

OPINION

First kiss savored sixty years later

If there is such a phenomenon as a perfect day, Marion and I had it. We had gone hiking in the hills overlooking Lake St. Croix in northern Wisconsin. With no special destination or purpose, we trudged up the paths that took us to the viewpoints, and finally reached a level stretch where the going was easy. We sat on a fallen tree, looked out over the lake, the panoramic surroundings: Crownheart Island, the beaches, part of the town, Solon Springs, which serviced the resorts and summer cottagers.

tion to a tall tamarack which had turned a golden brown, making it stand out dramatically among the green of the pines. We had noticed it shortly after we started up the hill behind our cottages.

The year before we hiked this same way, but had not reached the summit. Now we moved on up the path through the trees to an area new to us.

Suddenly, we were on the edge of a meadow. Acres of daisies grown to full height, spread out before us, waving in the slight breeze, as though to welcome us. We gasped at the beauty of it all. Our senses drank the ambrosial scene, savoring its flavors blended divinely, exclusively for Marion and me. A meadowlark sent its cheery message out for all the world to hear. We walked to the middle of the field and stretched out among the daisies. We lay on our backs looking at the blue dome above, speaking in low voices as though we were at church.

Marion remarked that the lark's trill reminded her of a short passage in a Liszt rhapsody. I suggested a flute solo in some of the bucolic orchestral pieces popular in the 19th century. So, there we were talking of our mutual love, music. My hand brushed over hers, and she grasped it, squeezing. I felt a marvelous wave of emotion sweep over me. I wanted to kiss her, then and there, but my innate shyness froze me. I must have transmitted a message by tightening my grasp on her hand. Marion, bless her, made proper use of the moment. In the most natural manner imaginable, she leaned over and kissed me tenderly on the lips. My eyes closed like valves to contain the feeling of pleasure that moved through me, corpuscle by corpuscle. I tingled all over. I was immobilized. The lark sounded gloriously. Marion stood up and suggested we go home.

All the way down the path, we talked glowingly about the day and vowed to come back again, soon.

Sixty years later, I still see the meadow, the daisies, listen to the lark, and savor that first kiss. Fifteen in those days spelled innocence. Believe me.

Columnist responds to 'skinnies'...

Learn to recognize satire

It seems that my column several weeks ago, hit a very sensitive nerve among the "skinnies" on campus. Some people became very upset at what they thought I had said. First, let me inform my dear readers that the article that has caused all this commotion and ill will was never intended to put down the thin people or to promote obesity. It was satire and meant to be read as satire. But since so many of you took it at face value, you've left me no choice but to respond. So here I am writing my real opinions on the matter.

First let me respond to "Skinny Minny." Dare I suggest that you were probably a healthier person at a size 11 then you are at a size five? There is no virtue in being underweight or skinny. You will not sprout wings or get to heaven quicker than the size 11. As for clothes not fitting, let me kindly suggest to my readers that if they wear the right size of clothes, such as a size 11 for a size 11 body their clothes will fit as comfortably as a size five on a size five. If your clothes are not comfortable at bigger sizes it's not because you're heavy. It's because you're trying to squeeze

yourself into something that's too small.

um, when for years the fat person has been attacked on all sides, yet they've suffered silently. They've been made fun of and laughed at for being fat.

I want you all to know that it isn't this way all over the world. In some places, being fat is a sign of health and wealth. In the Song of Solomon, we read that Solomon's lover, who is thought to have been the Queen of Sheba, had a belly "as a mound of wheat." And she was thought to be the most beautiful woman around. Indeed, no rack of bones laid in Solomon's bed at night. Instead he cuddled up to the soft roundness of his lover's belly. And, by the way, Solomon is said to have been the wisest man that ever lived.

So, my advice to all my readers is to be content with who you are, and don't judge others by some silly standard of your own. Eat healthy, get plenty of exercise, and don't starve yourself. Wear clothes that fit. This will keep the pancreas and liver where God intended them to be. Above all take Writing 122 and learn how to recognize satire. So long, and I love you all!

Domestic issues



by Tammy Swartzendruber
Columnist

Your size has nothing to do with your worth as a person. I smiled to myself when I read and listened to the feedback I got from people. How irate they were! I will say, however, that there were some skinny people who were intellectual enough to understand this was satire and find humor in it themselves.

But here are these people all upset about a little satirical col-

The laugh clinic®



by Joe Lee
Columnist

Marion and I had been sum-mering on the lake for over ten years. Our families were next door neighbors there among the typical houses that nestled among the trees along the shoreline of the lake. Her family was connected with the University at Madison, where her father taught 18 languages and dialects. They spent June, July and August every year roughing it in their jerry-built cottage, a hodge-podge of add-on rooms and porches. Most of the summer homes on the lake were like that. An idea that started with one room for all purposes, and expanded each summer to accommodate the family as it grew. The Lee cottage was the same. As was the Arnold's place, on the other side of ours. Rustic would be a good all around description for the whole community.

High up, Marion and I tried to spot the location of our cottages. The tall pines made it impossible to actually see them, but we figured out their location in rela-

CCC holds community forums on March levy election

College President John Keyser, and the local Board member, will present facts about the levy and the college in upcoming community forums.

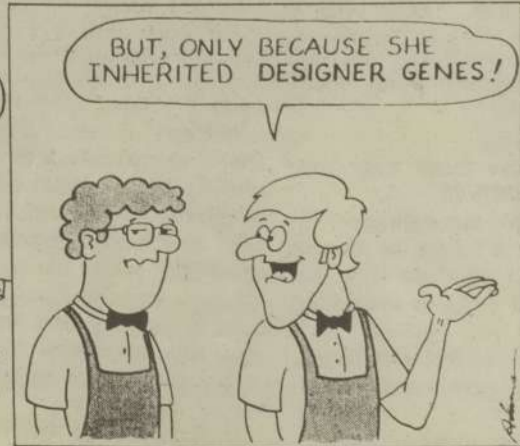
Oregon City Larry Sowa	Tues. Feb. 23, 7:30p.m.	Oregon City Senior Center 615 Fifth St.
Canby Larry Wright	Wed., Feb. 24, 7:30p.m.	Old Town Hall 225 N.E. Second St.
Wilsonville John Keyser Bonnie Robertson	Thurs., Feb. 25, 7:30p.m.	Wilsonville Comm. Center Wilsonville Road and the Town Center Loop
Gladstone Roger Rock	Mon., Feb. 29, 7:30p.m.	Gladstone High Library 18800 Portland Ave.
North Clackamas Estle Harlan Bonnie Robertson	Mon., Feb 29, 8:30p.m.	Milwaukie Senior Center 5440 S.E. Kellogg Creek Milwaukie
Estacada Ross Smith	Tues., March 1, 7p.m.	City Hall 475 S.E. Main St.
West Linn Bonnie Robertson	Wed., March 2, 7:30p.m.	McLean House 5350 River St.
Molalla Larry Wright	Thurs., March 10, noon	Stagecoach Inn 504 Grange St.

PRINT

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