

Guide helps

With the initiation of a nursing home guide, the fears and anxieties of facing the fact that loved ones grow old and are incapable of caring for themselves is easier to face, thanks to the Senior Citizen Council.

Bill Anton and his crew should pat themselves on the back for a job well done. Their thinking and production is sure to be admired and envied by other organizations.

The senior citizens of the Tri-County area will more than likely be pleased that, at last, they have the fact out in front of them about nursing homes. Their fears of the so-called "filthy prisons" that we have heard so much about is over. They now do not have to worry about going to a nursing home where they will be mistreated or neglected, or where their particular needs will not be able to be met.

As Anton said in a recent interview, we all grow old. Isn't it nice to know that growing old doesn't have to be a tough job?



© COLLEGE MEDIA SERVICES · box 4244 · Berkeley, CA. 94704

guest shot

Editors note: This humorous article was taken from an issue of the Daily Emerald from the University of Oregon.

By John Crowley

Attention, campus security meter persons: you can stop looking for my car now. I will not be driving it onto campus anymore, so you can take your parking tickets and stick them in your tailpipes.

No, don't congratulate yourselves. This is not your doing. I can handle a ticket a day with my eyes closed (just like I drive). Hell, I paper my walls with the little white slips. After a tough day of skipping classes and eating bagels, it makes me feel like a big deal to return to my car, rip the parking ticket from beneath the windshield wiper and fling it into my glove box with a devil-may-care snort.

So don't think it was your little white tickets that finally eradicated THIS parking problem.

It was some goddamned woman in a yellow Pinto.

At 8:25 a.m. I am not in sharpest form, as other drivers can tell you. So when I saw the open space in front of the EMU yesterday morning, I congratulated myself for such luck and started to pull in. Well, at that moment this dame in the Pinto was backing into the same space, I discovered. We met about half-way, my tail end sticking out into the street, her front end prominently un-parked.

She gave her horn a little toot and smiled patiently at me, as if to say, "Okay, you ass, I've got a class at 8:30."

I, however, remained unmoved.

Perhaps it was just my intrinsic stubbornness, or the earliness of the hour, or maybe I just don't like yellow Pintos, but I refused to budge. I gave my own horn a toot. Being a Volkswagen horn, it did little to intimidate her, but it did squirt out my defiance.

She rolled her window down and stuck her head out. She was blond and very pretty.

"Excuse me," she said. "I was here first."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I'm 22," she replied.

"I've got you beat by a few years," I said. "Now get lost."

I thought this intellectual *tour-de-force* would convince her (in retrospect, it does seem rather lame), but it had no such effect.

Now, my father told me never to fight with girls. But he also told me never to smoke pot because it would lead to heroin. But he was wrong; it only led to self-abuse and general squalor, so I decided that fighting with girls shouldn't be much riskier.

I took the Volks out of gear and got out, but because the parking brake is broken, the car started to roll, and it bumped into the Pinto. The woman got out of her car. We squared off there in the street.

By now, a crowd had gathered, and although no polls were taken at the scene, it seemed that the crowd's sympathy was not with me.

And I think I understand that I mean, whom would you root

for—a svelte blond with a sleek yellow Pinto or a cranky, kinky-haired wiseguy with a banged-up VW? You see what I was up against.

We argued for a few minutes, but it became clear that this was a matter which would be decided by the public.

The lookers-on, mostly male, listened carefully to the arguments and debated among themselves. They decided that the lady was entitled to the space and told me so. One of them helpfully informed me that he'd spotted a "real nice space" over near Springfield about half an hour earlier.

By now I was waking up, and the combination of alertness, peer pressure and the Blond Factor was beginning to overcome my outrage and general contrariness. In a final, gentlemanly concession I told the woman I hoped she and her car were very happy together.

Then I got into my car, scattered some pedestrians at University and 13th, and drove on to Springfield. The guy was right. It's a real nice space.

the print

19600 S. Molalla Avenue, Oregon City, Oregon 97045
Office: Trailer B; telephone: 656-2631, ext. 309

editor: Leanne Lally; news editor: Mike Keller
arts editor: Elena Vancij; feature editor: Kelly Laughlin
sports editor: Brian Reed; photo editor: Duffy Coffman
assistant photo editor: Kevin Almond
staff writers: Susan Henneman, Ramona Isackson, Don Ives
Lee Jeffries, Chris Merritt, James Rhoades, Tom Rhodes
Dea Sheperd-Kent, Ruby Smith staff photographers: Cathy
Gross, Robert Hand advertising manager: Jack Tucker
business manager: Ron Allen; professional advisor: Suzie Boes

The Print, a member of the Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association, aims to be a fair and impartial journalistic medium covering the campus community as thoroughly as possible. Opinions expressed in The Print do not necessarily reflect those of the CCC administration, faculty or the Associated Student Government.

