

## Steffens brings live poetry to LBCC

Last Thursday, Roger Steffens, a man with a diversified background, came to LBCC with one purpose: Show people they can love poetry.

He started his day at 9 a.m. in an English Lit. class. He left LBCC at 11:15 p.m. The space of that time span was filled with more than six hours of memorized poetry from Watts and Brautigan to e.e. cummings. 'Living Poetry', as explained by Roger Steffens, primarily means poems by poets who are alive. He did

make two exceptions, Kenneth Patchen and Cummings.

Roger Steffens' background includes being at one time a worker for William Buckley, a voter for Barry Goldwater, the recipient of seven medals including the Bronze Star. While in the Army in Vietnam, he had his own t.v. show where he read poetry to the combat forces. He also organized a food and clothing drive after the Tet offensive and personally distributed over a 100 tons of material collected during the

program.

Steffens has appeared in over 100 professional dramatic performances. His poetry readings have been heard by over two million people, from The National Theatre in London to guest appearances on t.v. and radio and at colleges throughout the nation (he has travelled 10,000 miles in the last three weeks).

Roger Steffens' presentation mixed his dramatic background with his personal insights into poetry.

### Review

## Enthusiasm and magic fill Forum

Something happened on campus last week to about 150 people in classes and a lecture on Thursday. Many of those people will never be quite the same. It's difficult to say just how these people have changed. Probably the one thing they had in common was that they laughed a lot. (That in itself is good)

At about ten minutes past nine Thursday morning, Bob Miller and a man distinguished primarily by round, gold-rimmed glasses, a neatly trimmed mustache, and a multi-colored, crocheted vest walked into my English Lit. class. (He would have been on time,

but an Oregon State Trooper took exception to his 60 mph and possibly California plates) The man wearing glasses was Roger Steffens. In two minutes the class was laughing throughs a poem and, for the next thirty-five minutes, the class laughed, clapped and was sometimes sad. At ten o'clock, he was in Marti Ayers' Speech Interp class, at eleven Shirley Call's English Lit., and at one o'clock my Creative Writing class.

Then at 8:15 p.m., Roger was on stage in The Forum, and for two hours (it seemed like twenty minutes) F-104 was filled to capacity with enthusiasm and magic. There

was quite a bit of room in the auditorium for more audience, but there was no room on the stage. Roger kept disappearing. One moment there was a monster lurching almost off the stage. Then the eyes would go soft, very soft, and a beautiful 16 year old, sensitive girl (you remember, guys, the one we fell in love with in our Junior year in high school) was telling us those secret things we had all hoped one day she would say. Next, the eyes would dim, become near-sighted and the voice rattled quietly throughout The Forum. Watts was on stage banishing the cockroaches from LBCC forever. And with the clarity only madness can bring, the air filled with a gentle bit of unequivocal wisdom. Boudelaire ran across the stage and staggered back with his drunk friend drinking Ripple. Finally at 10 p.m., Roger Steffens reappeared. The audience greeted him with more than applause. That room was alive with 'Living Poetry.' For the next hour and fifteen minutes, Roger ate orange chiffon cake, talked to everyone who wanted to talk to him (that was nearly everyone) and told anecdotes of some of his past engagements, including one story about being called in three days before the performance of probably the most famous 'Beat Poet' to replace him at one of the most prestigious schools in the country—the school feared the famous poet might drop his pants or some such thing.

Roger is a tremendously sensitive person. I doubt if he would ever drop his pants. Streaking would be counter to his crusade. His crusade (that's a heavy word, but his is a heavy job) is to turn people on to the unexpected delight of poetry. Catch people off balance. Keep them off balance. Force them to at least like what he loves. Roger is at once totally irreverent and totally devout. The boundaries are defined only by his audience and his high personal integrity.

The highest rating on his performance evaluation is 'outstanding'. If that's all I'm allowed to say, so be it. OUTSTANDING! Come back again, Roger. There's a lot of people who will remember.



Notice any weird happenings lately? Strange things have been going on in the cafeteria. See RHIP-OFFS, Page 2. (Two-way wrist photo by bwb)

## Paper gets face lift

Starting next week THE COMMUTER will have a face lift.

Last term, each member of Dwain Wright's typography class, a course in hand lettering

which is part of the Graphic's curriculum, designed new COMMUTER mastheads, as well as inside sub-heads, for a final project.

Many of these have been on display in the student art exhibit since the beginning of the term.

To help decide with which of the mastheads to replace the one we are presently using, THE COMMUTER would like to hold an informal poll to give the students a chance to voice their preference.

Page five of this issue is completely filled with the new mastheads. There will be a ballot box of some kind in the student Commons by the bulletin board.

The mastheads are numbered, so either write the number of your choice on a slip of paper, or cut it out of the page and put it in the box.

Page four shows the variety of sub-heads that were also hand lettered.

Special thanks go to the Photo II class, taught by Dwain Wright, for photographically reducing and reproducing the heads for publication.

Next week a new look to the ol' COMMUTER.

## Float-a-Vote

The Second Annual Whale and Submarine Race is slated to hit the water Saturday, May 4. Again this year the basis for the spring event is to call attention to Linn-Benton and the upcoming election on the following Tuesday, May 7.

Float - A - Vote consists of those interested and willing to get a little wet. Needed materials are: something to float on, (inner-tube, rubber raft, or what ever, but no motors, please.) Also ALL individuals must have an approved life-jacket.

Last year the drifters put in at the landing across from the OSU crew house and made their way to Bryant Park. This year the starting line will be at Adair Park with the unloading point being again Bryant Park. Kick-off time—NOON Saturday May 4.

For more information contact Wes Hofferber—Student Government, or The COMMUTER Office.



Roger Steffens generated much enthusiasm when he dramatized 'living poetry' on campus last week.

# Editorial

## No heads busted

Plain clothes police officers kicking down doors, innocent people being arrested right and left, or beaten and threatened with drawn guns. There were quite a number of arrests last Tuesday night, and Wednesday, at least fifty, and in no case did the police behave in this manner.

In fact police brutality seemed to be noticeably absent. I've even heard the police involved described as 'friendly' or 'considerate'. All things considered, the police were rather nice.

It wasn't the smoothest operation that was ever undertaken. That, however, was not the officers' fault. The shipment of hard drugs was late in leaving Portland. The entire operation was described as resembling military operation, actually it went much better than that. The officers were looking for hard drugs. The fact that they found marijuana was not ignored, but at least it didn't seem to be the 'demon weed' pursued by the local constabulary in times past.

There is the possibility that Oregon's new laws concerning marijuana had something to do with the more sane approach of the Linn and Benton county Law officers.

Almost ironically, at the same time many of the arrests were happening here a federal jury met in Illinois and found the ten officers accused of using Gestapo tactics on innocent people in that state, innocent. The announcement of their acquittal came Wednesday morning. Federal prosecutors stated that further trials on other counts would have to be given up because of this ruling.

So maybe it's luck. The police around the area didn't have provocation to start breaking heads. More likely it's the fact that they did their leg work well. Busts are a drag, but at least here they do it by the book.

John Runckel

## The real world

Recently I interviewed retiring Joe Leger, who founded Linn-Benton's LRC, and was rather shocked to find that he was being forced to give up his life's work because of an arbitrary, mandatory age cut-off point.

As usual this brought to mind a larger issue—the whole question of age discrimination.

All of us are identified, classified, typified by a whole series of numbers throughout our lives. These vary from person to person, life-style to life-style, but one number we all live with, most intimately is our age.

It seems we are always a little too young or too old, according to society's standards, to do or be what we want.

Subtle social stigmas are attached to the inevitable disclosure of age. Though we may not really feel any different towards a friend who is much older or younger than we thought, still that piece of information clicks into a certain category of awareness.

Older people often have difficulty getting jobs because the feeling seems to be that their productive days are just about over and "why should we take a chance?", training a person who may have been out of the work force for many years. Or who is changing careers in the midstream of life?

On the other hand, many young folks have the same trouble for opposite reasons—they are too immature and inexperienced to handle responsibility.

The interim years between youth and middle-age are often just as difficult to deal with—we watch the years fade into each other, separating us further and further from our youthful ideals and countenance. We wonder if we are slipping 'over the hill' a little frightened at the rapid mounting of years and experience.

Linn-Benton is happily a melting pot of many ages—from those right out of high school to the retired folks who are finding a new direction and inspiration to their lives.

The age gap seems to diminish, and all but disappear, with close contact with friends of all numbers of years.

But is this the real world, here at our cloistered campus?

Elane Blanchet

# THE COMMUTER

THE COMMUTER is a weekly publication of the Associated Students of Linn-Benton Community College and students of Journalism 9.206. 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 LBCC.

Greed, glory, and psychological misfits.

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"watching the people" and the intermissions are fabulous.

# Mailbag

To the Editor:

So the Linn-Benton Community College budget went down swinging. It makes one wonder, "Why not?" Not really. All one has to do is look at the way that so-called campus is spread out and how few people benefit from it. Just think of the taxpayers that foot the bill.

LBCC President Raymond Needham had better go back to the drawing board. By his comment, the Sweet Home area defeated the budget due to the fact it is so far from the campus. Wrong he is.

The people in this end of the county are sick and tired of paying taxes on a parasite such as LBCC for such a little return. And look at the big salaries some of these so-called administrators — or educated fools—are getting paid for the little they do.

Every time I drive past LBCC it makes me wonder who the idiot was who thought up such a thing. And who thought up a layout like that to waste tax dollars on.

If a person wants an education past highschool, the taxpayer should not have to help out. When someone wants something bad enough, they will work for that item until they get what they want.

Al Severson  
Rt. 2 Box 1188  
Sweet Home

To the Editor:

Reaching for a coffee cup from the ever-present rack of almost clean coffee cups, I noticed a sign telling me to return the rack to the rear when out of cups. While wondering what food service people were doing for a living now-a-days, I went through two more cups at last finding one clean

enough to put to one's lips without fear of some dread disease.

I turned to fill my cup and noticed a sign selling water, hot or cold, your choice, five cents per glass or cup. Outrage! We have not one servicable drinking fountain on campus, and someone feels that it is just to sell water to the student body.

I began to ask a few questions as to the why of it and recieved the same replies that I got when I inquired about the rise in food prices last term. If people would return their dishes to the service window we wouldn't have to charge like this to pay the help to do it. That line is starting to sound like a song that has been number thirtynine on the top forty for over a year. I would like to know why people are willing to accept a job in the food service area if they are not willing to accept the work that goes along with such a job? Dirty dishes are a part of food service as much as cooking the meals that are served on those dishes.

As for my being required to return the dishes to the food service window, poppycock, and again poppycock! When I pay for a meal from a food service area I expect food service. If I return the dishes I do so as a courtesy not as a requirement.

Until the "taxed" water is removed from "that place" I shall not be able to find myself courteous enough to return another dish to the "window". If I should find that the table where I plan to sit is filled with dishes and trash I will do one of two things: call for a kitchen employee to set down the crying towel and remove the mess, or remove it

myself, to the floor, where it can wait for the tears to quell or someone more communally minded than myself to remove them to the window.

Clifford W. Kneale

To the Editor:

I'm writing to urge the citizens of Albany to purchase their tickets to the Benefit Circus, sponsored by the Albany Police Officers Association, directly from the police station, instead of buying them through the California based company operating the phone soliciting service for them.

I feel that this company is exploiting the labor of Albany and misrepresenting the police department by using false advertising to recruit employment and failing to live up to the salary arrangements presented to new employees.

I applied for a job listed in the want ads as, "ticket sales—inside", but I was actually hired as a phone solicitor. The salary was to be commensurate with your ability to sell. The paper listed the wages at \$1.65—\$2.35 per hour.

I have many years of sales experience, but I agreed to test my ability for the first night at the minimum pay of \$1.65. By the third night, I was selling at a 89 percent success ratio. The company's high achievers goal was only 50 percent. When I inquired about my wage increase I was told by the manager that no prior pay agreements had been discussed and that I was pushing him too far, and taking advantage of his good nature.

I don't feel this is the type of company that should represent any public service.

Larry Tannebaum

# RHIP OFFS

## ...and the dish ran away with the spoon

Doug McLeod

A strange phenomenon occurred in the LBCC cafeteria last Monday. Everybody was having their lunch as usual, and two COMMUTER staffers were sitting together and talking about the weather. They had just finished eating, and their conversation turned to politics.

"Do you think they'll impeach him," said Wes.

"I don't know," replied Herb. "He says he's not a crook."

Wes had no sooner said "Ya, but—" when suddenly a huge black cloud rolled over the campus. There was a loud clap of thunder, and a bolt of lightning struck a row of garbage cans which were sitting behind the brick building. That's when it happened. Everything in the cafeteria jumped up in the air, and then literally walked away with itself.

"Look at that," yelled Wes, as he almost poked Herb's eye out with his finger. Herb spun around in his chair just in time to see twelve teabags, eight cups, and five saucers run across the floor and dash out of the building. Then it got worse. The large stack of dirty dishes at the end of their table started walking.

Herb was still turned around and looking after the tea-party, when a water glass and a handful of sugar-paks jumped into the pocket of his peacoat.

"What's going on here," said

Herb as he tried to get the sugar out of his pocket. "Everybody will think I'm a crook."

In the meantime, a half-a-set of silverware, a horde of mustard and ketchup-paks, and a soupbowl had marched into the pockets of Wes's field jacket. When Herb looked back around, a serving tray had unbuttoned Wes's shirt and was slipping inside.

"It's happening to everybody," said the wild-eyed Wes.

Herb looked around the cafeteria at the bizarre scene. Everything in the place was going into people's pockets! Knives, forks, and spoons were jumping into purses, packs, and pouches. Plates and saucers and bowls and cups were sliding up under sweaters, behind coats, and even down the front of pants! Wes saw a whole package of paper towels slip between the covers of a history book, and a stack of napkins duck out the back door.

"Let's get out of here," said Wes as he tried to shake-off some paks of salt & peper that had somehow become attached to his fingers. "If anybody's taking pictures of this, they'll think we're stealing all this stuff."

"Well I ain't no crook," said Herb. "So let's go."

The two staffers ran out of the cafeteria, and went around the corner. When they passed the restrooms, the doors swung

open and three rolls of toilet-paper rolled out and stuck to Wes's shoes. The plastic "men" and "women" signs peeled off the doors, and pasted themselves to Herb's peacoat. "Good Lord," said Wes. "We'd better tell Dr. Needham about this!"

"Right," said Herb. "Lets go."

The two staffers went back around the corner, walked into the cafeteria, and were shocked to find that everything had returned to normal. The black cloud had passed, and it was peaches & cream and business as usual in the Commons.

"Wait a minute Wes," said Herb. "We can't go walking into Dr. Needham's office with this picnic in our pockets." "You're right," said Wes. "With everything back to normal, he'll never believe what really happened."

"What are we going to do with all this stuff," asked Herb. "I don't know," said Wes. "Let's have a cup of tea and think it over." Then Wes said to Herb. "Can I borrow a nickel?"

"What for," asked Herb. "To get a cup of hot water for my teabag," said Wes.

"A nickel for a cup of hot water," said Herb. "That's an outrage! What's this school trying to do, RHIP everybody off?"

## VIEWPOINT

### Council to present alternative

Pat Mittelstaedt

While listening to KZEL last February 13, I heard Ken Kesey and Wayne Morse propose the Bend in the River Council, supposedly to be held at the end of March in Bend, Oregon. After calling White Bird Clinic in Eugene last week I learned that the council has been postponed to an indefinite date, due to lack of funds.

The purpose of the council will be to present and discuss all the existing variables concerning land use planning, health, education, welfare, and energy use.

There are two reasons that this convention will be a new innovation. First, the fact that all those invited will be experts in their field from around the

world, not having a private interest in the development of the Willamette Valley. It should be no surprise that most inputs to government are developed by committees of politicians, private interest groups and their influential lobbyists.

The council will meet for a week. At the end of the week they will present all available alternatives (aimed at saving the Willamette Valley from becoming another Santa Clara) on a live television broadcast. They then will compile a ballot which will be printed in all the local newspapers. This ballot of alternatives were to be voted on by Oregonians and mailed

back to the paper, where the results will be printed as soon as possible. That's the second innovation.

The media is going to be used to inform the people of their options in a precise unbiased presentation. Using the media as a tool to develop legislation is giving the power back to the people, and giving it back to them in the privacy of their own home, where they can leisurely sit back and watch the issues on their television and casually voice their views by making x's on a newspaper.

Being involved could be as easy as being apathetic. I wonder why nobody ever thought of it before?

## VET'S POINT

### It's time to get even

John Runckel

Ever get the feeling nobody knew you were back? In fact mostly they never knew you were gone.

"You were in the service? Wondered why I hadn't seen you."

The home place changes while you were gone too. Home's too small. The world is a little bigger and your problems seem a little more real.

You may have even noticed that being a vet wasn't all it's cracked up to be. In short somebody lied in the orientation lectures, not to mention recruiters. Nobody noticed that more and more businessmen are a little afraid of Viet Nam era Veterans. Don't want no hired killers in town. After all it was only peace with honor, we didn't win. No

matter that they paid for the bullets and voted the policy makers into office. After all you did the dirty work.

Welcome home. This feeling of being raped that you may be experiencing is known as "cultural shock". Some extremely intelligent Psychologists call it the post Viet Nam Syndrome. Forget that, the truth is your gut reaction was right. You've been had, screwed, raped.

The question naturally arises. What am I going to do about the whole thing. Do what the service taught you to do so well. Bitch. Only this time do it with a twist. Instead of complaining about the whole thing to a friend, write your congressman, speak to your Senator. You could even write

THE PRESIDENT. Write about anything that you need help on, after all they're going to need you when it's ballot time.

Right now the Senate is considering an increase in G.I. bill benefits. Even if you don't need the money there are a lot of vets that do... help a friend, write.

After all, they do owe you. You spent a lot of time in the service doing a job that, let's face it, didn't pay that well. It was a dirty job that some were too good to do, but not too good to pay for.

There's an old Irish saying; "Don't get angry, get even." You paid, demand your rights. You're needed if it's going to get better.

## OTHER POINTS

### News over-flows COMMUTER box

Each week THE COMMUTER mailbox is overflowing with bits of wisdom sent in from everywhere. We regularly receive dozens of papers from other schools, advertisements (often under the guise of public service press releases), oddball publications, and odds and ends of stuff that find their tortuous way, somehow, into our box.

We seem to be on every mailing list in the country.

Instead of pursuing our usual practice of stuffing most of the mail, unread, into the already over-stuffed editor's desk, we decided to share with our readers the going-on of some of the rest of the world, via our box.

Almost all of the school papers we receive indicate many of the same preoccupations that concern us at LBCC. Activities, car pools, classes, sports, student government and such, make up much of the standard fare.

But each paper reflects its own points of uniqueness. THE FOGHORN, from The University of San Francisco, a Jesuit college, is one of the more fascinating school publications we receive.

It contains the only actual

photo of streakers that has thus far hit our box. The shot shows two young men, wearing only sneakers and socks (appropriate attire for the occasion), streaking at a basketball game, with patriotic school slogans tattooed across their backs.

The Jesuits seem pretty with it in other areas, too.

Their senior class sponsored a successful "Las Vegas Experience" complete with gaming and dining, cocktail waitresses, roulette, crap tables and blinking bingo lights. Grand prize for the evening was, of course, a 2 day trip to Las Vegas.

And, cashing in on the recent revival of interest in the devil, USF recently had a 'real' exorcist speak to its students. Father Karl Patzelt, a Byzantine Jesuit who heads the Russian Catholic Center in San Francisco, was summoned by a young family in Daly City who had been victimized by some unexplainable malign force.

The demons were driven off by Father Patzelt last September with the help of religious relics obtained from the Archbishop.

a newsletter from AMPHORIA, a national, non-profit organization dedicated to drug law reform also reaches us regularly. It is trying to collect as many signatures as possible in all 50 states before July 4, 1976—the 200th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. These petitions will be presented to the United States Congress in a formal petitioning for redress of grievances. Petitions are available on request by writing to AMPHORIA 2073 Greensich St., San Francisco, Cal., 94123, in case anyone is interested.

According to AMPHORIA, using the U.S. Senate Internal-Security Subcommittee as a source, cannabis consumption is up 300 percent. Enough marijuana entered the U.S. in 1973 to provide 20 joints for every man, woman and child; this may well make the United States the number one cannabis-using nation in history.

Next week we'll cover more 'news' and 'facts' that weekly flood THE COMMUTER's mailbox. By the way, if you have your own gripes or information to share, the box is located in the Humanities' coffee-mailroom. Stick your contribution in the box or send it through campus mail.

## A Different Drummer

### Kidnapping—USA terrorism

Phillip Gill

In Argentina over 250 U.S. citizens have been kidnapped for an accumulated ransom of over 10 million dollars. The kidnapers are seldom caught and they have killed over 7 hostages when the authorities tried to cross them.

I've been amazed at how these kidnapers could consistently blackmail U.S. corporations in the name of forced social welfare. The Argentine government is completely unable to cope with the kidnappings. Indeed, it is hard to recommend an effective system for handling political kidnappings. Years ago big corporations wouldn't pay ransoms, but now due to this humanist movement they will pay. To date they have been unable to devise an alternate system to prevent kidnappings.

Kidnapping is a form of terrorism in which a minority uses violence, or the threat of violence, to improve its position in relation to everyone else.

The Hearst kidnapping was the first political kidnapping in the United States, having all the aspects of a typical Argentine 'napping. It has sent shock waves throughout the U.S. L.A.'s mayor Bradley has tripled his security forces, typical of the many prominent citizens now employing body guards. Everyone with a substantial amount of money is anxiously waiting to see if the Symbionese Liberation Army will succeed in their kidnapping. A rash of political kidnappings in the U.S. is likely if the SLA succeeds.

On the one hand the SLA are true revolutionaries, risking death for what they believe in, with apparently no financial gain in it for them. But their method of righting what they see as a great social injustice goes against every grain of our democratic system. Nothing positive can be accomplished for long when one side abuses the rights of their opponents and resorts to violent means to accomplish their goal. Violence does not convince other people you are right, and eventually you will have to fight again.

The news media has been silent editorially concerning the Hearst Kidnapping and the good give-away, presumably because not one wants to enrage the SLA with Patty Hearst still in their custody. However, with the limited circulation of THE COMMUTER, I don't share their fear.

I am aghast at the lack of integrity in the people who stand in line to receive the Hearst give-away food. How very disgusting to see a 2 block line of people waiting for food that was only available because Patty Hearst's life is in danger. The chasm between the different levels of society is deeper than I thought, where so many can feel justified in accepting Hearst 'blood money' in addition to welfare and food stamps. I had hoped they would refuse this type of a give-away.

Put yourself in Hearst's shoes. You've worked hard, built a successful publishing corporation as your life's work and now your reward is to be the target of social dissidents who will either take away your fairly earned fortune or kill someone you love. If the trend continues, few people will want to work hard enough to make sufficient money to become a kidnapping target.

I never met a rich man who didn't think he was paying too much taxes. I never met a poor man who didn't think the system was screwing him. And, of course, everyone else knows it's the middle class who's over-worked and under-paid, because the rich have tax loopholes and the poor have welfare. Minority groups are discriminated against and women are under-privileged, and the list goes on almost forever.

I think if each of us thought hard enough we would come up with a reason just as good as the SLA's reason for resorting to terrorism. Since almost everyone has cause for serious complaint, why do only a presumptuous few resort to it?

Terrorism gets too much notoriety from the news media. The people involved are drawn to the publicity and believe violence furthers their cause.

The terrorists lack faith in the present system of correcting imbalances so they decide to correct it themselves.

People get emotional over how to stop terrorism—law and order, capital punishment. To be sure, the main deterrent should still be quick justice to those who have abused the rights of others, no matter what their motivation. It is imperative that kidnapers be caught and punished, for there are a thousand greedy people in the U.S. who couldn't stand the temptation of such easy money.

But almost as important is the need for people to listen to the other people. Terrorists are desperate people who don't believe in the bureaucracy. The system has to be dynamic enough to respond in a reasonable length of time to the wishes of the people. And the people have to believe in and stand behind the system that governs them.

The bonds of civilization are surprisingly weak. Belief in the bureaucracy fades quickly when important problems aren't solved. Violence is the result. Our leaders must move quickly with solutions or we will have more Watts riots, Wounded Knees and Hearst Kidnappings. And the people have to devote their energy to making the system change rather than going outside the law.

The alternative is a feeble bureaucracy ruling in relative anarchy.

# Features

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## From a past era

# Student farriers find new life

Elane Blanchet

The Farrier School of Oregon State University seems somehow like a scene out of a past era. Figures a'glow from the reflected light of the burning forge—dressed in old work clothes and protective chaps—pound away at red hot steel, sparks a'flying, while some horses stand patiently and others nervously await their custom-fitted shoe jobs.

During spring vacation I stopped by the school to take a few photos and talk to a friend who is a student farrier there, and ended up fascinated, staying long enough to soak in the 'feel' of this unusual learning atmosphere.

Oregon State's Farrier School, taught by Lee McDaniel for the last six years, is one of the main ones of its kind in the country—and probably the best.

Its 12 students this term (dropped down from the class limit of an original 14), came to school from points throughout the whole country—Connecticut, Michigan, Missouri, South Dakota, California, Washington—as well as from all over Oregon.

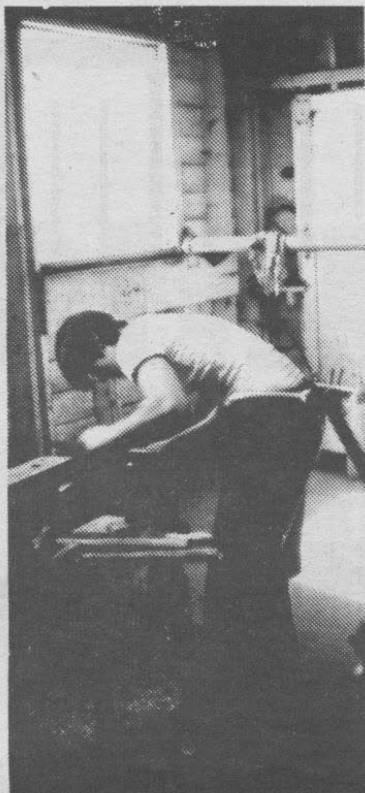
The age ranges from twenty on into the forties. The students have previously been all kinds of things—career Navyman, telephone lineman, restaurant owner, policeman, cowboy and riding stable owner, self-taught shoer, printer and salesman, to name but a few.

With this wide range of backgrounds, these individuals have converged in Corvallis to become, in the course of fifteen hard working weeks, members of the old and respected farrier trade.



Fred Thompson, a retired Navy man from Brownsville, Oregon, takes a break in front of the Farrier school during the long spring day. He was working from a portable forge located in the back of a pick-up.

Students usually begin the day at eight in the morning with an hour lecture or sometimes written test by Lee, and continue until late in the afternoon pounding out all kinds of horseshoes from bar steel.



Ken Prank, Missouri, hammers on a shoe.

Horses are brought in by local owners, averaging three a day, to be newly shod (\$6) reset (\$4) or trimmed for free. This is a real bargain for owners confident enough to let their horses be used as teaching

aids, for the going rate is \$14 to \$18 for a set of new shoes.

In lieu of a real horse, students work on dead horse legs and hooves, acquired from the kill plant in Hubbard, which get trimmed and shod just the same.

Dead or kicking, the idea is to examine the horse's hoof, get an image of its shape and other peculiarities, and proceed to design and construct a shoe, from steel and fire, to fit that particular hoof's needs.

Anatomy of the horse—from the knee or hock down—is a very important part of the class. Such diseases as ringbone, bow tendons, splints, thoroughpin and bonespavin, are learned thoroughly as well as the corrective horseshoeing techniques that help ease many of the ailments.

The class, which is starting to work on its test horses (the equivalent of finals), is due to complete the school very soon, on April 19. Then, after a two week break, a fresh batch of prospective farriers will begin the same training, from the beginning.

The tuition cost for the school is \$450 and each student acquires his own equipment including hand tools, anvil and forge. There used to be about a three-year waiting list before acceptance, but now the policy is: the first 14 to put their money down are in.

Many of the forges are being constructed by the students themselves. Lee makes anvils, which finds an eager market within the class.

Oregon State used to be one of the few farrier schools in the country, but more are beginning to open up, indicating a renewed interest in the trade. Out of the six on the West Coast, four are instructed by Lee's former students. The fifth, of course, is taught by Lee himself.

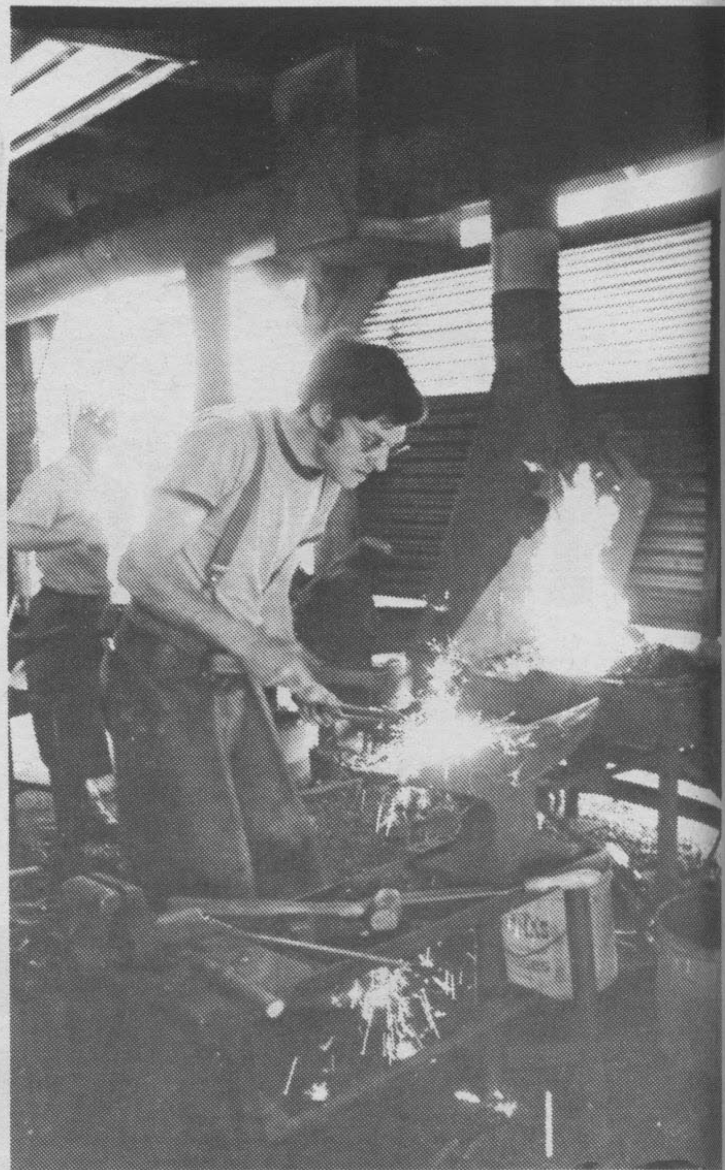
Helping out in the instruction several times a week is Wayne Evans, originally from Eastern Oregon and now shoeing out of Corvallis.

Mostly the farrier trade is considered a masculine profession, but there is one woman—twenty year old Patricia ("Bink") Binker—who is in there pounding and shoeing away with the best of them.

"She's just one of the guys," one of her fellow-farriers said laughingly, "she doesn't get any special privileges—except her own bathroom."

Anxious to get their certificate for successful completion of the course (which requires a 90 percent average on written tests and 70 percent in actual shoeing), and to get on with their lives, the students have made future plans around horseshoeing for their livelihoods.

Larry Cotrell, who will work in and out of Klamath Falls from his pick-up, says that though there are already 13 farriers in the area—and plenty of competition—there was al-



An action shot captures Marvin Cyprus at the anvil, hammering the red hot steel into a shoe while the forge burns in the background. Each week the class turns in a different kind of horseshoe as an ongoing project. (All photos on this page by Elane)

ways room for another good horseshoer.

Planning to get a trailer to hitch to his pickup for his shop, Marvin Cyprus who lives on a cattle ranch near Five Rivers, will travel up and down the coastal range.

In this area, Ed Rettig who lives on his land near Summit,

will also work out of his old pickup to carry his skill to local horses.

The farrier trade, a long time away from the 'village blacksmith' is not that far away in spirit. It allows a person the freedom to be his (or her) own boss, to pick his own hours. It offers a good living—and a good way of life.



Rick Goodfellow, from California, fires his steel bar in preparation of pounding out the shoe. Ed Rettig is shoeing the patient, dapple-grey in the background.

# Hands are his tools



Currin Miller turns a pot on his wheel.

Wes Hofferber

The class: Ceramics I, Time 9A.M. Tuesday and Thursday mornings. The instructor: Gene Tobey. But this is not about the class itself.

If by chance though, if you happen to drop by some time, you may have the opportunity to watch Mr. Currin Miller spinning up one of his latest creations. His attitude is beyond compare. As a beginner in pottery, Currin explained, "I am very interested in what I am doing. I've ended up making flower pots, vases, and I even made a tea pot, but the tea pot fell to pieces though." His work is all done "free-hand" and with a great deal of tender finger-touch ease and grace.

Currin is an artist in the making. His hands are his basic tools. They form his projects slowly and with the preciseness that only time will allow. Mr. Miller is blind, yet finds the artistry involved to be that of shape and dignity.

His ideas originate through application.

"Just like that cookie-jar, one day I decided to try to make it just to see if I could. I had lots of trouble, because it was bigger than anything I'd ever tried to do. But I did it." When asked about "patients" Currin told me about a little wagon he once made. "It had four wheels, I had the wheels on it; had it sitting on the table and I made an unfortunate move with my hand and it just collapsed the whole thing." Mistakes seem to be part of what learning has turned out to be, but in no way have they slowed Currin up any.

Having tried weaving and not being able to follow the pattern, pottery has turned out to be a main part of Currin Miller's life. He's 65 years old and fully retired. As far as future expectations, Mr. Miller sounded like very much a realist when he said, "Right now I want to finish this term first."

# "Who's the falooie"

## Saul Alinsky: organizer extraordinariaire

Editor's Note: Who's the falooie, is a new weekly feature designed to highlight people of interest, their work, ambitions or hobbies. If you have a favorite whoie falooie and would like them to appear in the paper, contact Pat Mittelstaedt in the journalism office.

Pat Mittelstaedt

Saul Alinsky is practically a household word in Chicago, where he began his radical career. He has worked to organize labor groups, slum areas, and ghettos throughout the nation. His new target is to organize America's white Middle Class.

According to The New York Times, Saul Alinsky "is hated and feared in high places from coast to coast" for being "a major force in the revolution of powerless people—indeed he is emerging as a movement unto himself."

He was born in 1909 in the slums of Chicago's south side and worked his way through the University of Chicago. He attended two years of graduate school then dropped out to work

as an Illinois State criminologist.

In the thirties he began work as an organizer for the then radical CIO. He became a close friend and aid to John L. Lewis. In 1939 he began working as a community organizer in the Back of the Yards slum district that John Sinclair wrote about in his book The Jungle.

In 1940, he received a generous grant from liberal mil-

lionaire Marshall Field III. With those funds he established the Industrial Areas Foundation, which has remained his primary base of operation. Throughout the forties he organized slum areas across the nation including Kansas City, Detroit and the barrios of Southern California.

In the fifties his attention turned toward the black ghettos of Chicago, New York and Oakland California.

During the sixties, Alinsky was leaving most of the field work to his aids and concentrating on training community organizers through the Industrial Areas Foundation Training

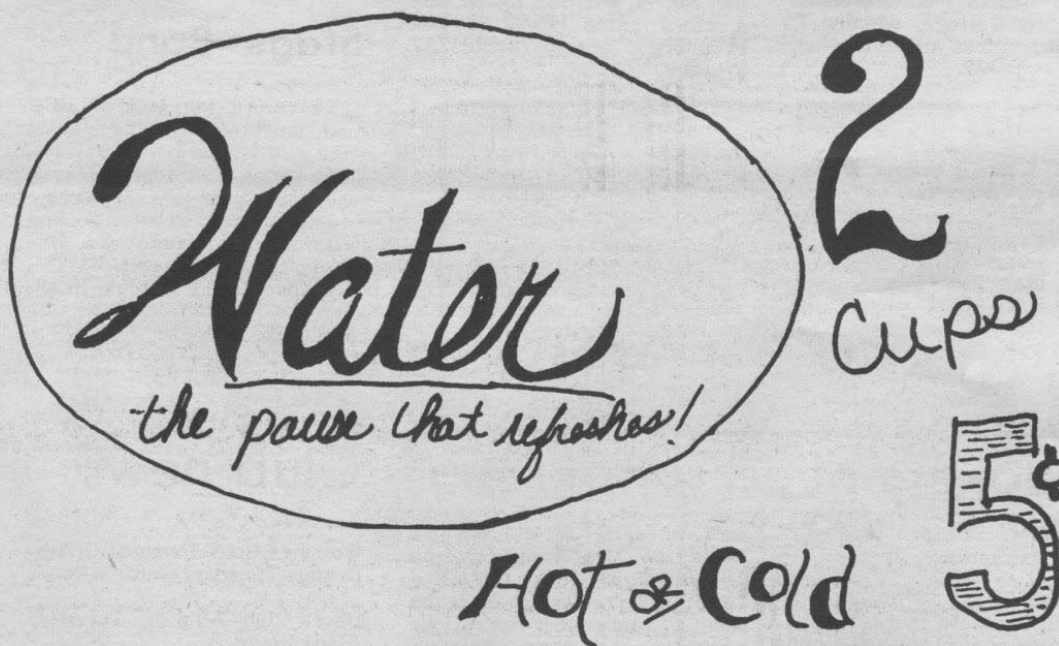
Institute, which he calls a "school for professional radicals."

Today he is again working on the impossible to organize nothing less than Americas White Middle Class.

In a playboy interview, Alinsky said, "The middle class actually feels more defeated and lost today on a wide range of issues than do the poor. And this creates a situation that's super charged with both opportunity and danger."

They're oppressed by taxation and inflation, poisoned by pollution, terrorized by urban crime, frightened by the new youth culture, and baffled by the computerized world around them. The despair is there; now its up to us to go in and rub raw the sores of discontent, galvanize them for radical social change."

His new book, Rules For Radicals, has received glowing reviews from practically every news paper and magazine in the country. If anyone can organize the apathetic Silent Majority, Saul Alinsky will.



Two enterprising students offered a less expensive alternative to the five-cent-a-cup cafeteria offering, last week in the Commons.

## Inquiring Reporter

# How do you feel about paying 5 cents for a cup of water?

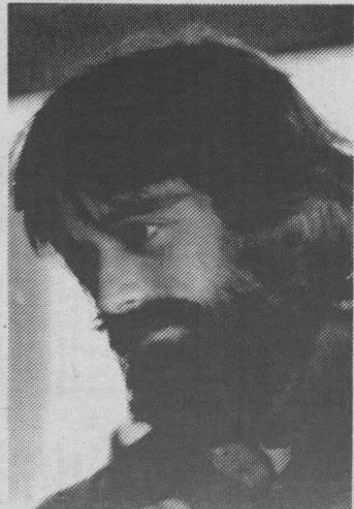
Jeanette Stokesbary: At first I was upset until I learned that the cost was being used to cover the clean up time involved in collecting and washing the cups.

Eric Dorondo: I don't like it at all. I think its a rip off no matter what the money is being used for.

Laraine Guthrie: It's a rip off. This is an institution of learning not profit making.

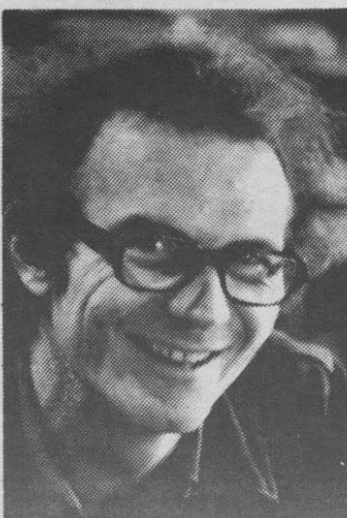
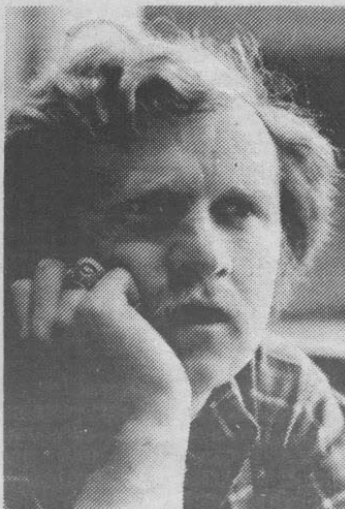
Doug McLeod: Pm overwhelmed. It brings tears to my lips.

Veronica Davis: The money isn't to cover thefts, its to pay for the time and effort it takes to wash the cups and clear off the table.



Brad Adams: I've never really had to pay for water before. I suppose it depends on who gets the money.

Richard Carter: It's a rip off—if they had paper cups they could charge 2 cents a cup.



Cliff Kneale: I enjoy intercourse but not so, rape!

Nancy Web: It's unfair to people on food stamps if we bring our own cups, the water should be free.



## Dr. Astro will present Steinbeck 'Slide-talk'

On April 18 (a week from next Thursday) Dr. Richard Astro will present a "slide-talk" on "John Steinbeck and The Sea". Dr. Astro is an Associate Professor of English and assistant to the Vice President at O.S.U. He is the author of "John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts" and has co-edited other books on Steinbeck and Hemingway. His articles have appeared in "Modern Fiction Studies", "Twentieth Century Literature", "Western American Literature" and others.

Professor Astro's presentation will act as a preparation for a conference entitled "John Steinbeck and the Sea". The conference is sponsored by the Sea Grant College Program at O.S.U. and will be held May

4, 1974 in Newport. Registration fee for the Newport conference is \$10.00 and should be sent to Professor Astro no later than April 20.

Professor Astro's "slide-talk" will center around two of Steinbeck's works, "Cannery Row" and "The Log from the Sea of Cortez". Participants in the lecture at LBCC are urged to read the two books in order to fully benefit from the presentation.

The lecture is being hosted on the LBCC campus by the LBCC Creative Writers Club through the office of Continuing Education.

Refreshments will be served and a 50 cent fee will be charged. Doors open at 7:00 p.m. The lecture will begin at 7:30.

## Pool team plays Portland

Friday, March 8, the pool team engaged Portland Comm. College in a meet at Portland State University.

Fielding a talent-laden squad of Frank Bitterman, Gary Wilborn, Stan Roth, Dave Haven, Harold Maier, and Pat Foree, the forces of the purple and gold overwhelmed the lesser talented team of Portland Community College, winning 7 of the 11 matches and amassing 813 points to 612.

The Portland team is captained by Dale Gropp, formerly of Linn-Benton.

Highlights of the match were two runs of 25 and 28 by Frank Bitterman in his second game winning the match 100-3. Frank won his first match 100-39.

Also notable was the game Dave Haven played. Playing in the No. 4 position, Dave won a close game 100-80 in just 14 innings, a remarkable 7.17 average.

| Box Score:      | Points | Innings | Average |
|-----------------|--------|---------|---------|
| Frank Bitterman | 200    | 30      | 6.6     |
| Gary Wilborn    | 200    | 94      | 2.09    |
| Stan Roth       | 172    | 122     | 1.41    |
| Dave Haven      | 100    | 14      | 7.17    |
| Harold Maier    | 88     | 75      | 1.17    |
| Pat Foree       | 53     | 108     | 0.49    |

## Streakers need supporters

And now Harvard Clovell speaking of Spurts.

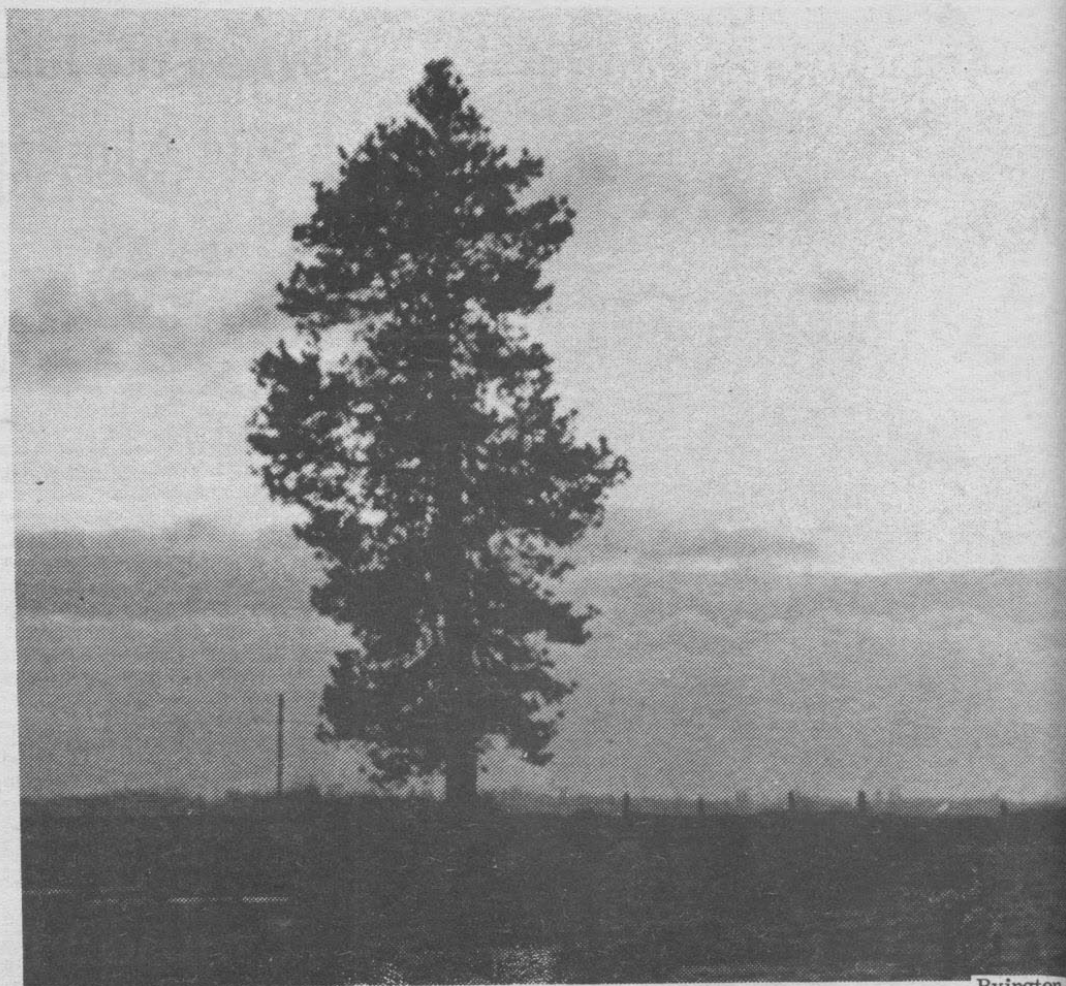
It's sad to see the champion defeated, but it's worse when a champion is tied down and hit from behind by dissension and administrative altercations.

Such is the case with LBCC's crack streaking team which was sold down the river by team discrimination and a bad case of dementia in the star point man Larry 'El Grosso' Tannebaum.

After the first tryouts it became obvious that Coach Debbie Conrad had a definite preference for the points and positions on any team. This

was in spite of the obvious better qualifications of Laverne MCBloom, part-time streaker from Sweet Home. As if the team's internal altercations weren't enough, the administration has decided to withdraw financial support, due to the failure of the recent budget.

According to one administration spokesman, "Streaking is the smallest sport here at LBCC and we need football." This kind of small attitude is what keeps Americans from becoming world-famous as a streaking power. So don't blame me if streaking dies out without proper support—what can you expect?



Byington

## Stage Band

There is a stage band at LBCC that meets every Thursday at 7:00 p.m.

Interested students are encouraged to join our group. There are many different openings for people who like to play.

Class is held in Room H-213, and the next meeting will be April 18.

## Sing up now for the opera

IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED IT—Join it—LBCC Opera nights, 4 nights out in Portland for a \$16.50 student ticket. If you can't buy the whole, split a ticket—2 operas each, but don't miss a chance at seeing some of this world of arty drama. People and the whole drama, people and the whole 'staging' that a night of opera is.

At night the great fountains in the auditorium square are flowing for intermission and pre-opera enjoyment. There is champagne sold in the foyers for a dollar a glass. The whole atmosphere is pure relaxed enjoyment, stimulating eye-fuls. Opera music 'uncanned' is the only way to go. Walk up to the pit before the music starts and survey the orchestra warming up. The whole bit is incomparable, exciting. No seats in the Portland Opera are empty—it is always a full house.

The four LBCC opera nights—Saturdays—next season bring RIGOLETTO in September, DER FREISCHUTZ in November, the ELIXIR OF LOVE in March and SALOME in May. All are great entertainment for one reason or another.

RIGOLETTO for its melodies, DER FREISCHUTZ for the make-believe sets and spells, the ELIXIR OF LOVE for comedy and beautiful, unique artistry of set design, and SALOME is such a taxing performance in this presentation that Portland Opera had to change the nights to every other night to make it possible for the stars.

You can transport yourself, go early on Saturday and make it city day and night, or you can pay \$3 and get a round-trip ticket on a bus chartered by LBCC and join a regular opera crowd that has made this scene for 3 years in a row.

Whenever possible these LBCC opera nights are given an introduction night on campus during the week, when the story and the composer are described. In the past there have been pre-opera visits to the back-stage area, post opera dinners with the performing cast. Bus reservations are made the week before the performance. But—ticket reservations should be made now since it is always a sell-out by fall. Stop in at the Community Education Office to make your reservation. Tickets are paid for when picked up.

## Club news

Women's Consciousness Group—12 noon Tuesday, Santiam Room

Decca Club—7-9 p.m., Tuesday, Alsea Room

Christians on Campus—12 noon, Wednesday, Santiam Room

RPM Club—Wednesday, 6 p.m., Auto Tech.

Indian Club—Wednesday noon, Alumni Lounge

## Election Notice

April 15 is the last day to turn in petitions for Student Government Office positions. Offices open are: President, 1st Vice President, 2nd Vice President, Business Manager, and Senatorial seats.

The elections will be held on April 29 and 30. The results will be posted on Wednesday May 1, with the installation of new officers Monday, May 6.

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