

opinion

Science complex, please!

Completion of a new science complex at the College relies directly on a state legislative decision to appropriate approximately 65 percent of total costs. But ultimately, completion relies on student voice.

The College Board of Education can approach the legislature with the facts regarding the practicality of a science wing. But it lies on the students' shoulders to promote the incentive for the building's worthiness.

Without the new complex, the College will suffer financially in terms of declining FTE (full time equivalency) and increasing utility and maintenance costs. But the students will suffer more.

The extreme is that continual use of the modular buildings, which are already outdated, has already caused apathy towards the science curriculum, resulting in negative response to the field of science. The reality is, without state support, the College can only afford to build half the needed facility.

"Excuse me. Could you please direct me to Science, room 191? I have a class scheduled there for this term."

"I'm sorry, that portion of the science wing has not been built due to lack of funding."

Seriously, is that the kind of science building you want on your campus?

FRANKLY SPEAKING ...by phil frank

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS TO SCIENCE? WE'VE FINALLY FOUND THE MATING GROUNDS OF THE CONSUMERS!!



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guest shot

This article was reprinted from the Jan. 18 issue of the Daily Barometer, the student newspaper at Oregon State University.

By Bruce Whitefield

It was a late and dreary Saturday night. Sick of homework, deserted by my girlfriend, and too young for bars, I prowled the campus restlessly.

Pacing the empty halls of the

MU, I was confronted by an unusual sight. A doorway ringed by flashing lights and a sign proclaiming: THE UNIVERSITY. IMPROVED ODDS THROUGH EDUCATION. Curious, I entered.

The room was crowded. People jammed around tables, shouting and waving books in the air. I proceeded to the nearest group for a closer look.

"Place your books, ladies and gentlemen. Lay down

your tuition," an official-looking person was saying. "The spinning dice of the Biochemistry Table are about to roll. Will the young lady at the end care to make the toss?" There was a flurry of last minute bets, then a hushed silence as the white cubes danced.

"I did it! I did it!" A mousy looking character shouted. "I graduated! Look everyone, I graduated!"

"Very good, miss," the dealer said suavely. "Would you care to try for a higher degree?"

At this point my attention was caught by screams from across the room. I watched as two burly men in white jackets dragged a raving guest out.

"Poor guy," said a voice at my elbow, "Dropped out on the math matrix," I turned to look down at a withered, gray-haired old man.

"You're new," he said.

"How can you tell?"

"Oh, after ten years as a graduate student here, I can tell," he said. "It's my night off. I'll show you around, if you like."

"Gee, thanks. If it doesn't take too much of your time."

"Not at all," he said, leading me through the crowd. "It's

nice to have someone to talk to. So many people take these games too seriously."

"We've got everything here," my guide said as we wandered around the room. "Games of skill, like Business." I glanced at what appeared to me a giant Monopoly board. "Or games of chance, like Nuclear Physics. Care to try one?"

"Sure," I said. We wended our way to the bookstore.

"These tables aren't rigged," I was informed as the clerk changed my hard-earned cash into textbooks. "But there is a percentage factor. The Bookstore is the only sure winner." I hefted my books and headed towards the nearest table.

"Not there!" My guide steered me away. "That's Pre-Med. All you win there is a chance at the Med School Wheel. Try Engineering."

"Place your bets," the Engineering dealer said as we stepped up, "What are a few texts compared to the chance of a secure future?" I tossed a book out at random.

"Sir," the dealer said through his nose, "This table does have a minimum bet limit."

"Oh. How much do I need?"

The dealer transferred the whole pile onto the table. "That's about right. It's all nothing in Engineering, kid."

"But . . ." I protested, but the game was already underway. The other players watched the board intently, jotting down equations that flashed there. I was disgusted with myself for losing the whole at once.

Suddenly, everyone was crowding around, pounding my back.

"Congratulations! You did it!"

"Wow! A diploma with honors and a forty thousand dollar!"

My guide tugged at my sleeve, "OK," he said, "You won. Now you've got to escape. They'll be here in a second—Research Grants, Second Job Offers and Promotions looking for Graduate Students. They won't let you leave without your winnings." He dragged me towards the door.

Too late. The way was blocked by a pair of brown Administrators.

"Hey, we've got a special deal . . ." they quoted, advancing toward me.

With a heavy sigh I squared my shoulders and turned to face life in the real world.

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Page 2

