

Missing out on part of the experience

Dan Anderson
Staff Writer

Students attending two-year schools often become frustrated with private-college peers, some of whom speak condescendingly of the community-college experience. They consider us, in short, patrons of the K-Mart of higher education.

We typically write this sentiment off as macho arrogance, but fail to consider the experience they speak from living in dorms on campus.

Two-year transfer students miss a vital experience in higher education: the cold, drafty, cramped, uncomfortable, filled-to-the-brim-with-vermin residence hall.

The minute a floor fills at the beginning of the school year, each resident is tied to the other in a strange way, because everyone can hear each other through the paper-thin walls and the furnace and heating ducts that double as an uninvited intercom. Residents learn much more about other residents than they ever wanted to learn, which strips the veneer of formality away from all informal relationships. No one can expect to maintain a lie for long; no one can expect animosity to last, either. Not to say that life in a residence hall is an episode of

"Friends," but residents gain social and political skills beyond the family dynamic without intending to learn anything.

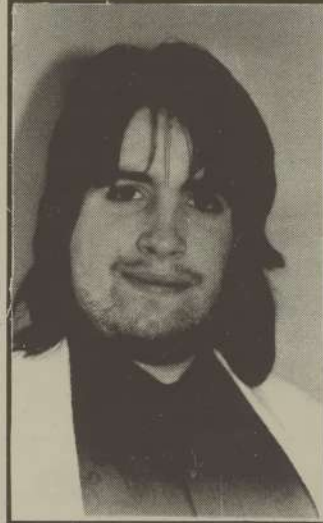
Of course, two years at a community college has many benefits, including smaller classes, an open admittance policy, no matter what, the school has to let any student enroll and a much lighter Stafford debt to carry.

But, sometimes, living under an upside-down rowboat seems to be a legitimate alternative to enduring another moment at home with Mother and Father. Ask anyone. Also, many students at the community college level find it difficult to make lasting relationships with other students, since everyone lives at a different location and always seems to rush from school, to work, to fast food and to sleep.

The low-cost housing currently under construction near the campus may alleviate many of these problems for many students. However, they won't be turned over to the school for dorms until 2005. Time will tell.

As long as peers make different decisions about education and careers, they will cite these differences and complain about them among one another. At least we don't have to live with them.

American and Canadian colleges discuss search for common ground



Eric St. Anthony
Columnist

Last Tuesday, I wound up in a crowd of about 25K people, an assemblage representing about 500 of America's finest colleges, community and otherwise. But there was no sold-out stadium. In fact, save for about 25 people, I never even saw the multitude. That's because I attended a teleconference at Gregory Forum. The subject was "Exploring America's Communities: The Quest For Common Ground." During the two-and-a-half-hour telecast, emanating from Washington, DC, panelists, for the most part professors from major colleges across the nation, were discussing three concepts of community: those of place, ideas and expression.

First up was the discussion of "Communities of Place." There were two highlights of this part of the conference: first up, Joy Harjo, a professor of creative writing at the University of New Mexico, opened the forum with some of her poetry. Afterward, David Goldfield, a history professor at UNC-Charlotte, compared the experiences of the ethnic sections of two urban areas--Mem-

phis' Pinch district and the Sunset Park district of New York City's Brooklyn borough--and the different experiences each of them faced.

Next up was a discussion of "Communities of Ideas" and another poet, Pat Mora, opened that part with her poetry. Afterwards, the conversation went into the subjects of Asians in America and what they went through and Mexican Americans and their experiences.

After an intermission, the subject turned to "Communities of Expression." William Ferris (the director of the Center for the Study of Southern Culture at the University of Mississippi) opened this part with Mississippi folk tales. Then Richard Long, professor of interdisciplinary studies at Atlanta's Emory University, talked about the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s. For those that

nity junior colleges and the like, one call came in from Oklahoma State University. After all was said and done, the conversation turned to the individual campuses across our 50 states and Canada's 12 provinces.

At Clackamas, while I sat there engrossed in the conversation that took place and was taking place, I learned a few good points: one, there isn't very much we really do have in common; two, one valuable suggestion is to start with meeting your neighbors; and three, we live in a rootless society and celebrate rootlessness, whether it be the pioneers that came out west or the professional athlete that signs a big-bucks contract with another team (e.g. Deion "Prime Time" Sanders). OK, a fourth valid point: our problem is we're going at it way too big. We're starting with the nation at large and not with, as an example, the corner of Fourth and Cedar or the apartment building not too far from here or the city of, let's say, West Linn, and working from there.

My opinion is that this teleconference couldn't have been any more pertinent, what with OJ-gate tearing the country apart, most notably among racial lines, though I'm willing to bet among socio-economic lines as well.

And, the first step to building a community is not at the higher levels of state and nation, but at the lower levels of even family, neighbors and friends for starters.

(I want to make this entreaty to those of you with the program books from that teleconference: Would you read them with your family, friends and fellow students, as I will? I mean, what the heck do you think the second "C" in "CCC" stands for?)

On Wednesday Oct. 10 colleges from around the U.S. and Canada held a teleconference on 'The Quest for Common Ground'

might not know, that was a literary and artistic movement amongst African Americans named for the Harlem district of New York's Manhattan borough in which it started.

After each presentation, the phone lines were opened to all who would call in. To prove that not every call was from commu-

304th Rescue Squadron creates controversy when they refuse to help search for hiker

Air Force shirks duty

Paul Ulmen
Staff Writer

Lost hiker Ken Budlong, missing on Mt. Hood since Sunday, could have been found by now, if Air Force rescue units had agreed to help. Sergeant Dwayne Troxel of the Hood River County Sheriff's Department, lamented that without a helicopter and crew which were both ready and available the search would have to be conducted from the ground. About 20 ground searchers, six of them highly trained climbers from Portland Mountain Rescue, began looking at the 7,000 foot level after discovering Budlong's base camp. But, Troxel felt he would have been quickly spotted from the air as the hiker wore bright clothing.

This isn't the first time the 304th Rescue Squadron, an Air Force reserve unit, has refused its help, but has declined four times in the last six months. Outraged citizens phoned complaints to Senator Mark Hatfield's office, and the senator called a general inquiry surrounding the Air Force's refusal to help.

Sources within the 304th blamed the problem on a lack of money. Others felt the real reason is Wing Commander Rick Davis' emphasis on military training over civilian rescues. Colonel Gene Garton, speaking for General Davis, who was ab-

sent, mentioned they are not in the civilian rescue business and the community should not expect the 304th to always be available. Although the unit is considered the best in the country, the squadron's main reason for existence is to rescue pilots that have been downed behind enemy lines and have saved more than 750 people over the years. However, during peacetime rescuing civilians provides further training.

Since it's our tax money that provides for the military and we are not now at war, couldn't that money be used to help rescue civilians? Isn't that the job of the military to protect and help a civilian population it is sworn to serve? Isn't that the job of the National Guard a military reserve unit that year after year helps civilians during fires, floods, riots, earthquakes and rescue? A doctor who refuses to help when he can do so denies his hypocritical oath. A military wing commander who misuses his authority to not render aid because it isn't a military problem, should be transferred to a war front like Bosnia or Somalia. If it had been Wing Commander Davis' or Hatfield's sons that were lost would this rescue still be refused? Let's hope that this problem can be speedily resolved before someone else is refused help and left to die based on one person's whim.



TAKE THE KEYS.
CALL A CAB.
TAKE A STAND.



Killed 12/5/92



DRUNK
DRIVING
DOESN'T
JUST KILL
DRUNK
DRIVERS.



TAKE THE KEYS.
CALL A CAB.
TAKE A STAND.



Killed 5/14/93

If you don't stop your friend from driving drunk, who will? Do whatever it takes.

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.