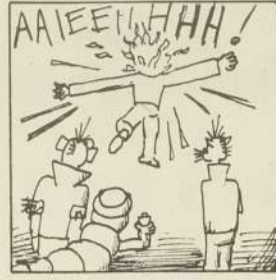


Monologue



Theaters present problems

By Shelley Stone
Business Manager

Movie theaters used to be easy to attend, but in the past three years they have added so many restrictions that it's worse than trying to enter the Soviet Union.

The past few times I went to the movies I ran into several complications. The minute I stepped up to the counter to purchase a "Rated R" movie ticket, the lady asked me (18 years old) and my date (20 years old) for our identification, claiming that we looked 16 years old. She added that if we were 16, she could be fined \$300. I considered the experience humiliating, since she was stalling a very long ticket line and the other patrons were staring at us like we were criminals.

What makes me angry is the fact that most movie theaters do not check identification and they are letting 16-year olds get away with attending "Rated R" movies. It is only fair to check everyone's identification if they appear to be 16 years or younger.

Another time, I walked into the theater with a 'Big Gulp' and a grocery bag with a few candy bars. I might add that by purchasing my snacks at 7-11, I saved myself about \$3. Anyhow, the ticket collector must have picked me as a suspect for drug and liquor smuggling, because he smelled

my Big Gulp for liquor and checked my sack for a liquor bottle, or drugs.

He claimed that they were just searching to make sure that I wasn't bringing in any glass or breakable objects. He mentioned that they had been having problems with teenagers breaking glass in the theater and throwing objects. I don't think that I would have made a good suspect for such an accusation. I could understand it if my breath happened to smell like booze, or I appeared to be the violent type to throw items around and break glass.

Later on that week, I went to a different theater for a change of pace. My friend asked me to buy her a glass of water. I walked up to the counter and confidently ordered a large water, figuring it would cost about 15 cents for the cup. Wrong. A large water costs the same as a large soft drink and to top it all off, you have to fill the cup yourself from the water fountain. I pity the person who just needs to take an aspirin. The theater claims that the cup has to be accounted for in their inventory. You'd think the place would be getting enough money to account for the cup from all their over-inflated prices of candy, pop and popcorn, not to mention the ridiculous prices they charge for ticket purchases.

More recently, I walked into the theater with my head

held high. I managed to hide my Burger King hamburgers in my purse, I only paid half price for admission since I had a coupon and I managed to get in without having my identification with me. Like they say, "There's no business like show business."

Letters to the editor

The Print gladly accepts any letters to the editor. All letters are subject to editing, and should not be libelous, obscene or false.

Letters must be typed and double spaced. It must be signed by author, and accompanied by an address and phone number where he/she can be reached.

'Little Things' make life enjoyable, easier to love

By Doug Vaughan
Editor in Chief

What is life? Life is life. But is living life loving life? What makes us love life? Do we? If we don't do we have life left to love?

Personally life is what a person makes of it and what they don't. It seems from the time we are old enough to understand what life is, we are pressured to succeed. In trying to succeed, we do not live life to love life.

In a world of Pulitzers (my dream), Emmys, Tonys, Oscars, Meyers (well, not that far) we sometimes lose touch with life, not living, but life. For the people who can't regain touch, life is nothing but an ego trip to see to what limits they can reach.

The only awards for which I am eligible are the Little Things awards—the ones that mean the most if you are going to love life.

Others can take their \$100,000 a year, their Mercedes Benz and all the pressures that follow. The Little Things are what I enjoy most. Priceless pleasures like:

- A kiss on the cheek.
- A full moon.
- A full moon with someone you love.
- A slow dance with someone you love.
- Music, headphones and a soft pillow.
- A clear, crisp winter morning.
- A first snowfall.
- A great meal. Better yet, Thanksgiving Dinner.
- An empty parking space.
- A warning instead of a ticket.
- A glorious sunset.
- A precious sunrise.
- The smell of a fresh rainfall.
- Steaming hot chocolate.
- A cold beer.
- Two cold beers.
- A night in a hot tub with someone special.
- The smell of sizzling bacon.
- The essence of a freshly peeled orange.
- The delight of Halston for women.

- The delight of women.
- The driving ability of women. (?)
- A long yellow light.
- A short test.
- An easy test.
- Another easy test.
- No test.
- A crackling fire.
- Fresh popcorn.
- Fresh popcorn with ketchup.
- A smile from someone special.
- An apology.
- A whisper of sweetness in your ear.
- A hot fudge sundae.
- A Sunday away from all your problems.
- A three-day weekend.
- Summer break.
- A breaking of a bad habit.
- A good back massage.
- A message from a long-lost friend.
- Support from a friend.
- A friendly word from a foe.
- A lick on the face from your canine friend.
- Teaching an old dog a new trick.
- A new joke.
- Someone laughing at your jokes.
- Someone not laughing at you.
- The sound of waves crashing against the rocks.
- The gentle mist of the ocean.
- A picnic on the beach.
- The taste of sand in your sandwich. (?)
- A pound of yogurt-covered almonds.
- Not seeing another yogurt-covered almond for months.
- The sight of a "long time no see" friend.
- A weekend with that friend.
- A hot episode of "All My Children."
- The thought of having your own children someday.

So why do we need that \$100,000 a year, the four-car garage and an Emmy or Oscar on our mantle? Actually, some of us don't. We enjoy almost everything...we love life.

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 members of THE PRINT. THE PRINT is a weekly publication distributed each Wednesday except for finals week. Clackamas Community College, 19600 S. Molalla Avenue, Oregon City, Oregon 97045.

Office: Trailer B; telephone: 657-8400, ext. 309, 310
 Editor in Chief: Doug Vaughan
 News Editor: Shelley Ball
 Arts Editor: J. Dana Haynes
 Sports Editor: Rob Conner
 Photo Editor: Joel Miller
 Copy Editor: Marco Procaccini
 Business Manager: Shelley Stone
 Cartoonists: Brent Carter, Ward Moore
 Advertising Representative: Jack Griffith
 Staff Writers: Judy Barlow, DeAnn Dietrich, Brad Fox, Kathy Johnson, Kristen Tonole, Heather Wright
 Staff Photographers: Duane Hiersche, Russ McMillen, Wayne Vertz, Jason Webb
 Typesetter: Pennie Isbell
 Advisor: Sara Wichman

