

Do you think Oregon should switch to self-service gas?

"It would make us independent creatures in the gas pumping world."



Mindy Crouchley



Clare Gunn

"I think it's rather odd. I feel nice that I'm being served, but possibly our gas prices would be lowered."

"[Attendant service] creates jobs and it's probably safer; it's quicker and easier from a consumer perspective."

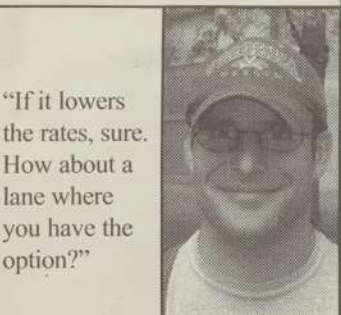


Sebastian Immel



Josh Lynch

"I have a better idea: offer an island for self-service, then a couple with an attendant."



Donovan Effray

"If it lowers the rates, sure. How about a lane where you have the option?"

Price jump drives gas debate

Save time, money with self-pumping stations



Cory Price
CO EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The monster of obesity is attacking our state, evidenced by the fact that Oregonians can't even pump their own gas; this has to stop. According to Mel Kohn, M.D., Oregon is the fattest state west of the Rockies. Almost sixty percent of Oregonians are overweight or obese. The cause is a lack of exercise, better known as the lazy bug. It's common knowledge that a person needs thirty minutes of exercise per day to maintain a healthy lifestyle. Changing the state ban on self-pumping could help us create a healthier population.

If we could get out and pump our own gas, we could often finish the job and be on our way before the attendant approaches the car. In this scenario, not only does the driver create five extra minutes in the day but also gets five minutes of exercise.

Currently 48 states are saving time by having consumers pump their own gas, leaving Oregon and New Jersey battling for the title of laziest state in the union.

Still there are skeptics about the idea of touching a gas pump. Websites offer reasons like, "Oregonians wouldn't know how to pump their own gas," or "It wouldn't save time because a person has to go inside to pay."

The first argument can be discounted with a look at Oregon's high school graduation rate. In 2000, it was 80 percent. It follows that most of these graduates can learn how to operate a gas pump.

The answer to the second argument is called "pay at the pump." Step one: remove debit card from wallet. Step two: insert card into slot. Step three: begin pumping. This simple process eliminates any wait inside.

Be excited; there is hope for all of us who want to save money and cannot afford to pay \$2.05 a gallon.

There is a bill in Salem right now to decide whether to maintain Oregon's ban on self-pumping. If it passes, it will retain a portion of the current jobs for those who are unable to pump their own gas. For example, the law states that those over 55 and people with disabled parking passes do not need to pump their own gas. The bill also provides an exception for people who have a medical condition that makes them unable to be around gas fumes.

So doesn't this idea make for a happy world? The elderly can have that cute lad pump their gas, while those who are 54 and under get to pump their own gas and save some money.

The dominant reason for passing this bill is the speed, or lack thereof, at the pump. A person would no longer have to sit at the pump waiting for Joe Schmo to lollygag over. Instead, people would be able to jump out, pump their gas and be on their way.

Let New Jersey be the laziest state in the country by allowing Oregonians to pump their own gas. We'll save time; we'll save money, and ultimately, we'll save our own health.

Self-service saves little money, destroys jobs



Ben Maras
OPINION EDITOR

While the theory in itself may not be a bad idea, when it is implemented it causes more harm than good. Technology is expensive. Common sense dictates that it costs more to maintain high-tech, computerized machines than it does for standard machines—just compare new cars to older ones for example. Also, the people it takes to maintain such machines cost considerably more than the normal repairman.

When these costs add up, it negates the savings of not having a high school kid pump our gas and explains why self-pumping is only a few cents cheaper at the most, and in some cases slightly expensive.

Now what about that high school kid? Because of our greed, he would be out of a job. One of the few jobs that cannot be outsourced would now be taken over by a computer. This is only a giant step backwards for society. With the economy in the dismal shape that it is now more than ever we need entry-level jobs that can be filled by people here in America—not overseas.

What jobs such as this do is provide a form for high-schoolers, or someone who needs another job to make ends meet, someone who is just coming off unemployment. By cutting these jobs away, we are robbing the ability of people to be what they want to be. Most decent people would gladly pay a few cents more if it means keeping someone else's welfare.

With all this said, there is one ridiculous, simple and common sense thing we can do to keep ourselves from getting shafted by the oil: Don't use as much fuel. This could be anything from getting a tune-up to having a car converted to a hybrid (something that vehicles should be). Diesel engines can be converted to run on cooking oil (read next for the full story on that). Think of a things one can do and buy to make a car smoother and more efficient.

We also could find out what is the deal with the nine-tenths of a cent on the prices—the tenth of a penny that we get back, because the tenth gets rounded to a whole cent, even though we should get a penny back for every ten gallons of we buy. How much does that add up to?

Just because oil companies may be gouging the motorist with their insanely high prices doesn't mean that we in turn have bludgeoned the working class to save a few pennies.



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Rolling backpacks cause monster headache

Hilliary Ferguson
THE CLACKAMAS PRINT



STAFF INFECTION

For years, the badge of a student was a crooked, slouching back. We all suffered for our majors, slumping under the weight of ridiculously heavy books. However, some students have no sense of common decency and continually aggravate the rest of us with the rat-tat-tat of their plastic wheels.

Once offered solely in luggage, rollers are now readily available on backpacks, much to the chagrin of regular students. Every day—every day—they're out there, rolling their bags, disturbing the peace. The sound jackhammers into every crevice on campus and ricochets off every building. Just one student with one roller bag sounds like a simple air raid; the racket created by many resembles Pearl Harbor.

One day, I was enjoying the serenity of a sunny afternoon, and all of a sudden, I heard them coming. To my left I noticed a caravan of 20 people, a rainbow of nursing students in varying scrubs. Behind them, wheels of thunder. Not one of them had a conventional backpack—not one!

As I wondered if this was a prerequisite for the nursing program, I realized how a family

on the open plains must feel when faced with a stampede of bison. The sound must certainly break some sort of noise ordinance, but who's going to complain about a group of students dutifully walking to class? I am, that's who!

Come on, guys, give up the roller bags. Unless you can legitimately cash in on a senior discount at Burgerville, carry your bags like the rest of us. Get a locker! Could I go around campus, screeching like a madman? At least acting like ex-presidential candidate Howard Dean is entertaining. Disrupting the entire student body simply by walking to class is uncalled for.

It's because of students like this that I come off looking like a bad guy. I don't mean to pre-judge them, but I immediately assume that they just might be horribly annoying. Upon first meeting, I already feel the urge to chuck their loathesome instruments of laziness up and over the side of the courtyard. I hate it when people make me think irrational thoughts.

But the fault is not only that of the students themselves but the companies man-

ufacturing these bags. To these I plead the love of Vishnu, please make your wheels out of rubber. My ears—they can take it! A cushy rubber wheel might give a soothing murmur instead of the teeth-rattling atrocity committed beneath plastic.

Can the students themselves not make the sound their bags make? Had I chased a roller bag, upon first hearing the sound of their wheels hitting the pavement, I would have marched on Meyer, demanding a refund. Perhaps

rolling the bag behind you could turn one into a dream-like state where you cannot see what is going on around you. Perhaps this soothing sound of having stuff cover their ears and avoid dirty glances when the roller bag passes.

In any event, if I had to have one of these roller bags, I would slow down to avoid the racket. That racket can't be good for the mental health. My backpack causes a crooked neck, but yours causes dementia. So there.



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