

Epidemic hits The Print

It's striking everywhere, without any discrimination against sex, religion, age, or any other areas.

Its victim is college clubs and organizations, striking many colleges throughout the state, if not the country. What is it? It's a lack of membership.

Through past editorials and stories published in *The Print* so far this term, it has been made evident how hard this culprit has hit the Associated Student Government.

In the Senatorial elections there weren't even enough petitions turned-in to fill the positions open. Fortunately there were enough write-in candidates to complete the Senate.

ASG has, by no means, been the only club or organization hit. In fact, most clubs and organizations on this campus have fallen prey to the epidemic.

Among those struck by the disease has been *The Print*. Things looked

great for *The Print* as the time was narrowing down to the beginning of fall term. It seemed as though about 10 people would be returning from the previous year's staff. That's pretty much how it turned out, but there weren't all that many new members.

This has all been leading up to the fact that **THE PRINT NEEDS HELP**. Realizing this is the week everyone gets to register for winter term, all that is asked is that *The Print* be remembered while you're going through this process.

The Print needs help in every way imaginable. We need writers, artists, photographers, sales persons, and even people with story ideas. At current membership, it's impossible for *The Print* to know what's going on everywhere concerning this College.

To be an official member of the staff, register for Publications Lab, listed for 1 p.m. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Otherwise if any

story idea pops into your head, let a member of *The Print* know, so that a reporter can be put on it, or write it yourself.

Writing for *The Print* is your chance to find out what's really going on at this College. On many stories more is found out than what is eventually published.

There are times when the things that get uncovered aren't fit to be printed. Being a writer will allow you to find out some of those things very few people know.

Some stories will lead you to dead ends, but that's the fun of it. It's when you know something's happening, but you find people aren't willing to talk about it. Now comes the excitement of digging up information some people don't want you to know about, but it's your duty to your readers to find out the truth.

essay finals, in any of the classes you're taking, you'll be better equipped to handle the pressure writing situation.

EDGERTON



Many times this must be done under the pressure of a deadline. Therefore, when it comes time for

Besides knowing the inside story of what's going

on, there are other assets attained by working for *The Print*. One of the big advantages is writing. Writing for a newspaper will help you to organize your thoughts to come to say what you want them to.

Cartoonist's death triggers fond memory

Wally Wood died last week, and chances are that you've never heard of him.

Most people haven't heard of Wood, and that's OK; he was not a headline grabber.

By J. Dana Haynes

Wallace Wood was a comic book artist, who got into the business in the 40's and re-

mained good till the 70's. Granted, that is not usually considered a profession that warrants an editorial. In fact,

his was a job that 99.9 percent of the people couldn't care less about.

But to a few of us, he was important.

When I was growing up in various, small towns in Idaho, I acquired a taste for what my folks call funny-books, and what is formally known as com-

ic books (there's a subtle difference between the two). That's where I first encountered Wood's work.

There was a one-story house in Twin Falls, Idaho that the owners had converted into a book store. As far as I know, it's still there. I remember detouring on my way home from Vera C. O'Leary Junior High School to stop by "The Book Worm." In one corner were three cardboard boxes with the General Mills' logo stamped on them. Inside these boxes were comics, more or less alphabetically organized.

I can dimly remember kneeling in front of these tattered boxes and thumbing through dozens of used, back issues. I would skim quickly past the funny animal comics, breeze through the "Archies" and snub "Dennis the Menace," till I found what I was looking for: Super heroes.

Ah, how my eyes shined. Superman, Spidey, the Fantastic Four and the Blue Beetle. Heroes and villains, super

powers and uncomplicated struggles of old fashioned good versus old fashioned evil. I loved them.

And in this cardboard heaven, once in a very great while, I would stumble upon one of the really good ones.

Not that the hero was so great, or the inevitable fight so wonderful. None of that really mattered, not to me. Once in a while, I'd stumble onto an artist! Someone who made the little men in the funky costumes seem a little bit more realistic, more alive.

In those boxes, in that shop, I'd find a Bill Everett or a Will Eisner. Or a Wally Wood. Oh, that was what I collected comics for! That was the little extra that I drooled over. Those clean inks, those symmetrical shadows, those supporting figures with receding hairlines, or horn-rimmed glasses or ponches. Those human figures. Me. And the people I saw every day. They excited me so damn much.

I also remember my father, telling me that I was old enough to forget about those funny-books. They were for little boys, not for me. And I remember trying to explain to him that, at the age of 13, I kept hearing Walter Cronkite talking about inflation, and the president being a crook, and Israel knocking the hell out of someone, and I didn't understand it all.

Truth to tell, I really didn't care. Life was peaceful enough in Twin Falls, and if the president was one of the bad guys, it

didn't seem to affect us. The comics reflected that peace. Especially the good ones.

Now, it's a decade later. I've decided what to do with my life; I'm a fighting-young-journalist-with-morals-and-principals. Every week, I spend more time seeking truth and "writing" wrongs than I do with my wife. I live for the chance to expose some flaw in society (and I'm reminded of Jeff McNelly's comic strip "Shoe," and the newspaper in it called *The Tattler Tribune*).

Meanwhile, while I was fitting into the world of Dad and Cronkite, Wally Wood grew old. He had diabetes, kidney failure, and his eyes weren't so good anymore. Last week, when he was supposed to begin dialysis treatments, Wood shot himself in the head and died.

I still collect comic books, only with a bit more fervor than before. And I still search for the good ones. The ones that are simple, yet caring. Like the ones Wally Wood did.

Wally Wood is not a name one usually sees in a newspaper. He wasn't a shaker nor a mover, he didn't control lives nor wield great power. Wally Wood drew comic books, and made a few people happy.

Clackamas Community College

staff

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 College administration, faculty, Associated Student Government or other staff members of **THE PRINT**.

office: Trailer B; telephone: 657-8400, ext. 309 or 310

editor: Rick Obritschkewitsch

news editor: J. Dana Haynes; arts editor: Tina Riggs

feature editor: Amy DeVour

sports editor: Wanda Percival

photo editor: Duane Hiersche; copy editor: Mike Rose

staff writers: Kristi Blackman, Allison Hull

Thomas A. Rhodes, Tracy Teigland, Darla Weinberger

staff photographers: Duffy Coffman, Jay Graham

cartoonists: Jim Adams, J. Dana Haynes

business manager: Joan Seely

typesetter: Pennie Keefer; graphics: Lynn Griffith

advisor: Dana Spielmann