

Sports

Alexander among winners in Oregonian contest

by Stephani Veff
Opinions Editor

Isn't it always said that the best things happen on the "spur of the moment?" Well, luck seemed to be on Suzy Alexander's side during Spring Break when she and her husband and children made their way to the beach. Alexander was reading *The Oregonian* during the trip and, due to the trip's length, read the sport's page. "I never read the sport's section," claims Alexander.

In this edition a contest was announced asking people to enter their best fish tales. The tale could not be longer than 500 words and the grand prize winner would be chosen from among 12 weekly winners. The 12 weekly winners would each receive a trout print valued at \$125 and the grand prize winner



SUZY ALEXANDER- Had story printed in *The Oregonian*.
Photo by Von Daniel

would receive a fishing trip designed just for him or her.

Alexander, not being one to fish herself, thought she would enter the contest and try and win the trip for her husband and son who are both avid fishermen.

At first she thought her story was pretty "dumb" and almost didn't send the story in after she sent the story in she forgot all

who admitted that finding her name and story in print embarrassed her. One of her later thoughts was, "Why can't I win the lottery?"

Alexander, who has been the secretary for both student publications and the health center here at Clackamas Community College for the last five years, said that, "If I fish I will not bait the hook or take the

"Why can't I win the lottery?"

about it until she got a call around 7 a.m. one morning from one of her husband's friends in Bend. Her story had been chosen as one of the 12 weekly winners.

"At first, I thought, 'Oh no, I don't want anyone to see this,'" confessed Alexander,

fish off unless I have pliers or a leaf to take it off."

A somewhat humorous comment from someone who has written a poignant, touching story about an experience she shared with her little girl. Maybe we should draft her for The Print.

Not just another fish story

by Suzy Alexander
Oregonian Contest Winner

I've often tried to imagine what it was like to be a pioneer, and not long ago my daughter and I had an experience that took us back in time.

Coming from a family of fishermen, we are used to going fishing and camping and enjoying the outdoors. Usually my daughter and I are not as serious about catching fish as my husband and son. We are just out to have a good time and enjoy the scenery.

Last fall our family decided to picnic and hunt pigeons near Molalla.

My husband and son found a nice spot for us along the bank, stream and my six-year-old daughter and I spread out a blanket with all her toys and books and said we would see them in an hour or two.

"Usually my daughter and I are not as serious about catching fish as my husband and son."

After a short time, we decided to explore. I told her a story about how the pioneers and Indians used to fish with a stick, make their own fishing line, and use berries, seeds, worms, or bugs for bait. Before we knew it we ran across a piece of discarded fishing line with a small hook on it.

Not far down the bank was a wild rose bush with bright orange rose hips on it. I explained how fish are sometimes attracted to brightly colored things. I picked up a long stick and attached the line to it and placed the rose hip

on the hook. Teasing my daughter, I told her to cast the line and see if she could catch a fish. The stream was very shallow and the bank was flat and so we sat down on the edge in the sunshine.

Leslie, my daughter, was very content to hold onto her "pole" and watch the line float back and forth in the water. It was a good day to just relax and enjoy each other's company.

In a matter of minutes, her stick started to shake and I noticed her line was taut. The tales I had been telling her about the past were re-occurring before our eyes. I tried to calm down and told Leslie to slowly lift her stick up and pull her line in.

Surprisingly, she had a fish on... a small speckled trout about seven inches long. She was able to land the fish on the bank and I helped her get the hook out of its

mouth without any damage.

We quickly put the trout in a pool of water formed on the side of the bank so we could watch it. It was beautiful and full of life. In a few minutes the fish found its way back into the stream. We were sad to see it swim away, but happy it was able to return to its home.

I was so excited that Leslie could catch a fish and experience the thrill of seeing a story come to life. I also felt a little fear, thinking "Oh no, I don't have my fishing license with me." I didn't plan to fish.

"I'll bet you didn't catch yours with a stick and a seed pod."

I also thought that my husband and son would never believe our story when we returned because we didn't have a fish to prove that we had caught one.

In the meantime, two fishermen walked up the other side of the stream with a stringer of fish and they offered us the rest of their bait. I declined because I didn't have a license and hadn't planned on fishing. I said silently to myself: "I'll bet you didn't catch yours with a stick and a seed pod!" I didn't care if their fish were bigger.

Looking back at some of the fishing trips I've been on I still think that of all the fish I've ever caught, that little trout meant more to me than any big fish I've caught and kept.



We'd like to make a point...

Classified Ads are available to both students and staff free of charge. Forms may be picked up at the Student Activities Office or Trailer B. Or call ext. 309 (657-8400). Deadline, Tuesday 2pm prior to publication.

The party begins.

I can drive when I drink.
2 drinks later.

I can drive when I drink.
After 4 drinks.

I can drive when I drink.
After 5 drinks.

I can drive when I drink.
7 drinks in all.

I can drive when I drink.

The more you drink, the more coordination you lose. That's a fact, plain and simple. It's also a fact that 12 ounces of beer, 5 ounces of wine and 1 1/4 ounces of spirits all have the same alcohol content. And consumed in excess, all can affect you. Still, people drink too much and then go out and expect to handle a car. When you drink too much, you can't handle a car. You can't even handle a pen.

A public service message from **Will Rogers Institute**

