not go to Moscow, but they still have the NCAA (tournament), etc. This is the chance for the volleyball team," Mathias said.

He thinks taking that chance away isn't the best way to respond to the Soviet Union invasion of Afghanistan.

In fact, the USOC formally announced until May 24, when Moscow applications are due, to decide to comply with Carter's boycott. Mathias says the USOC may simply elect not to file an official entry because the word boycott had legal implications that could end the games forever.

In the interim, Place will try to figure out what to do with her life. She's dismissed professional volleyball because it is "not very exciting." There is a non-professional league in Italy that has some appeal, if only because the players get \$1200 a month in expenses.

But the team is due at an evening-long meeting to discuss the future. Before rushing to it, she concludes, "The worst part of it all is that somebody else could change what we have worked so hard for." □

Local archeological findings move to safer place

Kathy Buschauer
Staff Writer

After lying together in the same burial mound for 925 years, John and Marsha are moving; that they ever planned it that way.

John and Marsha are the remains of two Native American Indians uncovered last summer in an LBCC archeology field school directed by Martin Rosenson, anthropology and archeology instructor.

The Indians' real names were John and Marsha while they were alive, but for x-ray identification purposes Rosenson said he had the students from the digs read the names off the top of the head. The remains are being moved to the Grand Ronde Reservation in Northwest Oregon to ensure their protection and to comply with the wishes of Northwest Native American groups.

Oregon laws passed in 1978 (97.740 through 97.750) to protect Indian burial sites were further amended in 1979. The '78 law enabled qualified, responsible archeologists to uncover burial sites but a clause that prohibits putting the remains on display was added. The newer law also stipulate what is ultimately done with the remains for "appropriate native groups in the area" to decide.

Rosenson and crew of 15 students uncovered the remains of mounds along the Calapooia River during the middle of last summer. He said the mounds

were well-defined and stood "six or seven meters" high in a 50-by-35 meter space. So even before the crew started digging, they knew the mounds were "rich" with artifacts.

In about six weeks, quite a few artifacts and information had been uncovered, Rosenson said. The crew unearthed tools, shells, animal bones and house fire pits.

At the foot of a fire pit, John and Marsha were found. They were apparently buried there 925 B.P. (before present) facing each other. Rosenson believes the two must have died at about the same time. The manner in which they were buried was typical of the Kalapooians, he said.

What wasn't typical of the body remains was the fact that both had flattened foreheads and both had signs of knee ligament ailments that probably forced them to walk pigeon-toed.

Rosenson believes the head abnormalities could have either been genetically derived or just occupational ailments. He has several possible theories.

"I think they could have been well-to-do or religious people," Rosenson said. "He (John) could have been politically prominent; she (Marsha) could have been a shaman (a high priestess)."

Because of these possibilities, Rosenson said the Indians' heads might have been bound at an early age to signify their social positions.

Still another possibility lies in a cradle board theory. Cradle boards (or swaddling boards)

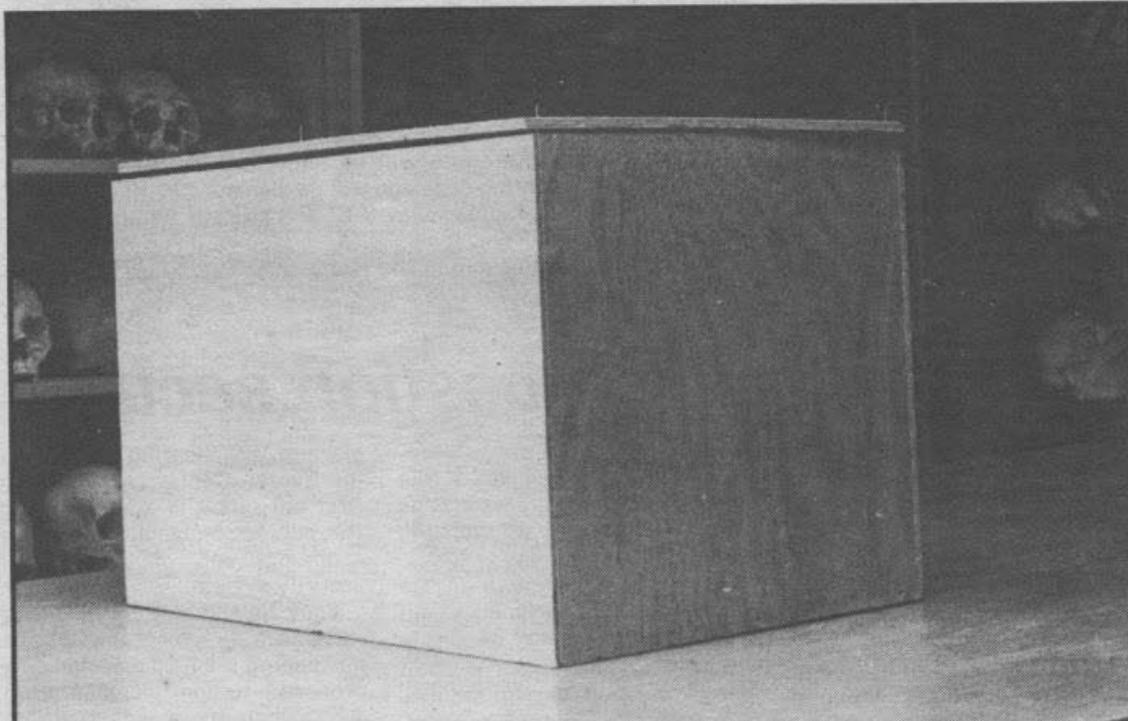


photo by Mike McNeill

The Kalapooian remains were brought to an OSU lab in this box where students ran some tests.

could have been fashionable with the Kalapooians for a short while, Rosenson said. The fad would have had to be short-lived though. Of about 50 burials uncovered in school-sponsored digs ranging from Oregon State University to the University of Oregon, only about one-third of the uncovered subjects had flattened heads. Maybe just certain people were swaddled, Rosenson speculated.

Nevertheless, Rosenson said,

this discovery will eventually shed more light on the Kalapooian culture. Now that all of the uncovered artifacts have been carbon 14 dated (925 B.P. or 1055 A.D.) John and Marsha will soon be shipped to the Grand Ronde and placed in a permanent burial site.

Rosenson and Nahani Boling, one of the students who worked on the dig, feel that it would be nice if John and Marsha could be

re-buried in their native Linn County site. But they will be safer on the Grand Ronde, they think. Someone could run across them inadvertently in a tractor or someone could intentionally dig them up. And, Rosenson added, who's to say whether or not the man who owns the land John and Marsha were buried on won't sell it in 10 years to a condominium developer?

Next summer, Rosenson plans to run the field school again. Students who sign up for Anthropology 211, 212 and 213 will receive 12 units for working on a dig. Rosenson is not sure yet what days will be spent in the field and which days will be spent in the lab analyzing data. The field school will begin June 16. For further information call Rosenson, ext. 215. □

Council to propose alternative to tuition hike

Charlene Vecchi
Staff Writer

The Student Council of Representatives will hold a press conference with LBCC President Needham Thursday at 2:30 p.m. in the Alsea Room.

Tony Nelson, council representative, said mistaken information was given to the Corvallis *Free-Press*. Lee Archibald, chairman of students and Vern Smell, dean of business affairs, said a reporter there was "virtually no opposition to a tuition increase" on campus.

Nelson stated "The Council of Representatives has been on record against a tuition increase since Feb. 21."

The press conference is being held to present alternatives to the tuition increase to Needham. The council proposes a \$100,000 operational levy be placed before voters in a special election. The levy would be a stop-gap measure to tide the college over until a new tax base could be voted on in the November general election.

Nelson said a similar levy was approved by voters in the Mt. Hood Community College district earlier this year.

Student representatives also suggest LBCC adopt a "comprehensive re-use and recycling plan." Members of Waste Transportation Inc. broke open two tons of garbage and estimated the college could generate \$1,000 per month in revenue by recycl-

ing. The figure was reached after a look at the campus garbage bill.

Nelson would like to see staff and student orientation programs to teach recycling awareness. He feels the process could be started at the desks of secretaries with separate bins for discarding high-grade and low-grade paper.

The council representatives will propose direct student in-

volvement in the budgeting process at the press conference. They will also urge the Board of Education to postpone any decision on a tuition increase until its April Board meeting.

The LBCC Board meets the second Thursday of each month. Their next meeting is scheduled during spring break. Nelson feels students should have a better chance of getting to the Board meeting in April.

When a 9.8 percent tuition increase was approved last year, he said, students were promised there would be no increase again this year. □

Look Into Reporting I

The past two terms Reporting I students have dined with attorney Charles Garry, met face-to-face with LBCC President Ray Needham and explained why it may cost you more to go to school next year.

Write for The Commuter. Get transfer credit. Register for Reporting I spring term. JN 216. MWF at 11 a.m.

Quinton Smith ext. 218 F-108

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Student art is gallery theme

Student art is the theme of the LBCC Art Gallery for spring term. Student drawings & ceramics will be featured March 24-April 11. Student weaving, painting & design will be displayed April 14-May 2, followed by student graphics May 5-23 and student photography & bronze May 26-June 13.

The Art Gallery is located in the Humanities Building. □

Representatives question security

by Janet Hutson
Staff Writer

LBCC's bathrooms were vandalized Friday, Feb. 22 while five activities were going on that night.

"I don't feel vandalism was caused by LBCC students," Ray Jean, director of facilities, said at the student council meeting Thursday evening.

Jean said there is an emergency security number which can be called if a student spots someone vandalizing school property at night. The number is 926-6855 and is posted on all campus telephones. The number is answered by the Albany Answering Service which radios the message to the security officials on campus. The message is also relayed to Jean's home.

Student council members made suggestions as to other

places to place the phone numbers. One member asked if the security and maintenance staff is sufficient to the needs of the campus.

"It really isn't but we do the best with what we have," said Earl Liverman, head of safety and security.

In other business, Jim Montesi reported on President Ray Needham's staff meeting. Topics discussed included name tags for administrators and faculty to wear on campus; a community survey; and a poll of students on how much they would pay for bus transportation. The poll is to be completed by Tuesday.

Also discussed were several improvements including an elevator in Takena Hall. At present there is only one elevator for handicapped on the whole campus. Also discussed were an

elevator and heating system in the Benton Center; whether the first aid office is adequate and the subject of faculty and staff dropping out of the social security system.

Tony Nelson said he talked to Needham's secretary about postponing the final decision on a proposed tuition increase until April when there will be more students on campus.

In other student council actions a motion was passed to donate \$200 to the Community Colleges of Oregon Student Association and Commission for LBCC's membership dues.

The council also voted, after some discussion, not to spend \$125 for plaques for the picnic tables. The plaques were to let students know the tables were provided by student council funds. Montesi brought up the subject after being asked by a student about the expenditure. The money will go back into the council's fund.

Jim Allen, a student, told the council he would like to see council members receive talent grants. Most talent grants go to athletes, he said. □

Santiam Room closes

Today is the last day for campus patrons to visit the Santiam Room.

The student-operated restaurant will be closing for spring break. Business will resume Wednesday, March 26. □

New program is offered spring term

An experience-based, Career Education program will be offered next term at LBCC.

A meeting between interested students and Explore representatives Marian Cope and Sandy Vega will take place today at 1 p.m. in LRC 201. There will be another meeting Thursday at noon.

The 11-week program includes career counseling, development of basic learning skills and on-the-job experience. Morning classroom combined with afternoon visits to job sites around the Willamette Valley.

Applicants will be admitted following a personal interview to determine the need for career guidance, Cope said. □

OCE artists show work

The faculty from Oregon College of Education in Monmouth is showing their work in the Humanities Gallery through the end of the term.

The gallery is open during daytime school hours. Several of

the pieces are for sale.

Artists include Dan Cannon, John Casey, L. James King, James Mattingly, Mary Ann Petrie, Bob Richardson, Ellen Senner and Larry Stobie. □

Art work is needed for 1981 calendar

The Santiam Girl Scout Council is soliciting creative drawings and artwork of Oregon for their 1981 calendar.

Drawings in black and white, pen and ink, pencil, lithograph or engraving; suitable for a horizontal reproduction size of eight and-a-half inches long by 11 inches wide will be accepted until Monday, April 7, 4:30 p.m. at the Council Office, 339 Washington St., S.E., Salem, OR 97302.

Wildlife, flowers, landscape scenery, or landmarks unique to Oregon are suggested as themes for the drawings. All artwork must be signed and should include artist's name, address, phone number and an informative description of the drawing location or subject matter.

Artists will receive \$40 for each drawing chosen for the calendar.

The calendar is a fund-raising project to provide troops with money for activities and the Council with operating funds. □

Nordstrand wins calculator

Arne Nordstrand won the HP 32E calculator in the American Society of Certified Engineering Technicians jelly bean contest. The ASCET sponsored the contest to raise funds for a student trip to the Pacific-Northwest regional conference in Portland.

The big jar of jelly beans was on display in the Commons lobby last week. Entrants made

guesses (or calculations) about how many jelly beans the jar might hold.

Nordstrand came up with the exact number: 690.

Runner-up in the contest was Steve Baca. He also came up with 690 jelly beans—but his guess was a day late. He won the jelly beans. □

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Registration Begins Monday

For Further Information Check in ST 121 or call Ext. 181

Mark Woods:

Life as a student in Oregon can be hard for an Eskimo from the Alaskan wilds

weight.

The Eskimos once used all the whale, he said. The fat was rendered into cooking oil; the stomachs were used for floats. They made thread from the sinew and jewelry out of the teeth.

Woods repeated over and over that hunting and fishing in Alaska require a will to survive. His whaling grounds are in Cook's Inlet, a long stretch of water in Southwestern Alaska.

"Cook's Inlet is the roughest place in the ocean," he said.

'I want to keep the hunting grounds sacred to my family.'

-Mark Woods

"The tides raise and lower 30 feet every 12 hours.

"When the tide goes out it takes everything with it. Storms are always coming up. You have to know how to read the water."

Woods has saved tourists on boats in the inlet many times. He

risked his life to make it to LBCC on time.

He was on a whaling trip when a series of storms stranded him and his partners in camp. They waited a week for the water and wind to calm down. Finally one day he and his friend took a boat for home while the tide was out.

Another storm came up on the inlet. The waves were eight feet high. Woods bailed water for four hours. He said he has never been so scared. But they made it safely home.

Engine failure is another danger on the inlet. It happens all the time, he said, so an auxiliary engine is necessary on board. He tells of barely making it home on a "15 horsepower kicker" with only one cylinder working in 15-foot waves. He once lived on cornflakes and water for several days when he had a motor failure. A plane picked him up.

"Some standing in a boat with their arms out is signaling engine trouble," he said. Planes scout the area for people in trouble.

Woods and his father have supported the family by fishing at various times. For several summers he has gone by plane to Kotzebue, an Eskimo town 30 miles above the Arctic Circle. One-third of the town is related to him, he said. He has camped and done commercial fishing there.



MARK WOODS

"The streams are layered with fish. When you dive in, they shoot out in all directions," he said.

Woods believes in "protected wildlife," but for subsistence fishing, he feels there should be no limits.

Tourists come to Alaska from all over the world for the hunting and fishing. Guides make a lot of money, he said.

"I couldn't do that. I want to keep the hunting grounds sacred to my family."

When he was 14, Woods would go hunting for days and not see another person. That time is over he said. Part of the reason is the Alaska pipeline. It has brought work and money to the state. But it also brought people. Now the whale-hunting grounds are being surveyed for oil. Woods wishes the people "would go back to where they came from."

He participated in the Native Youth Olympics. The organization encourages cultural traditions and brings Alaskan youngsters together. Last summer he made an unofficial world record

in the two-foot high kick.

To do the kick, a person must stand inside a 10-foot circle, jump up with both feet, kick a suspended ball with both feet and land with two feet on the ground. Woods is invited to the World Eskimo Olympics next year.

He has been a zookeeper, bootlegger, carpenter and fisherman. He is planning to fix up a few motorcycles and sell them to make a living while he is here.

He is eager to return to Alaska. He likes Oregon but said he is still waiting for winter to come.

The first thing Woods wants to do when he gets home is go on a whale hunt. He misses that most of all. He feels whales should only be taken if they are eaten.

"The big blues and greys should be saved," he said.

"There are plenty of Beluga whales. I've cried for whales that we couldn't get. I shot one the harpooner kept missing. It's so senseless to kill a whale and not get her," he said. □

The Who' is vetoed by Arizona

TUCSON, ARIZ. (CPS)—University of Arizona officials have vetoed the use of Arizona Stadium for a planned May 3 rock concert by The Who. The concert, planned by the university student government, was to have been the largest of the academic year.

On Dec. 3, 11 fans were killed during a stampede into Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum before the Who concert. But Arizona officials say there was no connection between the tragedy and the banning of the group from their stadium.

In the tragedy's aftermath, however, the Tucson Community Center prohibited general admission seating at concerts, and the May 3 Who concert was to have been a blend of reserved and general seating. □

OCE rep to visit

A representative from the Oregon College of Education (OCE) will be on campus today from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. in the Commons lobby. Anyone interested in transferring to OCE is welcome to stop by. □

Singers to perform

Nunley & Demarest will perform in Chautauqua today at 10:30 p.m. in the Alsea-Calaquippia Room. Ellen Nunley and Tom Demarest play and sing contemplative folk music. □

The school's Cultural Events Committee officially voted Feb. 8 to ban the concert by a 5-3 margin, reportedly out of concern for maintaining the condition of the athletic field and for the sensibilities of the stadium's neighbors.

"We're still not satisfied with this 'resolution," says UA student government officer Bob Brubaker. He claims that \$50 out of every student's fees goes for maintaining Arizona Stadium, and that the sum entitles stu-

dents to use the facility for outdoor rock concerts.

An August, 1977 Fleetwood Mac concert at the stadium drew 60,000 fans. The Associated Students of the University of Arizona (ASUA) had counted on a similar turnout for The Who. ASUA would have netted between \$25,000 and \$50,000 from the concert, with shares of the profits also going to concert promoter Feyline Productions and the Arizona Health Services Center. □

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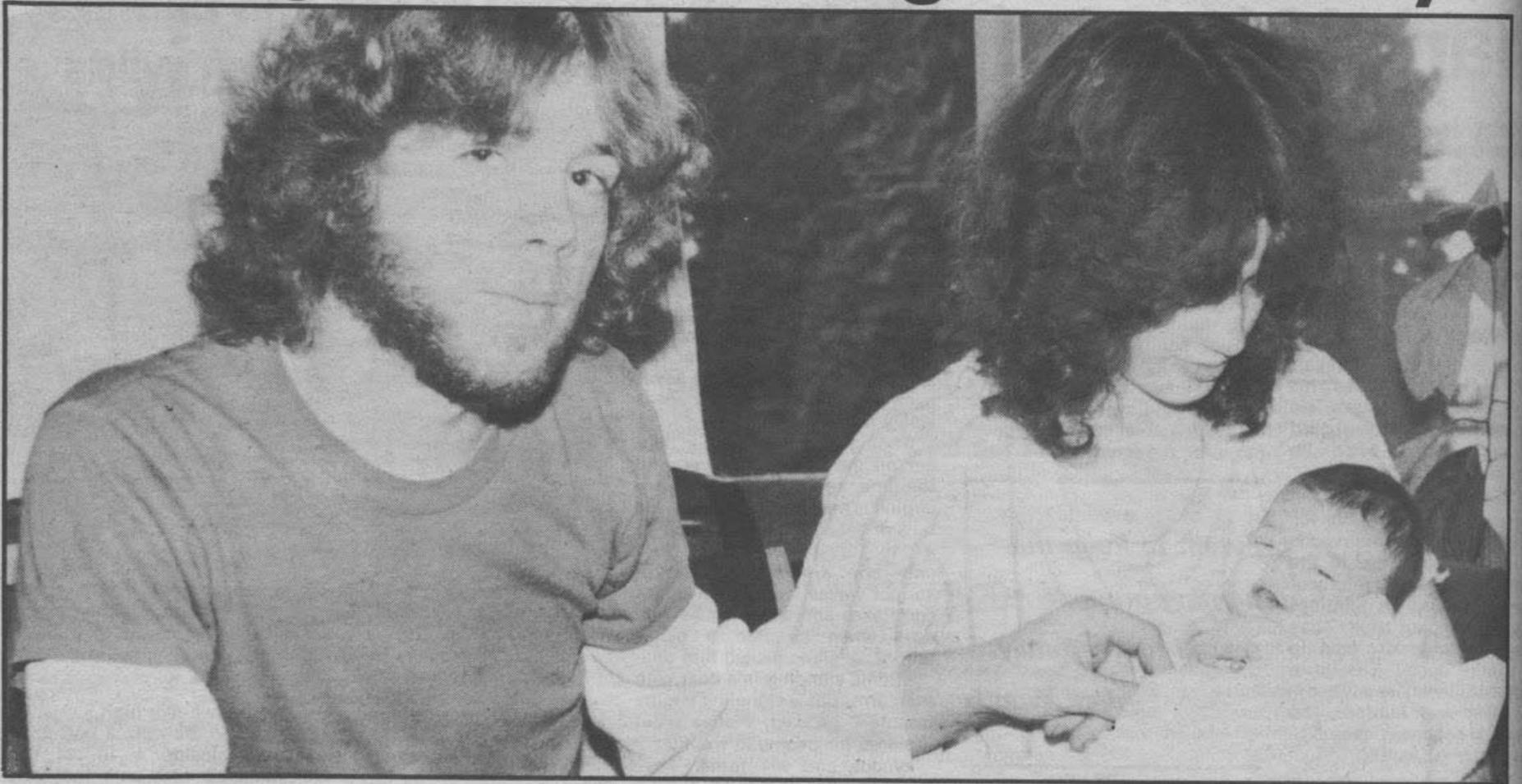
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Having a child is rough ... when you



by Julie Trower
Staff Writer

Petite Michelle Volkert's heart-shaped face is framed by waves of long brown hair. Recently separated from her husband, Michelle lives in a tastefully furnished Corvallis apartment with their 13-month-old son, Christopher. She is 18 years old.

Blond, bearded Don Bishop lives with his girlfriend, Angie Coon, and their 6-week-old daughter, Leisha. Don is 18 years old; Angie is 17.

The two families are participants in Parents And Children Together, a Benton Center class designed to help teenagers cope with the responsibility of parenthood. Through the class, they learn about child development, nutrition, discipline and other concerns familiar to parents. In addition, PACT serves as a support group for its youthful participants.

"This class really helps 'cause there are young kids right there with you and they feel the same things you do," Michelle explained.

Michelle and her husband, Lawrance, began going steady when she was 13 years old and he was 18. They started living together when she was 14 and a half. At that time, Michelle was taking birth control pills but quit taking them after two years.

"I was having a lot of trouble with them. When I stopped taking them, we knew the possibility of pregnancy was there and we had to keep it in mind." Sure enough, three or four months later she was pregnant.

For Michelle, there was no question as to whether she would keep the baby. She knew immediately that she would. Lawrance, she said, wasn't ready to be a parent.

"We weren't prepared financially—I think that was the only

handicap. But by the time Christopher got here, we had gotten everything we possibly needed for him."

Like many new fathers, "My husband's attitude changed completely when the baby came. We wanted a boy and having one helped even more. It worked out really well in my situation." The two were married three months later.

But being a mother at the tender age of 17, Michelle learned, could be confusing and frightening.

"I'd been around kids, but being around kids and having one of your own is totally different. He slept with me, right by my bed, because I was so scared and didn't know what to do when he'd cry," she said. Don Bishop, a new father himself, can relate to that confusion.

"I've babysat before and known how to get along with kids, but with my own baby, I don't know what to do because I don't want to make it mad at me," he confessed.

Don and Angie's relationship was "one of those real quick things. I knew her about three weeks when she started getting morning sickness and didn't like to be too active."

When he first found out that she was pregnant, Don admitted, "I wanted to say 'goodbye—I can't handle it'. But I decided to stick around and after a while it wasn't so bad." The two started living together and had to get to know each other with the added pressure of Angie's pregnancy.

For Don, the prospect of fatherhood was a sobering one. He had been on his own since he was 13, moving from town to town and from job to job.

"But when the kid came, I knew I had to straighten up. To do it I had to go through a lot of mental pain. You're just so confused sometimes you have to cry or something," he said. "But

Angie's got a good, straight head. She knows what she's doing and she kind of led me by the hand," he smiled.

Once he decided to stick around, Don's main concern was to support his new family. During his drifting days, he had never held a job for more than two weeks. Now he's employed at Nendel's Inn, and has worked there for about four months.

The responsibilities of parenting, these couples have learned, can be awesome.

"You have to grow up so much," Michelle explained. "If you're still a child while you're trying to raise a child, it's really hard. It's hard to handle a child's development while you're still trying to develop."

"My husband helped me out a lot," she continued. "He's five years older and so much more mature that when I didn't think I could handle it, and I'd get to a certain point where I felt like screaming, he would take Christopher and play with him while I cooled off."

Because they've been forced to grow up before their time, Michelle and Don experienced painful rejection from their friends.

"As soon as I got pregnant, a lot of them didn't want nothing to do with me. I was pregnant. I was gonna have a child and I'd have responsibilities. They were young, they weren't tied down, they wanted to go out and do whatever they wanted to do—they didn't want to have to worry about a pregnant lady or a woman with a child," Michelle said with a trace of bitterness. "It was really strange. You feel like you've been pushed aside, like you've got a disease."

"But you find out who your real friends are—the ones who don't change toward you," Don reflected. "When I first found out Angie was pregnant and I was getting ready to move in

with her, a lot of my friends said I was crazy and I never see them anymore. But I've got a whole new set of friends. The situation changes and so do the people."

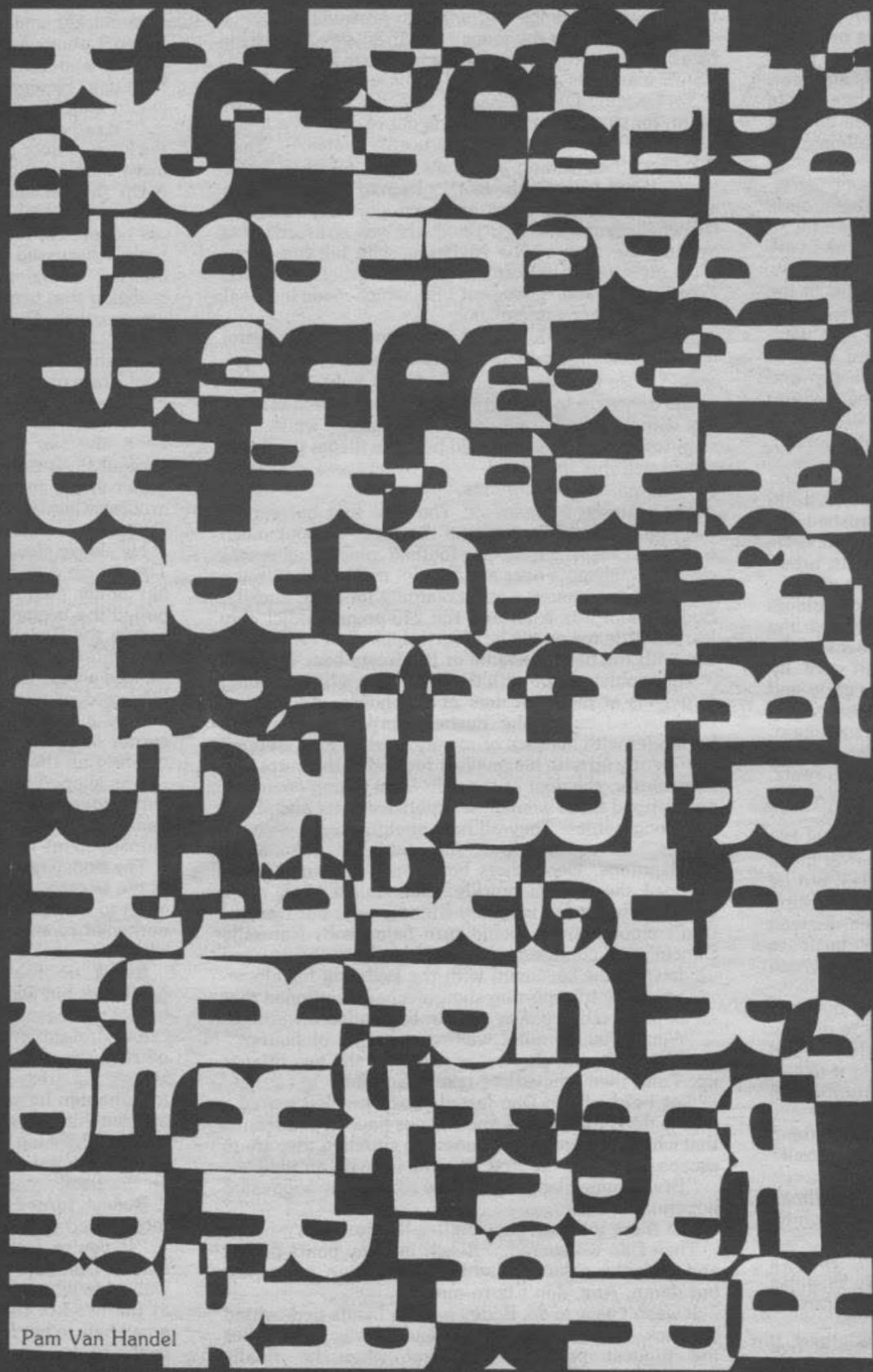
The experience, Michelle said, made her feel old. "Gosh, I'm only 18 and I feel like I'm about 50 years old." She does speak with a wisdom beyond her years. Although tiny in size, she radiates poise and serenity. Much of the credit goes to her son, she said.

"I've developed self-confidence. I guess it's feedback from me giving Christopher love and he gives me love and it builds your confidence." Christopher himself is a happy toddler with light brown hair and his mother's almond-shaped blue eyes. He plays busily under her watchful eyes, blissfully unaware of the growing pains she's suffered since his birth. Being forced to mature so quickly in the past few years has put a strain on



Tableau

March 5, 1980



Pam Van Handel

Linn-Benton Community College
Albany, Oregon 97321

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Jane LaFazio

DANCIN' DAN AND ANE THE BODEY

James M. Otos

After the Vietnam War, there was confusion and frustration that accompanied happiness in this country because of the floods of discharged GIs. Among those roaming the streets of America looking for some way to earn themselves a living and keep themselves out of trouble were Dancin' Dan and Ane the Bodey.

Dancin' Dan and Ane the Bodey weren't ordinary, run-of-the-mill worker-lookers. In fact, they were ready for just about anything, even though Ane was already a bodey. Dancin' Dan had no trade. But as fate would have it, he found the perfect thing for himself and the pair became known as Dancin' Dan the Mailman and Ane the Bodey.

While practically everyone knows what a bodey is, the need for one with the acquired skill has been quite low since the coming of technology, so Ane often found it hard to find an adequate job and he usually had very little money. Ane gambled on some speculative bodeys, and he even went so far as to spend two years in the South learning the true secrets of the bodey from gurus. He found that he already knew more than they. Even though they showed him a good time in New Orleans, where he got beat up by a drunk cop and where he bought a big used Cadillac, he came home to the green Willamette Valley dejected, with little hope—until he renewed his partnership with Dancin' Dan.

The Mailman had found his place in life. He had gone to college in Sacramento where he majored in Communications Analysis, and when he finished his analysis he realized that the biggest contribution he could give to communication was to become an urban mailman; who else helps people communicate more.

Dancin' Dan was very good at his job. Dogs seldom attacked him. He didn't have many bites and the people living in his housing tracts liked him because he cared about his job. While many mailmen give lip service to their job, saying they will deliver early and work fast, most mailmen have friends on their routes who invite them in for a beer or other entertainment. They never deliver their mail on time. Not so with Dancin' Dan. He skipped merrily along his route, stopping only when he was finished. Then he would have his beer, or wine, or other entertainment.

"Hey, Bo," Two-step hissed in his unconcerned but intent way, "we've got to get some money. My uncle flew B-17's from England over Europe in 1943, but he died broke—with nothing but bad dreams of a burning hell called Dresden. Anyway, I've got an idea. Instead of stealing from the innocent, like other business people, we will rob from the rich. Do you know any rich bad guys who deserve to get ripped off?"

The question had an innocuous ring to it, but Ane staggered under the thought. "You want me to get my face kicked in, you dancing fool?" Then, with a look of relaxed graciousness, Ane grabbed his fork as if to eat, but he looked at his plate and his stomach rumbled in disgust.

"Steak again?" it asked him. "How about something good for a change like bean sprouts or Miller's Stout? Kentucky fried or pie?"

Slowly, Ane looked up at the uniformed mailman sitting with a knowing smirk on his face, as though he knew how a stomach thinks. Bodey capitulated.

"I know some rich gamblers in this town. They've taken more than a little of my money. They disguise themselves as bartenders. With a little luck we can lift their poke."

Together they formulated a plan. Ane knew of five tap-suckers who took hearty bets and whose Saturday night's receipts usually came to over \$80,000.

Carefully they shadowed the five with quiet two-steps—Ane was spending so much time with the dancer that he was learning the dance—hiding in bushes, mapping normal routes and times and generally developing their plan.

First, No. 1 gambler would be hit over her head, softly, before she left her bar. Then with her money company, the thoughtful thieves would make it across town four blocks and across the parking lot 20 yards, holding up the next barkeep at gunpoint. He was known to carry a pistol, which was not as bad as No. 3, who had an ex-football player with a pistol, or No. 4, who had a fast car and pistol. Confronting No. 5 at his front door, the uncompromising pair, with cunning and

surprise, would make their way with all the loot to their hideout, which, until then, would remain in the house that they lived in.

Imagine the look in the eyes of a snake right before it makes a kill. Intense eyes, steady on their prey, nose tilted down and fangs beginning to protrude.

Ane looked over the maps and times, screwed up his face, looked straight at Dan and blurted to himself, "Shit, man, this might work."

To Dancin' Dan he said, "We go next Saturday night, for sure, before the plan is out of date. We'll buy some revolvers and steal some license plates." They practiced their timing and their lines, for they knew that "Hand over your loot!" had to be said with aggressive forthrightness and sincerity. Gesticulating the whole time with their revolvers was stressed, first by Ane and then by the Mailman, who felt like a cop with his postal uniform and revolver. He started wearing regulation postal cut-offs, which made him feel better. Cops are seldom cool.

The Bodey and Dan spent many hours on the pistol range developing their quick draw and sure aim.

And since Dan was known for being light of foot, he would dance up to the victims and relieve them of their loot without being grabbed or manhandled, while "the soon-to-be-rich" Bodey would hold the illegal gamblers at bay with his trusty .32.

The plan had possibilities.

Their timing was perfect. The first four bartenders went down in style, giving up their loot without much trouble—except the ex-pro-football player, who was crazed on Olympia beer and heroin, and got shot in the foot as he ran around a car screaming for help. Luckily, Bodey's aim was true, and the 240-pound addict only lost his little toe on his left foot, which didn't affect his aim with the deadly needle or the frosty beer glasses.

The problem came with the last victim who was going to get his at the front door of this house. As Dancin' Dan danced out of the bushes, surprising the tired bartender with his sack of money, and as Ane stepped confidently up with his revolver leveled at the surprised foam cutter, the door of the split-level swung open and out stepped three women in expensive suits and shoes with long names. They all held shotguns.

This, of course, put the intrepid pair at a disadvantage. Good shots both, but not stupid, they dropped those .32's quickly, and smiled even more quickly. The Bodey is a very friendly guy, but Dancin' Dan's smooth smile would turn Satan soft. Naturally Dancin' was confused when he found himself trussed up down in the basement with the Bodey at his elbow.

The dandy trio sporting shotguns had mentioned that an ex-pro-football player in pain had called a warning.

"Would you all mind waiting a couple of hours?" they had asked in unison, as they tied the two thieves up, "and then you will be taken care of."

Ane belched and Dan farted. They smelled scared.

One thing that heroes and thieves have in common is that when they are in an impossible situation they try to escape. Ane was the first to come up with an idea.

"Break some glass and cut my ropes," he suggested hopefully.

But there were no beer bottles handy.

Then Dan whispered, "Reach into my pants pocket and grab the cigarette lighter there. Burn my ropes, but damn, Ane, don't burn me."

It wasn't easy to do. Bodey had his hands tied behind his back, his legs tied together and he was scared. But the biggest problem was that when he finally maneuvered his hand into Dan's pocket he found no lighter there.

"I left it home," was all the dancing Mailman could say forlornly.

For one hour they stood back-to-back, making crude jokes about their dogs and taking turns trying to untie each other, but, alas, the well-suited hitwomen knew how to tie knots. Dancin' Dan and Ane the Bodey were running out of time.

Then the Bodey remembered something he had seen in a TRUE DETECTIVE magazine left in a moldy closet of his house by a recent house guest. He told Dancin' Dan to lay on his belly, and, while perched on his own knees, Ane untied Dan with his teeth. It was quite easily done since Bodey had once been known as "Mouth".

They sat talking in the basement for 15 minutes relaxing with a cigarette and wishing they each had rum and coke. They were scared witless.

Finally Dan spoke, "Ane, I want you to run up the stairs, jump into the kitchen, and scramble out the back door quickly, and keep ducking. I'll sneak out the front get to a phone and call the police."

Dan apparently had forgotten his four recent hold-ups. However, Ane was considering how long it would take him to find the kitchen.

"I'd rather sneak up the stairs and quietly walk into the kitchen door if it's alright with you," Ane said with more than a little sarcasm.

Up they sneaked. The Bodey smelled spaghetti soon as he stepped into the long, carpeted hall of the old house. He turned right and Dan turned left. Dan hadn't discussed politics, but if left is liberal, then the dancing liberal waltzed into the living room, realizing that two of the silk suits sat sucking snuff and eating cakes. Dancin' Dan saw two .32s on the coffee table.

Dan had never danced disco, but he would have loved Soul Train proud as he two-stepped over the couch and rolled as he dove across the table, grasped the two revolvers then fired them simultaneously. As he dove, the two well-dressed women reached for their shotguns. As they turned to fire, they both received a bullet in the forehead. Dan knew that you don't get around when you're fighting long-haired killers with shotguns.

He slowly stood, and slowly turned toward the door. The dancer was the third dandy with her shotgun pointed her smile pointed point-blank at the mailman. Ane pulled the trigger.

Ane the Bodey turned right, tiptoed down the stairs and entered the empty kitchen. Imitating Dan, he danced across the kitchen with a light step and out the kitchen door. He jogged quickly to the street, stopped behind a tree and lit a cigarette. He stuck it in the corner of his mouth and watched a late-night jogger heading up the street.

Ane slipped out, blocked her path, smiled, and spoke with urgency, "Please call the police—there are some gangsters with shotguns in that house and they've kidnapped my friend. I'm going back in now and I need help."

The Bodey ran to the house, looked over his shoulder at the woman jogging back the way she came, then crept to the window. Peering in, all he could see was a darkened room with a double bed. He also heard some shots.

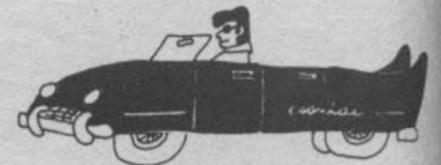
Being no braver than anyone else, the Bodey hesitated, but Dancin' Dan was in trouble and the bag of money may have crossed his mind as well. Ane came straight in the kitchen door. Ducking low to the ground, he dashed down the hall after grabbing a rolling pin from the kitchen counter. Striding into the den he saw the two dead women on the floor and the third woman was sitting in a chair with her back to him. Thanking his quiet steps, Ane swung the rolling pin and the last dandy lay next to her expired companion on the floor.

Bodey turned and stifled a scream, but it was interrupted by a police siren.

"If you're looking for the last bag of money, it's here," Dan said from the far corner of the room. He walked to where Bodey stood and together they searched at the head of the last Mafia hitwoman. There was a small hole in her forehead and her cranium was cracked in the back.

"You're awful messy, Bo, but we gotta go. The heat's here," Dan said still thinking of the click of the shotgun misfiring.

"After you, Mailman," Ane murmured with a glare at the pellet holes in the acoustic ceiling tiles.



Jane LaFazio

MOURNING MOJAVE

Dawn broke over the Southern California desert like an egg cracked by a short order cook down at the Chili Bowl on Vine Street. The morning light spilled into the pan of sky, hesitated for a moment as it paused suspended in a time-space continuum. The pan politely held its sleeves outstretched until the earth had managed to wriggle her body into the rose-colored dress of daybreak.

With a smile, the tiny crystals of sand and the haughtily distorted Joshua trees peered into the mirror of sunlight in search of self approval. The tumbleweeds shook with envy as they admired the smooth gleam of the sand crystals' faces; our own complexions, they thought, are as coarse as the bones of an old miner-dead and buried underneath the brush.

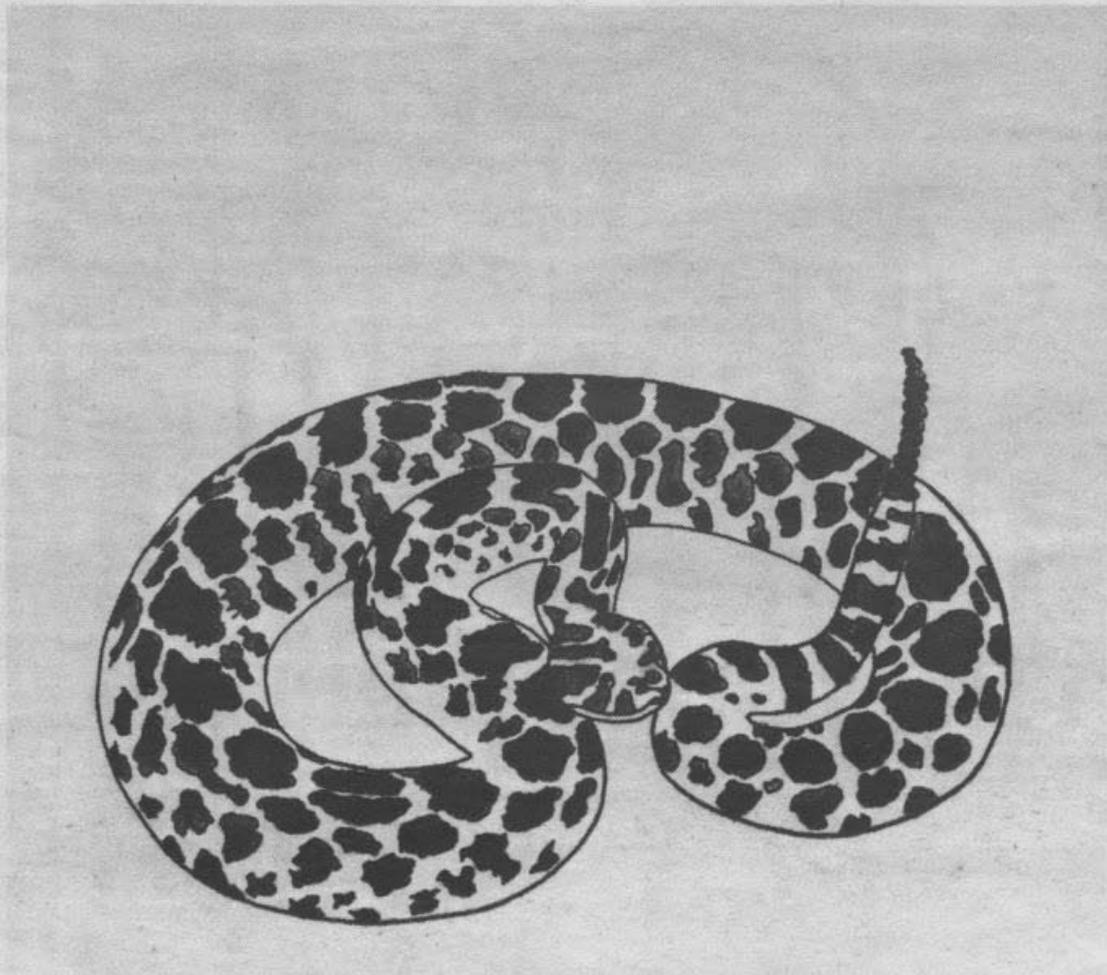
All eyes turned to the daily menu. To the north, the perplexing shadows of the Tehachapis loomed undercloud; and to the south, the broad expanse of Angeles Crest shivered below the weight of smog.

"We would prefer our eggs over hard," chimed the sand crystals. "Yes indeed, I like mine very well done please," added the Joshuas in unison.

The tumbleweeds nodded.

The yolk of sun broiled overhead. Having overslept, the rattlesnakes sizzled like sugar-cured bacon on the highway. Those that sensed the onslaught of the heat in their slumber, woke and hurled themselves back onto the sand and into their holes. During summer, sun rays are splattered grease to a snake's skin. The sleepier bedbug snakes who lolled lacadaisically on the pavement-a bit hungover from the previous evening, were squashed by semi trucks that happened to roll by. □

by Kathleen Buschauer



Mike McNeil

CATCHING COLD IN LAMONT LIBRARY-HARVARD

In November
leaves flake into winter
and I have to register affiliation
with a guard of frosty lashes,
leave letters and numbers
of my life sprawled
on the iron page.

My earth shoes squeak
on glaciers to the poetry room
where the resident poet
builds an igloo.
Poems are shelved in ice cube trays.
In silence tissues flare
and crumble with elite sneezes,
as students hover over books
spread like limp wings.
I curl in a chair,
flutter pages,
swoop sentences
on discarded computer sheets.
My unfettered face
and animation draw
stares from blurry eyes.

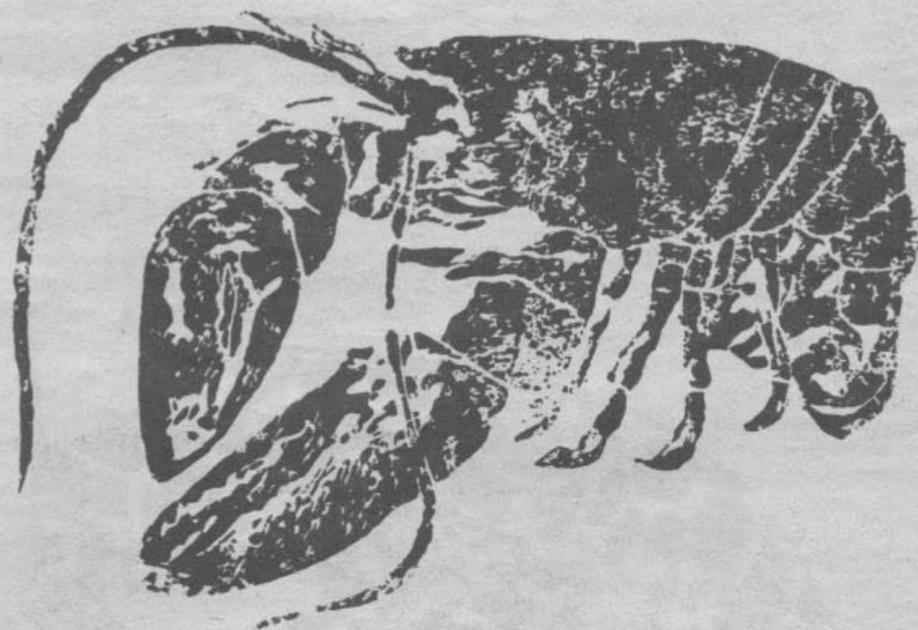
I leave as if a draft to a lunch
of mouth-crackling pizza
so round, warm and crisp.
As I walk, crumbs burrow into earth.
I await the onset of the cold.

by Linda Varsell Smith

Alone at Midnight

I watch shadows slide across my vacant wall
until the changing rhythm of rain
tapping on my window sends me to restless sleep.

—Jeri Johnson—



THE LOBSTER FEED

by Jim Montesi



Night fell on the little cottage that faced the Atlantic. The rain battered the barn board slats, already split and cracked by salty air. The hut's interior was warmed by the soft glow of a kerosene lamp. A young man in his early twenties sat propped against the leg of a heavy oak table, the only piece of furniture in the room. Two clam hauds and a mud-caked pair of boots were haphazardly strewn about, lending the room a utility shed appearance.

Pete created his poverty, devoid of electricity, running water or sanitation. To those who knew him in Boston, he was a promising young attorney with first-rate talent. He was tired of the fast city pace, and he committed himself to the Maine coast with its pattering rain and pounding surf. Fixed at his seat, he thumbed through a *Whole Earth Catalog*, stopping at any reference to the sea.

For a summer person, the prospect of working on a fishing boat was a dismal one. Until he became sponsored by a "local," Pete resolved to dig clams as a means to survival. In two weeks of digging, his back began to ripple with muscle, the soreness of inexperience still with him. He anticipated going out for two clam tides in the morning and he figured he could make twelve dollars on each tide: a drop in the bucket to the natives who earned seventy to eighty dollars on a good day. They went prepared in skiffs and little Boston Whalers, their tiny outboards taking them to the outlying islands. Pete stopped his reading, scratched the rough whiskers on his face and thought of his handmade canoe outside, overturned against the driving rain. Nodding, his head relaxed to one side, and he was off to dream of bushels of clams and lobsters in the pot.

The light fog of early morning burnt off and the sky opened up, undisturbed by clouds. Pete arose and stepped out onto the little wooden porch that faced the ocean; hoe and hauds in hand, the mud-flaked boots rolled halfway down his shins. He walked to where the finely waxed, birch canoe lay overturned, set down his gear and shouldered the

dugout to the water's edge. He loaded the boat and pushed off into the calm surf using a paddle to lift off the sand. Methodically, he rowed until he came into view of Hull's Cove, a clam flat fished out long ago—by anyone else's standards. It was the spot he liked best: a place to be alone, where he could fumble in the muck unnoticed.

The tide was moving out quickly, he anticipated at least two-and-a-half hours of good digging before the tide would creep back in, filling the holes he had created.

Pete secured the canoe and tromped through the mud flat until he came upon the first cluster of air holes scattered in the mud. His specially made clam fork was fashioned from a five-tined dung fork cut off at the lower part of the handle. The tines bent at a 60 degree angle so as to make the hoe sink deep. Then he would pull back on the handle and flip the clod of dirt back towards himself, exposing a nest of clams. He had no more than ten steamers in his haud when, as he stood to stretch, he observed a game warden wearing a uniform and a pistol walking towards him.

"Hi!," Pete called to him.

"Mornin' . . . say, you intend to eat them clams?" That distinctive down-east accent made Pete smile whenever he heard it.

"Yes . . . Well . . . I was planning on eating some . . . giving the rest away . . . I imagine."

"Magin'," the officer replied in obvious disgust of Pete's failing diction. "Well, I came to warn ya . . . We jes' got word red tide's in. They ain't fit ta eat." His words were slow and drawn out; he made sure not to pronounce his r's.

"Already? Red tide wasn't supposed to hit until August," Pete said.

"Well . . . it's here . . . Had a run up Nova Scotia . . . generally where it hits first. You might's well pack it up. Now don't go tryin' to sell any of em' to a ninety day misfit . . . will ya?"

"No."

"I'll be gettin' on now . . . got to warn the folks in Bass Harbor . . . remember what I said. Don't eat none of them mussels."

The man disappeared through the clearing as quickly as he had appeared. Pete stood hoe in hand and looked into the haud, it's bottom barely covered with clams. He gave it a swift, quick kick with his steel-toed boot: bits of shell and mud flew everywhere. "It isn't fair," he mused to himself. "I've got no money saved. The tide can't be here . . . yet. It isn't supposed to come until August."

Dejected and hungry, he returned to his canoe, untied the clove hitch he made and rowed towards home.

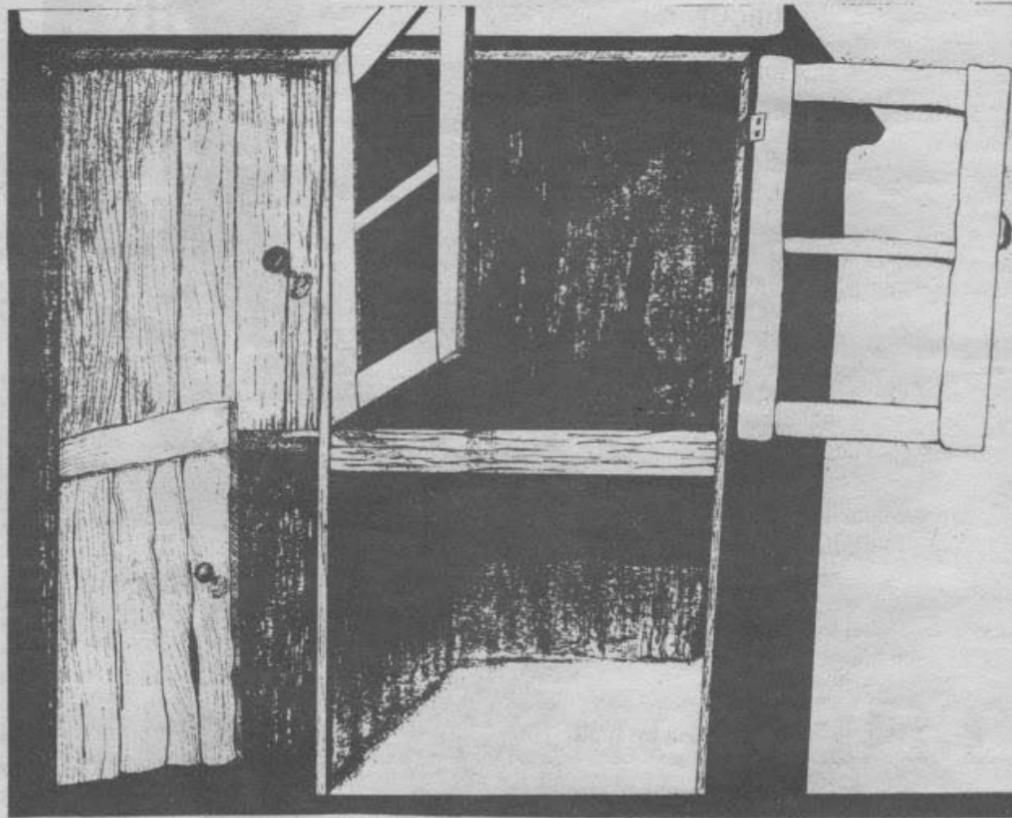
Three miles down the beach, in the small village of Bass Harbor, fishermen were returning from their morning runs. Years of hard work in the freezing bite of winter earned each man his share of the prized shell-fish. The mood was happy along the wharf, all except George Sawyer whose mood was nothing short of rotten. For five days running, he would pull his traps and discover that someone had been in to them the night before. He knew this right away; each man had his own distinctive way of tying a lobster trap shut. A poacher sneaking through the darkness robbing traps was only fooling himself if he thought the larceny went unnoticed.

Sawyer was angry, and those who knew him well were quick to give him all the space he desired. He carried his 225 pounds with speed and coordination. George could flip a lobster trap jam full of sea urchins and shake it like a basket of pop corn.

One of the other lobstermen called out to George, asking how the fishin' had been.

"Not too damn good . . . some bastards been in my pot's again . . . I'll fix the . . . His sentence broke off into a jumble of profanity.

Sam Purgefield made sure not to antagonize George's harsh mood; nor did he take his words lightly. Someone had told Sam that George killed a man in a fight once, and Sam was glad he was not the one poaching George's catch. George's long stride led him up the wooden walkway that led to the parking lot where he parked his pickup.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY:

Dolores Mittleider
Linda Varsell Smith
Gloria Ludington

It was cream colored, the same color of his boat.

He climbed inside and produced a fifth of rum from under the seat. Taking a stiff drink, he tilted his head way back, being careful not to bump his head on the rifle rack positioned behind him. He took one drink, then another, increasing the craziness of his mood. It grew into an obsession, one that wouldn't be satisfied until he had dealt out justice to whoever had been pilfering from him. His anger grew like an ugly sty.

The warm sun beat lazily on Pete's face as he lay on the beach looking out into the crystal blue surf. A grumble erupted from his stomach as he thought about the clam dinner he wouldn't be eating. Over and over again, he told himself that it just wasn't fair for the red tide to come now. He should have had the chance to save some money so he could buy groceries to hold him over until the tide was gone. What would he eat? He went to the bare cottage, entered the kitchen and opened the only cupboard. All it contained was some soda crackers, a handful of Cheerio's and a can of kippered snacks.

"To hell with sardines,"...He mumbled to himself.

Pondering the situation, he reasoned that no man was meant to starve. Using all the available resources at hand, he would make do, even if it meant stealing to fill the void in his gut.

The day was ending, the sun fell deeper into the sky and finally vanished, creating a beautiful arrangement of reds and violets. Darkness trimmed the pines in grey and night fell upon the shore.

Standing in the doorway, Pete withdrew inside and pulled on a black sweater and boots. Stuffing a flashlight into his back pocket, he latched the door behind him and once again boarded the canoe. He paddled into the frothy surf, then flowed with the current, carrying him far from the cabin. Occasionally he brought the oars in and spotted the light in a wide arc, looking for a marker. A short time later, he spotted what he was after: a buoy bobbing on the surface of the

water. He had come a long way; the row home would be a long one.

To Pete, all buoys were the same; but to the men who used them everyday, the colors represented each individual fisherman's name. He paddled to the first cork float and a rush of excitement mixed with fear ran through his body. For a moment he was frozen, unable to grab another man's float. To be caught would destroy his chance of ever becoming a fisherman on the island. Quickly, without further delay, he grabbed the red-orange bobber and held it to the bottom of the canoe with his foot. He began reeling the line in by hand, the way the old timers used to do it. That system had long since been replaced by the hydraulic winch — capable of bringing thirty fathoms of rope in, in under a minute. Heaving at the line, the oak enclosure broke through the surface and came into sight. Claws were snapping wildly inside the wooden prison. Pete used all the energy he could muster to haul the cage on board. The canoe shook back and forth as Pete shined the light inside, eyeing its contents. He could see there were no big lobsters trapped inside: only small ones, the ones that fishermen called snapper's.

Pete's hands were inexperienced at grasping moving crustaceans — ones that bit. Marlin twine secured the trap door by way of a fancy knot wrapped around a tiny cleat. He yanked it loose and stuck his hand into the middle of the kitchen. A snapper reached out and caught him between the thumb and index finger. He growled with pain. His arm shook violently as he threw the baby into the sea.

In a way, stealing little lobsters was worse than stealing big ones: it took more little ones to make a meal. Besides, they would someday be big ones. That meant money. In all, Pete managed four from that trap, tied a lousy knot onto the cleat and pushed the empty pot overboard. All traps, as a rule, were set in a line. So Pete looked for the next one.

On the second trap, he was in the process of bringing up twenty fathoms of rope when he

heard the low rumble of a diesel whining over the surface of the water. He held the rope tight, not moving, and strained his eyes in search of lights. He was unable to understand why anyone would venture so close to shore without light to guide them over the hidden shoals. He pulled harder on the line in an attempt to unload just one more trap. The rumbling became louder. The boat was drawing nearer to him, too close for comfort. He released the line. Unopened, the trap swished and swayed as it sank to the sandy ocean floor.

Then Pete looked up. A powerful light flashed on, spotted him, then blinded him.

Suddenly the night air was shattered by gunfire. Steel shot sprayed the canoe's hull and it began to pump in water like a ruptured artery.

"Hey... hey... wait," Pete shouted. Terrified, Pete clung to the bow of the canoe, its stern sinking fast.

The diesel moved toward the sinking canoe in an angry way and smashed it broadside, scattering fiberglass and wood in all directions.

Pete struggled to remove his waders, filling quickly with water. The weight on his feet felt like a ton of bricks and it dragged him below the surface.

A look of satisfaction creased George's weathered face as he looked into the dark swirl where bubbles broke the surface. It all seemed too easy to George. He had made his catch, and not wanting it to get away he grabbed the gaff nearby and poked the water where Pete went down. He felt something and jerked, his powerful arms pulling the sopping figure from the dark underworld.

George mumbled something about sea worms and keel-hauling and with a great tug pulled the gasping man aboard.

He dropped the gaff still hooked to Pete's sweater and returned to the wheel. Pete sprawled on the deck, choked and vomited sea water.

The lazy diesel sputtered then wound out, heading for the wharf, towards Pete's cabin. □

HAIRCUT

A poem for a snip,
Both pluralized.

Reflections in glass
Latch onto the corner of my eye
As I drift by—

Clipped of my weight
And looking like
A brown, fuzzy cat-tail in the spring—

And shout at me,
"Shorn! Shorn!"

My head has not
Been so bold
Since I was first born.

The wind passes over my poll
As it would a boulder
Just cutting moss.

My comb
Finds no use for teeth,

And my forehead stretches
Above my brows
Like a stark, unpringed beach.

I have disposed of my veil,
My cloak,
The trash-can inherited my humble glory

By way of a broom
And dust pan.

I have paid a bit of poetry for this—
Appearing to have defeminized myself.
But books, too,

Are quite smooth-covered.

by Karen Stanton



Mike McNeil

THERE'S A NEW KID IN TOWN

It was a fast movin' game. The lady knew her game well. She watched the game and her hand with the intent of a hawk. She was no fool; she saw the cards when they fell. Every one else saw their hands, but they weren't watching the game. She was in command all the way. She passed on the booze. Nothing would interfere! She held two cards all the way through the game. The ace of spades for luck and the queen of diamonds for determination. She saw everything that was happening, except that she couldn't lose.

Ladies and Gentlemen place your bets!

by Mike McNeil



Peggy Maddox

CIRCLES

Twist
Turning back upon itself
The curving universe
Twisting characters and shapes
The common turn of phrase
Two rounding corners and finding
Themselves

by Jim Otos



Mike McNeil

THE SPECK OF THE UNIVERSE

It grew upon a dead friend's shelf
A mold spread around an orange
And as it grew, encompassing
I smelled it, as it tried to spread
Invisible, to the eye
Yet present, obviously floating
Free, for other oranges
Other orbs
Other planets on which to settle
mostly dying in the wind
And only a few
Million land
On other homes to grow
And reproduce, to eat
And love?

For eighteen years he moved
Through space
A voyager in skin
Tight clothes, the final
Brain
In the atomic needle,
Moving 60,000 miles a minute
With sensor readings
Always on his lap
On the board for him to read,
Scanning; A planet
They must survive
With oxygen, hydrogen, plants and water
A warming sun, a cooling night
And then
He will revive the sleeping
Passengers
And they will build
And reproduce, eat,
And love.

by Jim Otos

OF PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

Viewing old pictures; centuries go past,
We were what we were but are now here at last.
At last is not the word of all who grow old,
When the warmth of the home meets a grave's darksome hole.
Its a "hole" new beginning; beginning an end,
And we find we are blank, if we've fear to look in.

Let decay of my soil not my small life repeat
But bring forth a new fruit of a taste bitter-sweet
And let each lip sing a trip it can never forget
Of the soul I now hold which is older than old
And will be here forever as the future UNFOLDS!

by Michael B. Lester

WOMAN IN THE MOON

Last night the gravity pulled.
 (Was there a full moon?)
 I have dreamed flying

But never to become an astronaut—
 embellished by rocket,
 tense with count-down.

And yet,
 There I am—
 faceless as Moses by your resplendence:

Planeted beyond earth
 by something as shapeless and timeless as eternity;
 Destined to moon-walk.

Moon-walking in boots, I tremble, and traveling
 You I am
 barefoot (just as you

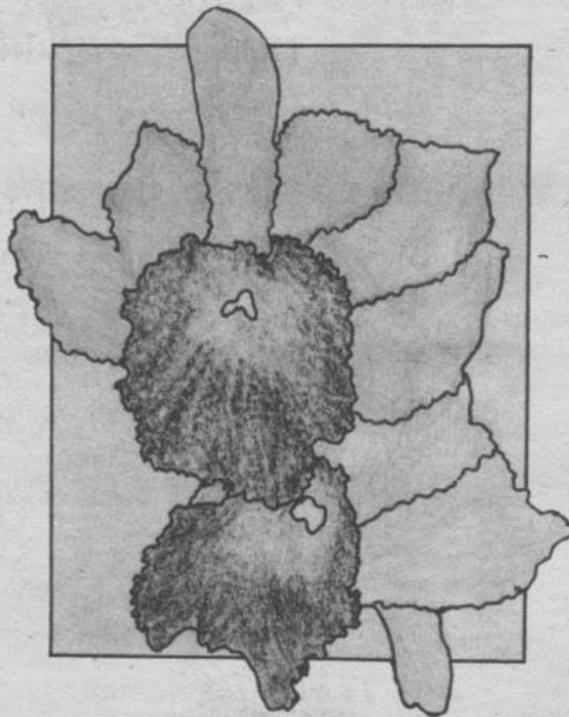
are crater-open),
 Exposed.
 I dare,

(but how would ten stubbed toes or a bruised-blue sole
 compare with an honest
 glimmer

Of the Woman in the Moon?)
 though not to follow gravities into the Sun—
 source of your light—

I am flesh and in an instant would be consumed.
 I look away from you only to spend the burning slower.

by Karen Stanton



Tricia Nickelson

THE ORCHID CORSAGE

Creamy lavender,
 Oriental fragility,
 Blush of virginity

Staining five fingerless palms,
 Like life lines,
 And a velvety, freckled mouth—

Open;
 A kiss
 Would crush it shut.

How did you mistake me
 For such a piece of
 Delicacy?

What part of it
 Reminded you of me
 As you gazed at it

Through its cellophane
 Display box?
 You cannot be seeing me.

I am not these petals,
 This bloom.
 And much less so,

Embellished at the throat
 By a perfect
 Satin bow.

What have you made me?
 A boneless baby?
 A lily-faced, bodiless creature?

Submitter to coos
 And like-gestures,
 Unable to open her own door?

I wore your corsage for a day—
 The pin pricked me
 Near my lung

And I was afraid to breathe.
 I am not your orchid,
 Your lily.

Your flower.
 I am not your fragile beauty.
 I must be allowed

To open my own doors.

by Karen Stanton

ON TURNING TWENTY-NINE

Winter rain has finally found us
 The overbearing gray presses in
 Silencing squeals
 of sledding delight
 quieting the thump
 of snowballs on backs

The droning of lamenting clouds
 Lulls my mind in
 lazy thoughts
 of solitude
 of curling in the fetal fluids
 of withdrawing to the womb
 waiting
 a state of waiting

Now I watch
 Aquatic grasses bow in adoration of
 rusing swollen streams revelling
 in the freedom flow

Watch
 Brambles weighted by crystal orbs
 Shower birds as
 they pluck the last shriveled berries
 wings flickering
 feathers repelling

Watch
 Cockles browned from the cold
 circle fallen limbs in shell necklaces
 lend shelter for potato bug babies

I watch
 The tear soaked earth
 Drain and pool

I shiver in its wake

by Carol Vaeth



Gloria Ludington

A puddle lives in a parking lot
fills a hole in somebody's pavement
while rains nourish her.

Surface rainbows paint her world
in subtle shades:

reflected faces peer at her
dogs splash through her
a rock slices and spatters
her pride over the asphalt.

Ripples cease after a while;
her waters ease together
drown the rock.

She remains
until the sun draws her to a cloud.

- Charlene
Vecchi

Sun Rise:
Multitudes of color
fall upon the mountainside
mourning for the sun.

- Chris Allard

One red apple clings
while reflections of summer
shriveled on its skin.

- Chris Allard

Pewtered barns slowly
surrender to a glazing
of porcelain snow.

- Chris Allard

TABLEAU STAFF

Consulting Editor: Kathleen Buschauer
Art Directors: Mike McNeil and Linda Varsell Smith
Calligraphy by Charlene Vecchi
Process Camera: Jon Jensen
Design Consultant: Judith Hedberg-Duff

Only 17 it can be even harder

'I don't regret any of it. But sometimes I think about it and if I had to do it all over again, I don't know if I would.'

-- Michelle Volker

Michelle's relationship with her husband.

"I've grown up so much that I want something for myself now. I've given myself to him since I was 13. I've given a year to my son and I think it's time for a couple of years to myself to do what I want to do. I think I've grown up enough that I've learned my limits and I know what I want to do and how to go for it." She has earned her GED and is now attending LBCC with ambitions of becoming a chef. She and her husband will share the responsibility of taking care of Christopher during their separation.

Things have worked out smoothly for Michelle and Lawrence partly because they've had a lot of parental support during the past five years.

"They were supportive even

when we first started going together and I was only 13 years old," Michelle smiled. "His parents thought I was the sweetest thing in the world and my mom thought he was just an angel. So we had a good situation, we just have understanding parents."

Don and Angie, too, have been lucky in that respect.

"Angie's folks live just down the road. That's nice—they help out with transportation and things like that," Don said. When they first found out about the pregnancy, though, "they got kinda violent," he said mildly. At first, he said, they thought he was a "junkie who would raise the kid to smoke dope. When they found out it just wasn't gonna be that way, we got along a lot better"

Most of the girls in the class are single, Michelle pointed out. They often don't have the support of a family or a partner. To Michelle, that seems like "it would be hell. It would be very lonely and frustrating and I think you'd feel like giving up so much."

While it's been better for these two young families than for many teen parents, it still hasn't been easy.

"I don't regret any of it," Michelle said softly. "But sometimes I think about it and if I had it to do all over again, I don't know if I would."

Then her face brightened, "Maybe I could do it later in my years—go through the whole thing that I did—but later in years...go through the whole thing. She laughed at the idea, then turned back to her young son. □



Class is being offered for parents in child care

by Julie Trower
Staff Writer

More than one million teenagers in the United States get pregnant every year. Of these, some 600,000 give birth and about 90 percent keep their babies.

These teenage parents face financial worries, family pressures and educational setbacks during their daily struggle to raise their children. But sometimes, the most frightening dilemma for them is that they're unsure about how to take care of a baby.

Parents And Children Together (PACT) is a class for teen parents to learn about child development and the fine art of being a parent.

"We're not taught parenting. People are expected to know all of a sudden how to parent. But most don't, they have to learn," according to PACT instructor Madeline Rubin. "Anyone at any age—with any age child—can learn from a parenting class."

Aside from teaching child development, nutrition, discipline, birth control and toilet-training, PACT gives young mothers and fathers a chance to meet and give emotional support to each other.

PACT was formed through the

Linn-Benton Alliance Concerned With School-Age Parents in the fall of 1978. Madeline and a co-teacher Helen Armstrong, taught it on a volunteer basis until LBCC secured a grant to pay them. Helen has since moved to Salem, so Madeline is teaching the Benton Center class with the help of an Oregon State University graduate student.

A class is also offered in Albany by Mary Bonds. The classes are free unless students wish to earn college credit for the course.

The Albany class is on Thursday nights from 6:30-8:30 at the First Christian Church, 432 S. Ferry St. Rubin's class meets on Tuesdays from 3:30-5:30 p.m. at LBCC's Benton Center, 630 NW 7th St., Corvallis.

The class, said Rubin, "is structured by the students and I fill in what they want." At the beginning of each term, she asks the students to list what they want to learn, then plans her lessons accordingly.

"Usually, they have real specific things they want to know, like about discipline or when their child should start sitting up, or what to feed them," she said.

A typical class session starts at 3:30 p.m., when the teenagers begin to straggle in. During this "playtime," they chat, hold each others' babies and socialize.

"One will change another's diapers or feed it. They're real nice about that, 'cause by that time the mothers have been with their kids all week and I think they like to help each other out."

At about 4 o'clock "we do something structured. Recently we did a session on toilet-training. I have a real neat book called, *Toilet Learning*: part of it is for the kids, and part is for the parents."

After going through the book, students asked questions and related their own experiences with toilet-training. The discussions are usually informal and punctuated with laughter.

"A baby will do something cute and everyone will forget what they're doing and laugh," Madeline said.

Sometimes the class will work on a particular problem of one of their classmates. "If someone is having trouble getting a job or some furniture, then we figure out those practical everyday things," she explained.

The participants vary widely in ages and living styles. "We've had 15 year olds that are going to have their second child; we've had 18 year olds that are going to have their third child," Madeline said. "We've had people who weren't married. We've mothers and their new boyfriends who

aren't the father."

The class is primarily full of young mothers, although fathers do come occasionally. Don Bishop accompanied his girlfriend to a session, but "then I slacked off because I was the only guy there. If more guys went it would be beneficial to them, but I could tell they all wanted to talk girltalk," he laughed.

The support aspect of the class is important, said Madeline. Most teenage mothers tend to be lonely.

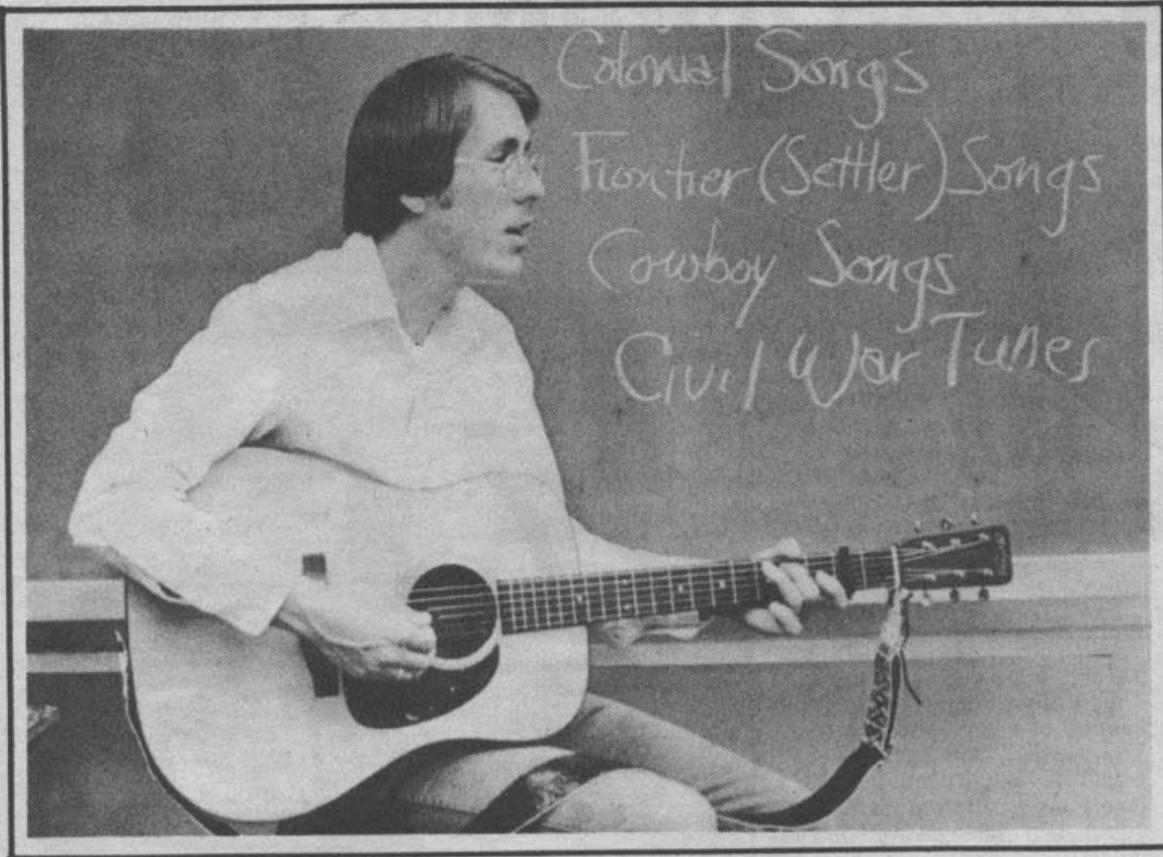
"I think they need time to be teenagers and when they become parents, there's a real conflict," she said. "They tend to be lonely because they're cooped up in the house all day with a baby." Through the class, they meet other people and are encouraged to make plans for their futures.

"I've seen people leave the class more sensitive to a child's developmental stages, feeling more confident about themselves and knowing that parents aren't perfect—that we all make mistakes," she said. □

Captions

Upper left: Don Bishop plays with daughter Leisha while his girlfriend Angie Coon holds their six-month-old baby.
Left: Michelle Volker cuddles son Christopher.
Above: PACT instructor Madeline Rubin.

photos by Julie Trower



LARRY SULT

Folk music is offered spring term

by Lisa Meier
Staff Writer

He might not be as famous as Bob Dylan or Arlo Guthrie, but LBCC's own pick-n-grinner, Larry Sult, will be offering a class next term for folk music fans.

The course, titled Introduction to American Folk Music, will cover all aspects of folk music. Emphasis will be placed on ethnic music—black, Chicano, Puerto Rican—as well as Appa-

lachain and Cajun fiddling. Music from early American colonial times to contemporary folk will be studied.

Sult says the reason he likes folk music so much is because it is "living music." It is always changing and growing, he said. Folk music is the music of people. In the old days you worked with it, raised your kids to it, got married to it, it was your life, he said.

Sult first became a folk music fan when he was a student at UCLA in the early '60's. "Hootenannies" were popular then and he would often go to listen or sometimes participate.

He met some of the great folk artists of that time and once played in a session with John Denver "before he was famous."

Sult has been a member of several blue grass groups and also owned a music store. □

Conservation slips on ice at Indiana U.

BLOOMINGTON, IND (CPS)—A student officer's attempt to practice energy conservation in his Indiana University dorm has led to an attempt to have him impeached.

Mike Davis, president of one of the dorm student governments that collectively make up the campus-wide Residence Hall As-

sociation, had the two ice machines in his dorm cafeteria turned off the second week of February in an attempt to conserve energy. The move upset dorm residents so much that they started a petition drive to have Davis impeached.

I'm all for energy conservation," petition circulator and

dorm resident Tom Keller told the *Indiana Daily Student*.

"What I object to is to have whoever is in charge arbitrarily decide on things that affect us all."

In the meantime, Davis already recanted and ordered the ice machines turned back on. □

Look over this list of Science-Tech courses for something different Spring Term!

TLN	COURSE NO.	COURSE TITLE
4525	FN225	Nutrition
4934	GS199	Astronomy
4755	GE115	Engineering Graphics
4758	GE115	Engineering Graphics
4426	H111	Home Gardening
4503	BI103	Vegetable Gardening
4520	BI123	Micro Biology
4500	BI103	Marine Biology

Registration begins Monday
For more information go to ST 121

Consumers find aid in protection agency

by Tricia Nickelson
Staff Writer

When we bought a new mobile home it had flaws in the living room ceiling and the kitchen floor. We were assured by the dealer that it would be no problem to get the manufacturer to fix it—after all, they were only in Stayton. Months passed. We called the dealer and the manufacturer. No response.

Finally I told the dealer that I contacted the Consumer Protection Bureau, and they would be contacting the manufacturer from now on. That afternoon I got a call from the manufacturer saying "Mrs. Nickelson, we will be out at 3:00 to fix your mobile home." And they did.

Consumer testimonies like these are not uncommon. Consumers have a right to complain about unfair business practices. Sometimes companies use planned strategy to fool the public.

"Bait and switch" is one practice that goes on, even though it is illegal. Here is how it works:

A business advertises an item for a price that is too good to be true. When a customer goes to buy the item the salesperson comes on with a pitch about what poor quality the sale item is and how the deluxe model is "well worth" the higher price.

Ways to guard against such tactics are: Plan ahead. Compare merchandise and visit several stores comparing models, features and prices. Don't be bullied or rushed into buying.

Have you ever gone into a store to buy an advertised item and found out it is no longer available? This should not happen very often. There are state and federal laws designed to reduce the probability of the occurring. If the "bait" merchan-

dise is not available, find out why. Ask for a raincheck and the date the item will be in stock.

Supply should last each day of the sale. A raincheck entitles you to buy the item at the sale price when it becomes available again. This does not excuse a failure to meet a reasonable expected demand. A store is not required to give you a raincheck. The advertiser does have some leeway if they can show that a sale item became unavailable because of some event beyond their control like a strike. A store cannot limit the quantity of your purchase with a statement like "only one per customer" unless it was stated that way in the ad.

These tactics have happened to all of us and LBCC students are no exception.

Robin Helms said, "a local furniture store in Albany had Bentwood coatracks on sale for \$29.00. I went down to buy one the first morning of the sale and was told that they were all out."

An unidentified student said, "It happens to me all the time. It's my life story."

Jon Jensen, printing technology student: "I sent away for some back issues of a photo magazine, money was enclosed and I never heard from them."

Linda V. Smith, printing and design major, asserts herself and advises "always ask for a raincheck" if the sale item is out of stock.

Carolyn Sawtelle, printing technology student, has only had trouble with annoying telephone solicitors calling her constantly.

Steve Anderson, former LBCC student; has joined a restaurant club. What was supposed to be a two-for-one-dinner at one of the restaurants turned out to be only \$2 off the regular price meal.

The Consumer Protection Division's toll free number is 1-800-452-7813. □

Staff agrees to proposal

Faculty, classified staff and managers at LBCC have all voted to have the college pay the employee's monthly contribution to the Public Employees Retirement System.

The school's payment will equal six percent of the employee's pay raise he or she will receive beginning July 1. The pay raise was to be eight percent. It will now be two percent.

The college's contribution to the program is not taxed by the state or federal governments. While the employee's gross salary will not increase as much after July 1 as earlier negotiated, their net take-home pay will increase because fewer taxes will be taken out.

For example, a married employee with one dependant making a net of \$680 before the agreement, will take home \$692 under the new program. Or, a married employee with two dependants taking home \$821 before the agreement, will now take home \$850 under the new program. □

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Job experience

Student finds it in special project

by Janet Hutson
Staff Writer

Special projects, a class offered by teacher recommendation only, has not only provided Dolores Mittleider with credit, but experience in her field of study.

Mittleider, of Corvallis, who went back to school after raising three children, is a second-year major in graphic production and design.

Jack Liles, dean of instruction, had asked that a new general information brochure be developed for LBCC. The previous brochure was published more than 10 years ago. Mittleider took on the job at the beginning of fall term as an assignment for Judith Hedberg-Duff, graphics instructor.

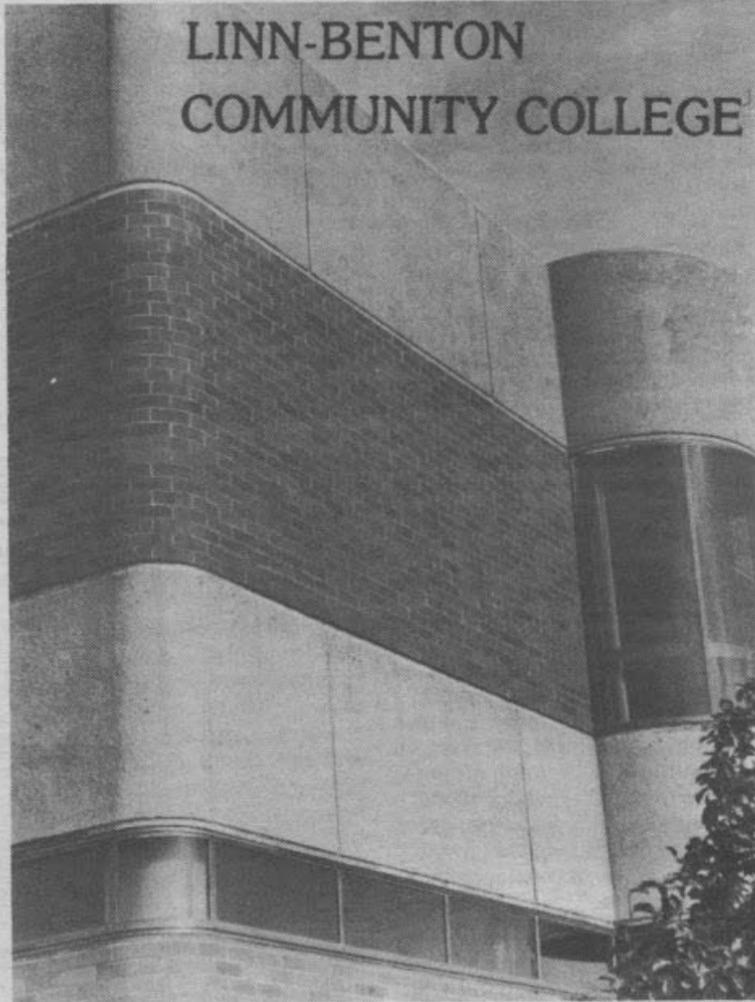
Her product will be a 24-page pamphlet containing a brief history of LBCC, campus maps and photos of the grounds and facilities. It will also include an aerial photograph of LBCC. The writing will list the programs offered at LBCC.

The book is not for the general public. It is designed to be mailed out to prospective employees and public service groups. It will be published this spring.

Mittleider designed the layout and chose the type for the booklet. And while she chose the photographs from media services files, the cover photograph is her own. She did the layout and pastepup and drew up the plans to show how it would go together.

Mittleider presented the cover and color guides to LBCC President Ray Needham and his staff people. They approved it with a few minor changes.

"It's really been a super



The cover of new 'Viewbook' for LBCC.

experience," says Mittleider. "It's helped me get the feel of working with several departments."

In designing the booklet Mittleider worked with Hedberg-Duff, other faculty, media services, public information, typesetting and other departments.

Designing the booklet has

gained Mittleider three credits per term since starting the project last fall. At the end of winter term when she finishes the brochure she will have gained a total of six academic credits.

She will also have the confidence that she can handle a "real" job in her field. □

Officials eye plan to sell tickets to events

by Gretchen Notzold
Staff Writer

Concerned about lack of seating in Takena Theatre during a free performance of the "Messiah" at Christmas, the LBCC Board of Education is considering a plan to require tickets to all events.

"The tremendous turnout overwhelmed the theatre," said Lee Archibald, dean of students. "People drove from Sweet Home or Lebanon, miles away and were not able to see or hear the concert."

Organizer of the event, Ken Cheney, Humanities and Social Science Division director, said overflow seating was arranged in the hall outside the Theatre.

"The obvious solution (to the seating problem) though," he said, "is not to do anything free anymore."

Bob Miller, director of community activities, is in charge of the proposed ticketing plan and hopes to have it working by next year.

The plan involves two parts: There will be a charge of up to \$1—enough to cover the costs of printing the tickets; tickets will be available at outlets in outlying areas.

"The procedure is merely good public relations," Miller said.

People make a commitment to attend a performance when they purchase a ticket, he said.

People may choose their seats when buying tickets. Reservations are telephoned into the main office at LBCC and tickets are reserved for particular seats. Purchasers are given vouchers which are traded in at the performance for their tickets, according to Miller. The performance will be opened to "walk-ins" five minutes before showtime for any empty seats.

He said a voucher system in Portland—similar to the proposal at LBCC—has met with great success. □

Artists are being sought for gallery

The Corvallis Arts Center is seeking artists to feature in 1981 exhibits in the main gallery.

Portfolios will be accepted Tuesday, March 25 through Friday, April 4, noon to 5 p.m. Artists will be selected through a professional jurying process.

The art center has a prospectus with portfolio requirements. Anyone interested in submitting their artwork may stop by and pick up a copy at the Corvallis Arts Center, 700 SW Madison, or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Through the month of March, the arts center is featuring "Photography of our Time," by photojournalist Dale Whitney.

Whitney resides in Corvallis, after living 26 years in Austria. She has spent much of her life as a free-lance photographer for Life and Look magazines and the United Nations World Health Organization.

Included in the exhibit is Whitney's photo essay, "Children of the Sun," photographs of children in refugee camps. Her trademark during the 1950's became "Troubled People in Troubled Times," a pictorial account of the resettlement of thousands of refugees in post-war Europe and Asia. □

Silver escaping hands of LBCC

by Janet Hutson
Staff Writer

LBCC is pouring more than \$2,000 in silver down its photography lab's drain every year.

It once wasn't economical to try to recover silver after film developing. But during the past six months the price of silver has leaped from about \$8 an ounce to near \$40 an ounce. Now more and more companies which use their darkrooms heavily are trying to reclaim that silver.

Silver is the key ingredient of all film. It produces the images on negatives and paper prints.

Jim Tolbert, chairman of the graphics department, did a test to measure the silver content in one gallon of used "fix"—a chemical used to remove unexposed silver from negatives and prints.

He found there are .67 troy ounces of silver in every gallon of fix. There are approximately 12 troy ounces in a pound. If the price of silver stays near \$40 per ounce, that adds up to about \$15 a gallon, he said.

Tolbert said the photography lab uses approximately 150 gallons of fix a year. That means LBCC is throwing away \$2,250 a

year. And that figure does not include darkrooms in x-ray, biology, metallurgy, data processing and the media center.

A simple solution to the waste would be to buy a silver recovery unit, Tolbert said.

"A manual silver recovery unit could be purchased for as low as \$300," said Tolbert. Prices can go as high as \$1,500 for an automatic unit.

LBCC could make its money back in the first month. The profit could help lower costs of operating the darkroom and other facilities, he said.

According to Tolbert, the silver recovery unit is very simple to use. It would take up 18 inches of wall space and could be set up in the darkroom.

Tolbert has proposed buying the silver recovery unit to Jack Liles, dean of instruction. "I've reached a total impasse on the buying of a recovery unit," Tolbert says.

Liles said, "There's no question. We are looking in to it." Lile couldn't say anything definite was being done.

Tolbert has now proposed the purchase to Stephen Shelton, director of information proces-

sing. Again nothing definite was said.

Other decisions which would have to be made include who to sell the silver to, how to handle it and how security would be arranged for the machine and the silver. □

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Commuter Sports

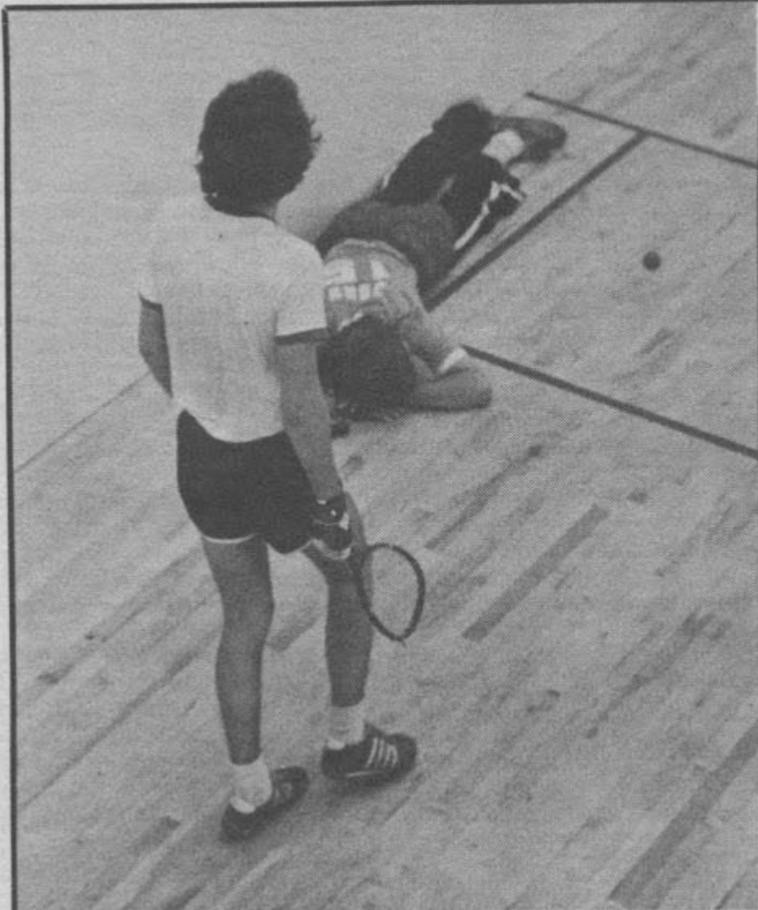


photo by Mike McNeil

John Brambaugh hits the court while playing racquetball against Mike Miller Saturday.

Students win tournament

by Lisa Meier
Staff Writer

Whop-thwack, thwack, thwack, whop! Side out—five serving two.

The Mid-Willamette YMCA was the site of the first annual LBCC racquetball tournament.

The tournament was open to students and faculty. Twenty-eight students and two faculty members took part in the competition in three divisions: women, beginning men, and intermediate men.

The three champions were Joni Coutin, womens division; Mike Miller, beginning men; and Dan Hitt, intermediate. Hitt edged favored Arne Norstrand in the final round 15-14.

In the showdown between Coutin and runner-up Sue Larson, Coutin rallied from a 0-9 deficit to win.

"I really didn't think I could win, she is in much better shape than I," said Coutin. "But I never give up—I'm not a quitter."

The tournament was conceived by the Albany YMCA staff to promote interest in the sport.

In addition to prizes awarded winners, several door prizes were also given away. The winners each received T-shirts. Door prizes were a one-year YMCA membership, a one-year court sports membership, a racquet, and a can of Voit racquet balls. □

Track

LBCC has top performers, little depth

by Rick Coutin
Sports Editor

Lots of talent and lack of depth appear to summarize the LBCC's men's and women's track and field teams for 1980.

Dave Bakley, starting his seventh season as LBCC track coach for both teams, says it's too early to make any strong assessments.

"It's tough to do this time of year," said Bakley. "But I would think we'd be able to re-establish two-thirds of our school records. We have the talent to do that. We're not blessed with an extraordinary amount of depth — not a lot of back-up."

That lack of "back-up" is strongly evident on the women's team. Bakley says only a dozen women have shown interest in competing and several of those are currently playing for LBCC's basketball team, which is going to the regionals.

Heading the list of Roadrunner performers is Tim Bright, and All-American pole vaulter. Last year, Bright, who has vaulted 16 feet, placed fourth at the nationals and was also a conference and regional champion in the 110-meter high hurdles.

"He's one of the nation's best junior college pole vaulters," said Bakley. "He's our most talented athlete."

Bakley said Bright would be a potential star in the long decathlon if he desired, with good talent



DAVE BAKLEY

in the long jump and short relays.

Garry Killgore, John Gritters and Jim Jeter — all members of Bakley's cross country team this fall — will provide strength for LBCC in distances from 800 to 1,500 meters and the mile relay.

Marty Vaughn is strong in the sprints, and Bakley says Vaughn could rank among the top 400-meter men in the Oregon Community College Athletic Association.

Sprinters Bill Peacock and Tim Smith, and high jumper Jeff Goyins (6-8 jumper) are others Bakley mentioned to keep an eye on.

"We have other people but I don't know if we have enough," said Bakley, who approximates 22 men on the team at this point.

Topping the list of women is Trina Marvin, all an All-American in the discus and javelin. Marvin placed second in the discus and fourth in the javelin at the national meet last year.

Bakley ranks Debbie Prince as one of LBCC's better female athletes as she is versatile at any distance and at the jumps.

Others Bakley noted were Kelly Pierce in the 400-meter intermediate hurdles, Jean Melson in the shot put or discus, and Theresa Littleton in the sprints and hurdles.

Those interested in trying out for the men's or women's track and field teams should contact the LBCC Activities Center at 967-6109. □

LBCC TRACK & FIELD SCHEDULE MEN & WOMEN

Date	Meet and/or Opponents	Site
March 15	Pacific Invitational	Hillsboro
March 22	Oregon State Invitational (men only)	Oregon St. U.
March 29	OCCAA Relays	Mt. Hood CC
April 5	Clackamas & Umpqua	Umpqua CC
April 11	SW Oregon & Lane	Lane CC
APRIL 16-17	LBCC DECATHLON (MEN ONLY)	LBCC
April 19	Mt. Hood Relays	Mt. Hood CC
APRIL 23	MID-WEEK MEET	LBCC
April 26	Chemeketa & SW Oregon	SW Oregon CC
May 2-3	OCCAA Conference Meet	Clackamas CC
May 9-10	NJCAA Region 18 Meet	Mt. Hood CC
May 15-16-17	NJCAA National Meet	San Angelo, Texas

LBCC HEAD COACH (MEN AND WOMEN): DAVE BAKLEY, STARTING SEVENTH SEASON.
LBCC ASSISTANT: NEIL WEBBER.

School begins fast-pitch softball

Women's fast-pitch softball will make its debut at LBCC this spring.

The first-year club sport will open March 28 at home against Willamette University at 2 p.m. All LBCC home games will be held on the field at the opposite, far side of the LBCC track.

Coach Brown has put together a 15-game schedule for the Roadrunners with the possibility of additional games to be added

later.

"Right now we have 14 women out for the team, but we expect to have between 16 to 18," said Brown. "That's a good number. I know of two schools that only have about 10 or 11."

But the biggest problem for LBCC will be lack of experience in fast-pitch softball.

"Our main objective is to learn about the sport of women's fast-pitch softball," said Brown.

"Most of the team members have played slow-pitch but not fast-pitch. They're two different games. We would like to be competitive yet have a good time, because we are just getting started as a first-year sport."

Brown has been teaching a softball class at LBCC this term.

"The class deals with conditioning, fundamentals, strategy and rules in fast-pitch," said Brown.

Brown said he hopes softball will soon become a conference sport such as baseball is in the Oregon Community College Athletic Association. But there hasn't been enough interest from other schools. And in some cases, such as Chemeketa Community College, the softball was dropped because there wasn't enough competition to schedule games.

"Clackamas is the only other OCCAA team that offers softball," said Brown. "Only two of the 13 community colleges in Oregon have softball. It's a beginning sport."

Because LBCC softball is a club sport, there will not be any post-season playoffs.

For now, Brown just wants to see LBCC get started off the right foot. □

No. 10-rated baseball team starts play

by Rick Coutin
Sports Editor

The 1980 LBCC baseball team has a tough act to follow.

Last year the Roadrunners went all the way to the National Junior College Athletic Association Tournament at Grand Junction, Colorado.

This year LBCC is ranked 10th nationally in the NJCAA pre-season poll.

"We've never been ranked higher than that before," said LBCC Coach Dave Dangler, starting his fourth season. "It's nice to be ranked that high, but we'll have to prove we're that good. I'm anticipating a strong team this year. Our immediate goal is the same as last year—qualify for the regional tournament."



DAVE DANGLER

Oregon Community College Athletic Association conference. The top two teams qualified for the regionals.

LBCC then won its first regional championship. Only the winner of the regionals advances to the nationals.

"I'm anticipating another strong season," said Dangler. "We have a good nucleus of sophomores and incoming freshmen. I'm looking forward to this season."

Returners who made the all-conference team last year are outfielders Steve Binns and Dave Opoien, shortstop Steve Palmer and catcher Kurt Kemp.

Others Dangler thinks will be key performers are pitchers Gail Arnold, Kevin Lindsley, Dan

King and Ron Richardson, first baseman Bryon Henderson and second basemen Jeff Dumont.

Dangler noted two other performers with key roles in changed positions: Guy Lewis from shortstop to centerfield and Eric Torkelson from varied positions to third base.

LBCC and Umpqua should again contend for the OCCAA title, said Dangler, with improved Clackamas, Mt. Hood and Lane also battling for top spots.

The Roadrunners will open the season March 17 at the College of the Siskiyous in Weed, Calif. LBCC will play several games in Northern California during the spring break from school. □

Commuter Sports

Women advance to regional



photo by Jon Jensen

Center Jean Melson goes up for a jump shot against Mt. Hood.

by Rick Coutin
Sports Editor

For the second time in its three-year history, the LBCC women's basketball team has qualified for the regionals.

LBCC defeated Mt. Hood 63-51 Friday night at the LBCC Activities Center in the finals of the Oregon Community College Athletic Association conference playoffs. The Roadrunners had beaten Chemeketa 57-52 Wednesday night at home in the opening round of the four-team, single-elimination OCCAA tournament. Mt. Hood had reached the finals with a 73-48 win over Lane in the first round.

"I'm very relieved," said LBCC Coach Dave Dangler, whose team stands 22-6 this season. "We had proved ourselves the second-best team in the league during the season. But the way the playoff structure is, we had to re-prove ourselves, and we demonstrated it again. I'm very happy for our team. The girls worked real hard to be where they are."

LBCC will play Ricks College of Rexburg, Idaho, Friday at 7 p.m. in the opening round of the National Junior College Athletic Association Region 18 Tournament.

Umpqua will play either Flathead Valley or College of

Southern Idaho at 9 p.m. in the other game of the four-team tourney at Umpqua Community College in Roseburg. The winners will play Saturday at 9 p.m. for the regional championship. The losers will play Saturday at 7 p.m. for third place.

Only the Region 18 champion will advance to an inter-regional game against Arizona area champion (Southwest region) the following week. The winner of that game will advance to the national tournament.

Ricks is the No. 1 representative from the "East," but Umpqua, the No. 1 team from the "West," is the favorite. Umpqua, ranked fifth in the recent NJCAA rankings, won the right to host the regionals by winning the OCCAA at 16-0. LBCC placed second at 13-3 and won the right to host both games of the OCCAA playoffs to determine the No. 2 representative from the conference.

"Our scouting report on Ricks says they're a very strong team," said Dangler. "Three of their starting five are all-stars from Canada, Idaho and Arizona. They have a 5-10 forward, a six-foot forward, a six-foot center who averages 22 points a game, a 6-2 back-up center and an all-state guard.

"Anything can happen,

though," continued Dangler, who has coached the LBCC women's basketball program all three of its years of existence. "They don't know too much about us. Our ball club is in a good situation, because nobody is expecting us to win."

Forward Debbie Prince scored 24 points, hitting 10 of 15 shots from the field, to lead LBCC past Mt. Hood. Guard June Hatcher added 13 points, while guard Karey Poehlman and center Jean Melson contributed 10 points apiece for the Roadrunners, who led 35-28 at halftime.

The last time the two teams met, Mt. Hood won 68-67 to destroy any hopes LBCC had to win or tie for the OCCAA championship.

In playing its final game at home this year, LBCC finished with a 12-2 home record.

In the win over Chemeketa, Prince scored 18 points, making 7-for-10 from the field, and Trina Marvin added 12. The Chiefs led by seven points early in the game. Prince played only 15 minutes, fouling out. She had seven rebounds.

Two years ago LBCC lost in the regional finals after winning the conference title and finished the season 20-2. □

LBCC's Noble to wrestle in nationals

BEND—Ken Noble of LBCC will be wrestling in the National Junior College Athletic Association Tournament this weekend in Worthington, Minn.

Noble qualified for the nationals by placing third at 134 pounds in the NJCAA Region 18 Tournament held Friday and Saturday at Central Oregon Community College in Bend.

The top three individual placers in each of the 10 weight classes at the regionals qualified for the nationals.

None of the other three LBCC wrestlers at the regionals—Dexter Stothoff (126), Tim Ysen (142) and Dan Scheafer (150)—made it past the consolation

semifinals. All three failed to place.

Noble, who has a 20-6-1 record including eight pins this season, decided Darwin Tramel of Clackamas in the consolation finals for third place. The score was 10-4.

Noble, the No. 4 seed, had pinned Tramel in 4:52 in the championship quarterfinals. But in the championship semifinals, the LBCC wrestler lost to the No. 1 seed, Rich Anderle of Columbia Basin, 12-8.

Anderle won the 134-pound title.

"That was one of Noble's best matches," said LBCC Coach Bill Buckley. "Noble had him (An-

derle) on his back twice and almost pinned him. But Anderle also had Noble on his back. It was an excellent match. The competition in that weight class was the toughest in the tournament. The weakest guy was still an animal.

"I think Anderle will take it (win at nationals)," continued Buckley, who said Anderle's record is 38-1 this season. "Noble has a shot at placing (top six) at nationals. If he can get through the first round against another regional champion, he should place. He's got the ability to be an All-American (top six placers)."

Noble had placed second at the

Oregon Community College Athletic Association Conference Meet to qualify for the regionals.

Scheafer, the OCCAA champion, lost to the No. 4 seed in the championship quarterfinals. Scheafer was unseeded.

Ysen, unseeded, lost to the No. 3 seed in the championship quarterfinals.

Stothoff, unseeded, lost to the No. 2 seed in the first round.

Ysen finished the season 18-15 with five pins, Scheafer 17-12 with two pins and Stothoff 7-20-1 with three pins.

LBCC placed ninth out of 12 teams with 10 1/2 points.

The national tournament starts Thursday and concludes Saturday. □

College places 4 players on all-star team



DEBBIE PRINCE

Forward Debbie Prince of LBCC has been selected to the 1979-80 women's first team in Oregon Community College Athletic Association conference.

Center Jean Melson of LBCC was picked to the second team and LBCC guard Karey Poehlman was an honorable mention pick. Poehlman made the first team last year.

Forwards Jon Newell and Greg Leonard of LBCC made the men's third team in the OCCAA.

Paula Politte of Umpqua was the women's top vote-getter and Umpqua's women's coach Bill Evans was picked the coach of the year in the OCCAA.

Eric Bailey of Chemeketa was the men's top vote-getter, and Mt. Hood's coach Herb Booth was selected the coach of the year in the OCCAA. □

Tennis team begins play in need of more players

The LBCC men's and women's tennis teams are looking for help. "The teams are short-handed," said first-year coach Ray Nagel, who coaches both teams. "We could use some candidates."

The season doesn't open until April 4, when LBCC hosts Umpqua at 3 p.m. on the LBCC tennis courts. And although Nagel says it's a little too early to make analyses of his teams, he did stress the importance of personnel.

"We're short on women," Nagel said. "We only have three, and one of them has to undergo surgery for her back.

It's doubtful if she'll be able to play. We also have a few guys."

Each men's and women's team is comprised of two singles' players and two doubles' teams. That accounts for a total team score of four points, which is accounted for in each meet against another school in the Oregon Community College Athletic Association.

Nagel said if more individuals join the team, they would also play, though their scores wouldn't count in the official team score.

Those interested in trying out for either the LBCC men's or women's team should contact the

LBCC Activities Center at 967-6109. □

LBCC TENNIS SCHEDULE MEN & WOMEN			
Date	Opponent/Meet	Site	Time
APRIL 4	UMPUQA	LBCC	3 P.M.
April 5	Lane	Lane	12 noon
APRIL 8	SW OREGON	LBCC	3 P.M.
April 12	Judson Baptist	Judson Baptist	12 noon
April 15	Mt. Hood	Mt. Hood	3 p.m.
APRIL 18	CENTRAL OREGON	LBCC	3 P.M.
April 19	Clackamas	Clackamas	12 noon
APRIL 25	BLUE MOUNTAIN	LBCC	3 P.M.
April 26	Chemeketa	Chemeketa	12 noon
April 29-30	OCCAA Conference Meet (women)	Chemeketa	TBA
May 2-3	NJCAA Region 18 Meet (women)	Chemeketa	TBA

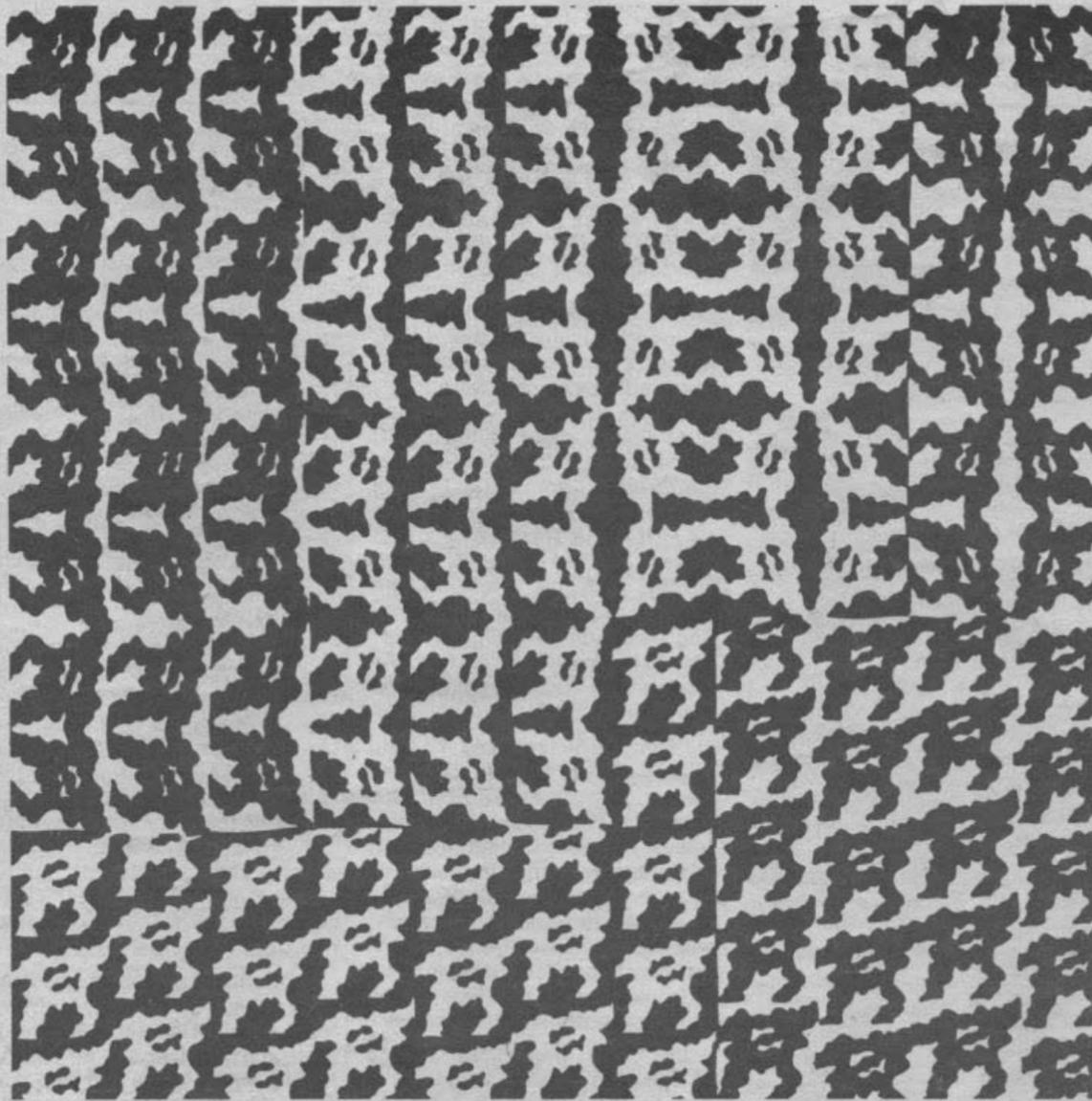


Illustration by Rose Burnett

Calendar

Wednesday, March 5

Chautauqua, Nunley and Demarest, 11:30 a.m.-1 p.m., Alsea/Calapooia Room
 OCE Representative visit, 10 a.m.-2 p.m., Commons lobby
 Tuition and Fees hearing, 12-1 p.m., Board Room B
 Christians on Campus meeting, 4-5 p.m., Willamette Room

Thursday, March 6

Council of Representatives meeting, 4-5 p.m., Alsea Room

Saturday, March 8

Industrial Technical Society seminars, "Special Painting Techniques," 9 a.m., IA Auto Body Workshop; "Fender Flaring Techniques," noon, same place; Free Admission

Monday, March 10

Finals week begins
 Registration begins for returning students, 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m., Takena Hall

Tuesday, March 11

Sign Language Club, 12-1 p.m., Willamette Room
 Auditions for baritone, alto, and bass solos in the Community Chorale's May performance of "Elijah"; 6:30 p.m. HSS-213.

Wednesday, March 12

Christians on Campus meeting, 12-1 p.m., Willamette Room

Classifieds

FOR SALE

For Sale—Crew cab '76 GMC 3/4 ton pickup Sierra Grande, air, PB, PS, auto sharp—\$3995. 11' camper, nice, \$1395. Together for \$5200. Call ext. 359. (19)

Need to sell: 1974 30' Terry Parkmodel travel trailer. Excellent shape, no repairs, priced to sell. Call 753-0694. (19, 20)

Quality typing services, \$1 per page, double spaced. Contact Debbie, 758-0024. (19)

FOR SALE: 8x46 older mobile home, 3/4 mile from OSU. Nice setting in Corvallis court. \$3300. 928-1834. (19)

WANTED

Wanted: Petitions for "Differential Equations," Math 221—leave name, address and phone no. with Steve Rasmussen in ST 105 or call Al Lahey 752-5885. (19)

Two people need a ride to San Francisco March 12, must arrive at S.F. airport by 8 p.m. March 13. Will share gas expense. One person is willing to share driving (excellent driver—no tickets or accidents). Phone 753-5104 7-8 a.m. or 6:30-11 p.m. weekdays or anytime weekends. (19)

WANTED: Bultaco motorcycle parts! Can also use other kinds, 753-0942 days. (19, 20)

WANTED: Used 18 to 24 ft. trailer home. Can pay one to two thousand. 753-4148. (19)

Save money! Save gas! Carpool....contact Student Organizations CC213. 928-2361 ext. 150. (19, 20)

STOR-N-LOK: Moving or need some storage? Call us at 928-9166 for student rates. (19)

Wanted: Pen pals for Japanese students 14-19. They would love to have an American pen pal. Call Sharon Walls at 967-8162 after 4 p.m. for more information. (19, 20)

PARALEGAL—To work with senior citizens beginning approx. 3/24/80. Salary dependent on experience and funding. Excellent fringe benefits. Send resume to OLS (Legal Aid), 203 W. 1st, Albany, OR. OLS is an equal opportunity employer; minority, women and handicapped are encouraged to apply. (19)

Weekly Polynesian Dance classes (Hula—Tahitian—Maori). Thursdays, \$12/mo., \$10/mo. children under 12 yrs. First lesson free. Contact Kuipo. Have fun while conditioning your body. (19, 20)

SPARKLERSPlease, I need a box of sparklers. I'll pay anything—well, almost anything. Please contact Jane LaFazio at the Commuter Office, ext. 373 or 754-0610. (19)

PERSONAL

To Rita with two L's and a Y. Look out for R.R. and R.V. Their ritaness will rub off on you. A concerned Rita. (19)

Buckle Watchers—Contact Ed about directions on how to get to his place. This will probably be our last official meeting as some of our eminent members will be leaving us. Hope everyone will be able to make it!!! (19)

To the rest of you: We're so sorry that we were so noisy and obnoxious that we interfered with your extra-curricular activities. Excuse Us, Southside Radicals. (19)

Prof. Strom: You're my favorite aesthetic supporter. Thanks for the assistance. Your soon-to-be rich and famous spouse, LaFazio. (19)

Free statewide gay newspaper for gay men and women. 399-8763, Box 663, Salem OR 97308. (19)

Happy Birthday Judith Hedberg-Duff!!! (19)

\$100 REWARD for the return of MESA/Boogie Amplifier taken from Takena Theatre between Feb. 19 and Feb. 21. No questions asked. Call ex. 222 or after 5:30 p.m. call 928-6180. (19, 20)

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 Wastewater Plant Operator
 Fabrication Technician
 Contact the Placement for more information.