

From the editor...

Balancing an academic career with other activities is easy for some and difficult for others. Lately I have discovered that I fall into the latter category, and therefore I won't be returning as the editor of the *Print* next term.

I've seen people who could manage their time well, but I was never one of them. In high school I had a friend that played every sport, was class president, edited the school paper, was a member of Future Business Leaders of America and several other clubs, and still earned a near perfect G.P.A. He went on to graduate from Harvard last year. I joined the army, served four years, and ended up at community college.

Aside from being a good time manager, my friend had one other trait that I lack: he was committed. I was committed once. When I started attending this college I was committed to being the best journalist I could be. I wanted to make the *Clackamas Print* the best college paper in the state. But somewhere amidst the long hours, endless criticisms and personality conflicts, I lost the desire to be a journalist.

A couple of weeks ago, waxing philosophical as I often do, I told our news editor Briane Dotson that the decisions he and I made in the next few months would determine the course of our lives for many years to come. Briane and I had both been doubting our commitment to the paper and wondering whether or not we really wanted to do this for the rest of our lives. We both subsequently turned in our resignations.

I might not have resigned if Garrett Lytle had not resigned a few weeks earlier. Garrett's resignation gave me the courage to go ahead and make a decision I had been thinking about for some time. (Is it a coincidence that Gov. Goldschmidt decided not to run for reelection after both Garrett and I resigned? Hmmmm...)

It isn't common for both the ASG president and the editor of the campus paper to resign in the same year, and I think this rare event says that there needs to be a definite reorganization of student activities. First of all, I have noticed that, even though advisers say that academics come first, there is a trend to push participants in student activities into long hours of work on their respective activities. Something has to give somewhere, and it is usually class work and attendance. People need to realize that we are students first, and academics should take priority. Garrett and I are far from slipping into poor G.P.A.s, but part of the reason for quitting was to keep that from happening.

Another problem with student activities is the compensation. We work long hours on both the paper and student government, and what do we get in return? A tuition waiver doesn't do much good when a person doesn't have time to take advantage of it.

The current structure of student activities means that both the *Print* and ASG will draw two kinds of people: those who do well academically but get burned out or let grades slip, or mediocre people who never cared about grades and graduation in the first place.

Something needs to be done. I'm not proud of the fact that I decided to resign. But under the current organization of student activities I had no other choice. I let myself slip into the common attitude that put the learning experience of the *Print* behind its secondary role as a campus publication.

Filling of positions mired in red tape

by Roseann Wentworth
Copy Editor

Between ASG and *The Clackamas Print*, there have been uncounted hours devoted solely to fill the newly-opened positions of ASG President and newspaper Editor-in-Chief. In fact, while you read this, the quest is going on. Interviews, reading and filling out applications, discussing it, peddling paperwork, discussing it a little more; all part of the seemingly-infinite process of choosing a candidate.

The question is just how much of this bureaucratic red tape is necessary? It's been said more than once that management just loves a good interview--nothing like making a wanna-be squirm.

Red tape has never made anyone a kinder person--neither has waiting for a selection committee to make a decision. This is one of those zones where gray hairs are made, and the zone is not prejudice to which side of the door their victims are on.

It's like this: a position is opened, announcements are made--anyone can apply

as long as they are in good academic standing. A dozen or so pick up applications, and roughly four get turned in. Interviews are set up, the selection committee lines up behind a conference-room table with their clipboards brimming and their pens gleaming. They then start firing questions at the candidate hopeful...

"Anyone" is invited to apply, in fact sometimes even begged. But it's usually an in-house person chosen for a mid-year newly-opened position, whether its ASG or the journalism department.

The hopeful applicants wait somewhat patiently for the results to be posted, only to realize the applicant already part of the "family" was also the person chosen for the new position. Is anybody really that surprised? Disappointed maybe, but not surprised.

The rest of the applicants are then graciously thanked, told it was a very, very difficult decision to make, and oh yes, did they realize there was another new position open left by the victorious sibling. One

can only imagine the excitement of the green applicants to stay involved. They often wonder whether they've applied in vain.

They higher the position originally needed to be filled, the longer the process takes. That's just the way it is and no one questions it -- at least not in the family.

Instead of having to go through the entire process again, wouldn't it be nice if one is applying to become involved for the second, third or even fourth time, they could just put their name and "See application for Vice President," or "See application for Editor." It would save time, paper, and oh yes, money. But then you have to wonder would the end result really be the best person for the job.

There's something to say about perseverance here. So as each applicant is once again filling out the form for any college organizational position, whether it's for the second time or the sixth, they should tell themselves, "This is new. I've never done this before...I still want to be involved..." and pretend that perseverance is a mere part of the selection process.

Author's birthday rates U.S. holiday

By R. W. Jagodnik Jr.
Staff Writer

Everybody enjoys at least one day of personal recognition a year - their birthday. Fortunately, I have a birthday, too. Unfortunately, not too many people know this. As egocentric as I am, this ignorance is atrocious to me; so, I propose that March 6 be considered a federal holiday in celebration of the birth of R. W. Jagodnik Jr.

This holiday would be a first, as I would be the first living person recognized with a national celebration. All national holidays celebrate a distinguished person's birth or death, except maybe Labor Day, which may as well. But in either birth or death, the holiday is instated after the death. Kind of morbid, huh!

Well, not for my birthday. The festivities could be many, maybe like an Oktoberfest for Spring, or, God forbid, like Christmas.

Everybody in the nation could (or is it "should", I don't know) stop working for just this day and ramble over my little anecdotes. You know, like the time I saved

Princess Grace from the weekly tabloid by cutting her picture out of every copy; or the time I methodically solved the mystery of the missing eraser - by snitching on Teddy for putting the chalkboard eraser in Miss Gobble's sack lunch; or the time I spoke out against the world's injustices on TV - by yelling obscenities from my davenport; or the time I walked three miles to school in the pouring rain - because I missed the school bus.

Hey, while everyone reminisces about my numbered personal accomplishments, a parade could be rolling down every Main Street in America from Colton, Oregon - where it all began - to Bangler, Maine - where I hope it ends. The hoopla could only be rivaled by the procession for the appointment of a new Pope. Not even Mardi Gras would compare!

Banners with my picture and pertinent information about my greatness and would hang from billboards and streetposts, insuring that the reason for my birthday celebration is perfectly clear. Pamphlets, the same as the banners, would clutter city

streets, but people would not complain of the mess because the material in the pamphlet would be so important to them, as Americans. High schools would spend weeks arming students with fitting trivial statistics about my wonderful accomplishments for school spirit projects involving my birthday. Special interest organizations would solicit for a whole week, instead of just one day, honoring Me.

Well, O.K., so I am not a noteworthy American. I have not been awarded the Nobel Peace prize and probably never will be. But there are people so designated by our federal government worthy of recognition. Wouldn't it be a glorious day if those people who deserve the just and formal recognition for their contribution to this nation were treated with some of the hoopla that I have described for myself?

Unfortunately and unjustly, I am not one. But wouldn't it be marvelous if everybody had a federal holiday on their birthday? We would still have to attend classes at Clackamas Community College.

Missing Links

by Paul Henry



Clackamas Print

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b*	15.07	18.72	-22.29	22.85	-24.49	-0.35	59.60	-46.07	18.51	1.13	0.23	0.21	0.43	0.28	0.19
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