

Radio broadcasting class offers hands on experience

BEN WALKER
Staff Writer

The radio broadcasting class RB-111 is being offered at Clackamas again, after taking a year off. The class is taught by former Seattle D.J., Alice Nelson.

The two credit class is designed to introduce interested students into the field of radio broadcasting.

"We are trying to create a setting where students can learn, hands on," said Nelson.

Although this is not the class to take in order to prepare for a career in broadcasting, it can be a way to become familiar with the basics and make some connections. One student has an intern-

ship at Jammin' 95.5.

The class teaches basic techniques of broadcasting, and stu-

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Alice Nelson
Broadcasting Instructor

dents are paired up and assigned to write an approved script and playlist that would

cover an hour of air time.

Although they do not have the power to broadcast over the airwaves, during Nov. 26-30 and Dec. 3-7, they will transmit an audio signal that can be received by the televisions around campus. They will also transmit the signal through a small portable radio that will be set up in the Skylight Dining Room. The music will be a mix of rock, Top 40 and jazz.

"Although students are limited to playing music that they own, I encourage a flow of music, catering students' wishes collected in a survey done recently," said Nelson. Nelson will be

there while a DJ plays music through the signal. She will be answering questions and giving out small prizes.



Cooking catastrophe leads to creative plumbing solution

Right out of the gate I'd like to apologize for the photo attached to this column. I really hate having my picture taken and attempted to convince the editor that terror tactics wouldn't necessarily push

ably stop reading.) I even have a large garlic clove somewhere. I've seen the cat playing with it. It looks an awful lot like her catnip mouse these days and she doesn't seem to be able to tell any difference,



Marvin G. Baker
Guest Columnist

more newspapers. Unfortunately, she has a black belt in managerial martial arts, the Me-Say-Yu-Du style, so the picture stays. I tried, on to our next caller.

Believe it or not, I love to cook. It's more out of necessity now than, say, twenty-five years ago, but I do work at keeping things interesting in the kitchen. (Those of you I have dated in the past should prob-

ably stop reading.) I even have a large garlic clove somewhere. I've seen the cat playing with it. It looks an awful lot like her catnip mouse these days and she doesn't seem to be able to tell any difference, which is a great segue into my last stab at home-made macaroni & cheese.

I had to be home anyway my landlord needed to work on the plumbing so I fired up the stove and got busy. Never add flour to thicken anything. Remember handprint castings from grade school? Water + flour + heat = plaster. Not good for pseudo-mac, but I ended up with a pretty cool ashtray. You could burn twenty Camels at once and never run out of butt holders. Speaking

of which, the smoke detector may have bleated a time or two before I pried the spoon free of the mix.

So I borrowed some Super Glue from my landlord, reattached the handle to my "guaranteed not to break" utensil, and took another run at the cookbook. This time I nixed the flour and added more cheese.

So far so good. Ten minutes into baking this second batch, I saw my landlord stroll past the window with a three-foot pipe wrench. Now, I am all for using a bigger hammer, but this looked like trouble. (In the words of Johnny Cash, "...I hear the train a comin'...") I didn't have time to think about it though, because the smoke detector started criticizing my efforts

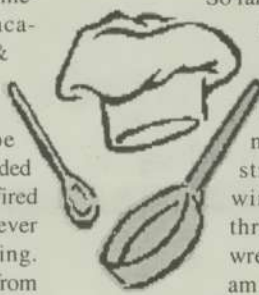
again.

Of course I opened the oven, which let the smoke out and sent First Alert into hysterics. (I really hate that little klaxon wannabe.) Immediately following this, I heard water running. Lots of water. Like the neighborhood kids have a slip-and-slide under my house. I shut the oven, threw open a window and raced to the front door. My landlord was already there, a hose bib and twisted length of copper pipe clutched in hand. He didn't look happy.

"Do you know anything about welding?" he asked rather curtly.

So much for Super Glue: I suddenly realized that I'm holding a spoonless handle again. Glancing back at the oven I answered, "I think I got just the thing... you got a fire extinguisher and something to pry with?"

Trust me, you can never go wrong with Kraft and a licensed plumber.



Poet's corner

Into the Storm

It felt like any other war zone. The unexpected drone of planes flying overhead, the bomb-like roar of impacts, the concussions, the fireballs, debris and bodies flying, the smoke, the ash, the dust, the flames, the heat, the noise, vehicles rushing past to get clear. People ran, tried to escape, tried to find safety while keeping one eye back to make sure that nothing was gaining on them. The air raged with choking gases and debris, and some fell in its wake, overcome. Others caught bits of flaming shrapnel from the blasts. Chaos reigned, and in those first moments, everyone simply tried to stay alive.

Time was short but hope was not, and once the shock subsided, the cogs of discipline clocked into place. Firefighting squads moved in, only to be held at bay by the hellish maelstrom of the debris field. Hastily organized rescue personnel walked the perimeter, searching for survivors. Triage areas were established. Radar searched the skies for new terrors, while planes and weapons prepared for defensive maneuvers and ships sorted. The thick, choking air forced the donning of masks, and the heat coalesced the air into a muddy sweat that left everyone grit-streaked and exhausted.

Days passed. Survivors were found in the rubble and taken to field hospitals. The Red Cross brought in food and relief gear and set up stations for blood donation. Journalists appeared with cameras and notepads in hand, anxious to write the events into the history books. Fears of security boiled up and were met, fears that the enemy might somehow still be nearby (or even within), evading detection. Slowly, the fires ebbed, the dust began to settle, and the first inroads were made into the depths of the debris pile. To the tune of a hesitant, collective deep breath, a flag was raised over the site (Attu! Tarawa! Gettysburg!).

The clock turned. From the macabre excavations, the bodies appeared. Bodies and pieces of bodies, dismembered limbs tossed carelessly about, taunting rescuers to match name and number to body part. A morgue materialized. Slowly, identifications were made, and loved ones notified. Prayers were murmured, final rites given. The funerals began.

It felt like any other war zone. It was New York City, on the morning of Sept. 11, 2001, an infamous morning, a crystalline moment in time that lodged in the heart and mind's eye of America like a splinter of ice.

We, the people.

by Sue Pesznecker

Chamber Choir performs Red Cross relief concert

LEAH BOERINGA
Staff Writer

On Sunday, Nov. 4, the Unistus Chamber Choir and Friends, under the direction of Lonnie Cline, CCC music instructor, performed a benefit concert of Gabriel Faure's "Requiem" at St. Mary's Church in Mt. Angel. Donations were taken at the door and all proceeds were given to the American Red Cross. The concert was held in memory of all the people who lost their lives in the Sept. 11 attacks.

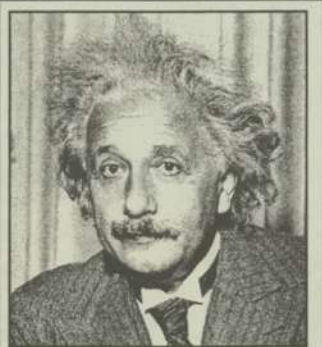
"I chose this particular piece because it sounds more like an uplifting celebration of life, instead of a memory of death," said Cline.

Travis Abliene, a student at Clackamas, served as a soloist at the benefit. The instrumentalists included Karen Almquist on the harp and Ed Charman on the organ.

The Unistus Chamber Choir is a select group of people who come together for one common purpose: promoting peace and love through the performance of various styles of music. Each member must meet a set of requirements, including the ability to sight read music and the willingness to commit a great deal of time to the group each week.

The choir plans to hold another benefit concert sometime in late January with the Sinfonia Concertante Orchestra led by maestro Stefan Minde.

The group would like to extend its thanks to St. Mary's Parish for donating the facilities and to the members of the Unistus Chamber Choir for their dedicated efforts.



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-Albert

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