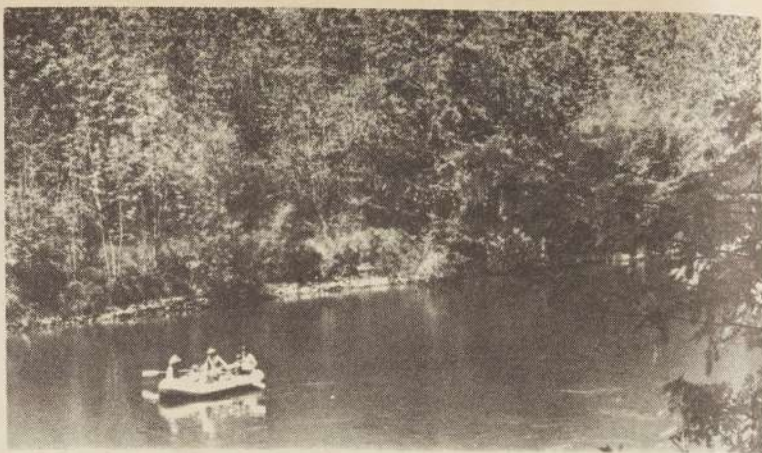


Apocalypse when?

Rafters narrowly escape clutches of Molalla River



Everything was prepared for the journey downriver. We had our rubber raft, our suntan lotion, our toothy, ignorant grins, and many little bottles of a native sold us of some liquid called "Budweiser." We were facing an arduous odyssey into the wilds of Oregon, down a savage and untamed waterway: the Molalla River.

What would happen in the treacherous miles of river ahead? Would we drown in some stretch of wicked white water? Be attacked by savage tribes? Be captured by a UFO? Run out of Budweiser? What unguessed perils lay in our path, waiting to punish our impudence and giddy-headed courage?

Sure enough, the Bud ran out. We tightened our belts and went on, stopping only occasionally to swim and lie around in the sun. However, as we progressed in our leisurely fashion down the river, we were aware of our scientific responsibilities, and carefully noted and catalogued

exotic specimens of flora and fauna:

"Wow. Like, look at that weird tree, man."

"Far out. Didja see that fish jump up?"

But soon the natural splendor of the river and the tree-

Story by Tod Bassham
Photo by Duffy Coffman

lined shore began to impress us, and as we idly watched the sun scintillating over the water, and contemplated the cool, haunting depths of the forest, our thoughts began to wax

philosophical:

"It's so Cosmic, man; all these trees and stuff. It makes ya feel like..."

"Yeah, like...like..."

"It's all so complicated, man."

"I know, it's blowing my mind."

Gradually a feeling of close companionship enveloped the inhabitants of our tiny craft; a camaraderie that went deeper than the normal ties that bind mankind together. Once-empty words like Peace, Love, and Brotherhood were suddenly bright, meaningful, promising.

"Hey, wait a minute. Look

what I found! An extra bottle of beer!"

"Mine! Mine!"

"No, it's mine!"

A tide of greed and passion swept over the raft; screams of anger mingled with the cries of the wounded as the battle raged, paddle against paddle, fist against fist, claw against claw; the thin veneer of civilization was torn away, to reveal the savage heart that beat within us all.

By this time the raft, overburdened with the titanic struggle, had turned over. Swept into a maelstrom of rock and rapid river, it was torn to shreds. We ourselves barely

escaped. As we climbed onto the shore, somewhat mauled and beaten, life never seemed so sweet.

We had faced the Gates of Hell and come back alive. True, we lost the raft, the paddles, the suntan lotion, and very nearly our lives, but, hey, we saved that last bottle of beer, didn't we?

"Uh, I lost it."

"What do you mean you lost it? That was my beer!"

"No, it wasn't. It was mine!"

"Hey, mine!"

"It's mine, I tell you!"

And so ends the story of the First Great Molalla River Expedition. God help us if there's ever another.

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During the non-snow off season the U.S. Women's Alpine Ski Team members go on the "Ski Team" diet to lose 20 pounds in two weeks. That's right - 20 pounds in 14 days! The basis of the diet is chemical food action and was devised by a famous Colorado physician especially for the U.S. Ski Team. Normal energy is maintained (very important) while reducing. You keep "full" - no starvation - because the diet is designed that way. It's a diet that is easy to follow whether you work, travel or stay at home.

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Lost & Found

FOUND - Watch in men's locker room. Contact Michele Miles in Student Activities Office.

Notices

WANTED: Talented, hard-working students to apply for leadership positions in the student

publications program for next year. Applications are now being taken for editor of The Print, editor of Feature Magazine and business manager of The Print.

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Clackamas Community College

