

Racism not an excuse for brawl at Cougar match

In the wake of the Jan. 25 brawl at the Clackamas-Chemeketa basketball game, the word "racist" popped up again and again.

Why can't people believe that a disagreement or fight between white and black people be caused by a difference of opinion rather than the color of somebody's skin?

Curran's Corner

Christopher L. Curran

In the Jan. 27 issue of *Courier-4*, the student newspaper of Chemeketa Community College, their article on the incident features the quote, "Clackamas is racist" by a Chemeketa student.

Let's keep in mind that Clackamas has one black member on the men's basketball team and two on the women's squad, not to mention a black Associated Student Government president.

The ironic thing about the idea that the brawl stemmed from a racial standpoint is that it comes just nine days after the nation celebrated the birthday of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the noted civil rights

activist who fought against that way of thinking.

Let's also keep in mind that it was a Chemeketa fan who triggered the brawl itself. It's safe to say that if Antione Miller would not have walked out onto the court to protest a foul and challenge the Cougar team, then the following fracas would not have occurred.

When two teams are vying for playoff positions, as these teams were Jan. 25, the competition level can reach an incredible level.

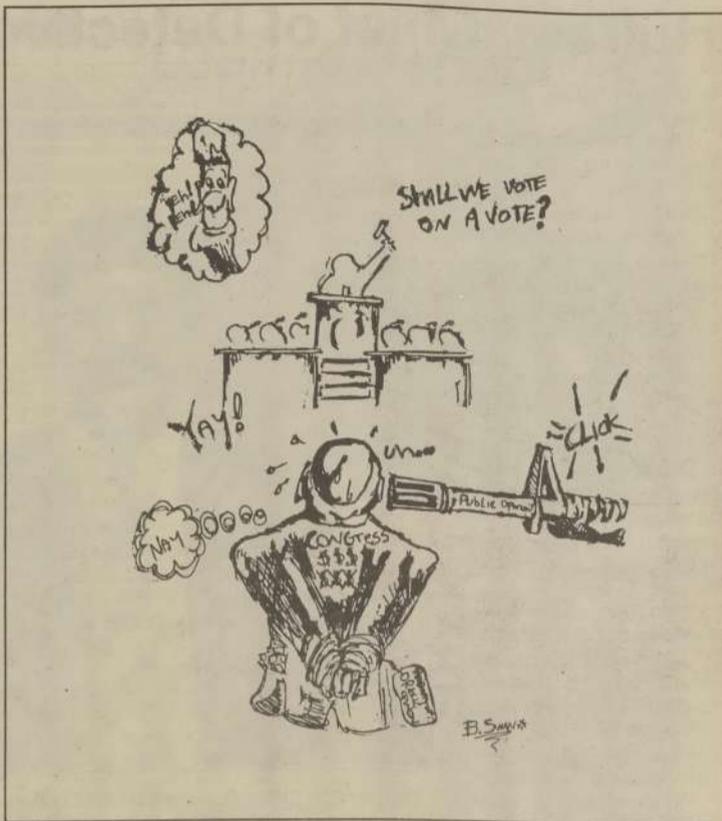
It's that competition level that is to blame for the brawl at that Jan. 25 madcap.

The big question now is what, if anything, will happen during the course of tonight's game when Clackamas travels to Salem to contend with Chemeketa.

If nothing out of the ordinary occurs tonight, will anyone blame that on racism? Definitely not.

Courier-4 appears to support the view, in editorial comment, that the brawl was racially motivated. That kind of thinking is blatantly incorrect.

Those who believe last month's incident was race-related are foolishly not looking at the entire picture. Just as racism won't pose a factor in tonight's game.



St. Valentines Day: Just what is love?

Valentine's Day is here again. It's the time to think of lovers and hearts, of cards and flowers. I find myself becoming very pensive this time of year. What do most people really know about love? And exactly what is love?

Domestic Issues

Tammy Swartzendruber

I think that today's teenagers really know very little about love. Almost any time of day you can walk through the Community Center and see couples curled up on the couches, kissing and caressing. If you would ask any of these couples why they are carrying on in this manner, they would probably be quick to tell you that they are "in love."

Let me tell you: this sort of behavior is not love; it is immaturity. Real love does not degrade or cheapen the other person. "Making out" in public does exactly that.

Love does not flaunt itself in this manner.

Real love is something that grows deep inside an individual. Love cannot be rushed. It must be allowed to grow slowly if it is to last. Its roots need to grow deep so storms will not harm it. Love is a deep commitment between two people that allows them to share their innermost feelings without fear of rejection. Love is being able to forgive and forget when you think you have been treated badly.

Sex is not love and love is not sex. Sex is the deepest expression of love, but both sex and love are cheapened when they become synonymous terms. The act of sex becomes a sacred and hallowed experience when it is done out of a deep lasting love that has been tended carefully through the years. The bedroom then becomes a cathedral where two people can reach depths of spirituality and oneness that is beyond an everyday level of understanding.

Love is security and understanding. Love is quiet walks in the starlight, a squeeze of the hand, and a gentle kiss. Love is a language without words. Love is indeed a wonderful thing and because of this I am glad for Valentine's Day.

First smoke teaches valuable lesson

Surgeon-General Koop has made some definitive statements about the evils of inhaling tobacco smoke, first and second hand.

Clinics and devices are being touted to free addicts of the compulsion to "Strike a light to light a Lucky Strike." Daily papers and magazines are full of warnings and ways and means "to kick the habit." In spite of all admonishments, cigarette smoking is on the rise, especially among young girls. Very confusing.

The Laugh Clinic

Joseph Patrick Lee

Let me tell you my story. Bruce Alguirre and I were young men of the world, constant companions. One soft, July Saturday evening we were in conference in our boardroom on the steps of the First Presbyterian Church, a half block from my home in Superior, Wisconsin. The year was 1916.

Five year old yuppies we were, discussing affairs of currency in the neighborhood and the world as we saw it. Germany was at war with the world and our country was preparing to enter the ruckus (we didn't know why).

A 1915 Super Six Hudson Cabriolet pulled up to the curb in front of the Rectory next door to the church. An older guy, about 19, got out and walked toward the minister's house. He flipped a half-smoked Sweet Caporal in our direction. Bruce Alguirre, the agile, the quick, sprang from his seat on the step and seemed to catch the cigarette on the first bounce. Then he and I began to finish off the butt, passing it back and forth like the toke of later years. Sage

bits of wisdom arose with the smoke into the warm July night.

A shrill trill reached our ears from the direction of my home.

She, whose voice must be heard, my mother, was calling me home for my regular Saturday night bath.

In the tub, in the buff, I heard my mother sniff suspiciously. "Jody, have you been smoking?" At that period of my life I had not yet learned to lie, to prevaricate, to twist the truth. I mumbled some sort of an admission.

"THWACK" it came as a thunderclap on my bare skin, more sound than hurt. Slap, slap. A few more attention-getters to underscore the original thwack statement.

I remember standing on the toilet-seat lid being dried. Whimpering, simpering, tearful-filling this tragedy. What enormity had I committed to bring my dear, sweet, loving mother-friend to such an ogre-like transformation?

Through the crying and tears, I gathered into my consciousness that smoking cigarettes was bad, bad, bad. My mother's words were graven on my memory, yea, into my DNA and chromosomes. "Don't you ever smoke a cigarette, again. Do you understand, Jody?"

I guess you might say I got the message. Deep inside my being, I know that tobacco is bad, smoking it is bad, inhaling it is bad, on the first hand and the second hand.

So much for behavior modification, a phrase my mother never heard in all her life. But in my case, thanks to my mother, it worked. To this day, except for a few occasions, I have never smoked. The picture of me that Saturday-night looms large and vividly the big screen.

Thanks, Ellen Mahony Lee, you were a real friend.

Next week in The Print:

- Two ASG senators resign; Government positions barely half full
- Condom machines installed in Community Center restrooms

