

From the editor...

This year's Associated Student Government seems to have hit the ground running. After only two and a half weeks of school, ASG has already given us *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, a live band ("Monkey Meet"), and Drug and Alcohol Awareness Week.

Garett Lytle's administration deserves high praise for showing us that the difference between a bad ASG and a good one is a little motivation and hard work. If the present student government continues to perform in the manner that it has the past few weeks, we can all look forward to an outstanding year.

The National Endowment for the Humanities released a report this week based on a survey of college seniors. The report showed that many college students are seriously lacking in a basic humanities education. A quarter of the students surveyed didn't know when Columbus discovered America.

The survey brings to light a problem that has been around a long time. Many college students (and high school students, for that matter) are so apathetic that they really don't learn anything. The system is also at fault for allowing such students to graduate.

If President Bush really wants to be the education president, he needs to commit to higher standards and higher funding for the American educational system. Rhetoric will not produce a better informed, highly skilled populace. If not, we might as well hand the mantle of world leadership to Japan right now.

Pianist brings culture to Midwest brothel

When I graduated from Cathedral High School, in my hometown, Superior, Wisconsin, I went to work as a teacher of piano for the Vere Brewsaugh Studios. It was strictly long-hair, 3-B's, (Bach, Beethoven and Brahms). Vere Brewsaugh once bawled me out for playing "Thine Alone", by Victor Herbert. Of course, other composers like Chopin, Liszt, Haydn, Mozart, were acceptable. But popular music, as such, was verboten.

My days were a mixture of teaching kids where middle C was and practicing endlessly to acquire a technique to build a repertoire of those composers I mentioned.

Every day each week I spent four to six hours at the keyboard, sometimes into the late hours of night.

George Russell, an erudite radio announcer for WEBC, next door to my studio, interrupted a late night practice session with the suggestion that he and I visit the "Sharp End of Town", a sort of tenderloin district in Superior.

The object was a cool glass of beer and some rye bread, sausage, and cheese from the free lunch at Tony's, a former speakeasy, and now that Prohibition was repealed, a typical saloon of the old days.

Having slaked our thirsts and fed our faces, George mentioned a book he was writing. He needed some first-hand information on "life in a brothel" for his novel, working-titled "Seamy and Steamy".

Louise Stanley's, 314 John Avenue, just three blocks away, seemed a good place for his literary dig, George said.

A humongous Aunt Jemima type, in a pristine white nurses uniform, grinning beautifully, boomed, "Come right in gentlemen, we'll make you happy."

Pretty soon eight young ladies in various stages of scanty, comfortable dress were sitting in the parlor with George and me. "Aunt Jemima" introduced them:

Dixie, Ivy, Billie, Juliana, Justine, Maggie, Alice, Bobby. Blonds, brunettes, redheads, all pretty in various ways. The parlor was well furnished with sofas, over-stuffed chairs, and a small grand piano. Among the pictures on the wall I noticed a diploma which told me Louise Stanley had graduated from Columbia University. Magna cum laude in Social Sciences and Communications, I noted.

It was a hot, sultry night in July. George bought the girls some cool drinks and he and I drank beer.

After a bit of chit-chat during which George took notes for his book, he suggested that I play for the girls. "Let us bring a little culture into their lives, Joe. I am sure they will appreciate your playing some classical music. Would you mind?"

I scribbled a list of compositions I thought would make a well balanced program for their listening pleasure: Johann Sebastian

Bach's Prelude and Fugue in F sharp major; three Preludes by Frederic Francois Chopin; Jeu Deaux by Maurice Ravel; and a Franz Liszt Rhapsody, for a tour de force end of the recital.

George announced each number with appropriate comments about the composers and their place in history, mentioning that Bach had written lots of music and sired 16 children. The girls tittered at this bit of information. I couldn't imagine why.

When I had finished playing, the girls applauded and made many complimentary remarks. They were genuinely pleased. I was glad that I had done so well, if I do say so myself.

Later, going home in the cab, we laughed at the incongruity of it all, and resolved to do it again.

Years later in a meeting, I told this story. Roy Burns, a siding salesman friend said, "I have always wondered what Joe Lee was into. Now I know: it was horticulture."

The Laugh Clinic

Joseph Patrick Lee

Podunk Pete by Bob Swan



The Clackamas Print  
Clackamas Community College

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No reason to shirk blood drive

Blood, the life giving fluid that transports oxygen to the cells in our bodies, is in short supply. Reading about a shortage of blood is not new to us. What may be new to us is that we can do something about it.

The Blood Mobile is coming to Clackamas Community College October 25 and you can sign up now to help your fellow Americans.

Hurricane Hugo has depleted blood banks across the United States causing doctors to conserve supplies even in minor operations.

Sure there are several excuses you can give so you won't have to give blood, but these are all cop outs. Some of these excuses may

include, or be off-shoots of the following ones:

"I'm afraid to give blood."

You cannot die from giving blood. The small puncture produced by the needle is NOT a serious wound.

"I might get AIDS."

Contrary to rumor, you CANNOT contract AIDS by giving blood. AIDS can be caught from an intravenous needle, but only if that needle has already been used on someone else that has AIDS. Clean needles are always used when taking donated blood.

"It hurts to give blood."

It might hurt slightly, and for a short time, but is this really a good excuse to keep from donat-

ing a part of yourself that may save lives?

"I can't stand the sight of blood."

Simple: don't look. Avert your eyes for the short time it takes to donate.

There is really no reason not to donate blood on Oct. 25. The only thing standing in the way of a large turn-out is the silly fear of weak-minded people.

If you have any questions on whether or not your blood is any good you can ask the nurses when they get here or you can take it from me, go try and give your blood if there is a problem they will tell you.

