

The Clackamas **Print**

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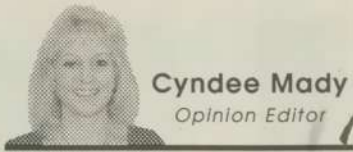
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Peers hazed under pressure



Cyndee Mady
Opinion Editor

While people have the fundamental need to belong, what extent are they prepared to go to in their pursuit of the acceptance of others?

Along with the origination of the fraternity in 1830, hazing made its debut.

According to angelfire.com, "Hazing is a broad term encompassing any action or activity which does not contribute to the positive development of a person, which inflicts or intends to cause physical or mental harm or anxieties, which may demean, degrade, or disgrace any person, regardless of location, intent or consent of participants. Hazing can also be defined as any action or situation which intentionally or unintentionally endangers stu-

dents for admission into or affiliation with any student organization."

Though hazing is predominately associated with acts that college fraternities and sororities inflict upon their pledges during hell week, the concept has become widespread. High school and even middle school students have adopted the primitive ritual of hazing into their circles, passing their legacy to the underlings that will soon take their turn at bat.

Glenbrook North High School in Illinois made headlines last week when a group of seniors defaced their junior competitors after a girl's football game known as "Powder Puff Melee."

Onlooker Zac Blum managed to capture the event on videotape, which was smeared all over the news. But that was not all that was smeared.

Fish guts, Spam and human feces were among the articles smashed into the faces of the high school juniors during the annual hazing ceremony.

The emotional casualties far sur-

pass the injuries the five students whisked to the hospital for medical attention sustained. The only consolation at the end of the day is the reciprocity that will undoubtedly rear its head the subsequent year when the custom resumes.

Participants of hazing have endured alcohol poisoning from drinking a full bottle of Jack Daniels, swelling of the brain as a result of funneling water (formerly known as beer bonging), and frozen after spending the night in a cemetery. At least one person is known to have died from each of these three hazing practices. That is a pretty steep price to pay for friendship and popularity – the steepest! No friend, club or social status is worth laying down one's life.

Reports of sports team coaches allowing acts of hazing to take place under their supervision in commute to away games is incomprehensible, but indeed a reality. If educators, whom our youth are taught to respect and

often consider a mentor, can condone this type of behavior, how can a student expect to stand up to his or her tormentor? But that is exactly what must happen in order for this madness to stop once and for all.

Though most states have laws in place to protect their residents against the peer pressures of hazing, it is not enough of a deterrent to prevent the rising injury and death toll associated with the practice.

In an attempt to "fit in," individuals are subjecting themselves to humiliation, bodily harm and sometimes death. If fitting in means having Tabasco flung in one's eye, pig intestines tightened around one's neck and paint buckets bashed into one's head, it is time to cut one's losses.

One does not become a winner by adhering to the lack of social standards of an elite clique, but by proudly standing up for one's own values and beliefs, paving the way for a new and improved generation.

High times selling beer, wine



Frank Jordan
Staff Writer

As the state budget crisis rolls on, Oregonians need to consider all the possible ways to bring more money into the state's coffers.

Beer is the drink of choice in Oregon, and the state should look at raising the beer and wine taxes in the state. Oregon has the sixth lowest beer tax and the eighth lowest wine tax in the United States, and maybe it is time to look at raising those taxes to bring in more income.

Budweiser, Coors, Miller and the like make up about 88 percent of all

beer sold in Oregon. The current tax is a ridiculously low six cents per gallon. That comes to less than a penny per 12-ounce can. Even if the tax is raised a penny, money will be made.

Many beer drinkers will cry foul, but keep this in mind: a \$1.28 tax is levied on every pack of cigarettes sold in Oregon. That same amount of money would pay the tax on 14.5 six-packs of beer, according to a study by tobacco company RJ Reynolds. The time has come to re-think the beer and wine tax.

A bill currently under debate in the Oregon Legislature would raise the tax on a bottle of beer by seven cents and a bottle of wine by 15 cents. Sen. Bill Morrisette of Springfield and Rep. Jackie Dingfelder of Portland are the sponsors of the bill, and they believe that

most Oregonians will support a raise in these particular sin taxes as they have supported increasing cigarette taxes. The proposed legislation hopes to raise \$120 million in the next two years.

Of course, the beer and wine distributors lobbying association is ever powerful in this state, and will do its damndest to oppose any increases.

One lobbyist, Jim Parker, said this about the proposed increase when he spoke to Oregon Public Broadcasting: "It is unfair to single out one industry, and it is really unfair to characterize the tax as a tax on beer drinkers. It's a tax on business."

Did he really mean it when he said that it was unfair to single out one industry, as far as raising taxes was concerned? I would say to Mr. Parker that cigarette smokers in this state have

endured a 90-cent tax increase on their legal product in the past seven years, and continue to keep paying the tax. I believe that beer drinkers can endure a measly seven-cent increase in the price of their beverage.

As a beer drinker, I do not want to see an increase in the price of beer. There, I said it. But as a citizen of a great state, a place where I am very proud to call home, I probably can swallow a small increase in the price of my favorite adult beverage, if it would help the state in its current budget mess.

So, let us raise a glass to the legislature and hope they take quick action in response to this bill before them. Raise the beer and wine taxes in this state. It is a long overdue action from which we can all benefit.



Isaiah Creel
Staff Writer

I work at Jack in the Box. First of all, I would never spit in anyone's food or spite my customers in any way, but for some reason they find it acceptable to engage in many acts that are distasteful and rude.

People smear ketchup on tabletops and walls, shoot spit wads at paintings of Jack (our founder), and for some

Avoid jacked-up orders at drive-thru window

reason find it necessary to constantly rev their engines while trying to relay their order in the drive-thru, then demand free food when their order comes out differently than intended.

One of the rudest ways that customers handle the ritual of ordering food is by bringing another phantom person into the order-taking process through the miracle that is cellular telephoning. They will pull up to the speaker still carrying on a conversation with someone who's not even in

their vehicle, and try to fumble through their order, leaving out vital information and causing great turmoil when they fail to receive what they had originally planned.

It is my duty as the salesman, server, whatever, to be patient with and respectful of the customer, but it is the customer's duty to follow a ritual to ensure that we are both satisfied.

For this reason I have come up with the following surefire way to get your food quickly and just the way you like it:

1. Acknowledge the drive-thru attendant vocally.
2. End or postpone any other conversations you are currently engaged in.
3. State the quantity of the particular item you want to buy.
4. State the size of the item (combinations or drinks), followed by the name of the item.
5. State any specifications on the food itself (eg. no ketchup, extra mayonnaise).
6. State substitutions ("I want onion rings instead of fries").

7. If you've ordered a combination meal, this is where you tell them what kind of drink you'd like.
 8. Repeat steps 3-7 for additional items.
 9. Thank the order-taker and inform him or her that you have finished ordering.
- By simply abiding by these steps when ordering at the drive-thru window, your order will be accurate and timely.



Letter to the Editor

WE HAVE YOUR FISH
GIVE US HUMOR AND
KNOW
GET'S HURT
THE BLINDFOLD DOES NOT EXIST!

PoloroID 88

Anonymous

Packed to perfection at 7-Eleven



Shadra Beesley
Editor-in-Chief

I have decided it is time to abandon stories on trivial subjects such as excessive bread-buying habits to discuss a very important topic that is of utmost concern to college students: Slurpees.

Everyone loves Slurpees. However, everyone does not love the fact that when one drinks a Slurpee the majority of what is sucked through the straw is air.

Well I am here to tell you that you do not have to accept these air-filled Slurpees any longer! You do not have to put up with low-quality Slurpees! With this, my informational guide to Slurpees, you will discover whole new levels of enjoyment in the icy, high-sugar, high-color beverage that is the Slurpee.

First of all, you have to know where to go. For those of you who live near the college and are willing to make a bit of a drive to attain frosty perfection, I can tell you of a place where there are Slurpees of a consistency that would please a king.

There is a particular 7-Eleven store located on Harmony Road in Milwaukie, next to a pastry shop called Donut City. If you can make your way to Sunnyside Road and take it toward Milwaukie you will eventually come upon this most excellent establishment.

Be forewarned, however, the sugar high you experience after drinking one of these highly concentrated Slurpees will undoubtedly be a new experience in your Slurpee-drinking career. I usually opt to buy a smaller size than normal at this particular 7-Eleven because due to the lack of air, there is a lot more substance to these Slurpees.

The second-best Slurpee dis-

tributor that I have come across is located on a street often referred to as "old 82nd." If you take the Clackamas/Estacada exit off 205 you will easily be able to find it. The Slurpees at this store are not quite as concentrated, but they'll do if you have a craving that cannot wait.

If you can't travel to one of the two proven Slurpee manufacturers, here is a test you can use to find high-quality Slurpees elsewhere: after you have filled your cup at least partially with the icy mixture, tap your cup on the counter a few times. If the Slurpee level in the cup falls at all, you've got air in your Slurpee.

This "packing" method helps low-quality Slurpees become less air-filled, but most importantly, it lets you know not to purchase Slurpees at that location anymore. Find a new store, one that has Slurpees that can withstand the packing test. They are out there, my friends! Have faith.