

Hasta la vista, baby!



Salena De La Cruz

Moving on, moving up

It has been one hell of a ride, but I'm outta here. This is my final article, my adios, my outtie, my see ya, wouldn't wanna be ya. I'm going on to bigger and better things and I'm a greater person for it. I'm so excited for the journey I am about to embark upon. I'm happy for my new journey, but I will still miss Clackamas for the people I've met and the things I've learned.

I remember my first year at Clackamas. My first memories were of the "politically incorrect" instructor who deemed Cleopatra a bitch and spoke his mind. He's since retired, but thanks to Donald Epstein for speaking his mind. Thank you to Loren Ford for showing me that if I believe I have no feelings, it's bullshit. But most importantly, thank you to Linda Vogt, my Journalism mentor, who taught me that my craze for writing could be used in journalism. I also have a memory that dates back before Clackamas, and even before high school, of a teacher who taught me to follow my dreams. Thank you, Mary Halter, my eighth grade English teacher, for showing me I can be and do anything.

I remember the people on *The Print* staff that I've come to know and love. To the crew from 1999 and 2000, Angie Daschel, who has already begun her journey, as well as John Thorburn, Tim Bell and Sarah Welch. It was such a pleasure working with all of you; people I will never forget. To Nick Barron, you are a twister

that blew into my life from Missouri and taught me to think what I wanted to be and that I should never just settle. Your friendship has been my foundation in the insanity called *The Print*.

I've held positions from busting out as Sports Editor, to saying it "Loud and Proud" as Opinion Editor, to formulating ideas as Design Editor and each one of them has prepared me for the roles I will take in my life. These positions helped shape my views and perceptions and perhaps even my biases of what topics I would, could and did write about.

I rejoice in what I've done so far, but am happy to move on to bigger and better things. I have been accepted to the University of Oregon. I'm also thoroughly excited that I have earned a paid position as Editorial Editor, in the Opinion Section, beginning Fall 2002. These are just a few steps in my journey called life, but in the end I hope to leave U of O with a Bachelors degree in Journalism and maybe transfer out of state for a Masters in journalism, but ultimately I hope to open my own magazine based on real life, with a newspaper format. At this point I hope to have done it all and seen it all.

In the future, look for my name in **BIG, BOLD** letters.



Maggie Jirasek

Bigger, better things

Being at Clackamas was a very good experience for me. I have learned a lot in the three years that I have been here and I also



Contributed by Erin Lynch

Left to right: Salena De La Cruz (Design Editor), Nick Barron (Staff Writer) and Maggie Jirasek (Editor-in-Chief) are in their final hoorah. They are walking one step closer to their ultimate goals. Barron may end up a columnist for *Sports Illustrated*, De La Cruz may find that dream of owning her own magazine. Jirasek could end up a reporter in a war-torn country. No one knows, but they leave behind good thoughts.

met some awesome people.

When I started college, I had no idea what I was doing and what direction my life was going. Then, I got involved in the newspaper and now I can say that it was the best thing I could have done. I made some great friends on the newspaper staff and I learned a lot about writing, photography and design.

I have to admit, it wasn't always easy. When I first started at the paper I didn't even know how to type. I worked my way up and after being a staff writer for a year, then feature editor, I became editor-in-chief. I am really glad that I took on that position because I have learned a lot; not only about newspapers but also about leadership skills and how to deal with people.

My plans for the future are not quite clear yet. But that's just me. I never know where I end up. Life is full of surprises. I definitely plan on doing an internship for a year after I'm done with Clackamas. My ultimate goal is to one day write for a big newspaper or maybe even work for a news station.

Before I say goodbye, I would like to thank all the people here at Clackamas who have supported me throughout the years. So, special thanks to Linda Vogt, Patty Mamula, Ellen Wolfson, Dick Stones, Norm Berney and Mike Caudle.

I enjoyed writing for the *Print* although it got pretty stressful once in a while. I recall lots of sleepless nights and newspaper nightmares where I was haunted by mean photo bylines. Oh, there is one more thing: I will really, really miss writing the horoscopes. I had a lot of fun with that because I really am psychic. At least I like to think that.



Nick Barron

Today *The Print*, Tomorrow *SI*

You know, I must have been desperate to willingly join a family of four, complete with two teenagers, on the last leg of their family vacation from Missouri to Oregon. Never mind the fact that I hate the rain, and yet moving to the Willamette Valley, I seriously was not in the right frame of mind last summer.

I was on the verge of turning 21, had attended three colleges and was searching for a path for which to live my life. When I was offered the chance to visit my aunt and uncle in Oregon for the remainder of my summer, I took the opportunity in the hope of finding meaning in an otherwise meaningless existence.

Within a matter of weeks I had found a job for the Clackamas County Parks Department and had decided to give Oregon a try. Call it an accident or call it fate, but I had discovered Clackamas' school newspaper, and on a whim, signed up with the staff to cover sports.

Now I rest at the end of another school year, and while academically, the past nine months may have been a waste, it is the intangible benefits that I have gained since last year that make me glad that I moved to the West Coast.

While writing has always been a hobby for me, I have never considered it a career choice. Writing for *The Print* has made me realize that my earlier problems in school were because I was a square trying to fit into a mold made for a circle.

As my time in Oregon winds down, I look to cherish the small things that I have come to love about this state. Although I now wish to live in a desert, especially one where people wear shoes and act "normal," I will miss this jewel of America called Oregon.

I would like to thank Frank Jordan, our news editor, for inviting me to join the staff of *The Print*, instead of tossing me aside like an old copy of our paper. Kudos to Patty Mamula, our beloved adviser, for welcoming me at *The Print* and doing all that she could to nurture my raw talent. Salena, I cannot even begin to thank you for your friendship and your acceptance, in a state where acceptance is preached, but not always followed. And to Daisy, thanks for keeping my head the size that it should be, for I do not want to have to go buy more baseball hats.

Next year, you will find me at the University of Tulsa, hopefully covering sports and continuing toward a degree that I now wish to obtain. When the day comes that I am one of the top sportswriters in the nation, or when a novel of mine makes the best seller's list, I can always thank Oregon for what it has done for me.

To those that know me, I do not like goodbyes and farewells. Let's just say that although we may never speak again, the memories and experiences that we have shared will be locked in my mind's eye for all of eternity.