

# Communique

Deja vu

## Runners excel again

At about this same time last year, if you had the opportunity to read *The Print* sports section, you might remember the Cougar men's cross country team taking first in regionals, and then going on to become the seventh fastest team in the nation.

If you are one of those persons, as you read the sports section of the issue you've got in your hands right now, you might think we published the same event that took place last year. Or maybe it's "deja vu."

Well, you're wrong on both counts. The men runners once again earned the title of Region 18 Champs, but this year there was a difference, when they went to the national competition. Instead of taking seventh they sped their way to fourth.

It's a remarkable feat that shouldn't go unnoticed. Kelly Sullivan, now in his se-

cond year as head coach, has not wasted either season. Usually in pre-season interviews, coaches will praise their teams, saying they're the best team they've ever had. You can't blame them for being optimistic, it's a necessity to have a successful season. But Sullivan has proved in the past two years that what he says in pre-season interviews can be counted on to occur.

Next time you see any of the following people cruising across campus, walk on up to them, and let them know what a good job they've done: Kelly Sullivan, Vance Blow, Dave Walsh, Tony Macey, Ken Valequez, Jay Marugg, Lynn Purdue, and Kevin McDermott.

By the way, CONGRATULATIONS Kelly, Vance, Dave, Tony, Jay, Lynn, and Kevin.



## College Orientation: unnecessary class

Anyone enrolling here at the College should be able to do the following:

- understand and follow simple directions
- work and play well with others
- manage their own zippers, buttons, shoes, and boots.

By Mike Rose

Most college students can do these things. There is no reason to treat them like infantile idiots. Here at the College there is a course that insults the intellect of new students and introduces them to bureaucratic parody. The course is called Psychology 111 or College Orientation.

Psyc. 111 is not a required course, but as one counselor explained, "We greatly encourage students to take the course, but if a student grabs us by the neck we'll back off. Part of the problem is that some instructors do an excellent job and some...."

Informing new students of the programs and services available to them at the College is a practical idea. Transfer programs, transferable credits, and the like, are confusing and need some explanation. But expanding this subject matter into a course that lasts an entire semester is ridiculous.

Psychology 111 is New Student Orientation Day bloated into a semester class combined with the nebulous goal of "stressing personal involvement of students and faculty with their institution" according to a counselor I interviewed last year.

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Last year I took Psy. 111 and wrote a news story for *The Print* about the course. After talking with other students who have taken the course, I heard reviews such as "It's a waste of time and a farce."

College Orientation classes parade around campus led by instructors with incurable cases of bright and sunny cheerfulness. The classes visit obscure places, like the library and say "hello" to any College staff member unfortunate enough to cross their path.

For the class members it's a semester of stuff like-"This is Joe; he works in the library. Say hello to Joe. Joe is going to show us where the reference books are. This is Joe; he works in the placement center...."

Dateline: Tuesday, Nov. 17, 2:30 p.m.... and Trailer B is a madhouse.

You see, it's a case of the Dreaded Deadline Doom. That's the syndrome in which

By J. Dana Haynes

everything runs as smooth as silk from Wednesday to Monday, and on Tuesday mass hysteria rears its all-too-familiar head.

Sometimes, the problem is with the headlines, as in not having any. Sometimes there are no photos for a photo page. Both of these are what we refer to around here as a White Hole; a cosmic force that gobbles whole page plans and leaves nothing but blank

You can almost hear Mister Rogers lilting voice in the background-"Oh, it's a beautiful day in the neighborhood..."

Finding out the location and function of the various places of importance around campus is the purpose of New Student Orientation Day. If a student commits the heinous crime of skipping Orientation Day, most people around campus will happily give general information and directions. I am sure that Joe in the library will show students where the reference books are even though they haven't said "hello" to him before hand.

There has been no change in the attitudes of students since Psy. 111 classes were added last year. Apathy con-

tinues to increase. Student organizations continue to have fewer and fewer members. Evidently "stressing personal involvement with students and faculty in their institution" means saying "hello" to anything that moves.

Having a counselor available to answer the questions of new students is the only value in taking the class. Most questions are on technical matters like transferable credits. These questions can be taken care of in a short amount of time. As busy as the counseling department claims to be, I think they could find a more efficient way to make counselors available to new students. A new student has to tie up one hour a week for a semester to obtain about 20 minutes of

useful information.

In the class I took, the major assignment was to learn the names of everyone in class, didn't and I managed to pass the course. Somehow I don't think I would have become a hermit or dropped out if I had not taken Psy. 111. Students are supposed to read a textbook titled "How to Study" which is similar to "My Dear Spot"

Psy. 111 is a waste of students' time. It insults their intelligence and maturity. In small way it promotes the image of Clackamas being a second rate college. College Orientation needs to be eliminated or vastly renovated or at least have the course name changed to "Institutionalized Silliness 101"

## Does anyone have an opinion?

newsprint.

And sometimes, like this time, we find the White Hole hath struck on the opinion page. With a crew of about fifteen hard working, earnest-while young journalists, you'd think one of us would have an opinion. On something...on anything.

Nope. I usually arrive on campus about noon, and Tuesday was no exception. The trailer, our somewhat-less-than-sumptuous headquarters, was a model of quiet efficiency. People were typing, the Mr. Coffee was heating, the editors (you'll note I categorize them differently from 'people') were editing, and the advisor was smiling confidently. No late-nighter for us, not this week.

So, being the intrepid News Editor, I thought I'd make a token appearance at the weekly ASG Council meeting.

That took an hour, more or less, and I was in the vicinity

of the ASG offices, so I dropped-in to talk to Student Government President Sam Crosby, a good friend whose door is always open and who can always be found hard at work behind his desk; a trait not shared by many people who actually have their own desks.

After a leisurely chat about student government, local government, federal government and the Dodgers, I moseyed over to the cafeteria for a snickerdoodle and then strolled leisurely back to Trailer B, that haven of professionalism and organization.

It looked like something out of a Japanese monster movie.

Copy hadn't come in, or worse had come in and was shorter than expected. And sure enough, the redoubtable White Hole had appeared and reduced the opinion page plan to so much protoplasmic tapioca.

The problem, quite simple,

ly, was this: On the previous day, Monday, our Editor Obritschkewitsch (and none of us know how it's pronounced either) said, "Dana, we're gonna need an editor. Thomas Rhodes'll write one, Mike Rose (our copy editor) will write one, and I'll write one. Hell, between the three of us, we're sure to have a few good ideas."

Best laid plans, as it were. Between the three of us, not an inch of public dissent had been written.

So, in his best Perry Weller voice, Rick said, "OK, Haynes Get in there and complete about something! I've got faith in you! We've all got faith in you! You've got to go out there and whip up an editorial that enflame the hearts of millions an opinion so controversial that you'll virtually save this issue single-handedly! Dana, write one for Obritschkewitsch-er!"

I still haven't thought one.

