

Christmas Creativity

The Commuter

Volume 3, Number 10

LINN-BENTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE, ALBANY, OREGON

December 13, 1971

The movement is soft,
slow, and gentle.
My sons smile.

— Garry Morse



(Photo by Jim Burgess)



(Photo by Morse)

Feature News



Christmas concerts are usually a sign that Christmas is right around the corner and Linn-Benton got into the act last Thursday as the first concert held by the Roadrunners was performed.

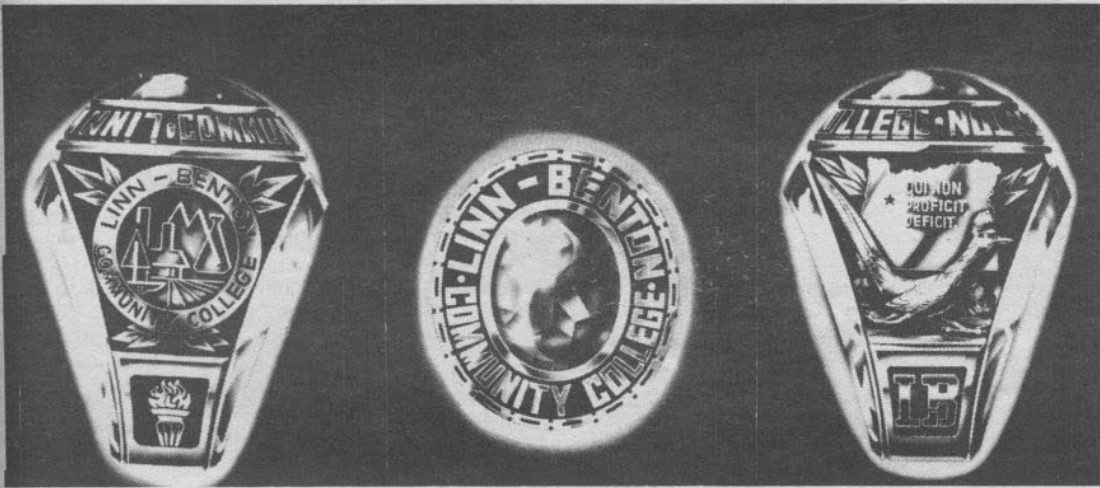
Directing the concert was Mr. Richard West, instructor of music at LBCC. Mr. West has been a part of several "Messiah" performances in the Albany area the past several years, serving as chorus member, soloist and rehearsal director. He is also the director of the Albany Civic Choir. For the past two years he has served as the music chairman for the Albany Spring Arts Festival. Sporting a full house at the United Presbyterian Church, the Choir and other performers were well received.

Along with the newly

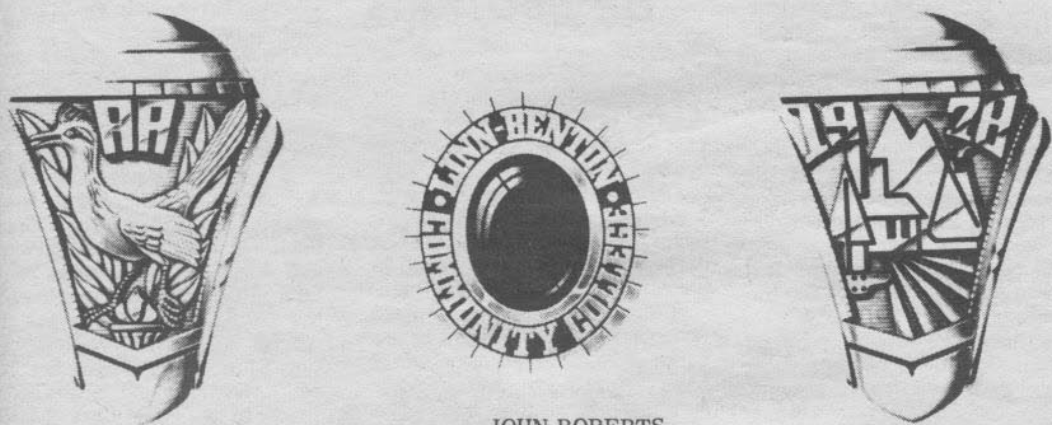
developed LBCC Choir was four professional soloists from the surrounding area. Singing Elaine Heinrichs, Contralto; James R. DeBusman, Tenor; Neil Wilson, Bass. Accompanists were Linda Morse on the piano and Lural Burggraf on the organ.

Sponsoring the concert was the Creative Arts Guild. The Creative Arts Guild was formed in Albany in 1971 for the purpose of bringing culture alive in the mid-Willamette Valley by developing and encouraging the creative arts in the area.

Also involved with the program was Bob Ross, producer; John Mack, LBCC Art Department; LBCC Athletic Department; Larry Gordon; KWIL and Teledyne Wah Chang of Albany.



HERFF JONES



JOHN ROBERTS

Senate makes decision concerning class rings

The matter of class rings has been presented to the senate by Allison Broadwater, the student member of the Bookstore Committee. Mrs. Clarice Scheffer, the manager of the bookstore, brought the matter to the attention of the committee, and wrote for information from John Roberts, Incorporation, and Herff Jones. Shown above are samples, three from each organization. However, it has not yet been decided by the senate if we will have class rings. It would be from these sample that we will pick our ring.

The prices from Roberts are 26 to 36 dollars, the Jones are 30 to 36 dollars. The latter gives a \$5.00 discount if you pay all of it, at once, and \$6.00 less for sterling silver, rather than 10K all gold rings (with stones).

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News and club briefs

Grand Prairie recruits volunteers

Currently searching for new student volunteers for the Grand Prairie School, Jane Russell requests any interested individuals to sign up. The volunteers are expected to spend 1 1/2 to 2 hours a week

working with children at the school. The program, being very flexible, will enable the volunteers to experiment with new approaches to handling children. All who are interested may call Jane Russell at 926-6206.

LBCC Vet's club officers elected

LBCC Oregon College Grant Veterans' Club held its 3rd meeting Monday, December 6, in Schafer Lounge. The first order of business was election of officers.

The results were: President Larry Ferrell, Vice President Deane Richardson, Secretary Milo Askay, Treasurer Steve Parker, Senate Representative Chris Anderson, and State Veterans Representative Carl Stinson. The clubs' faculty advisors were established as Mike Patrick and Marv Saxon.

Immediate goals were established as stimulating new membership and gaining a wider participation in Veterans' affair in the community and state.

The next meeting will be January 10, 12:00 noon in Schafer Lounge, all veterans and interested persons are encouraged to attend.

Photo club meets

The Photography Club has announced that it will be holding an organizational meeting on the first Friday of Winter Term. The purpose will be to elect officers and recruit members. Anyone interested in joining the Photography Club will be welcome.

The meeting will be held in Schafer Lounge at 12:00 (Noon) Friday, January 7, 1972.

SAC hosts party

The Kids' Christmas Party, which occurred December 11, Saturday, lasted from 1-4 p.m. in the College Center. The parents were given coffee and cookies in the Board Room, while the children (ages 3-12) were entertained with Christmas cartoons, refreshments and a visit from Santa Claus. The kids were also given letter forms so that they might write to Santa.

The party was sponsored by the Student Activities Council.

Registration underway

Registration for Winter term began at LBCC on November 29th. As of Wednesday, December 8, only about 500 students were registered, but a sharp increase is expected within the next two weeks. Students and prospective students are advised to register as soon as possible to assure them the classes they desire. Registration office hours are 9 a.m. - 5 p.m., (November 29 - December 23, Monday through Friday) and 9 a.m. - 7 p.m. (December 27 to December 31, Monday through Thursday, with closing hour on Friday being 5 p.m.)

The projected credit student enrollment figure is between 1900 and 2000 students. The overall figure, including credit and non credit students is projected at between 3,700, and 3,800. This is approximately a 2 per cent to 3 per cent enrollment drop, which is normal for winter terms. There

will be lists posted in the registration office as to which classes are full or which will be cancelled due to lack of students. All new students are advised that a counseling session is required before registration.

Calendar of events

December 13 — Free Coffee, College Center, December 13 - 16.

December 13 - 16 — Final Exams.

December 14 — Bloodmobile, Elks Temple, Albany, 12 noon - 6 p.m.

December 17 & 18 — Basketball Tournament, Chemeketa Community College at Salem, 7 p.m.

December 18 — Christmas Vacation, December 18 — January 2.

January 3 — Classes begin for Winter term.

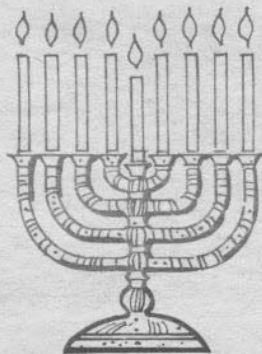
January 3 — Art Exhibit, College Center Foyer, continuous

January 7 — Basketball: LBCC vs. Chemeketa, South Albany High

Notice

Journalists needed

THE COMMUTER needs writers, readers, and basically interested staff members. The class is held every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 3:00 p.m. in an effort to put out a weekly newspaper. If your interest lies in writing, commercial artwork, or any other area connected with the creation of a newspaper, sign up for the class or contact Mr. Cheney in T 13.



TO ALL OUR JEWISH FRIENDS

HAPPY CHANUKAH

Opinion

EDITORIAL

The following letter was received earlier this week by THE COMMUTER staff.

To Jean Hammel & Garry Morse

Your articles in THE COMMUTER — November 26, 1971, issue, were well done, factual and of value to all students.

Your type of reporting is the kind we need throughout the community colleges in Oregon.

Thank you,

Paul Carrier
ASB President
Mt. Hood Community College

While this letter is indeed flattering it causes one to wonder why it took an outsider to comment and "take a stand" on something printed in this newspaper.

There has been controversy and endless comment verging on insult emanating from the mouths of those involved in the opinions printed on the editorial page. However, no one seems to believe so much in what they say as to print their opinions on the Editorial page; as we the staff have done.

An individual's criticism about the editorial content of THE COMMUTER means nothing to me until those of a differing opinion have enough "guts" to print their opinion for everyone to see. Don't complain about anything in this paper unless you're willing to make it public.

This newspaper has no use for backbiting.

Readers guilty of this behavior will kindly note the one other letter received by THE COMMUTER.

More power to you, Lynda.

Merry Christmas, J.H.

THE COMMUTER

THE COMMUTER is a weekly publication of the Associated Students of Linn-Benton Community College and students of Journalism 9.026. Editorial views are expressions of the individual staff writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of either the Associated Students or the Administration of Linn-Benton Community College.

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Feed back

By Garry W. Morse

What is the source of all the problems of Student Government? What is the single point that all members agree upon? It is the one topic all too often harped upon — lack of communication. Herein lies the major problem, the cause of most of the strife within our Senate is caused by members trying to spring their motions upon that body rather than trying to sound out the members and gain their support.

Upon the bloody, bruised body of the Senate should ride the epitaph "I died from an overdose of selfishness leading to a complete breakdown of my internal communications." But is this altogether true now? Is there not a stirring of life within that mangled body? Can it be that the "Resurrection" is about to occur? It may well be, judging from the last Senate meeting. Except for the very last part of the Senate meeting, all was orderly, pleasingly so. Things went along in a nice flowing manner with no order of business taking any longer than it should . . . the tremors of life seemed to be getting stronger. Unfortunately there was a relapse, hopefully a temporary one.

Well, perhaps we can look, with great optimism, towards the future. Harvey Scott announced that early in the next term that there will be a "Retreat" on the coast for the members of Student Government. The purpose is to improve relations within Student Government and also to

hold a workshop in parliamentary procedure. This bodes well for our representative government. It's just too bad that we have finished one complete term and will be into another one before the "Retreat" is held.

The call now goes out — not to come see a "Three Ring Circus" — but to witness the burgeoning of responsible representation and communication within the Student Senate.

Tail Feathers

To the Editor:

I am writing concerning the display of conduct shown at the last Senate meeting. (December 7, 1971).

I went to this meeting as an interested student, and, I have never, in all my life, seen such disrespect for the person(s) in charge of a meeting.

If the American government conducted their meetings in the same way, this country would have uprooted and utterly destroyed itself long ago.

The students of this school are college-aged. However, if one were to judge the age of some of these students, by their conduct and the language they used at the senate meeting, he would most likely decide they were three or four years of age.

I feel, it is about time that these students grew up and realized that, as students of LBCC, they should act like the adults they are supposed to be.

Lynda Gleason

Faculty column

By Joyce Easton, R.N.

"Hey, what happened to the testing room?" . . . It's a familiar query as students scurry into the inner room of the Counseling Center. The testing room, once a quiet haven for completing registration packets and taking aptitude tests, is now the home of the Health Service and I'm the nurse-counselor who resides there most of the time that you are involved in the illusive task of learning.

"What is the Health Service?" The inquisitive student might ask. As part of the Counseling Center, the Health Service is dedicated to helping you to minimize certain obstacles to learning, in a setting of confidentiality. Good health is a real asset to learning and it could be pictured as a kind of equilateral triangle with the three sides labeled physical, mental and social well being. This minimizing obstacles and equilateral triangle jargon boils down to a hope that health service can be of service even after the band aid is applied and even if it means that you just need someone to talk to. The Health Service span could range from cut fingers, to drug dependency, to loneliness, to a need to better understand birth control.

A student question of "what happens here in the health room?" Reminds me that students sometimes have an uncomfortable way of getting to the heart of things. "What happens here . . . ?" Some things have happened. A small First Aid Station is being used. A sympathetic doctor is available to me for telephone help. A list of accumulated helpful community agencies reminds us that interest in Linn-Benton reaches far beyond the campus.

Students have stopped by to chat and have been a joy in helping me feel a part of the campus community. A lively group of students with a "to lose is to gain" philosophy meet once a week to weigh and join in a community of friendship and weight control.

But to that candid student with "What will happen here?" What shall I say? I hope for some informal learning, communication, good emergency care and an increased understanding of the multiple aspects of health . . . for all of us. My crystal ball remains a bit murky, but perhaps that's as it should be; since a single view is not enough to see the future clearly. Also, it's my turn to ask a question. What do you want the Health Service to be? It's not our Health Service, it belongs to you and it will be successful only if it is responding to you. Come by, if you have some ideas to share . . . and even if you don't, I'd like a chance to say . . .

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

Staff column

How to frustrate machines

By Ellen K. Hillemann

Several machines I have known have been frustrated by people. Here is a short tale of the most interesting episodes.

I sat down to my Justewriter recorder and unknowingly fed in more information than it could handle at that time. The machine reacted by firing a blue ball of fire which emerged from underneath the fingers of my right hand on the keyboard. The fire was accompanied by a dry, crackling sound. The immediate result was the scattering like quail of frightened Journalism students and my rising about a foot off my chair.

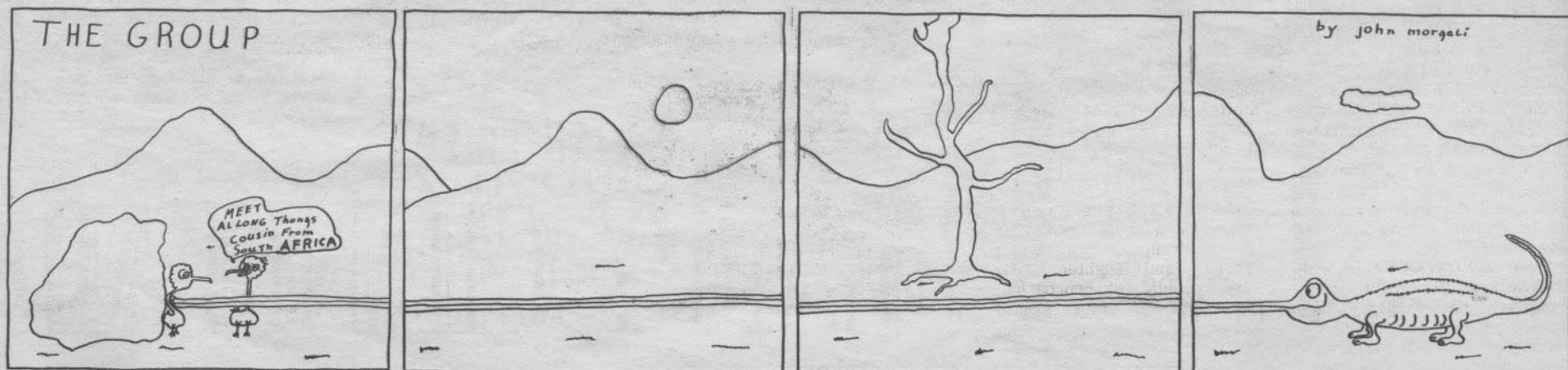
If a draft dodger would want to delete draft information about him that is contained in a computer, and that computer uses magnetic tape, all he would have to do is walk in the computer room with a magnet. This results in every "bit" of information being wiped out.

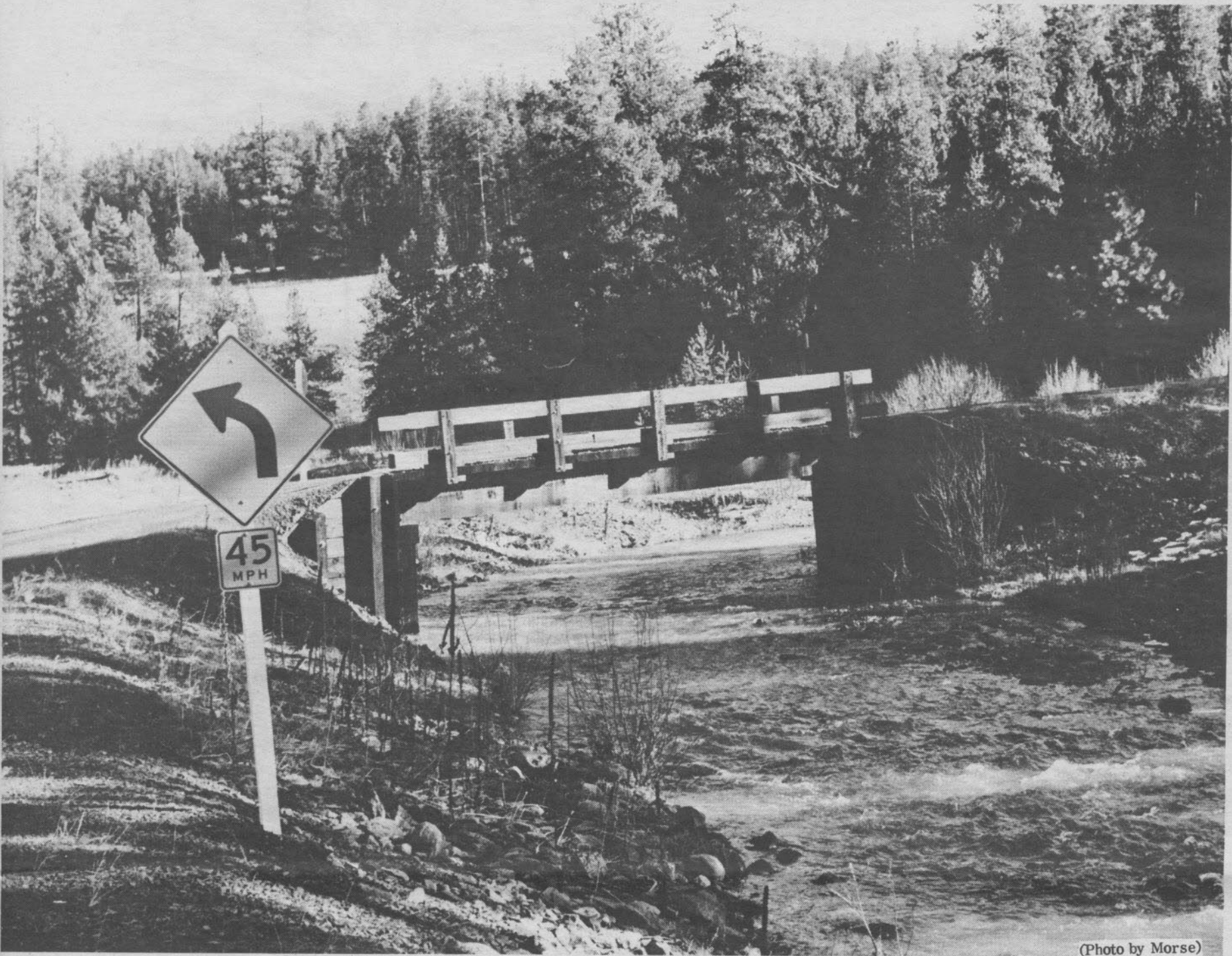
A girl, sexy or not, can walk by a computer and send it into a tizzy. The cause of this is not the girl herself but the type of clothes she wears. The nylon material produces static electricity which affects the machine.

When the operator is in too much of a hurry, pressing the Japanese headsetter machine too hard, it spits out ball bearings, maybe showing its frustrations on President Nixon's surcharge on Japanese imports.

When the TV with remote control is on, it seemed to be a bit temperamental and easily confused. Should one attempt to watch a program and at the same time vacuum the living room floor, the channel may be switched to another station or cut off completely.

Machines cannot feel or express emotions. Humans attribute human characteristics to the machines, sometimes creating a humorous situation.





(Photo by Morse)

December country . . . with January thoughts

The clouds glide past the mountain ridge while the elm branches sway methodically with the pulse of God's heart. Autumn's uncowardly signals of entrance crackle crisply with each footfall. The enchantment of this wild country only enhances the happiness of being with you.

I make an abrupt about-face and find myself comparing that manufactured gold in your parka to Nature's blending of the scotch bloom that cradled the highway through the pass. As remarkably even in tone and texture as it well is, man has yet to discover a way of snatching the charismatic quality of the natural hues. I sense it so distinctly when I'm in Her presence.

Mother Nature has allowed us to occupy a part of Her domain today and I shall always be grateful for this kindness.

The panoramic view from the footpath down through the gorge serenely removes all doubt from my mind that there is anything in this world but joy and peace of mind.

I can find contentment just sitting silently with you, gazing at the wonders that were created at the wonders that were created for us.

Gone are the frustrations of concentrating for term exams. Forgotten too, if only for an inkling of time, are the pres-

ures of social behavior codes and nonsensical prejudices between men. War is hell—but here in our gentle wilderness, war is a 'helluva long way's away' and seems to be as nonexistent as sorrow is to the fulfilled.

I take the plastic mask from my face and lift the smog-ridden film from my eyes. I see the world as it was meant to be, but still I am not completely secure. Perhaps if I could listen in on the conversations of your inner thoughts, I'd better understand you and what your intentions were.

We communicate fully about less important aspects of Life—politics, religion, and such—but you have yet to mention feelings of Love or of our relationship. Being so insecure I need to be told where I stand with you. Yet whenever I raise enough boldness to question you, there are those soft, coffee-brown eyes meeting mine while an 'all-too-well-known, slow smile saunters across your lips. I lose all my unexplained thoughts in the meantime.

We continue our walk, keeping hold of one another's hand and matching strides. Our friendly interview with the genial jay is interrupted by vulgar shouting and laughter. With a driving desire to reproach the intruders, we move silently towards the pandemonium.

From a short distance, human voices now distinguish themselves. Unmindful of the destruction they are causing, these people are leaving a distinct trail of riff-raff with each movement. They have not come to realize the contempt they are showing towards Nature. Speculating, I can imagine this family giving their hypocritical thanks to God before partaking of their picnic lunch.

To one side, Mr. Squirrel complains to his wife in a disgusted tone of squeak. They might not be discussing the disruption of the ecological balance but they do appreciate the idea that the trash will not beautify the surroundings. After offering our sincere sympathies to the forest family, we commence trekking the path toward the lake.

Subsequently, the sound of water lapping over well-worn stones ripple to our ears. Tiny tadpoles skittered to and fro as you skipped that pebble across the surface of the freshwater pond. Giggling at my faulty attempt to match your skill, I sought a diversion when you began pelting me with the cold, refreshing liquid.

We fought with competitive spirit before we tired and decided to sit and gaze at the surrounding. The pool's gentle swells clung and diminished around my ankles.

You raised yours arms to reach me across the shallow steppingstoned basin. I lowered myself off of my resting place and tip-toed polily towards you. Imitating your motions, we clasp hands and souls.

In that instant my love, I

knew that there was no reason for words, because our actions described our mutual feelings.

In this passage, you have given me the opportunity to relate our story exactly the way it was.

I thank God for you, for us, forever.

The great voyage

by Paul D. Hickerson

It was a brisk day in November when the great fleet of war vessels were launched in the rolling, murky sea. Their masts were securely fastened to the keel with a spot of grape chewing gum, a postage stamp hoisted high to catch the trade winds to carry these men of war across the largest standing mud hole on Jefferson Street. Their hulls freshly cracked in preparation of the fruit cake that was being prepared for the Christmas just a month away.

These fearful battle wagons would bob across the mighty

sea of mud as if they were the Titanic, virtually indistructable, sometimes picking up so much speed that they would run aground. But no big tragedy, a simple flick of the finger and all was well back on the high sea; running and bobbing about free for another dynamic adventure.

Sometimes the wind would hit them so fierce that they would virtually keelhaul themselves and sink instantly, but still no big loss. All one has to do is run their finger through the water and set them afloat again. No loss of men, no loss of life just a soaked three-cent Harry Truman.

The crucifixion

by Philip Cernius

The prophet of doom dropped his stylus; his eyes rolled up into his head, as if to better regard his train of thought, and he teetered precariously for a moment, before sliding gracefully from his rocky perch. His fall was not far, and he was fortunate enough to tumble onto the soft sand (through which he had so laboriously trekked earlier in the day to reach his vantage point) rather than onto the air on the other side of the rock, which would have offered little resistance till he reached the desert floor, some 275 feet below. He lay now, crumpled like a used score card, while his undernourished heart struggled to pump his anemic blood to his enfevered brain.

After a time, his eyes opened. "Why do I kill myself for sins I do not commit?"

"Because you can perceive no other way to rectify what you consider grossly wrongful acts," replied the Other.

"Whazzat?!"

The Prophet staggered to all fours and cast about for the

source of the strange voice. There was no-one there. Nothing to be seen; only sand and rocks and sand and sky and sand . . . and the great yellow face of Sun.

"Come with me, Jacob."

There it was again — that voice. The Prophet's head snapped up, his eyes opened wide, and in a sudden wave of clarity he realized what the voice had been saying. He slowly dragged himself erect. Before him, on his rock, eyes level with his, sat a wizened creature of indeterminate age. Brown and wrinkled like an enormous prune, he sat, cross-legged and, now, silent.

"To where?" said the Prophet of Doom.

"To harmony, to peace, to nirvana, to heaven, to requitement and fulfillment, Jacob; to a place where you can be happy, if you will." This in a voice like chamois feels.

"Why?" said the Prophet of Doom.

"Because you don't belong here, Jacob; and because you have nowhere else to go, save obliteration. There is nothing you can change, nothing you should change. Those evils and ills of Mankind that you ceaselessly enumerate and outrageously condemn are only the growth pains of a youthful race. Let them be. Your own teeth caused you not considerable trouble. Come with me now, Jacob. You will be free."

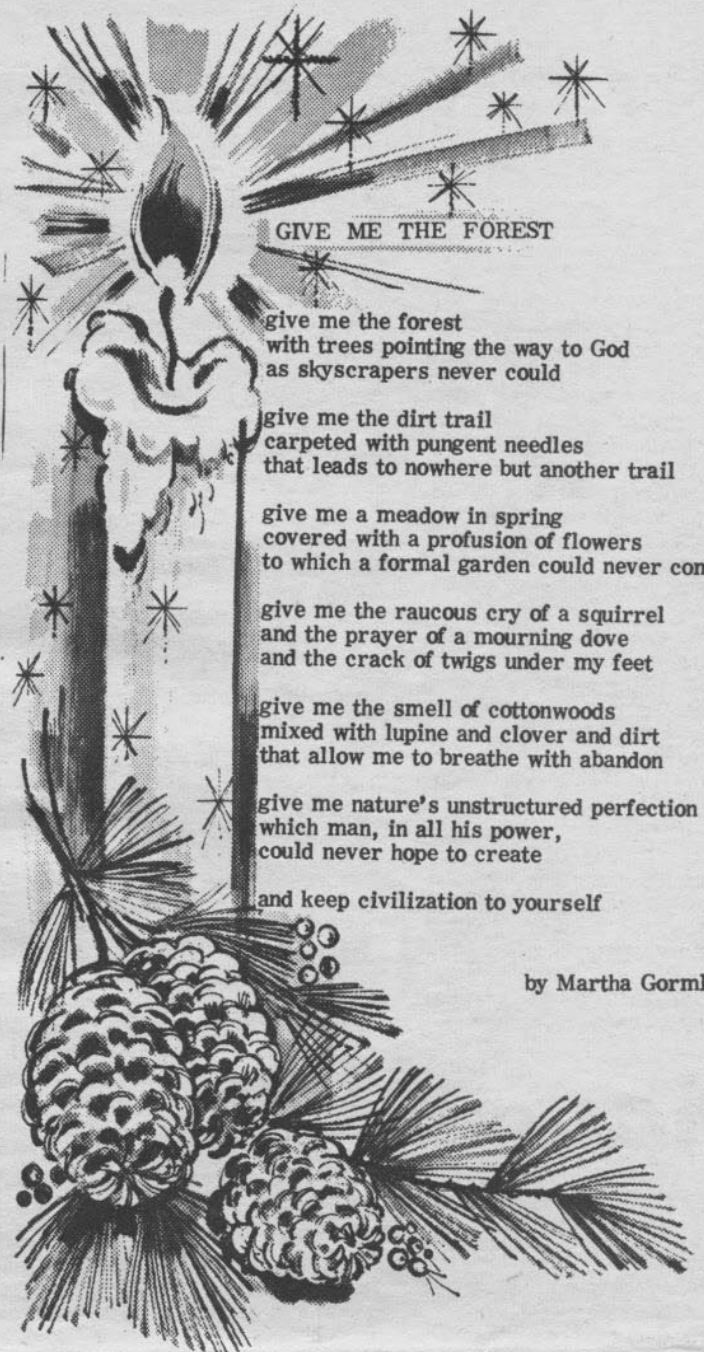
"I can't leave now," said the Prophet.

"You can't stay now," replied the Other.

So saying he directed his gaze to the valley below. The Prophet, doing the same, saw a small knot of men gathered at the foot of the cliff. They surrounded a form; it was himself.

The Prophet of Joy climbed up on the rock; and, together with the Other went in search of a different place.

The men carried the body to the town and buried it the same day.



AUTUMN No. 1

by Janet Koch

The Autumn has come;
The leaves can grow no more,
And fall —
Vulnerable —
To the wind.

As the wind to leaves,
Is Fate to the man.

AUTUMN: No. 2

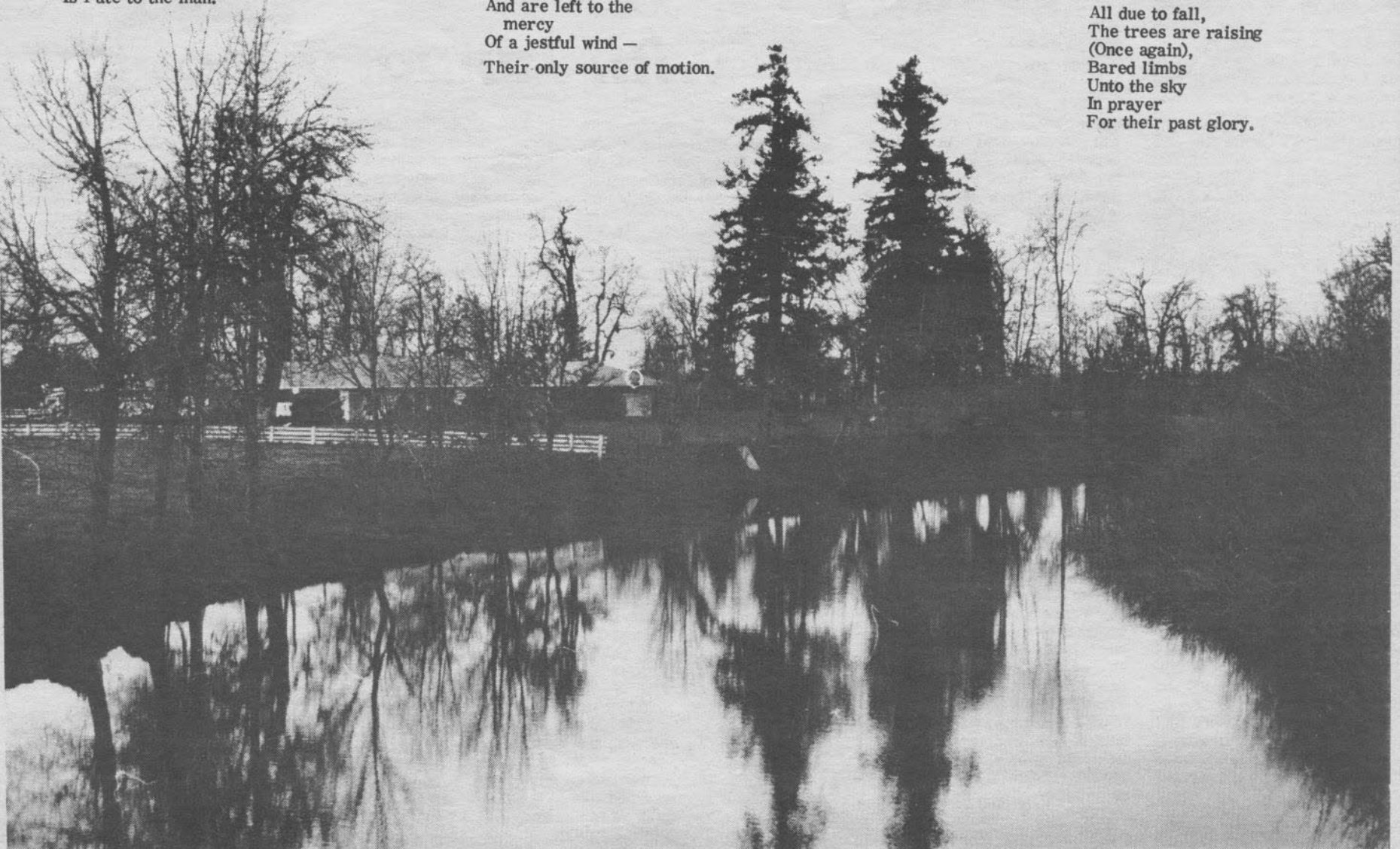
by Janet Koch

One of the saddest things
I've ever seen
Is leaves that have
fallen from the trees
In Autumn,
And are left to the
mercy
Of a jestful wind —
Their only source of motion.

AUTUMN: No. 3

by Janet Koch

All due to fall,
The trees are raising
(Once again),
Bared limbs
Unto the sky
In prayer
For their past glory.



(Photo by Morse)

The tatoo parlor

by Helena Minegar

You see it in every large sea-port the world over. It doesn't matter whether it's Singapore, Seattle, Breste, Bremmerhaven, or New York; you will see the same scene.

It is a dismal, dirty, side street on the water-front. It is a part of town that has certainly seen better days. There are empty store buildings with dusty windows. The only thing that shows that they were once occupied is a few faded pieces of what once was brightly colored advertisements. Of course, there is always quite a large number of huge dead flies to add a macabre touch. The stores that are occupied display a line of cheap, shoddy merchandise. The merchandise is the type that a man in a hurry might buy. There are cheap white shirts, ready made slacks, "Frisco" jeans, work gloves, gaudy gift wares, stationary, tobacco, handkerchiefs, post cards, stamp machines and the like.

Near by is a Penny Arcade, although now it takes a quarter where it once took pennies.

Maude and Bob

by Helena Minegar

When during World War 2, our tractor gave up the ghost, and we were forced to buy a team of horses. Horses were not plentiful and the ones that were around were not the best trained. I don't think that I will ever forget that miserable team. Team was certainly a missnomer; when Maude would zig Bob would zag. They had been a logging team. They had worked pulling logs to the landing. In doing this they just went one direction and so had not learned to back up with a load or a hundred other things a good farm horse knows. And worst of all they were mismatched.

First I shall take Maude. Now Maude was a handsome animal. Her coat was a bright Sorrel. She was the color of a new minted Penny. She was a light Morgan. Maude was heavy enough for draft work but I am sure that she had a little "hot" blood as she was high strung, nervous and loved to run. Her favorite speed was an easy lope. She never walked down the lane to the pasture. When she was unharnessed she would kick her heels high in the air and start down the lane at this speed no matter how hard she had worked that day. When working she was the first to step into her collar and off she'd start at a fast walk. Her team-mate's slowness always bothered her. She would take it for a while until at last she would explode. It was funny to watch as she would stand up on her hind legs, turn around once or twice, then drop her feet to the ground and stand there shivering from nerves. Of course this was not very funny if you were the one who happened to be driving her.

The brunt of her bad temper was poor old Bob. Now don't get me wrong, Bob was not old. He was no older than she was but he was so slow. He was a dapple grey horse with white

Inside you can shoot at a line of ragged cork ducks, play slot machines, look at a five minute movie of naked women, who would have looked better dressed.

And jammed in between the Penny Arcade and Sam's Place — "LIVE MUSIC" — "GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS," is a hole in the wall shop. There are the usual pictures, life size of course, of girls in scanty bikinis tastefully tatooed. The walls are covered with pictures of people with unusual tattoos and stacks and stacks of dusty paper patterns are piled on shelves, on cabinets, chairs and any other available space. In front of the comfortable chair that the artist has for himself there is a padded stool for his customers. It is usually well padded and decorated with fancy nail heads.

Also there are the usual number of carefully locked drawers, and if you are one of the habitues you can get any number of slightly illegal to grossly criminal items.

Like a spider in its web, the tatoo artist sits and waits for those foolish flies who think they smell sugar.

hairy feet like a Clydesdale. He was a pretty sight to see when he was trotting. He lifted his feet high and those white feathers would flow in the breeze. His coat was silver grey and scattered here and there were "blue" dapples.

He did not like to work and had discovered long ago that if he'd just hesitate a fraction of a second Maude hit the collar first and got the shock of getting the load under way. Of course once in a while Maude bit him for this trick but by and large it paid off with Maude doing the lion's share of the work.

When they were working Maude would soon have a sweat worked up. Her coat would be darkened, her mouth dripping foam and a rime of salt showing here and there on her back. While right beside her plodded Bob, cool as a cucumber without the slightest trace of sweat or foam.



Freedoms time will
never come — until
we grow into it!

We are at war,
we fight and kill
for Christ and Peace . . .

Garry W. Morse

A seven year moon

I remember a Fall evening when I was seven years old. We lived in Joseph, Oregon at the time, in a house that my step-father built. I used to say, quite proudly too, that "we built it," because I helped carry the boards and nails. My step-dad sometimes left a few nails sticking out a little so I could drive them in — I was really a lot of help.

It was just a square house, covered with green, gritty shakes. Inside, the main room was a combination kitchen, dining-room, and living room. That sounds better than it really was — the front door opened into our "living room" which was just a tattered old couch, with an Indian-style blanket over it to hide the bare spots, and a couple of overstuffed chairs that we picked up somewhere. Actually they were all one room with our table setting in the middle, and the sink and our wood cook-stove at the other end.

What made the house so special to me was my room. You couldn't just walk into it like you could the front room or my folks bedroom. You had to pull a chair over to the rope hanging out of the ceiling and climb up on the chair and pull the rope down. At least you did if you were seven. Then a stairway came out of the ceiling and my room was up those stairs in the attic. My room was like a castle with a drawbridge.

This was my environment when I was seven. Looking back it seems kind of crude, but to me it was a very special place. Whenever I remember that old place, I remember it with a deep sense of appreciation and warmth because everything was wonderful and beautiful at that time.

I can't remember that house and the pleasure there, without remembering the night I saw the moon. I had never, ever, really seen the moon, nor have I since, much as I want to, like I saw it on that Fall evening.

It was one of those rare evenings in the Fall, so rare that they only come once in

your life, when the air is so clean and clear that it's as if someone had vacuumed out all the impurities. We were sitting on the front porch, Mom, Dad, and I, waiting for the moon to rise. The stars were flashing a myriad of colors but mostly a blinding white, hot, needle sharp, piercing the cape of evening, looking so close that you could brush your hand across them if you dared. Shooting stars branded the dark with their neon-bright celestial energy dying, beautiful, for our eyes only.

In this exciting, powerful, awe-inspiring setting, the moon majestically deigned to rise out of the earth. That moon, on that night, so dominated the sky and the world, that everything else dimmed and almost winked out before that MOON. This was no moon to playfully hide its face. This was a primordial moon, one that had made savages throw themselves down on the ground from fear and respect for the beauty of it. Religions and cults had been founded upon THIS moon.

At seven, of course, I was not aware of all of this. I just stood there in rapt silence watching the bloody, golden shield rise. I had got to my

feet like some pagan child in the presence of one of the Gods. I do not remember getting to my feet. I don't even remember what my parents did. Nothing existed, everything was gone while THAT moon was rising.

As I said before, I can not think of that house in Joseph without thinking of the night I saw The Moon. Never since have I seen such a moon, although I always look. I don't know if I'll ever see it again. One thing is certain, though, before I die I would like to see The Moon once more.

by Garry W. Morse

Beard scattered,
Flute filled forests,
Moist with October's
Evening mist,

Holding mysterious potions,
Potions to heal
soul and mind.

Drums beating
to the time
of inner fears,

Fires lighting smiles,
On candle glowing faces,
And sadly burnt out eyes.

Wired heads,
In nailed huts,
Bleeding minds,
In bending bodies.

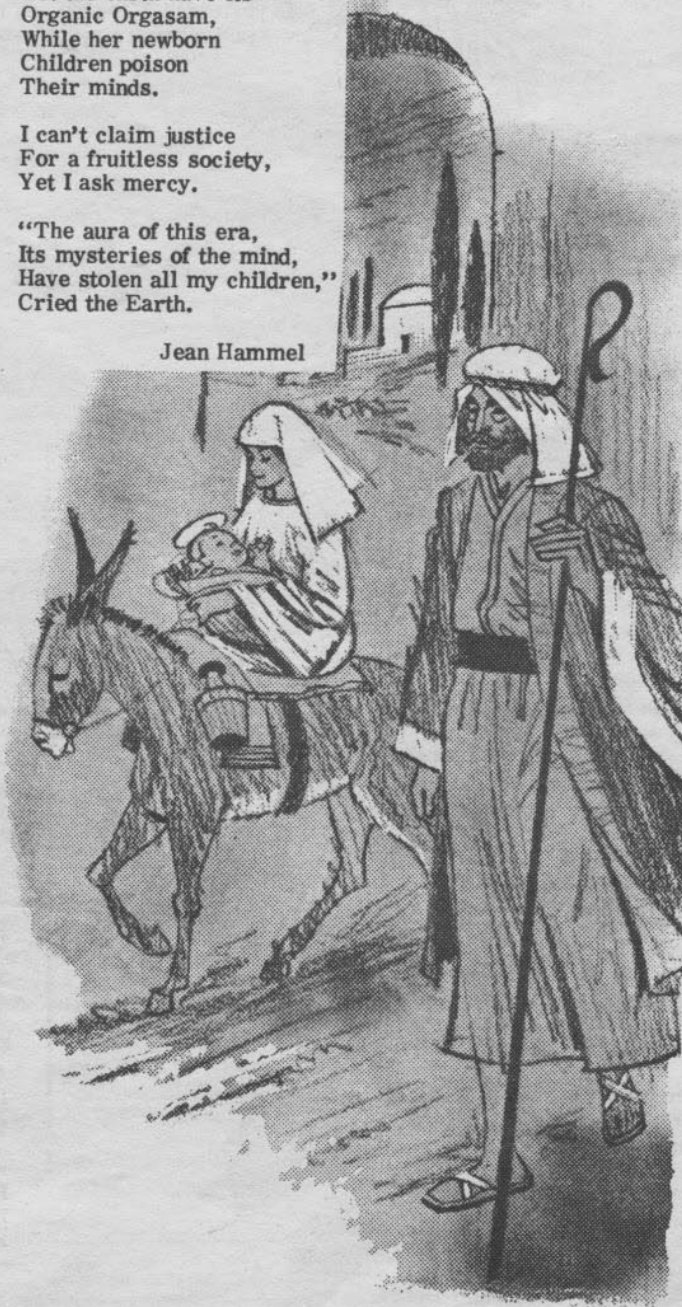
Lost children, all crying
For a place to go.
Migrating to the rivers,
The seas, the earth,
But never getting there.

Let the earth have its
Organic Orgasam,
While her newborn
Children poison
Their minds.

I can't claim justice
For a fruitless society,
Yet I ask mercy.

"The aura of this era,
Its mysteries of the mind,
Have stolen all my children,"
Cried the Earth.

Jean Hammel



An individual

by Chris Broaders

"The world would only begin to get something of value from me the moment I stopped being a serious member of society and became — myself."

— Henry Miller

The most significant achievement one man can accomplish is the separation of society's values and his own. He must discover his place in the world as an individual, not as a cog in the machinery of society.

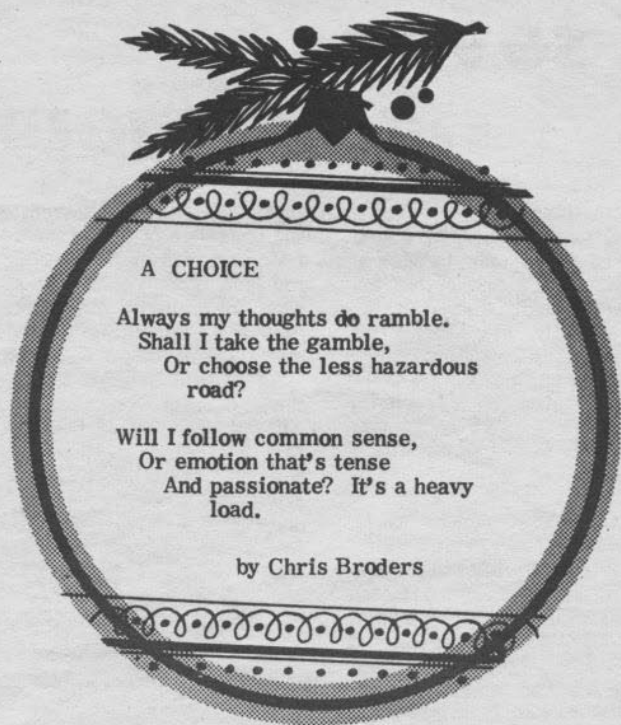
There is a definite goal that man must set for himself in order to justify his life. I am speaking of life as opposed to mere existence.

To exist in the world today, that man would need only bare necessities — air to breathe, food to eat, and an environment suitable enough for shelter. He could exist, but not live, using only instinct as a guide.

To exist in our society today, that man would need only bare necessities — sight to read society's information, hearing and speaking to communicate others' ideas, and a small amount of intelligence to comprehend society's ways.

But this man has more. Within this human being lies the faculty for reasoning. Within him, also, bubbles the ability to create.

Following others is profitable to others. Following his own hopes, dreams, and desires is profitable to that man — that individual.



A CHOICE

Always my thoughts do ramble,
Shall I take the gamble,
Or choose the less hazardous
road?

Will I follow common sense,
Or emotion that's tense
And passionate? It's a heavy
load.

by Chris Broders

I love you for your laughter
For through it your soul comes pouring out
Like soap bubbles on a spring breeze
It bounces off the walls
And catches in my mind
To be pulled out, peal by peal,
When I'm feeling down
And needing some cause to smile

by Martha Gormley



A TRAIN OF THOUGHT

It is a long line of lives, a train —
Travelling two by two, or sometimes three . . .
A child at the window, watching the rain
Or in a lap asleep or watching me . . .
Why, it's sheer fascination — this business of knitting
To them, but to me, occupation while sitting . . .
Another train passes; at the window a face
Like few others I've seen and yet
It vaguely reminds me of someone or someplace,
But as to whom or to where, I forget.
That train, passing on, soon lost in the mist,
Out of sight, forgotten, no longer exists . . .
At the houses we pass, people stand in the door
Enchanted; they seem to envy our travelling.
But they are tied to their homes because they are poor,
While the thread of their dreams is unravelling.
And I know it is no novelty of seeing a train,
For yesterday it passed and tomorrow again . . .
Incessantly onward we're crossing the day.

by Sallie W. Abbas

When yesterday was young, we
ran through the hills of green
and gold. I thought of you as a
hero, someone who could rescue
me from a wicked outside world.

I find now that you are only
a man with a man's thoughts. To
me you were a hero, to you I was
just a silly kid looking for
something I couldn't handle.

We ran together, not thinking
of life, just of fun, and for a
slight moment we forgot that the
world even existed. We spent our
time doing whatever pleased us.

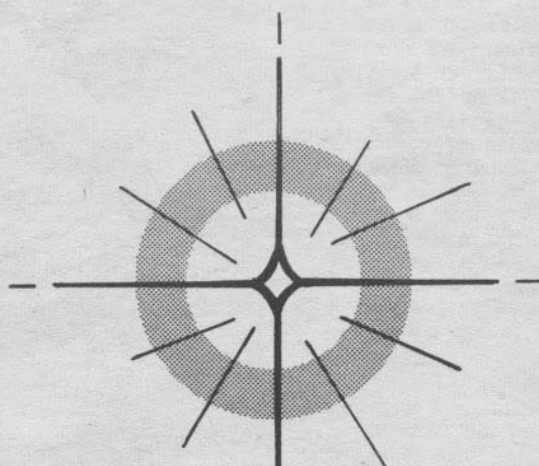
As we left that hillside I
realized that I was no longer
a child and I had to wake up
and face life as an adult.

Thank you for being strong
when I needed you, and for showing
me another side of life besides the
hurt and disappointment.

When tomorrow comes I can again
think rationally, and things will
look much brighter.

I will miss you hero; in fact
I already do.

by Mary Huber



Life looked in my window yesterday
And beckoned with a smile
So I left my bed of apathy
And lived for just a while

I traveled here with rebels
And there with those who care
I learned the joy of working
And I really learned to share

My former friends were shocked and hurt
But I knew my choice was right
For even in the darkest places
I could see God's light

by Martha Gormley

SATAN AND THE MIRROR

by Janet Koch

A big black cat — named Satan, of course —
With eyes of amber holding no remorse
For the miscellaneous deeds of past.
And on the table a candle to cast
The room over in shades of soft yellow,
Making the few ancient furnishings look mellow.
Ageless room of dust, dark, gloom,
Containing chair, hearth and broom,
But nothing fresh, never a flower,
Nor a clock to acknowledge the hour.
For what is time but a hapless rhyme?
So why should each quarter be marked by a chime?
A second, a minute; a week, a year
Does not matter to anyone here.

Next to the candle on the table
Is a book. Read the title, if you're able.
'Spells and Incantations — Black and White?'
Is that what you said? Was I right?
Now look inside, look for a name.
Ah — there it is in a blood-red stain;
Sansara, Sansara — it must be the same.
(The one he looked for when first he came.)

You know, my friend, I've always heard tell
Only she who did it removes her own spell.

Oh, that poor man, poor, poor soul . . .
He came so close — just short of his goal

Hush — hush; what is it I hear?
It's there, it's there, in the mirror!
There — do you see?
No reflection of you or me,
Nor of the furnishings in this room.
And there sits Satan in unruffled aplomb
Waiting for his mistress to appear.
I fear it is too late to try an escape,
For here she is now in her black hat and cape.

If you're so
If you can't
Why keep the
If you're so

Quit your cry
There's no

If black's be
Can't be be

You and I
You and I
We both use
So why don't

I watch you singing
and telling your story
Those of failures
and the others of glory

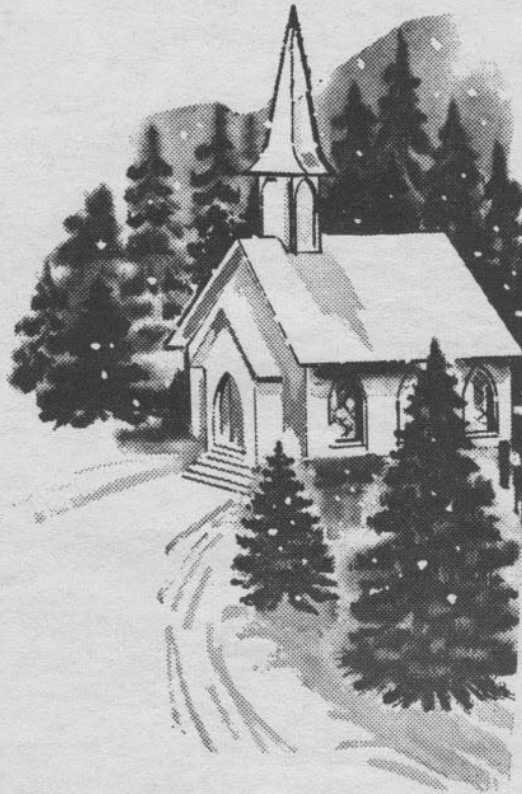
Yet within each I find
the voice of your life
describing its joys
as well as its strife

A poet you call your
Your paintbrush stroke
But a poet creates
While a man can only
repeat what he's heard

by Chris

I'm sitting here watching you watching me
 Pretending that I'm staring at the sea
 Such a fine a time again, there will never be
 Just you and me—being so free.

by Chris Broders



blessings in shades of green
 pastured valleys sprinkled liberally
 with flecks of Aberdeen Angus
 gladden my heart
 till I feel I must shout for joy
 mountain hillsides
 steeply sloping to a dancing freshet
 give ample room for expression
 through a whooping, rejoicing run
 needled spires
 that seemingly could spear the clouds
 guard woody wonders
 and bid me quietly appreciate creation
 newborn leaves
 unfolding and crying their newness
 demonstrate resurrection
 and the constant rebirth in all nature
 if God has a favorite color
 it certainly must be glorious green
 for his love is so well expressed
 in the ever-blessing shades of life

by Martha Gormley

When I was low and nothing was right
 you brought me a smile
 with such a tenderness
 that hushed the day and thundered the night.

I came 'round and lived the days —
 the happy-glad,
 scampering,
 sun-soaked days.

I came 'round and loved the nights —
 the passionate,
 yearning,
 comforting nights.

Suddenly it seemed you left as you came
 I'm empty and more lonely
 than I've ever been before
 But then, that's how you must play the game.

Kris Krinkles

W
E
L
C
O
M
E

We have a wide selection
 Of
 Crystal clear glassware
 To
 Choose from

C
A
R
E
F
U
L

Do not make a noise
 Or
 Ask a thought
 Crystal clear glasses
 shatter easily
 Nor do they answer thoughts

Some of our glassware is
 Paper thin
 And
 Fragile
 Like the frozen tears of a winter's wire
 The slightest vibration
 And . . .

Over here?
 Yes!
 Some of these glasses are so thick that
 Light never comes through

What?
 No sir!
 Not here!
 Welcome to the planet

E
A
R
T
H
J.S.

DARKNESS . . . DREAMS . . .

Ah, darkness,
 World of mine,
 World of but half a time,
 Draw me in,
 Lend me life,
 Remove from me the pain and strife.
 Drink in darkness
 Drown in dreams
 Revel in the varied schemes
 Impaled on my mind
 By witches laughter
 Still heard the morning after.
 Life half circle,
 Mock the rest
 Move so careful lest you touch
 A reality disguised
 Behind a harmless sham.
 How happy here I am.
 But now the light is dimming,
 The night is paling gray,
 And that which could not bear the faintest light of day
 Stands enveloped in its confusion.

Black and white, together they merge
 And make, combined, my funeral dirge

by Janet Koch

(Photogram by Morse)

I shall never take you anywhere
 you don't want to go

Nor will I ever concede my
 right to choose my own path

For you and I are different

Each alone, yet only so

Enough to be capable of
 molding one moment

And perhaps someday another.

Krinkles

EPITAPH FOR A SPIDER

Your little body
 scampered across
 my bedroom rug.

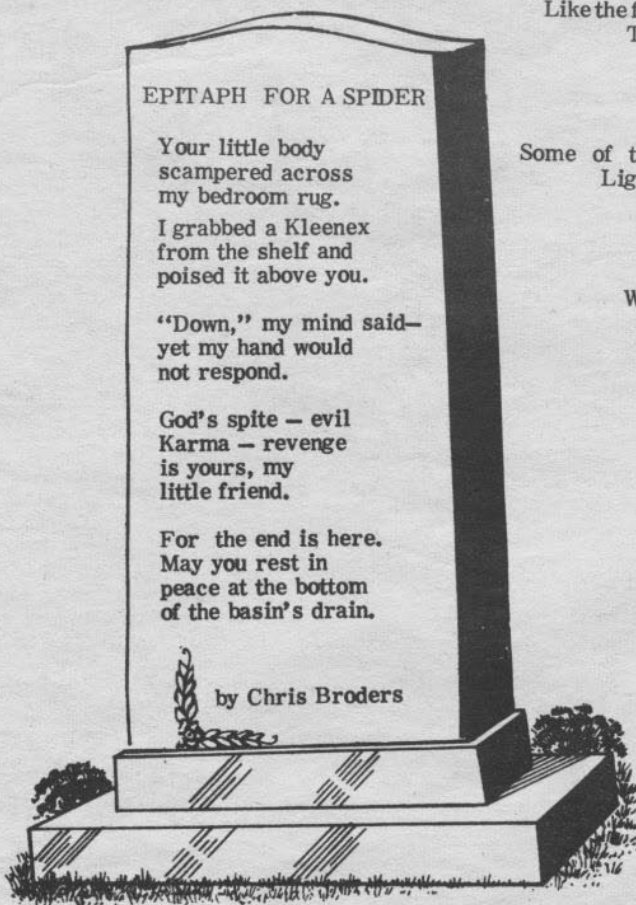
I grabbed a Kleenex
 from the shelf and
 poised it above you.

"Down," my mind said—
 yet my hand would
 not respond.

God's spite — evil
 Karma — revenge
 is yours, my
 little friend.

For the end is here.
 May you rest in
 peace at the bottom
 of the basin's drain.

by Chris Broders



In love I see you
as in a dream.
You come to me in
silver-green;

Step lightly on the
forest floor.
It grows the bedding
for many lovers more.

Jean Hammel



THE OLD HOUSE

by Janet Koch

Its' eyes were boarded shut.
Its' paths had gone to muddy ruts
That no longer felt the weight of cars,
And were viewed only by the sun and stars.
So, if this house did play the host,
It was only to the ghosts
Of forlorn dreams forgotten.

STUDY HALL: An unusual day

by Janet Koch

People laughing, yelling, playing cards, watching T.V.,
fighting, getting nothing done; things which required a
minimum amount of thinking. The usual. The unusual: The
subtle, unobtrusive strains of 'I Have A Friend in Jesus'
from behind the curtain on the stage. Gentle, one-finger
picking. The curtain hadn't been closed till it was de-
cided that this noise was disturbing us. Disturbing whom,
I'd like to know? Disturbing whom? How could it disturb
people who weren't listening? I'm surprised they even
heard it at all.

Hard-faced, soft-faced
Unseeing eyes;
A look of silliness
Which I despise.
Doesn't anyone feel the cold?

THE PORT OF PAGES

by Marjorie Stevens

The time has come to close the door
on burdening figures and facts that bore,
riddle, whittle, wear and tear,
till my aching mind is bare.

Then to escape, I will explore
a place I've never been before.
Ah! that revolving book stand there
could put me almost anywhere.

Authors beckon me to their shore.
Which paperback port shall I moor?
A mystery with intrigue and despair
or a trip through a fantasy fare?

There's a port that boasts the lore
of ruling kings in days of yore.
Where polished gems and jewels rare
adorn the crowns of their ladies fair.

Another port rings with a score
of rifle shots and a lion's roar.
The jungle cat evades the snare
and leads the hunters from his lair.

Then, there lies on the ocean floor
a port that's called Forevermore.
Where all things are round, none are square,
and there are no corners anywhere.

I've found the place to go ashore,
A port where time has changed its score.
Of minutes and hours I've lost all care
just pages and chapters matter there.



A SIMPLE GAME WITH WHIZ-RING

Dipping and swerving
ricocheting from the window
the snickers and giggles
as I clumsily attempt to grasp
the fleeting halo of life's game

Odds are fifty-fifty
(or so I've been told)
that I will catch it
But it makes me nervous
when many are waiting
to cash in on their bets.

— Chris Broders

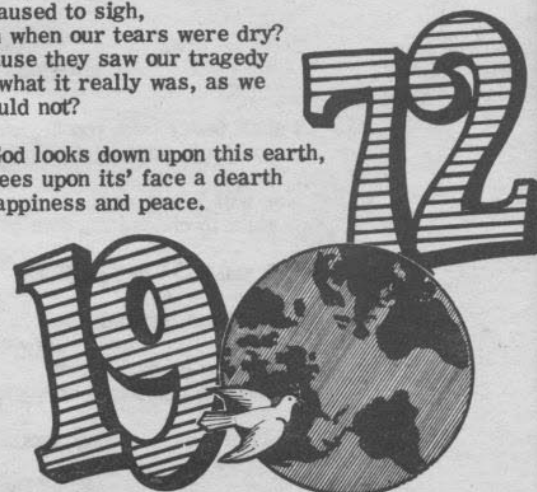
BOTH SIDES

by Janet Koch

In our world of joys and fears,
Man has cried a flood of tears.
Tears brought on by many acts,
Which neither time nor diplomats,
could stop.

But mightn't someone else have cried,
Or paused to sigh,
Even when our tears were dry?
Because they saw our tragedy
For what it really was, as we
could not?

As God looks down upon this earth,
He sees upon its' face a dearth
Of happiness and peace.



Go, my child,
unto the world,
And learn the ways
of mankind.
Learn of hate and war,
and killing your
Brother

Sheryl Collins



Chitter, chatter, twitter and tweet,
A little brown birdie lands at my feet.
Gnashing, smashing, grinding, splat
That'll teach little brown bird to do that.

Bob Billings

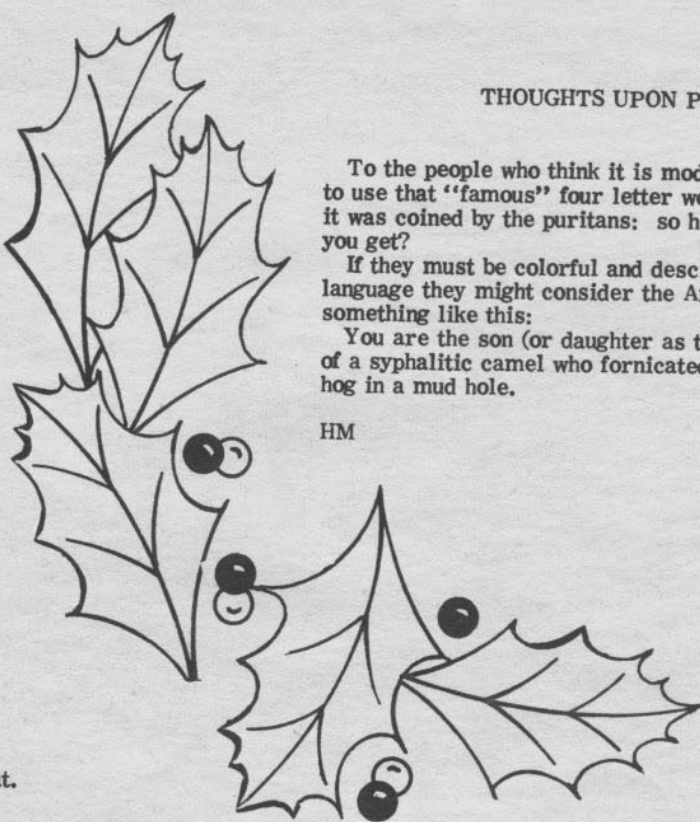
THOUGHTS UPON PROFANE LANGUAGE

To the people who think it is mod
to use that "famous" four letter word just a reminder that
it was coined by the puritans: so how old fashioned can
you get?

If they must be colorful and descriptive in their
language they might consider the Arab. His worst insult goes
something like this:

You are the son (or daughter as the case might be)
of a syphalitic camel who fornicated with a mentally defective
hog in a mud hole.

HM



REFLECTIONS AND REFRACTIONS OF LIFE

by Chris Broders

I want you to grow and unfold
for your own sake and in your own way —
not for the purpose of serving me.

Gladness snuggily scampers inside me
I love you now —
But you will not be tomorrow
What you are today
Anymore than I will remain the same.

There's times when I feel that I'm a freshly painted wall.
Bright and cheerful — perhaps different
But look closely and you will find the new coat thin.
The bleak past color shows through.

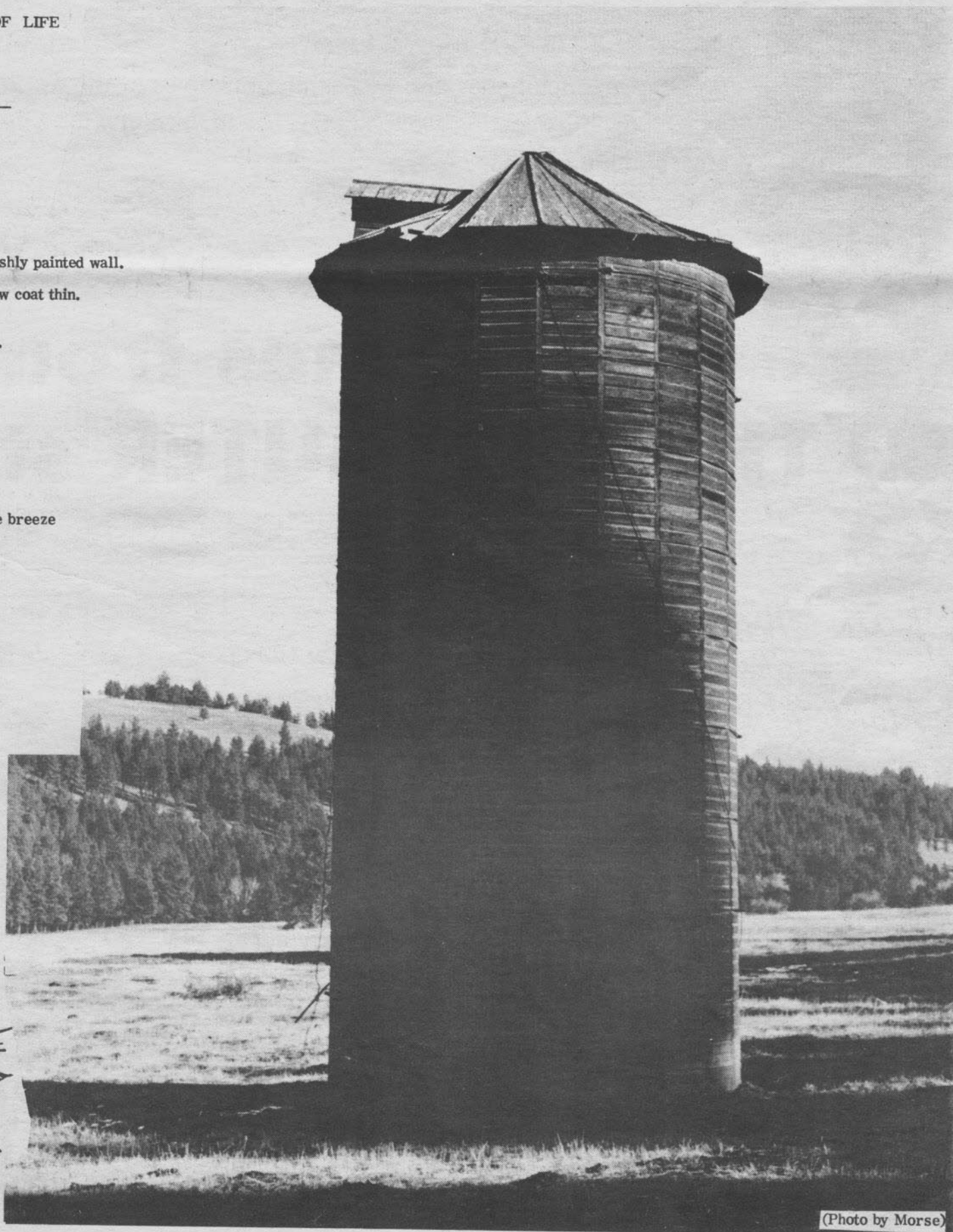
Through planning comes disappointment.
To live life moment to moment
and experience love as it comes
Is to reach unexpected happiness.

Want to be a child
Just living in the wild
Taking life mild
again.

Small tree, trembling in the force of the breeze
must find courage
Just as the sequoia musters its might
against the storm.

Days are passing
We cross each bridge as we arrive
And quickly burn that past
Only to replace it with a faulty present.

The memories of yesterday's joys
Are imprinted in our minds forever
Yet we are too selfish to preserve
A slice or two for tomorrow.



(Photo by Morse)



May the anxious hopes and wishes of all peoples of the world for peace become a lasting reality. Let us live in harmony for a better environment for all to enjoy.

**Best wishes from
THE COMMUTER staff**

Jean Hammel *Chris Broders* *Gary Lonien*
Harvey Scott *Mike Nelson*
Bob Billings *Janet Koch* *Ellen Hillmann*
Allyson Broadwater *JAMIE KILBURN*
Nancy W. Morse *Mark E. Doves*

A Happy New Year For All in '72



Sports



Weeks action spots RR at 2-1

LBCC rips N W Christian 94-79

LBCC romped to another easy win in the second game of the year as they took it to Northwest Christian CC 94-79. The win marked the second victory for the runners. Obviously, first game jitters were thrown off as the 'Runners jumped to a 53-36 half time lead.

During the first half, big men Bruce Martin and Glenn Hubert were injured, giving a severe blow to the offense and board game of the birds. The team, however, kept their heads and with able support from the bench took up the slack and held the lead out of the Crusaders' reach.

The best teamed guards in the state, Terry Cornutt and Jim Davidson, combined for 55 points to lead the Roadrunners. Davidson led the tiff with high scoring honors of 34. He hit 12 for 21 attempts from the field and 10 for 10 from the line with a hot hand that broke the record for individual high game scoring set by Bob Dekoning, in 70-71, with 32. Cornutt went 10 for 16 from the field and got 1 from the strip for 21.

Bob Dekoning shot a respectable 50 per cent (7.14) in nabbing 16, and also pulled off 9 rebounds. Tom Williamson and Kenny Ray were the strong men on the boards, getting 14 and 10 respectively.

LBCC (94)
LaBrousse 3, Davidson 34, Cornutt 21, Dekoning 16, Martin 2, Van Cleave 1, Williamson 8, Ray 6, Hubert 3

NW Christian JV
Campbell 18, Castleman 8, Knox 5, Koenig 1, Luckey 2, Maloch 2, Meuser 14, Palaniuk 1, Richardson 17, Smith 1, Tinnel 10

	1st	2nd	final
LBCC	41	33	71
OCE Frosh	32	40	72



Jim Davidson, a big asset to the offense of the Roadrunners, now averages better than 20 points a game with his red hot shooting against Northwest Christian that netted him 34. He broke the record set by Bob Dekoning for individual high scoring in a single game of 32.

LBCC nips OCE Frosh

LBCC had its worst showing of the season at Lebanon as they hosted the OCE frosh. The sluggish Roadrunners, possibly missing big men Hubert and Martin, started off slow and never could catch their natural fire that had carried them thus far this season.

The 'Runners managed to maintain the lead in the closing minutes of the game from the out of shape wolves, but only by controlling the ball in a stall game. At one point the Wolves had a chance to tie up the game but missed the shot and was rebounded by LBCC..

The final score was 72-76. The Roadrunners hit 32 for 76 and the OCE Wolves hit 28 for 74. It was free throw that made up the final difference. LBCC got 10 for 18 attempts and the Frosh only had 2 for 7.

High scorers for Linn-Benton were Terry Cornutt with 22, Bob Dekoning with 19, Jim Davidson with 16, and Tom Williamson with 11 points and 20 rebounds, almost half of the total 47 of LBCC rebounds.

Dave Winter had high scoring honors for the Frosh with 21.

LBCC (74)
LaBrousse 2, Davidson 16, Cornutt 22, Dekoning 19, Williamson 11, Ray 4

OCE Frosh (72)
Rooper 10, Russell 14, Halligan 13, Winters 21, Perkins 2, Rice 2, Hyde 4, Hansen 4, Bennett 2

	1st	2nd	final
LBCC	53	41	94
Northwest Christian	36	43	79

Roadrunners lose close game, 98-68

Monday, December 6, the Roadrunners took on the Oregon State Rooks in what seemed a hopeless cause. Eight men,

six from the bench and two regular starters, were all that were left to battle the Rooks. Jack Van Cleave, Kenny Ray, Terry Cornutt, Jim Davidson, Tim Faville, Mike Nielson, Gary Schneider, and Tim LaBrousse put up a good front the first half and, after getting out rebounded 43-13, the score found the Rooks ahead by only 10 points. In the second half, the Rooks went on to sweep it, 98-68.

Injured, during the Northwest Christian game, were Bruce Martin with a knee injury. Bruce will be out for the rest of the season. He will undergo an operation to replace a torn cartilage. Last year, Bruce was out for the last 10 ball games because of a similar injury. Glenn Hubert sprained his ankle against Northwest Christian but is back on it already strengthening it for coming action. Sick were Tom Williamson and Bob Dekoning..

Coach Kimpton spotlighted

Coach Verlund L. "Butch" Kimpton came to LBCC last year and led the first year basketball team to a 10-19 season. Besides being basketball coach he is a full-time physical education instructor.

Coach Kimpton was born and raised in Klamath Falls and graduated from Klamath Union High School. While attending Klamath Union he earned 13 varsity letters and gained All-State basketball honors as a senior in 1957. He then played three years of varsity basketball at Oregon, graduating in 1961.

After graduation, Kimpton coached three years in Klamath Falls. Next came four years at Madison High of Portland where he was varsity coach his last three years. His coaching at Madison included a second place finish in the state tournament.

Coach Kimpton has a wife, Jan, and four sons, Stan, Kevin, Danny, and Dave.



Coach Butch Kimpton looks with optimism on the forecoming season for his Roadrunners. Last year he led them to a 10-19 season. This year, the goal is league champions.

Roadrunners schedule

Chemeketa Tournament	Dec. 17	Salem Armory	7:00 p.m.
Chemeketa Tournament	Dec. 18	Salem Armory	7:00 or 9:00
Lewis & Clark J.V.s	Dec. 20	Portland	5:45 p.m.
Pacific J.V.s	Dec. 28	Forest Grove	1:00 p.m.
OCE J.V.s	Jan. 4	Monmouth	8:00 p.m.
Chemeketa C.C.	Jan. 7	South Albany H.S.	8:00 p.m.
Central Oregon C.C.	Jan. 8	Bend	7:00 p.m.

A very Merry Christmas