

Gold Card student studies at Clackamas

by Helenmarie Nelsen
Staff Writer

"This is both a great challenge to me, and I find now that it is one of the happiest times of my life," says Lois Florita McDowell Horne, 71 years old. She is only one of many Gold Card carriers at CCC this fall.

Carrying a Gold card means that you are 62 years or older and are eligible for some Senior Citizen rates in community businesses in addition to getting your college tuition free. Some of these students take the college entrance exams to help their counselors determine which courses would be best suited to their needs.

Horne decided she was not too old to try for credits and grades in her Mathematic and Word Perfect Computer classes. She wants to get into the employment field again, so started this past summer auditing a primary computer class at Marylhurst college. Her children and grandchildren had all told her to "Go for it," and so she confidently entered CCC this fall.

On the day of registration, she "was scared to death. I was overwhelmed by the throngs of kids and also a little apprehensive about what classes I should attempt. I found myself impressed with the young students, how well they were dressed, and their open friendliness to me."

Horne is no stranger to hard work or supreme effort towards keeping her days busy. Married at 18 in Oklahoma during the 1930 depression years, she found herself cooking, sewing, and "scraping the barrel", trying to make time and finances meet their grow-



Lois Horne has come to Clackamas to continue her education, so that she can return to the workplace. Photo by Jillian Porter

ing needs. She, her husband Charles, and their seven children moved West in search of better employment. Charles went to Pendleton, Oregon in 1947 first, awaited his family, who arrived by bus with their meager assortment of clothes and household supplies in only ten small boxes! Horne was kept busy the following five years making all their clothes (boy's trousers, girl's dresses, all their underwear, curtains and other items).

They moved to Eugene, Oregon in 1955, where Horne remained active attending to their growing family, church and school activities. One of their sons became a wheelchair quadriplegic after a car accident in 1961, so Horne also helped him all she

could. In 1964, the family (now grown to include five boys and four girls) moved to Portland.

Horne kept running between her jobs sewing sleeping bags at the Hirsch Weiss Co. and later at Chase Bag Co. (sewing potato bags), mastering the huge power sewing machines, and rushing back to Charles and their now remaining four children who were still living at home.

"Once they were 18 years old, they were on their own...most of them married young," says Horne, who was always glad when they finished high school and were old enough to work their way through college and become independent.

"When the kids were all off

and away, we decided to move to Redding, California, where I worked as an aid in nursing homes." While there, her husband became quite ill with complications from the heavy work all his life, so he retired at the age of 59 years, leaving Lois again with an obligation to constantly care for him.

In 1947, they returned to Portland to be closer to some of their children and grandchildren. Lois immediately went back to work in the Social Services Dept. in downtown Portland, and also was a caregiver in private homes of sick elderly persons, fortunate enough to stay in their own homes.

Today, Lois still has the nine children living, their spouses, and accumulation of 32 grandchildren, and 26 great-grandchildren. As she is not one to let the "grass grow under her feet," (rather than play cards or watch T.V.), she would rather go dancing for relaxation. She is a member of the Bachelor and Bachelorette's square dance group on SE 50th and Kelly, and dances with them at least once a week. She recently started to learn Round Dance at the Oak Grove Community Center, meeting once a week with them.

"Dancing makes me feel so young," says Horne.

With the support of her family and friends, and the supportive staff and students at CCC, she plans to take additional classes next term. She will attempt "anything to improve my skills towards future employment in an office," Horne emphasizes.

"I'm a bit slow now, but I'll learn it," Horne added.

Tattoo, or not tattoo?

All summer my friend Hattie and I have been debating whether or not to get a tattoo. She made several different designs, and we narrowed the spot down to a couple places: around the ankle, around the thumb, or somewhere on the side of the foot.

From the left
by Angela Wilson

When I mentioned the idea to my parents they didn't seem too keen on the idea, and Hattie's mom wasn't either. Of course my close friends thought the idea was a good one, but other people I mentioned it to seemed disgusted by it.

We figured that since we wanted the tattoo and we were going to live with it we weren't going to worry about what other people thought.

From there we talked a little more about it and decided we should just go into a tattoo parlor and take a look. We never did. We drove by the one on Burnside between Union and Grand, but we never stopped.

The other night Hattie and I were having coffee at a cafe we frequent. When we left and got into the car we noticed that a store had moved into the space next to the cafe that had been vacant for quite a while. We thought we would take a look inside, and when we got up to the door we realized that it was a tattoo parlor.

Well, being as impulsive as Hattie is, she decided that we should get the tattoos that we had been talking about for the past four months. I thought for a second and decided that it was time.

We entered the tattoo parlor and the artist was in the process of giving a tattoo. So we grabbed a book off the counter and took a seat and browsed through it.

Soon after that I started thinking. All I could think about was the smell, and how much it reminded me of a hospital. At this point Hattie could tell that I was getting antsy, and she knew that I could change my mind as quickly as I made it up.

I was becoming nauseated by the smell. Hattie just looked at me and we got up at the same time and left.

So I chickened out. Hattie was somewhat disappointed, but I think she knew all along that I didn't have it in me to go through with it. Oh well, maybe next time I won't chicken out and I'll write all about the experience

Hungarian student learns English from Led Zepplin

by Aaron Brown and Julie Merriott
Staff Writers

Most students learn a foreign language from textbooks and classes, but Bela Belany, 25, got his English from Led Zeppelin albums.

"I could listen to the record, read the text and listen to the pronunciation," stated Belany as his beginning motivation for learning from music. "I was always very interested in foreign languages," which is evident in his knowledge of Russian, German, and his native Hungarian.

Belany originally from Keeskemet, Hungary, traveled to the U.S. as tourist.

"I like to travel...the nature in Oregon is beautiful," commented Belany, but his motivations changed. After taking "English as a Second Language" course for three terms, Belany decided to change his tourist visa to a student visa.

Belany, once a grade school teacher in Hungary, is now majoring in Business Administration here at Clackamas and wants to act as a liaison between the Hungarian and American business

communities. He wants to see an influx of new businesses in his homeland.

"I would like to approach a company like Nike to do business in Hungary...I want to help my country," Belany emphasized.

"The drug problem in Hungary is not even close to that in America," Belany observed. "In the States, people don't really care about others, only themselves...they are more isolated." However, Belany approves of the many American sports.

"I like volleyball and soccer, even though Americans don't appreciate soccer." Yet his favorite sport is professional basketball. He stated that basketball is highly regarded and followed in Hungary. Michael Jordan ranks high on his list, while Magic Johnson seems "average."

Even though Belany enjoys the U.S., he misses his sister and her two children and hopes to return to visit them in Hungary soon. "It was hard to leave my sister and her two children. The kids are so cute."

Belany prides himself in being a people person, where his knowledge of his four languages come in handy.



Bela Belany, from Hungary, is one of the many foreign students at Clackamas this year. Photo by Lane Scheideman

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0.01	-0.04	0.60	0.73	0.19	0.49	-19.43	55.93	68.80	-49.49	30.77	30.01	81.29	-12.72	-29.46					
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