

American slang . . .

Do you have it together?

Beginning the Spring term, starting new classes after a short vacation, we all have that in common. Some of us have everything (classes and stuff) together, and some of us don't. When I was sitting in the community center at the beginning of last week, I overheard a conversation of two students who definitely did not have it together.

Well hi, what's up?
Oh, nothing is up, is anything down?
I don't think so.
Good, how are your classes going?
Not too great, I don't have any classes yet.
How come?

I don't know. I can't think of anything to take, I think I lost my mind.

Gee, that's terrible!
What's terrible?
That you lost your mind. Do you have any idea where you might have lost it?

Of course not. How can I remember where I lost my mind if I don't have a mind to remember things with.

Well, I guess that's right! Although I think you are not making any sense.

I know I'm not making sense. I don't even know how to make sense. What ingredients do you need to make sense?

Wooden shoe like to know



by Heleen Veenstra
Editor

First of all a mind, so let's find yours.

OK!

The best thing to do is to split apart and both go our own ways. Does that sound like a plan or what?

I have no idea, what does a plan sound like?

Can you knock it off, you are being very ridiculous now.

Says who? You are telling me to knock things off, while there is nothing to knock off and no place to knock things from.

Then just cut the bull!

There we go again. Now you tell me to cut a bull, while there is, first of all, no knife and, second of all, no bull.

I don't know what it is about you, but I just think you have your mind in the gutter.

Is that where my mind is. Would it really be in the gutter?

Well, the best thing to do is check it out. I absolutely do not know where the gutter is, but if we both split and search pretty good, we should be able to find your mind.

Sounds great! I'm gonna go look, ciao!

After this day both students have not returned to school. One can only wonder where they are. Maybe still looking for the gutter?

'Term resolutions' easier to achieve

How many of you out there are still sticking to your New Year's resolutions that you set way back in January? Better still, how many of you even made resolutions this year? Well, don't feel alone. I didn't make any resolutions this year because I knew I wouldn't be able to keep any long term resolutions, so this term I have made what I call "term resolutions."

Term resolutions are short goals I set for myself at the beginning of each school term. Last term's resolution was to complete my research paper for Writing 123 - and I did it. Nothing felt better than turning that paper in on time! These short term goals are much more sensible to make because the reward and sense of accomplishment comes much sooner and that makes it much easier to reach the bigger goals I have in life.

This term I decided it was especially important to make some resolutions because it's spring and a time for rebirth. Everything seems so much easier for me to achieve when it's spring. As a result I set some of my bigger goals during this time.

To choose a goal to work on for the term, I begin by deciding what is achievable in the limited time span. The best types of goals for this are educational type goals: getting an "A" on an Algebra test, turning in all of the assignments in history class on time, etc.

But these are not the only kinds of goals to set. Goals can be set for every aspect of life - from work to family. Sometimes these goals are more difficult to set because they last beyond school. You'll always have your family and work, but most likely you won't always be in school.

Is there a family member that you are having a disagreement with? Make a resolution to solve the problem. Maybe you're not

satisfied with your job? Find a way to make it better or even look for a new job. Where there is a will, there is a way - as the saying goes.

On the lighter side



by Stephani Veff
Opinion/Copy Editor

I'm not saying you need to make a goal for everything you do this term, just pick out the more important aspects of your life and make two or three resolutions. I guarantee that you will feel such a sense of accomplishment when you have achieved your goals. It is bound to make all the effort you put into your resolutions worth the while.

Columnist's note: In some issues later this month I will be focusing on one topic - The Soviet Union vs. The United States. I will be addressing issues such as "glasnost," similarities and differences in the two countries, and how the two countries feel about each other. I would like to welcome response from the students, staff, and faculty of Clackamas Community College for use in my column. Later this month I will be conducting a survey about the topic as well. Please address all responses to me and thank you for your support.

To shave or not to shave . . .

A question to the bearded

by Joseph Patrick Lee
Columnist

Facial hair begins to show on boys when puberty pokes its busy hormones into their lives. To shave or not to shave is the question.

That decision is nicely resolved if the boy is of Hebrew or Amish persuasion. An effort is made to keep the beard neat and that's all. Once a week a trim to give the face character and the boy a feeling that he is arriving.

During the teen years the beard is wispy, finely textured. As the years pile on, protein builds and more sturdy filaments populate the chin and present a more manly appearance.

A subliminal self-image shapes the beard. Gentle personalities tend to show in neatly trimmed mustaches, well controlled sideburns, and pointy-chinned adornments. The more macho, large-boned, rugged personality combs it and that's about all. Once a week.

Lumberjacks are always cartooned with a full beard. Artists, musicians, and daily readers of the Talmud affect a more delicate appearance. A statement is made in either case. The full beard may chew tobacco and swear a lot. The less hirsute, disciplined, well-mannered beard says, "I am civilized, speak good grammar, read books, think a lot, eschew tobacco in any form, and find it difficult to associate with lumberjacks. The forest primeval is not

for me. I like well-kept lawns and hedges."

I slipped into my beard quite accidentally. My lower back went bad on me and I was laid up for about six weeks - most of the time in traction. My beard filled out and when I was able to view my face in the mirror, I met an alter ego. A lumberjack, no less. It was hilarious. An instant, natural disguise. If I was so inclined, I could chew tobacco, put snuff inside my lower lip, smoke black cigars, and drink hard liquor straight. All in the same day. In truth, I do none of these which makes me somewhat of a fraud.

I like books, music, poetry, and even try my hand at putting words and music to paper for anyone to see and hear. If I lived in Paris, I would do so in a garret. I would quaff "vin ordinaire" with my meager meals.

Sometimes when the muses bugged me, I would go without food for days, struggling with compositions of one sort or the other. I would let my beard grow to Karl Marx proportions. If I sold a piece for a few francs, I would present myself and my beard to Francois, the barber, and return to my garret looking like Sigmund Freud. Words like ego, super-ego, and id would be scattered through my conversations.

My sister, Annie, God rest her, hated my beard. Every time I visited her she suggested rather bluntly that I get rid of it. "You have a handsome face and

shouldn't hide it behind all that foliage." She was clever. I told her I thought my chin was rather weak and wished to hide it from the general public. She said, "You were so cute when you were a little boy. The beard doesn't suit you."

Now that I'm old and grey, I have fun with my beard. Especially around Christmas. Little kids see me and their eyes widen in awe. They pop their thumbs in their mouths. I pat them on the head and tell them to be good and I'll show up at their homes Christmas Eve. One little toughie said they didn't have a fire place. They lived in an apartment. I said, "No problem. I'll use my magic powers. I'll flatten myself and slide under the door." That seemed to satisfy him. During other times of the year, if I see a kid misbehaving in a supermarket I tell him to knock it off or I'll forget him next Christmas. With that, his thumb goes into his mouth and his good-looking mother smiles at me. A full, grey, going-on-white beard has advantages. Believe me. Especially if it is freshly barbered somewhere between Marx and Freud.

Once in a while, I consider shaving, but the thought doesn't last long. I think of the difficulty people would have finding me in a crowd. I think of the fun I would miss and the pretty mothers and wide-eyed kids, both good and naughty. Clean-shaven or bearded is no contest with me. Sorry, Annie.

The Print

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