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PIIS Relax

On Thursday Get sensual with "Erotic Tales"



Tuesday, January 14, 2003

Power tools, wood and sweat build 'heavenly' crafts

Nika Carlson

I think I found heaven. From the outside, it looked like a gigantic, corrugated-metal garden shed. But when I walked through the unassuming front door, I felt like Alice stumbling through the looking glass. Behind the portal, the sweet scent of freshly-cut wood filled my nose. A body-chilling cold seeped through my shoes from the concrete floor, and my eyes squinted in the dim light that

barely filled the cavernous building.

What did I see? I saw wood scraps, work benches, half-built wooden boats

— and power tools. I'm not talking about those cutesy tools in pinks and teals designed for delicate ladies' hands to put up curtain rods with. These were real tools made for real jobs: routers and planes, band saws and jig saws and joiners, shelves of power drills and power sanders, a drill press and a table saw, and an air compressor cobbled together from old parts. I



Carlson D.I.Y. living

could build a small city with the contents of this place. I came across this unlikely haven by way of boredom, too many episodes of "Monster Garage" and my Dad. I was home for winter break, trying to do something more productive than grow fat off Christmas buffets.

I found inspiration in the ripped cardboard box that held my records. Records really don't travel well. They are heavy and awkward, and the Smirnoff box I was using just wasn't working out. I decided to build myself a better container. And I found the perfect place to carry out the endeavor.

My dad is rebuilding the wooden dingy my great-grandfather built in 1935 from the design of the dingy class boats used in the 1932 Olympies. He rents space from Sound Opportunities, a government program in my hometown of Olympia, Wash., designed to help "troubled youth." It is home to every tool known to mankind, and my new hero, program director Patrick Barmes. The man rebuilt an air compressor. How much cooler can you get?

On Christmas Eve, my dad and I paid him a visit. Instead of wrapping presents, caroling and eating figgy pudding, I was measuring, sawing and sanding. Sorry Santa, but you just can't compete with a table saw.

Ohmigod, I got to use a table saw.

From wood scraps, glue, and an air-compressed nail gun (swoon!) I built a box perfectly sized to carry approxi-Turn to **Carlson**, page 4

Rituals, paraphernalia and G-57

Consistently popular, varied bingo games deliver enjoyable entertainment for most ages

Ryan Bornheimer

I can't say I ever considered spending a Saturday night at a bingo parlor. But there I was. And all that stood between me and \$100 was G-57.

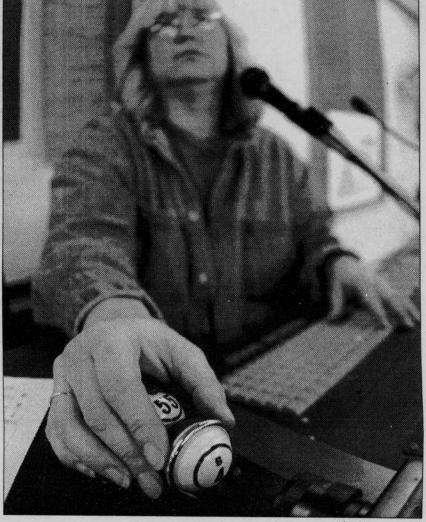
It may seem like a conflict of interest: an evening of gambling sponsored by a church. But as history has proven, in the world of bingo, anything goes.

Bingo has a rather elusive history. While some records indicate the game originated in Italy in 1530, others say it dates back to ancient Greece. Whatever the case, bingo has stood the test of time - becoming one of the most popular games ever played. The American version actually started in the late 19th century as a diversion called beano, where players would mark their cards with beans. Rumor has it, one night, a tongue-tied winner velled out "Bingo!" by mistake. The name stuck, and soon after, bingo was everywhere. The game became so common, in fact, that most people may have forgotten just how much fun it ean be

But not Maxine Kimbrel. This retired tavern owner has been playing bingo for 34 years. She said she comes for the easy-going social atmosphere. Kimbrel comes to The Arc of Oregon & Nativity Church bingo hall on Highway 99 six nights a week. She arrives with her personal collection of multi-colored ink daubers, the tools serious bingo players use to mark the matching numbers. Kimbrel has won as much as \$1,000 on one card. She emphasized that she spends all her winnings on more bingo.

Are manager Debbie McCauly said bingo is one of the truly simple pleasures of life, and the game is a relatively harmless form of gambling. She has been managing bingo for five years.

"The most important part of my job is to create a pleasant environment for



Adam Amato Emerald

Vicki Chandler calls numbers four nights a week at The Arc of Oregon & Nativity Church bingo hall. Chandler has been calling numbers for four years.

the players," McCauly said. "It's a gamble, and anytime you take people's money, you have to make sure they're having fun."

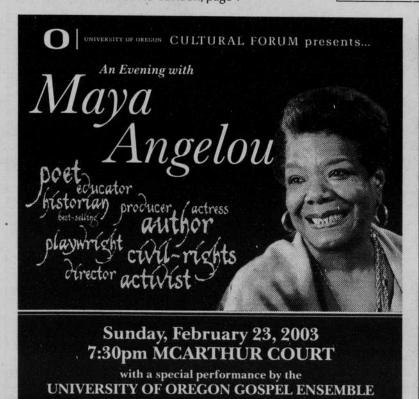
A portion of the profits made at Are is used to provide mentally disabled people with education and housing.

The doors of the Are open at 3:30

p.m., and it doesn't take long for the excitement to build. By 7 p.m., the place is hopping. I never could have guessed how serious people can get about bingo.

One couple arrived with a carryingcase specifically made for bingo paraphernalia. Their ritualistic preparation

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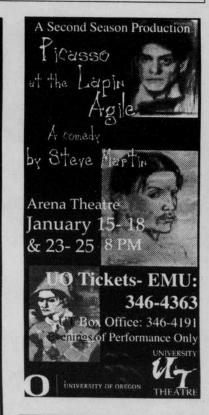
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