

Opinion

Domestic Issues Another rat-race ahead

by Tammy Swartzendruber
Staff Writer

As a full time college student and mother of a very inquisitive four year old, I find little time to relax and enjoy the small things of life. Take yesterday for an example. The alarm went off at 4 a.m. It was only 3 1/2 hours earlier that I had shoved my algebra book aside. Picking my way through Barbie dolls and roller skates, I had stumbled into bed utterly exhausted. Now here it was already time to get up. Grabbing a towel I ran for the shower. There was no time to bask in its steamy interior. Throwing on my robe, I ran for the bedroom. With one hand I flicked on the curling iron, while the other hand methodically

plugged in the iron. I had no idea what I was going to wear that day but one thing was certain - it would need to be ironed.¹

It was now 5 a.m. and the bus comes at 5:30 a.m. Rather than awaken my daughter too early and have her crying and fussing until the bus came, I decided to let her sleep until the last minute. Needless to say, I almost missed my bus. After four years it seems like I would remember to allow time for last minute runs to the toilet and missing buttons.

Three buses, a peanut butter sandwich and two and a half hours later, I arrived at school. What did it matter that I was 10 minutes late for my 8 a.m. class? I slept through the whole thing anyway.

I got out of school at 3 p.m. After many inquiries, I found a ride home with a friend. I had a doctors appointment at 3:45 p.m. I got to my place at 3:47, I grabbed my daughter and bailed her into my own car, flinging my book bag in after her. I walked through the shiny glass doors at the doctor's office at 4:05 p.m. Again it didn't matter that I was late. It was 5:00 before the doctor was ready to see me. The real irony of the situation was that I was seeing the doctor for chronic fatigue.

After learning a few breathing exercises to relieve stress, I headed home with two T.V. dinners for our evening meal. Thank God, the day was almost done! I gave my daughter supper, then stuffing some Tylenol and cherry flavored cough drops down her throat, I stuck her in bed.

Now maybe I could find a few minutes to relax. I still hadn't been able to read the 'Ladies' Home Journal' I had bought several weeks ago, so pushing away a few newspapers, my daughter's jewelry, a bottle of Popples col-

ogne and an empty jar of Planters peanuts, I sat down to the table to browse through my magazine.

I randomly flipped through the pages. The titles stood out in vivid colors: How Stress Affects Your Looks, A Month Of Perfect Menus, The 10 Piece Wardrobe Every Woman Should Have, The Diary Of An Affair. I find myself sinking into a latent depression. I know I look twice my age, and as for menus - well, I'm not a gourmet person. My wardrobe is a

haphazard, makeshift affair at thrift store specials, and as for the love affair, who has the time?

It was now 9 p.m. I moved to the living room to watch a movie. The next thing I knew, I was awakened by my daughter's coughing. I glanced at the clock. It was 4:10 a.m. Another day had dawned. Another rat-race was ahead.

Oh well, maybe relaxation and enjoyment weren't meant for everybody.

Honesty is the best policy

by Dean Grey
Editor

Daylight
all right
I don't know
I don't know if its real
Its been a long night
and something ain't right)
you won't show it
you won't show how you feel
no time
ever seems right
to talk about the reasons
why you and I fight
its high time
to draw the line
put an end to this game
before its too late
Head games
its you and me baby
Head games
and I can't take it anymore
Head games
I don't wanna' play the
Head games
-Foreigner>

Head games. A familiar word. No, an art. But what is it and why do we play?

This "custom" has been with us since the beginning of time itself. The first played (as our records show) was done so by the first people, to be more specific the first woman, to be even more specific Eve. What, you ask? And if you didn't you were either a guy or didn't care or you didn't know who Eve was. Eve doesn't have a last name so we will call her the first. She was the companion (wife) of Adam, also the first.

It all began in the garden long ago. One day while doing what ever they did in the garden, Eve went over to the tree of the forbidden fruit and was conned by a serpent, who knew too much for his own good, to eat of the tree. It obviously didn't take much to convince her because there is less than three verses dedicated to the serpents speech. The things that he said amounted to the fact that she would become God-like if she ate.

From there she took it upon herself to eat. Then not wanting to get into trouble alone she went to Adam, batted her eyes, used her womanly charm and conned him into eating of the

fruit.

What happened next would change life forever. In Genesis 3:7 it says, "...so they sewed fig leaves together and made coverings for themselves." Why? Because they were naked.

Then God came down, found them covered and knew that they had sinned. As for the punishment, I don't care that we as men have to toil in a cursed ground and grow thistles for a living, I don't care that the women have to have babies in great pain (probably because I'm a man), and I don't care that we as men have to rule over women as it is stated in Genesis 3:16. "...Your desire will be for your husband, and he will rule over you.". But I do mind the fact that because of them we have to wear clothes. We had a good thing going and they blew it.

Ah but I digress.

In a relationship (Boy meets Girl. Couples are formed) one says to The Other, 'I love you.' The Other, in a timed response, says 'I love you too.' How do they know that The Other loves them as much as they love The Other? Simple, they don't. But they can get an estimate of the amount of love felt by how much shit The Other will put up with. And so begins the test also known as a Head game.

We, by pulling the strings of our significant Other, can tell, by their response, whether or not they indeed do love us. But it doesn't stop there. Once the "Power" over The Other has surfaced most people, you are probably included, use it toward their own advantage and push and pull The Other till He/She breaks. When that happens its time for The Other to question your love.

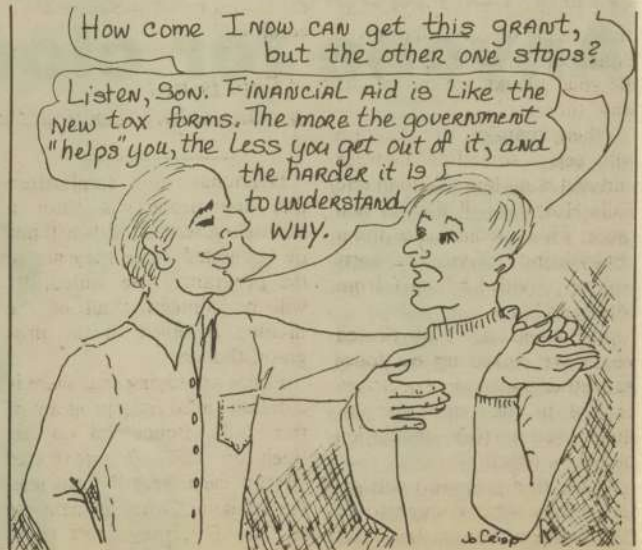
Might I suggest that Head games is a fancy word for lies and deceit. And might I also suggest that the ultimate end to a Head game is the destruction of a relationship. Furthermore I would say if you are really serious about this significant Other you might try being honest. I know that's a tough one but it usually works out for the best.

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor:
I would like to compliment The Print on the story that appeared in February 18, 1987 issue titled, "Financial Aid Changes Highlighted." The story was a well researched and accurate portrayal of the changes in CCC's financial aid system as a result of congressional re-authorization.

The Print however has failed to report on other financial aid proposals currently being considered by the U.S. Congress that would drastically affect the amount of aid received by CCC students. Among these proposals is the elimination of Carl Perkin's Loans (National Direct Student Loans), Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grants, and College Work Study. If these proposals are enacted it could mean the loss of a half-million dollars in aid to CCC students. These programs are only a small part of the financial aid cuts being proposed in Congress. Why doesn't The Print consider this newsworthy material and why hasn't The Print lived up to the responsibility of a free press by editorializing an issue that is of such importance to its readers? Approximately 1000 people receive financial aid here annually. The Print, by failing to inform them of these proposed cuts, is failing to serve its readership.

Sincerely,
Neale Frothingham
Student Representative
Clackamas Community College
Financial Aid Advisory Committee



Financial cuts affect society

It's that time of year when filling out forms seems to become a never-ending job: tax forms, the new W-4 forms, and, yes, the FAF's (Financial Aid Forms).

For many college students the filling out of an FAF determines whether or not they will be able to continue their schooling next year. But each year more and more programs are being cut back in their funding and some are being dropped altogether. So what does this mean to the student on financial aid?

It means that some students may have to find other ways to finance their educations (bank loans, part-time jobs, etc.) while some may have to drop out altogether, and that's a real waste of intellect.

In today's society a college education is becoming more of a requirement instead of just an asset. Instead of cutting funds the government should be adding to the financial aid budget.

Education is a reflection on society as a whole, not just individuals. Our society needs to look at where it wants to be in comparison to other societies in the world before it starts eliminating programs that will help educate the future working classes of the United States.

Advancement is the key to the future, and education is the key to advancement. If the only way to get an education requires students to have financial aid then it only makes sense to add to these funds instead of cutting them back.

The Print

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