

# State of Union: curious George goes bananas



**Ben Maras**  
OPINION EDITOR

I've always made an effort to stay up to date on world events, even if it means sitting through some of the most ridiculous speeches one could dream of, but this year President Bush's State of the Union Address really tested my patience.

**How do you feel about a gay and lesbian marriage ban?**

"As the United States is a free country people should be able to make the decision as to how they live their lives."



**Brendon Campbell**



"That is my one biggest thing against him. Fuck Bush!"

**Elisabeth Bishop**

"I think that that's bullshit. Why are they trying to make laws based on a particular person's religious beliefs?"



**"Skot"**



"I agree with it."

**Karen Philibert**

**Have an opinion on President Bush's plans to go to Mars?**

E-mail your letters to [chiefed@clackamas.edu](mailto:chiefed@clackamas.edu) or drop them off in RR135 by Friday at 1 p.m. to be featured in the next issue of *The Clackamas Print*. Please include your name and limit responses to no more than 150 words.

I should not have been surprised by the fact that he began with talking about the so-called "War on Terror," nor should I have been surprised the first thing he did was drop a reference to 9/11, which America now responds to like a patriotic pavlovian-dog. As he paid a brief recognition to the soldiers who he has deployed in Iraq, I wondered why it is then that he has attended no funerals for any of the soldiers who lost their lives due to his war.

Since Bush invaded Iraq in March, the brave men and women have been losing their lives at a rate of 1.6 per day (a total of more than 500 deaths to date). Not only that, but the President has stopped the long-standing practice of greeting the soldiers returning home ... in flag-draped caskets.

No more flag, no more media, and no more "honorable" greeting from the President of the United States. Now the bodies are brought in by secret jet in the dead of night, and anyone who attempts to take pictures will be arrested. Could it be that the President feels a wee bit sensitive about the gross loss of lives?

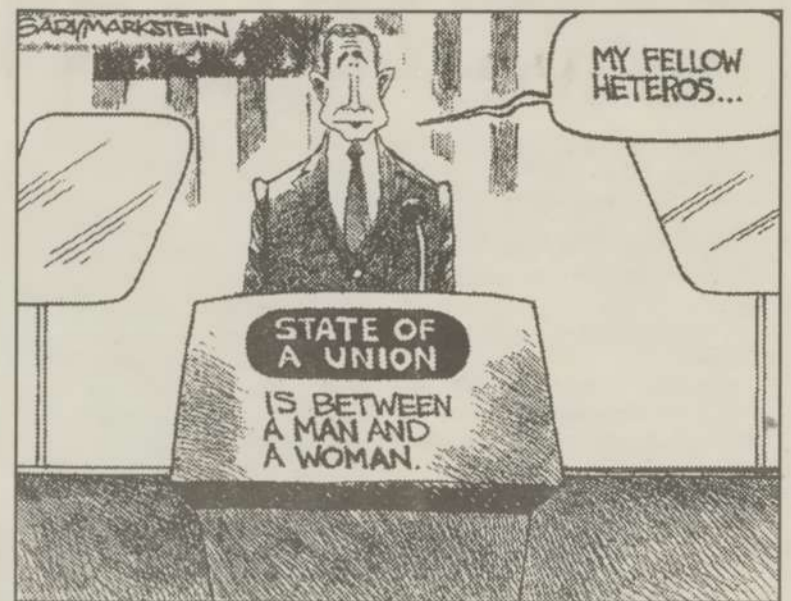
**"Does it bother anyone else that [Bush] wants to ... make a Constitutional amendment to prohibit civil rights?"**

After more rambling about regime change, middle-eastern democracy and nu-cue-lar weapons, he moved onto the economy. After dropping the word "terrorist" again, he skimmed through a sweetened version of the economy.

However, he neglected to mention a few crucial numbers, such as the 2.4 million people who lost their jobs since he took office, the mere 221,000 jobs created since he implemented his tax cuts (although he promised they would create 306,000 new jobs) and the six percent increase in the number of families living in poverty.

What also seems of disregard to him is the 43.6 million Americans without health care last year, and he still claims that a universal health care plan would not be the answer, even though it would cost less than we are paying now for privatized health care.

Maybe what was the most upsetting, and prompted a barrage of projectiles at the TV screen, was Bush's wish to defend the "sanctity of marriage" by targeting "activist judges" who do not follow his belief that marriage should be defined as one man and one



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woman. So I suppose it's okay for Britney Spears and whatever the name of her husband du-jour was, to get married and then get divorced a cosmic nanosecond later, but not okay for two men or women who have been in a monogamous relationship for years to be joined into the "holy bond of marriage?"

Bill Clinton may have signed the Defense of Marriage Act, but now we are looking at something much more serious—an amendment to the U.S.

Constitution that would officially ban gay and lesbian marriages. Does it bother anyone else that he wants to, for the first time in the entire history of United States, make a constitutional amendment to prohibit civil rights?

After all was said and done, and my stockpile of projectiles lay scattered around the television screen, my only solace was that at least it's an election year and, God willing, this will be the last time I have to put up with this utter nonsense.

## Unwelcome solicitors beg for students' attention



**Jesse Lamond**  
THE CLACKAMAS PRINT

Traversing the Clackamas Community College campus, I am often in a state of awe at how unnervingly irritating some groups of people can be. It's not unusual for an average student, I for example, to find a plethora of things in life worth complaining about. Once in a while, something will stand out from the crowd and perhaps somebody will share my opinions on the topic of political panhandlers.

The good ol' American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language defines the act of panhandling as "approaching and begging from a stranger." Normally, this act involves the want of monies; one can also panhandle seeking an audience, political vote or denominational change by the panhandler.

The most recent festeringly both-

ersome panhandlers hail from a political party proclaiming "Vote LaRouche in 2004." Three or four scruffy looking members of this group have shown up on campus twice in the past several weeks.

Two days of handing out flyers and accosting passersby would not have had much of an impact on my patience, but these fellows more than made up for time constraints by employing volumes of printed garbage and near-guerrilla tactics for roping in victims. If solicitors were terrorists, these people would be the Taliban.

According to an ASG representative, the non-student LaRouche group had been given permission for their first visit only. CCC, however, was not the only college to be politically molested. A LaRouche cult member posted outside of Rook

Hall proudly proclaimed that CCC is in "District 5" and that the group was going to all state colleges distributing their brand of propaganda.

It is not incorrect to say that this college has its share of groups that employ propaganda. The posters and paper flyers tacked to doors, windows and walls are a form of propaganda.

Yet I've noticed that groups local to our campus are far more discreet than those vexing visitors. Campus clubs communicate with clutter, flecking posters of all sizes at any object to which tape will stick. The Campus Crusade for Christ is one of the more prolific poster placers, as is the Rainbow Club, also known as the gay and lesbian club. Campus clubs participate in a twice-yearly community fair as well, which gives them an organized forum for their cause.

Walking from class to class, I might roll my eyes at the smatterings of club posters, but I have no intention of yelling at any of CCC's many great clubs. I do, however, recommend a good, exasperated exclamation and berating of the LaRouche crew, should they show up again uninvited.

So what makes local groups okay? Well, some of the local clubs give out fun things to play with. Campus Crusade for Christ, for example, gave me a neat bouncy ball with sparkly little lights inside. I can't say the video or books about Jesus were particularly useful, but the mesh bags they came in are handy for putting socks and things in, after I pulled the labels off.

The labels may be gone, but I will remember where the goodies came from. I believe the more passive "Come bearing gifts" method is a far more potent advertisement than constant soliciting. To keep the audience from being aggravated or not wanting to listen to a group, the speaker could at least give listeners a sparkly toy with during the speech. College students like free toys.

**"If solicitors were terrorists, the 'Vote LaRouche in 2004' group would be the Taliban."**

## Chiefs' Corner:

### Top ten pet peeves of Print's exasperated editor



**Cory Price**  
Co Editor-in-Chief

What pet peeve causes an involuntary cringe like fingernails raking across a chalkboard? I have compiled a list of the ultimate top ten pet peeves.

In a society addicted to coffee and the \$5 latte, pet peeve number ten is the imminent burning of the tongue. It has happened all too often. The latte is too hot but you're excited about having your caffeine fix. This time, the drink flows too fast, singeing your tongue and leaving you unable to taste anything all day.

Continuing with self-mutilation is pet peeve number nine—toe stubbing. All it takes is one chair a little out of

place for you to crack your big toe on it, usually in the middle of the night.

Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz said it best when she said, "There's no place like home!" The same sentiment applies to using the restroom. You sit down for a wonderful rest on the toilet and it's not until after you begin your business that you realize a fatal flaw; there is no toilet paper. You look around and there is none in view—no solution to this travesty of pet peeve number eight. The only feeling left is anger against whoever used that last square of toilet paper.

Why would Oregon give Tri-Met bus drivers a little yield light that makes them feel like they can run you off the road? This is the number one causing factor of road rage and pet peeve number seven.

Number six on my list is a personal favorite, thanks to my sister who is

notorious for wreaking havoc. Here's a mental image: After a long day of work, you come home hungry and tired, but don't feel like cooking. You look into the freezer and see a giant box of your favorite food. You reach for it and, what is this? An empty box ... total letdown.

Number five. Foggy car windows are horrible enough in themselves, but when someone feels the need to draw smiley faces all over the glass, that's going too far. The grease on your fingers doesn't disappear with the fog.

Pet peeve number four only applies to men and is a very pertinent, ongoing problem for us. We have to have dividers between the urinals. Something doesn't feel right about using the bathroom when another guy is standing next to you. Privacy is a nice thing to have.

The infamous mullet is pet peeve

number three. It should have died when Billy Ray Cyrus, the czar of the mullet, stopped being cool. Just let the '80s go and move on. The hair band met its death many years ago and so should the mullet.

The fact that America seems to have become a breeding ground for stupid people is pet peeve number two. It's hard to understand how anyone can be so stupid. For example, if someone doesn't know the number for 911, then that person shouldn't be calling them anyway.

A final pet peeve I have, occurs here at the college. We all realize how much money we spend for college and, for those of us who are in college, that is reason enough for us to attend class. We don't need to be treated like high school students, with teachers lowering our grades for not showing up to class.

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