

Changing image of cowboys

Laney Fouse
Staff Writer

It's the American way. It's the way the West was won. It's my all time hero, the cowboy, turned spokesman for cigarettes. Thanks, Phillip Morris for the Marlboro Man, that strong silent type, reminiscent of days long gone, who changed as the years went by. As a child of the fifties and sixties, I remember him as more of the John Wayne type. In the seventies and eighties, he was rather like the guy next door. The nineties version, seen on t-shirts and billboards across the country, doesn't even have a face. He's basically cast as a black and white shadow figure. My heroes have always been cowboys, but they didn't include the Marlboro Man. Besides, he's not real. He's not John Wayne or Clint Eastwood. Or is he?

They will probably be best remembered as America's all-time cowboy heroes, due to the popularity and success of westerns. It's no wonder the makers, Phillip Morris, of Marlboro cigarettes decided to cash in on the image of these cowboy heroes. We were a young America, still unsophisticated and unsuspecting. The advertising geniuses preyed upon our adolescent minds, thereby roping us into thinking smoking was okay. After all, look how great the Duke looked sitting astride his horse or going after some bad guy with a cigarette in his mouth.

Let's talk about a smoke screen. Or better yet, how many bad guys did Eastwood gun down without once getting smoke in his eyes from the cigarette dangling from his lips? These cowboy heroes made fending off the bad



guys look so simple. Just light up, take a puff, sit back and look cool, you could be a hero, too. At least that's what the Marlboro people would like for us to think. Unfortunately, some of us fell for it.

American teens of the fifties and sixties grew up and moved away from home. It was time for the Marlboro Man to move on too. All that smog in LA was getting to him. Besides, he wanted to find himself. So where does he relocate? Montana, of course, Big Sky country, clean air, cattle ranches, where a man can be a man. He doesn't need a nine-to-five, a mortgage or a three-piece suit. He is free to roam the countryside on his faithful horse and breathe the clean mountain air. Did you ever notice the commercials never showed us the poor man hacking and coughing each morning? The only time we ever saw him was out riding the range or branding the cattle, all the while cigarette smoke was whirling about his cowboy hat.

These two earlier images of the Marlboro man appealed to an older and whiter (yes, whiter)

America, unlike Joe Camel, who brings to the party an invitation for members of the younger and hipper generation to light up.

As noted in Wanda Coleman's essay, "Say It Ain't Cool, Joe," Joe Camel's life-style appeal for the younger generation is that he's rich and famous no matter what he does. The Joe Camel ads make it appear that this goal can be achieved just by smoking. With the success of Joe Camel, the ad people decided that the Marlboro Man needed a change in image with a broader audience appeal. They accomplished this task by getting rid of the real person, who portrayed the Marlboro Man. What you see gracing the billboards today is not a real person but merely a black and white shadow of a guy sporting a Stetson. He has a broader appeal because you don't know whether he's black or white, brown or yellow, young or old.

Why should the tobacco companies be prejudiced and exclude anyone from the opportunity to get hooked on cigarettes? Not only does this new "shadow" fig-

ure of the Marlboro Man appeal to different races and ages, but he bears a striking resemblance to one of country music's favorite performers--George Strait. Is it any wonder that Phillip Morris went after this audience too? The popularity of country music has grown tremendously during the past 10 years and people from all walks of life now claim to be fans. A lot of country-and-western concerts, as well as rodeos, are sponsored by Marlboro.

I agree with Coleman's assessment that Joe Camel is offensive, but so is the Marlboro Man. The plain and simple fact is cigarette smoking is slow death. Perhaps the tobacco companies feel it their duty to help control overpopulation. Or maybe, all the clean air was just too much to handle. They couldn't possibly be thinking only of their bottom line. Hats off to you, Phillip Morris, for destroying the image of my hero, the American cowboy. Now, along with Willie and Waylon, I'll be singing, "Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys."

Classes should have been canceled

Karin Redston
Staff Writer

The recent decisions on Clackamas school closures due to weather, have been distinctly confusing.

When we had the threat of freezing rain, the college was closed. When our county, one of 13, was under a state and federal disaster emergency, the college was still open.

After speaking with Gary Dirrim, dean of college services, the decision-making process on when to close CCC has now gone totally above this writer's head. The fact is that 13 counties in Oregon, Clackamas County being one were declared federal disaster areas by President Bill Clinton. We were asked not to be on the roads and not to be on the phones. As of Monday, we were asked to conserve water unless we wanted to boil water contaminated with sewage. Our college was still open.

For the students whose grades are affected by not attending classes, not cancelling was a hardship. Many whom I talked to were worried about getting home. As it turned out, their concerns were justified. Many were unable to get home.

The call for volunteers through 13 counties was unheralded. From what this writer saw, the high schools had a strong volunteer effort. The Oregon City Shopping Center had many volunteers sandbagging and directing traffic. As did all of the flood affected areas.

Many students and employees, myself included, were not happy with the decision to keep CCC open. Hopefully, the administration will review the decision-making process for closing the school in a federal state emergency.

Exposing small town reality

Joel P. Shempert
Staff Writer

In the column, "Making parents take responsibility for their children's criminal actions," which appeared in the Jan. 31 issue of the Print, Eric Eatherton conveyed, as a major point in his argument regarding juvenile crime, the idea that small towns and communities are close-knit, friendly and uncorrupted. I would like to take issue with this erroneous idea, through the voice of personal experience.

I submit that the myth of the Typical American Small Town is a stereotypical concept fostered by ignorance; that the denizens of small communities suffer from the same human flaws, immoralities and sources of corruption as anyone else in our country, or indeed, our planet.

Let me tell you a story. It's a true story, one that marks a turning point in my life and one about which I could write a thousand columns. It is the story of shattered innocence, of corruption and betrayal and of the unjust fall of a noble man. It is the story of Logan.

Logan is a small community--as small as they come, in

fact, in the Estacada area. It is a sprawling vista of rolling hills, winding roads and scattered houses and farms. Nestled in this landscape is historic Logan Community Church, a modest, picturesque white building set off by mammoth pines. It is here in the very house of God that the conflict of good and evil was played out, where ambition and petty guile crumbled a congregation's very foundation, where siege was laid against the office of Pastor. That pastor was my father.

My dad pastored at Logan for nine years, and in all that time, I never suspected the two-faced church politics that existed beneath the congregation's cheery surface. The corruption was there, however. It was present in enough members, some possessing positions of power in the church, to devastate the lives of my family and those who stood by us.

I'll probably never know the full extent of the hidden corruption, and I'm not sure I want to. But I do know that it all came bubbling up to the surface when my father attempted to make a public apology for some grievances expressed by a church

leader.

The response was less than ideal. The man and his wife became fiercely indignant and stormed out of the service. You see, they didn't want things out in the open. They preferred to gossip and complain in secrecy, and my father's attempt to get matters resolved only enhanced their concept of him as an upstart and troublemaker.

In any case, the angry couple left the church and it seemed that the crisis had passed. However, a few months later, the deacon board surprised my father with the recommendation that he resign,

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The faculty, staff and students of CCC extend their condolences to Lisa Garza and family for the recent loss of her father.

Corrections:

February 7 issue, Bassett: The name of the belief was supposed to be *Baha'i Institute*.

January 24 issue, Manufacturing program expands: *Brian Newton was the designer of the nozzle.*

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Clackamas Community College, 19600 S. Molalla Avenue, Oregon City, Oregon, 97045; Barlow 104; (503) 657-6958, ext. 2309.

E-mail: cccpri@clackamas.cc.or.us