

Democrats? Where?

What has last week's election shown us?

Why was there such an outpouring of Republican victories when more than 70 percent of the voters registered under the Democratic party? Doesn't anyone vote a party ticket anymore? To put it bluntly, where in the hell were all the Democrats when Carter, Ullman, Church, McGovern, and Lansing needed them?

Jewell Lansing spared no punches by putting the blame on President Carter's back. Announcing his loss an hour before the polls closed, leaving Western Democrats who had not voted (the polls are busiest 7-8 p.m.) bewildered, angered, and feeling useless as a voter--"My vote doesn't count."

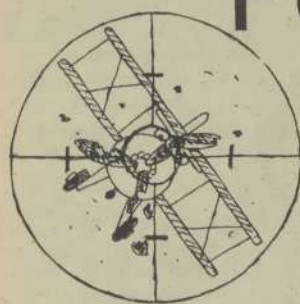
In fact, it was reported that in many voting areas, voters (the angry ones) either ripped up their ballots or just turned around and went home.

Who else can be blamed? Certainly the media (when all else fails, blame television). By the time a majority of the nation gets home from work, the campaign that the media has been focusing on for the past year has already been decided. Incentives to vote don't come easily and that certainly didn't help any.

What can be blamed the most for the Democrats losing has been the last four years. Inflation, recession, America's inferiority complex, and the "Misery Index." The Republican's ran a good campaign describing the Democrat's failures over the years. Problems on the homefront ruined the Democrats. Just wait 'til 1984!

--Editor

Shot down in flames



To the Editor--

I remember once I used to feel very kindly towards people. "Pure Humanitarianism" they called it. One could play a record (tapes are acceptable, although not as good) of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony and easily watch my internal trust of humanity come bursting out in a total Dionysian

manner.

I went to a fairly nice high school. Although there was plenty of muck and crap slithering around the halls, I avoided it as carefully as I have avoided the clap plague. Despite the morons, socialities, and dope addicts wandering the halls in search of cheap intellect, cheap thrills (\$3 a joint, cheap?), and cheap love, I managed to leave with untarnished thoughts of hopefulness, true love, true intellect, and H.G. Well's version of Utopia.

Putnam may not have been the end of the world, but you sure could see it from there. Still, I survived the education's version of Dante's "Inferno."

staff

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Directory signs wanted

Our investigations of the campus was undertaken in response to urgings from library patrons for more directional signs. Having experienced difficulty ourselves in locating the library on our first visit (and second visit!), we could sympathize with the complainers.

We began our tour with Randall Hall and were agreeably impressed to find wooden signs--GYMNASIUM--out by the adjacent parking lot. On the outside walls of the building are the standard discreet metal signs. But it was inside Randall that we were awed by the size and bold colors of the GYM

signs over the entrances to that room; CONCESSION, M (men) and W (women) are equally prominently displayed.

McLoughlin Hall fares badly by comparison. The wooden sign adjacent to the nearest parking lot look like this:

McLOUGHLIN HALL
THEATRE

How much more effective it would be like this:

McLOUGHLIN HALL
LIBRARY
THEATRE
BOOKSTORE

We did find a wooden sign nearby which said BOOKSTORE, but none for the library. Again there are no standard metal signs on the building itself. On entering McLoughlin at ground level however, no mention is made of the library or the theatre; the bookstore end of the building, and no mention made of the bookstore at the theatre end.

Directories (floor plans) on the wall at both ends of the building refer to rooms on the ground floor only. (This was the case in all three of the two story buildings). The stairwells and the elevator shaft bear no signs; at ground level there is nothing to indicate the presence of the library on the second floor of McLoughlin Hall.

The Community Center has one tasteful but inconspicuous sign on its east face, opposite the new science building. But on the southwest end, which is the first encounter for visitors and those riding the bus, there are no signs at all.

Similarly, the northeast corner, which is a very busy entrance, has no signs, not even one indicating the cafeteria. Even inside the building the cafeteria advertises itself in subtler ways.

Nor was Barlow exempt from our scrutiny, especially the directories on the wall. Putting ourselves in the shoes of a first-time visitor looking for the Personnel Office, we found no clues on the ground floor.

Up on floor 2, the information had to be hunted down in the directory, since the listing by room number rather than alphabetical. Lo and behold we finally ascertained that the Personnel Office is 202--presumably John Hoo wears two hats! And what became of Rusty Painter?

Our recommendations are obvious:

- 1) The College needs more directional signs, both inside and outside the building.
- 2) Wall directories should be updated and redesigned.
- 3) Directories for the whole building should be on the ground floor.

By Valerie McQuinn

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With hopes and dreams intact, I survived the Carter administration, rednecks, and just about everything else (Nov. 4th excluded).

Oh, how ignorant I was! How futile my hopes, dreams, and all that jazz were! All those years of dreaming that people didn't back-stab, cared about their co-worker and colleagues, and actually like to see other people get ahead in the world. All a waste of time.

Can you imagine the shock on my face at the discovery of the real truth about people? My face hit the ground and tears ripped down my face. It was a major event in my life. It was the death of my humanitarianism. How bleak that sounds. Realizing that all that time was wasted searching for people who were looking for mind over body. Maybe not over body, but at least coming darn close to it.

How could I have been fooled into thinking that people weren't looking for cheap, momentary thrills. Not that the entire population of this country are snakey, seamy, reeking perverts, but the emphasis is on pleasure. A pleasure-bent society is a cruel one. The efforts through the media--both printed and visual--support the idea that this is a pleasure-bent nation. look at the latest "Jordasche Jean" ads.

The pleasure-bent society is

something that I've known for many years. What is truly depressing, however, is the knowledge that most people are snakes. They will walk around sounding very nice and supportive of you. Then, the minute they get alone with the boss (or someone at the top of the heap), they will back-stab you.

Diamondbacks, all of them. People are real snakes. Well, maybe not all of them. Many of them. They sit in the shadows waiting for your ankle to come close. Then they strike. They bite hard, then they sit and watch you die slowly. You cry for help, but they do nothing. They seemed concerned, but they don't really care. Not only do they take your place, but they get ahead.

You thought that you could confide in some of them. However, the minute you say it, it hits the wrong people, and you get it back in the face.

If they get bit by a s-s-snake, they come to you and bleed out their tongues. They repeat the same things over and over. Nothing but their problems. People who dive into self-sympathy, they talk about nothing but themselves, the jerks. The world stinks. Life stinks. People stink. You stink. Maybe I stink. I thought you'd like to know.

Love,
T. Augustine

