



Letter to the Editors

If we all still have the Constitutional right to religious freedom, why is it that people are still persecuted for their religious beliefs? In the two years that I have attended Clackamas Community College, I've been offended regularly by insulting remarks or actions against my beliefs or the beliefs of others.

Last year, we dealt with attacks against Baptist Student Ministries. We are now facing attacks against the Latter Day Saint Student Association. Vandalizing posters and crude statements are not what I consider a mature way of dealing with your feelings about others. Expressing your opinion is one thing, but to say that the LDS is a cult or that they open the gates of hell is offensive even to someone who does not hold the Mormon faith.

Although I am a Christian

and don't agree with some Mormon beliefs, I can respect that they've chosen what they believe and the firm stand they take in their faith. I thought most people were capable of the same respect. Even if someone told me that they believed God was a fish, I would let them know what I believe and why I choose to believe it, but I'd also give them the respect that I expect from them. I would never in a million years chastise them or humiliate them.

I guess it all boils down to respect. The people responsible for the vandalism obviously have no self-respect or dignity because you can't respect others until you first respect yourself. Whoever you are, I am praying for you.

Paula Boren,
CCC Student

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Ballot Measure 5 paints Art Department black and blue

by Lora Wahrgren
Staff Writer

In 1990 - 91 Ballot Measure 5 hurt a lot of schools in Oregon. CCC's Art Department is still suffering from the cuts today.

Measure 5 took away 30 percent of the Art Department's budget and they're still cutting classes and supplies. Back in 89 - 90, Clackamas was well known in art magazines throughout the Northwest, but we aren't even mentioned now. They had a total of nine teachers, six part-timers and three full-time positions. Today there are only five instructors.

By cutting the teachers, many courses were cut as well, including watercolor, photography, commercial design and calligraphy, and some night classes haven't been able to be brought back. Basic design and art history have been restored. Basically, there isn't any money to drop or gain classes or teachers now.

I feel the budget should be

divided up evenly between departments on campus. Since the cuts began, the Art Department has been decreasing, while other departments such as English, have grown. Both the Katz bill and the Art 2000 bill agree that cultural arts are important in schools.

The budget cuts starve stu-

take away and cut, but to give.

Maybe people choose to cut the arts because it's easier than cutting other department funds. The well-known stereotype of an artist is as being lazy, isolated, a little bizarre and far left of the mainstream, but someone creative and intellectual can benefit in art

as well as they can another subject. Art isn't recognized as a core subject like a math or science but it should be.

"When classes fill each term, with diversity and [with] any help, we'll be

able to become a stronger department. We realize our needs need to be balanced along with the rest of the school," said Les Tipton, art department director.

I don't think there is any easy answer for the cutting problems. I just think it's important to be more aware of the arts at CCC, and we can't forget the importance behind art in our society.

"We realize our needs need to be balanced..."

-Les Tipton
Art Department

dents of the opportunities to learn in the most comfortable natural environment.

I know you can gain as much of a sense of accomplishment from learning to sculpt the human body as you can by sitting at a computer all day writing. Both learning styles are different, but both are equally important for the student wanting to earn a degree. I feel that one of the most important things in education is to not

Please don't 'jump the bump'

By Daniel Rogers
Contributing Writer

It was an exciting Sunday night filled with high adrenaline and adventure. If I could have anticipated what was going to happen, I might have stayed home and slept in.

The evening began mellow enough. My martial arts class was an exercise and a half! My friends Sarah and Suzanna had come along to check out the unusual private group I trained with. Sarah is a beautiful, blond-haired, blue-eyed lady who is mostly mellow, but quite adventurous.

Suzanna is a beautiful, analytical, black-haired, brown-eyed lady who contemplates the entire meaning of life and its individuals at every chance she gets.

They were cracking up as they attempted to complete the rigid outline of exercises to do. There were some interesting "v" situps that had us all wondering if we would survive at all.

Afterward, we went to Gresham to pick up my friend Wilson. He is of Asian descent with medium-length black hair. Wilson is laid back, with a sense of humor that could cause car wrecks. Perhaps it is partly his fault the following events occurred. I have no idea, but I can only assume that our trip to watch a movie was a heinous mistake.

We cruised to the Dollar Fifty Hollywood Theatre to watch an intense array of action-packed sword-fighting in "Highlander 3."

When we left, we were pumped for an adventure ourselves. So I suggested that we

"jump the bump." The bump is an oddly-placed hill of pavement in Southeast Gresham. It happens to be within the quiet confines of a suburban residential street. The speed limit is probably 15 miles per hour, but to "catch air," 55 is more like it.

We sat in my '84 Isuzu Impulse, revving its tiny, little, four-cylinder engine. We prepared to drag-race to our adrenaline-pumped destination. We proceeded to jump the bump for a total of three exhilarating runs. We probably "aired" that last jump at five feet of elevation. All

"Oh crap...God, please help us!"

-Daniel Rogers

I had to measure this guess was a car parked off the side of the road, which we pretty much cleared the roof off as we flew over in free flight.

My front shocks were already shot completely. My rear brakes were paper thin. Let's just say that my weak, foreign, four-banger is lucky to get away from the scene with only some muffler damage from bottoming out when we landed.

We had successfully completed the third flight through the air when some problems visited us. There was an intense smell of rubber in the air. We all got out to see how we had survived this miracle.

The smiles on our faces revealed our inner sense of adventure and adrenalinized excite-

ment. Finally, we got back in, and began to proceed at a slower pace down Southeast Fourth. At the intersection of Southeast Fourth and Southeast Seventh, we ran into a big problem. Two muscle-bound white men were blocking the way with possible weapons in their hands.

Frightened, I swerved a 180, taking us up the hill on Southeast Seventh, a dead-end!

"Now what are we going to do?" I asked my three friends, in bewilderment.

"You could try driving past them," Suzanna said.

"What if they try to block us?" Sarah asked.

"Well, you could pretend to go one way, then swerve the other. Most likely if you try at least, they will end up getting out of the way to avoid being run over." Suzanna was at it again with that gosh-darn analytical mind of hers.

"Well, but what if they try to use their weapons?" I asked.

Wilson responded, "Hey dude! If you want to, I'll drive and try to get us by."

I was almost tempted to let him try it, but I said, "Let's wait 15 minutes to see if they leave, and then you can try it."

So we parked in that dead end at 11:30 p.m., on that Sunday night, February 19, 1995.

All of a sudden, we began to hear a car approaching. Pretty soon, we could see it was a police car, and its lights were flashing as it approached us.

"Oh crap," was all I could say. "God, please help us!" I exclaimed nervously.

Pretty soon, we were sur-

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