

Inmates thank Brouillette for showing care

"It's not the gift, rather the thought that counts" is an excuse normally associated with those who aren't able to afford an expensive gift. But, what does a person do if he or she is locked up in a prison cell? The answer lies in the office of Jim Brouillette, law enforcement instructor.

Last Wednesday, Brouillette traveled with his Introduction to Law Enforcement class down to the state penitentiary to give them insight into prisons. What he never expected was obtaining some insight into the prisoners.

Much to his surprise, the prisoners presented the ex-Portland Deputy Chief of Police with an 8 x 10 wooden plaque, commemorating his effort to bring 400-500 children of Portland area prisoners together for a Christmas party last year; an event that would not have taken place were it not for Brouillette.

Portland City Commissioner Charles Jordan and Brouillette travelled to Salem two years ago and that is when Brouillette got his idea for the party that took a year to become reality. Brouillette, father of three, said this was a way of showing college students that prisoners have children too. The party planned for 1981 Christmas will involve students as servers and providing entertainment.

Brouillette presented his idea for a party to the prisoners. "When they realized that we weren't just blowing smoke, they became interested," he said. "It was perhaps the first time the prisoners received a warm reception from the police."

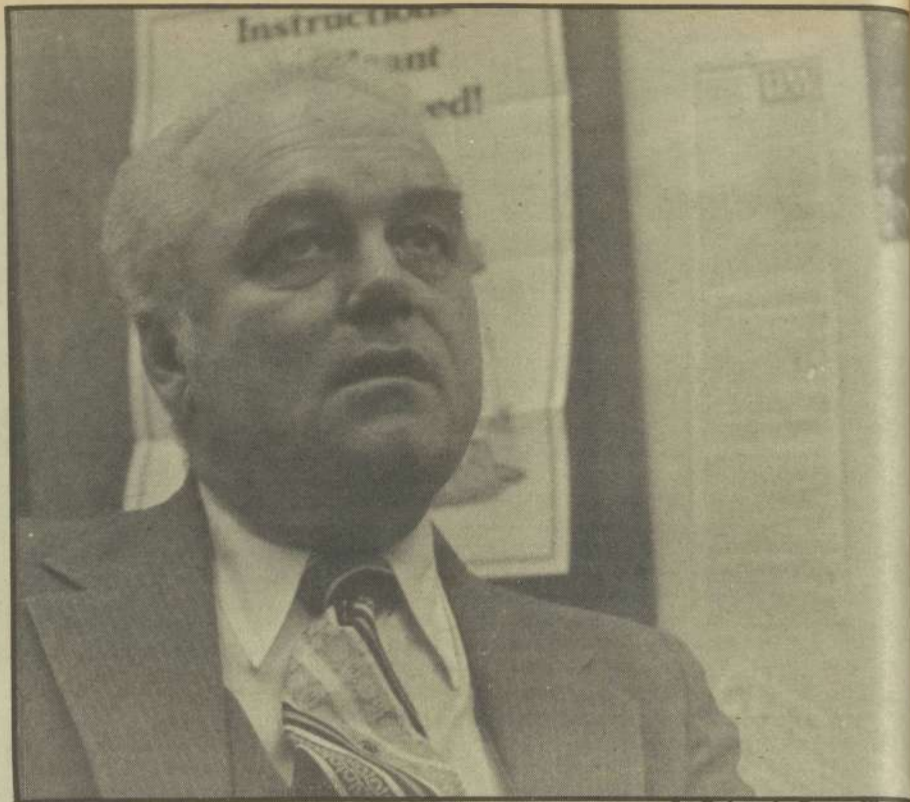
Brouillette was with the police force for 27 years and has worked with inmates for the last two years. He feels the Oregon correctional institutions are well run. "There are ways of allowing prisoners to vent aggressions in the Oregon prisons."

The last seven years with the Portland police left Brouillette with the job of deputy chief in charge of patrol. "When I was deputy chief, we put an officer in every school to show the students that there

are alternative channels other than crime and violence to get something," he said.

On Sept. 14 of this year, he left the force for the opportunity to coordinate the law enforcement programs at the College. "My role is growing and expanding the law enforcement training courses at the College," he said.

One thing Brouillette has yet to face is budget cuts. He sees a renewed interest in law enforcement through the large amounts of people signing up for courses, through the support of the college Board of Education, Assistant dean of public services, business, audio visual and library. "The support all the way down the line is evidence that the community wants a strong police force," he said.



Staff photo by Duane Hiersch

"MY ROLE IS growing and expanding the law enforcement training courses at the College," said law enforcement instructor Jim Brouillette.

Students risk annual blood-letting

Lots of smiles.

The nurses attending the blood donors smiled. An elderly woman pouring cups of orange juice smiled. Smiling were the bodies lying on "lawn chairs".

At Friday's blood drive in the Community Center lounge, 81 people donated a pint of blood surpassing the Red Cross quota of 76 pints. The American Association of Retired Persons assisted Red Cross representatives with the blood drive.

I was the 78th blood donor. After a brief wait in line, a senior volunteer gave me a health information form. I sat next to a young woman who was apparently a veteran of blood donating. As I filled out the form she told me how "easy and painless" it was to give blood. "This is my sixth time", she chirped. It was my first.

The health information form screens out those who should not give blood. Donors are asked such questions as "Are you feeling well today?" or "Have you ever had hepatitis, malaria or jaundice". Unfortunately, cowardice was not included.

Next, a registered nurse took my temperature, pulse and blood pressure. Deftly the nurse punctured my earlobe. The blood sample was placed on a slender glass rod and held over a vial of transparent blue liquid. The nurse explained that if the drop of blood floated in the vial, I was anemic and could not give blood.

Despite my diet of coffee and candy bars, I was not anemic. The nurse tipped the glass rod, the blood drop hit the surface of the blue liquid, and sank.

Elated, I went to the table where "kits" were being assigned. The kits contain the needle, tubing, and the plastic bag in which blood is collected. "I've donated almost a whole gallon of blood," said the woman ahead of me. "How wonderful," exclaimed a senior volunteer. "Have some orange juice," she said. I was assigned a kit and I sat down and waited. The orange juice needed vodka.

After a long wait of three or four minutes, I was told that "it was time." I took the long walk to the chair.

The chair looked like a brown plastic lawn recliner with

one armrest. The nurse was a bespectacled attractive woman who looked calm and experienced. I was seated and the nurse explained she was going to scrub a small spot on my forearm. "This sound scares some people," the nurse said. "POP". The disinfectant packet made a disturbingly sharp noise when the nurse tore it open.

She asked me if I was worried. Since pride is a sin, I said "yes." Promptly, my head was lowered and my feet were elevated. "It's easier this way," the nurse said. She did not have to explain that I was in full-chicken position.

"You have nice big veins, there shouldn't be any problem, the nurse said. Returning the compliment did not seem appropriate. Then she stuck me. "It's in," the nurse said. "You can uncurl your toes."

Giving blood does not hurt after the initial harpooning. However, it is hard to remain charming when one's feet are stuck in the air and one's life-giving blood is spurting out through a plastic tube inserted in one's arm. At this time, it is quite 'gauche' to run away.

I squeezed on the rubber ball to take my mind off bleeding. A senior volunteer talked with me about my plans after college, to put me at ease. I was afraid to squeeze the rubber ball too tight, for I might blow the tubing out of my arm or something.

The nurse was supportive and soothing. "You're doing great, the bags about a third full, and you're almost done," she said. But I couldn't help thinking, What if there was a little hole in the bag? (Remember: "You're almost done...")

I was assured that a leak in the collecting bag would be discovered right away. The

nurse also said that the human body can absorb the loss of one pint of blood very easily and that the dizziness and nausea some people experience is purely psychological. I was glad that I was not really sick to my stomach and lightheaded. I just thought I was.

About this time ASC President Sam Crosby came over and looked down on my pale face. Sam smiled and said "I really appreciate what you're doing!"

I hung on. In a few minutes I had donated a full pint. The swollen bag looked like one of those odd-ball cuts of meat that supermarkets leave out for the kids to look at. I did feel a certain sentimental attachment to my pint. Much more than I would have felt for anonymous pork kidneys.

The nurse carefully pulled the tubing out of my arm, which stung momentarily. I felt like I had a slight case of airsickness. Fortunately after a few minutes of lying with my head down I felt better.

A nice elderly woman led me away to the restorative cookies and juice. She told me to walk slow and easy because she didn't want me to pass out half-way there and fall on my face. This image of an elderly woman leading a young man is, I suppose, a way to get even with the Boy Scouts.

As I sat on a couch and chewed through an oatmeal cookie, I noticed that the other blood donors looked a bit tired but cheerful. Most people go through the experience donating blood without any complications. I was lucky enough to be the exception. A friend of mine gave me a compliment later that day. - "You don't look well at all, Mike".

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