

Opinion

Ouster unfair

By Dave Holmes

Editor-In-Chief

On Feb. 20, Stefanie Weaver was removed from her office of ASG Assistant to the President. The reasons for her removal, according to ASG President Daniel Hilts, were justifiable and substantial. In reality, the reasons given for her ouster were nothing more than cheap, leaky excuses for ASG to see just how swiftly and cleanly the ax could fall.

Unfortunately, the blow was neither swift or clean.

Hilts defended the action by saying that he felt it was all done in the best interests of ASG and the student body. He couldn't have been more wrong on both counts.

First, the ouster could do nothing but harm ASG since it leaves a vacancy in a cabinet position. Also, such proceedings, having taken place three times this school year, only create dissension, fear, and resentment within ASG.

Second, the student body doesn't seem to care about ousters or who's doing what just as long as activities continue to take place. This was, indeed, the case with Weaver.

Weaver had been placed on a "time-line" by Hilts a month ago, and she had met nearly every requirement, or was completing them, when Hilts asked for her recall.

Weaver had shown improvement in responsibilities towards her duties since the implementation of the time-line, and seemed to falter only once. That occurrence was the "Dating in the 80's" forum during Sexual Awareness Week. Out of the entire lot of Hilts' complaints about Weaver, her performance at the forum, or lack thereof, was his only substantial argument for her dismissal.

The point that Hilts, and most other ASG members, failed to see is that an essentially volunteer organization shouldn't fire someone who shows improvement. In such an instance, bad moral, bitter feelings, and back-watching tension can only be the result.

Hey, what are they going to do to someone who really screws up, hang them at high noon?

Perhaps the worst part of the proceedings were the reports of verbal assault that came out of the group's executive session. Each person got to brandish their own little hatchet and take an individual whack at Weaver if they so desired. Executive session is supposed to be a time for free speech in a meeting, but such behavior is a distinct misuse of the privilege.

Misuse didn't stop with Weaver or privileges, either. Hilts refused to admit a reporter from *The Print* to a special session of ASG later that day on the grounds that such a presence would be disruptive. All of this was done in direct violation of Oregon's Public Meetings law (ORS 192.630).

From this point, with the damage already done, ASG needs to take a hard look at itself. And goal planning meetings aren't going to get that job done. What it comes down to is ASG justifying its existence, and then finding the best way possible to serve (i.e. DO something for) its constituency.

The best way to do that would be to get internal priorities straightened out and then go to the public, which they will do in an open forum Feb. 26.

Rules, while laid down for good reasons, will always be tested by circumstance. The Weaver ouster was one circumstance where the rule should have broken under the test.

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. Drop them by trailer B.

From my side of the pool

A certain brand of humor...

By Dave Holmes

Editor-In-Chief

There is a question that has plagued mankind for centuries: Are we having fun yet?

It's a question I heard a lot this last weekend as I traveled with the College's women's basketball team to Seattle for a play-off game. And it's just now that I find an answer to the eternal question.

"It all depends."

Let me clarify that. I have my idea of fun. The team has theirs. And on this trip a strange thing happened: the two started to merge.

Of course, the Chinese fire drill is a must on trips such as that one, but it was the first time I'd ever seen it executed by six women in sweats.

Nobody I know likes AM radio. You can turn the dial and hear the same Barry Manilo song on at least four different stations.

And never have I seen it done with such grace. Sue Johnston displayed her acrobatic skills for everyone at the intersection by attempting a slide with a full twist around the right fender of the van. Perhaps a half gainer would have been a better bet, as Johnston and the rain-soaked pavement had an abrupt meeting.

One guy in an Oldsmobile held up a card that read "7.3," but I gave her an "8" for flair.

Fast food places never cease to amaze me, and I ate at quite a few on that trip. But the Auburn, Washington Burger King wins my "Revenge Is Sweet" award. (The word 'sweet' was another thing I heard all weekend long. I now hate that word.)

After a rousing chorus of "Is Herb here?" at the drive-thru speaker, Liz Toriano ordered

four large ice waters and, politely, asked if that would cost anything.

The voice (you can hardly ever tell if the voice belongs to a male or a female) said it wouldn't, but Liz must have changed her mind between the speaker and the window. She told the girl at the window to forget about it, and received in return a very dirty look, which was accompanied by an obscene gesture.

Liz thought it was funny, and through the laughter she could be heard saying "Hey, let's go back there and get the (can't print that adjective) fired." Revenge may be sweet, but I'll take a good laugh every time.

On a fast food crusade of her own is Angie Stein, who won't eat meat fried in anything bigger than a frying pan. She claims it's because of the grease, but I think she's become a secret addict of alfalfa sprouts.

What starts out as just doing social vegetables can turn into hard-core plant consumption.

Nobody I know likes AM radio. You can turn the dial and hear the same Barry Manilo song on at least four different stations. And I-5 from Tacoma to Vancouver is no exception. Except the exception of Patty Mattis, who can find a Top-40 song on the radio within one minute.

Unfortunately, there's a lot of static on AM radio, and Patty almost drove her teammates to the extremely boring boredom reliever known as 'Hey, let's all sing a song!' At that point I opted to save my sanity and went to sleep, such that it was in a van.

All in all, I did have fun. And I even learned a few things, like "Hey, I could do this for a living."

I think I now know where the rumor that goes 'Sports journalism is a cop-out for half-witted writers and washed-up reporters' came from. That rumor was started by a group of sports reporters who wanted to keep a good thing to themselves.

There was a lot more to the trip than what I described above, but almost everything else that happened was followed by the second most used question in human language: You're not going to print that, are you?

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