

Condom ads not that bad

A big controversy is stirring in our country at this time: should condom ads be shown on TV?

Why not? Parents are worried that their innocent little children will be affected if they see such horrible things on TV.

Well, if anyone has seen a soap opera, or one of the TV mini-series aired lately, they will have to agree that a lot more damage is being done in those one to three hour TV shows than in a thirty second ad on TV.

These TV shows give the viewer the idea that sex is a little game with no real consequences to it. They rarely show the darker side of sex such as pregnancy, VD or worst of all AIDS. A condom ad on TV would show a safe solution to those problems.

In the condom ads they are showing a contraband method to the public and letting people know it is available. They are not showing our young anything that will hurt them, actually they may be showing them something that could save their lives. Condoms are a safe reliable method of contraception which should be allowed to have their time on TV.

-MKT-



Think about it

Jim Evans
Columnist

Monday receives bad rap

What is Monday anyway? It's just another day, it has 86,400 seconds just like any other day. It traditionally falls at the beginning of the week, you know first, the beginning, the place of honor, at the head of the time parade, etc. It is a shame to diminish such an important and honorable day to that dreaded horror and disgust. It really appears that our nobel Monday is used as the whippin' post for our own short sightedness. Did we plan our weekend carefully enough that we were able to do what is really important? For example, last weekend, did you make sure that you achieved some real rest and relaxation, not the pseudo kind you get from retched excess of recreational toxins? Or the kind arrived at by way of over-exerting one's self physically even though you haven't taken any regular exercise during the rest of the week for as long as you can remember? Did you happen to take a realistic look at next week and make sure that you are prepared for it? By any chance, did you happen to look back at last week to recognize your successes and suddenly you wake up to find that your worst nightmare has now become your worst reality, it is really Monday. Can you really afford to spend one

seventh of your life with that kind of mentality?

So you think that Monday is a terrible way to spend one seventh of your life? That is certainly an interesting idea, one which seems popular with great number of folks, but is it realistic? After all, time moves sequentially, that is to say that it follows one second after another, minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day.

"Monday is used as the whippin' post for our short sightedness"

Ah, there it is, the crux of the matter. If time truly marches on day after day, then it makes sense that Monday follows...altogether now, that's correct, Monday follows the weekend. Do you find that as you look back at your history of days which followed weekends (Mondays) that you have had crummy, get-the-week-off-to-a-bad-start type of days? Is this your habit, do you anticipate that Monday is going to be crummy? Does it bother you much that by Thursday or Friday you are so wound up with how bad next Monday is going to be that you get overly

depressed and decide to just get thyself inebriated to the point that you miss the weekend and make adjustments in those spots where you fell short of your mark?

Please don't misunderstand, I enjoy libations as much as anyone else. However I must confess that I really don't remember the last time I had a bad day that I could directly attribute to the fact that it was Monday. Personally I like Monday because most people are so caught up with the Monday blues that they miss the day. I figure that this gives me a head start and sometimes I need a good start so I can just finish the race. I like Monday because it means that I've probably had a decent weekend and in front of me is a brand new week of challenge, surprise, reward, growth...all leading up to next weekend when I will be able to take the time and reflect upon my recent successes and make careful plans for...Monday, the new beginning. It seems that as a rule many people don't like Monday. I think that every exception has its rule.

The only question: are you exceptional or are you ruled by a crummy...? Think about it!

Domestic issues

by Tammy Swartzendruber
Columnist



Education: the key to the future

This morning was one of those clear, windy mornings typical of the Northwest in the fall. With autumn being my favorite season and the wind a kindred spirit to mine, I decided to get up early and take a walk through the woods. The leaves danced out to greet me with their orange frocks making beautiful patterns against the darkness of the firs.

I found my way to a little pool hidden deep in the heart of the forest, and there I sat down to think about life. As I sat there a deer stole out from the shadows. I quietly watched him while he drank. I too was thirsty out not for water. It was my thirst for knowledge that brought me to this college.

Two years ago I hadn't even begun to get my feet wet. Then a friend, knowing how much I love learning, told me about CCC I was so excited I could think of little else for the next few days. It

on the paper anyway and I had a perfectly good typing book that had come from the same place as the literature book. Yes, I loved learning, but how could I really understand everything with no one to explain it to me?

I was snapped out of my reverie by the shrilling of a blue-jay. As I arose from the log I had been sitting on I knew what I would do. I would tell my story and maybe someone else could find their way through the maze of obstacles leading to that golden door that opens into a whole new future. I will be back next week to help you unlock that door.

"I found my way to a little pool deep in the heart of the forest and there I sat down and thought"

was a dark day when I came out of my bubble and realized that I was too poor to go to school and I had no one to babysit my daughter. Besides that I had no transportation. And what about my past education? I had only gone to grade school. I went to bed that night crying. Here I was in my mid twenties and the door to education was closed to me forever. I would never stroll down the halls of learning. I would never drink from the fountain of knowledge. I would never know how to read Shakespeare's plays. Sure, I could read the words out of the dusty old literature book I had rescued from the trash behind our city library, but what did it all mean? I had even learned to type on my dad's rickety old typewriter. What if the ribbon was out of ink? The keys made impressions

TRAVIS COLLECTS HIS FINANCIAL AID



Work-Study

