

Monologue

Southpaws endure prejudices that exist in right hand world

By Rodney Fobert
Sports Editor

In this world which seems to be dominated by right-handers, us unfortunate left-handers have been forced to adapt to their strange ways.

Don't get me wrong, I don't feel inferior or ashamed to be left-handed. I just feel that us southpaws have been neglected and taken for granted. I doubt if right-handers realize that many everyday objects were designed purposely to make life more difficult for those of us who are left-handed.

Let us take, for example, the common desk here at the College. It is designed so that a right-handed person can rest his arm on the table-top while writing. The left-hander does not have this luxury. While sitting at his desk writing, the left-hander's arm hangs over the edge of the desk with nothing but air with which to rest it on.

While we're on the subject of writing, let's take a closer look at the spiral notebook. The right-handed person would find no problem keeping notes in a wire-bound, spiral notebook. Us southpaws know better.

As the left-hander moves across the page when writing in such a notebook, the hand and forearm drag across the thin wires, making the job difficult at best. The way I have found to remedy this problem is to start writing from the back of the notebook and work toward the front.

Also on the left-handers hate list is the common object known as scissors. It takes even the most skilled southpaw many years to make

right-handed scissors work in the left hand. In my early days of schooling, when the right-handers could cut things out neatly along the lines, my projects always looked like they had been chewed out of the paper.

This bias against left-handers can also be found in the entertainment business. Any left-hander who has picked up a guitar knows this to be true. Guitars were designed to be played by right-handers. In order for a southpaw to play such an instrument, he must either learn to play it right-handed, switch all the strings around and play left-handed or else just learn how to play the guitar upside down.

Is all this discrimination against the left-hander? Should us southpaws sue for our rights? No, us left-handers must have pity on the poor right-handed people of the world, for it has been said that it is the right side of the brain which controls the left side of the body.

Therefore, us left-handers are the only people in our right minds.

Poor Richard



by BYINGTON



Community Corner

By Fritz Wenzel

WALKING FAST: Imagine stepping into the days when jawless fish swam the seas, or being there on the spot to witness the uplift of the great Rocky Mountains. No, I don't have a travel agent who drinks excessively, and I haven't been following Stephen Spielberg around as he hunts for movie ideas. I have discovered the geological time courtyard over at the Pauling Center, though, and the 15 minutes I spent there were fascinating.

Right away I could tell that I would have to think big. The courtyard is laid out so that every two feet a brick marks 100 million years, and you're supposed to start right at the beginning of Earth (think real big, now) and walk toward the present-day tile.

It will take you eight tiles just to reach the spot where the first rock was found, but don't stumble and stop there, because, according to geology instructor Snively's handout on the subject you're just halfway through history to the point where life begins. Since the atmosphere is toxic at these early tiles, you should probably be holding your breath. (Now he tells me, you say). When you've crossed 15 tiles you'll come upon the momentous occasion of the Birth of Life in the form of blue-green algae. The theory of evolution just swells you with pride, doesn't it?

All those things that happened in the early tiles are nice, but there is something missing. They don't reach out and grab you. I mean, standing around at tile No. 27 waiting for fossils to form rates slightly lower than watching "Charlie's Angels." At tile No. 40, the handout says that evolutionary radiation has begun. (Not long after that the trilobites started organizing the first anti-nuke movement.)

Lacking time, I strode over millions of years to the "present-day" tile. My size 11 Nikes were resting right on the leading edge of history as I noted recent geological happenings: From where I stood, my foot's arch marked a time when the Pacific Northwest was being covered by 60,000 cubic miles of basalt, producing the Columbia Plateau. The ball of my foot marked the beginning of the Coast, Cascade and Blue

Mountain ranges.

In the last quarter-inch of my big toe, apes got up off their arms and started carrying groceries in front. The shopping cart could not be long in coming. Soon you and I appear in less distance than I filed away from my toenail night before last. I can't help thinking that since so much happened in the last half-inch of my shoe, we are all pretty darn lucky that I'm not a size 10½ instead.

LIFE IN THE (TOO) FAST LANE: An English instructor recently gave his class an assignment to describe a life crisis in 500 words. He reported back that 80 percent of the papers turned out to be car accident descriptions. Is somebody misunderstanding the phrase "crashing a party?"

ON A ROLL: Shawnee Christensen, the new president of ASG told me last week the pool tables in the Community Center have to be recovered every term. Having had a table myself for years and not ever needing to recover it, I guess you can tell that I'm more of a table tennis man myself.

Scott Hermo, who works in the center where the billiards are played, said a new covering makes the ball roll easier and truer, which I guess is good for most people. As for me, all those snags and taped-up tears in a table is what I count on to help me out. Those guys would probably force me to put my sweating Pepsi on a coaster, too.

By the way, Hermo said there are "quite a few" people signed up to participate in the national billiards contest this month. The winner will go to the University of Washington in Seattle to compete in a regional tournament, all expenses paid.

WHAT YOU'RE MISSING: Dr. Linus Pauling, who is famous for his theory about the value of vitamin C and after whom our science center is named, would be proud of the figures portrayed in Pat Baird's artistic effort to bring the Renaissance masters work back into a popular state. You can see the drawings in the Pauling Center until the end of January.

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