opinion

Science complex, please!

Completion of a new science complex at the College relies directly on a state legistative 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

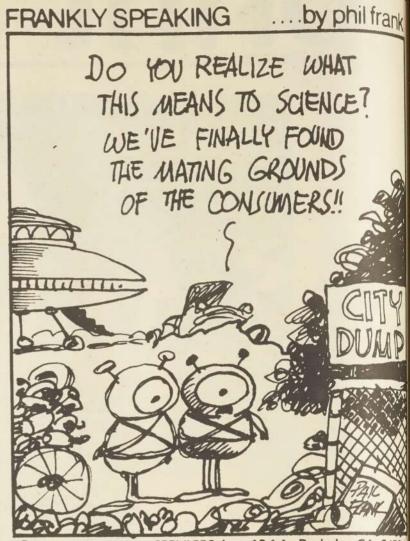
Without the new complex, the College will suffer financially in terms of declining FTE (full time equivalency) and increasing utility and maintenance costs. But the students will suffer more.

The extreme is that continual use of the modular buildings, which are already outdated, has already caused apathy towards the science curriculum, resulting in negative response to the field of science.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. 020 121

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



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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 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. your books, ladies "Place and gentlemen. Lay down

≇print

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your tuition," an officiallooking 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. graduated! Look everyone, 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 I turned to the math matrix, 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.

everything "We've got 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 winded 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 percentage factor. The Bookstore is the only sure win-The ner." 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."

" the 'Place your bets, 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 whole pile onto the t 'That's about right, It's a nothing in Engineering, kie "But . . .," I protested the game was already u The other players way ched the board intently, down equations that fils I was disgusted there. myself for losing the whole

at once Suddenly, everyone crowding around, pour my back

*Congratulations! You it!"

"Wow! A diploma honors and a forty thou'p fer!

My guide tugged at eeve, "OK," he said," sleeve, "OK," he said, won. Now you've go escape. They'll be here second — Research Gra Second Job Offers and I looking for Graduate Sa They won't let you leave your winnings." He dra He drag

me towards the door. Too late. The way blocked by a pair of ba Administrators.

"Hey, we've got a spa al . . ." they quoted, add deal .

cing toward me. With a heavy sigh [st my shoulders and tune face life in the real Wednesday, January 24, 197