



N.P. Delzell
The Clackamas Print

Snowboarding is for punks and sucka' fools who like to look cool.

Skiing is gangsta'. First off, I'm the authority on both of these X-Games sports. I started skiing when I was seven, then switched to a snowboard in 1992 when I was 10. I mastered both sports and then decided that skiing was where it was at.

I have known countless people who have called themselves "snowboarders" because they ride the ski bus up to Mt. Hood and get a lesson. Skiers on the other hand are usually more committed to their sport.

Skiing is more difficult to learn and the equipment is more expensive. Therefore, you get a more devoted athlete. I can't remember how many times I have seen a "snowboarder" wearing a plastic bag for a coat and a pair of fake Timberland™ boots as gear.

Skiers drive Range Rovers, snowboarders tend to drive Pintos. Skiers wear gangsta' Helly/Hansen™ parkas and snowboarders wear ... well, we already got into that one. Skiers sip lattes and snowboarders just simp (that means slip).

Snowboarders are more likely to injure themselves. Although risk of injury is low in both sports, for every 1,000 snowboarders who don the mountain, about five come home with an injury, compared to skiing, where only four come off the mountain injured.

Take the case of Juan Munoz and his unfortunate snowboarding death

Face Off: Skiing's where it's at Boarders clearly rule



Joe Piazzisi
The Clackamas Print

With the snow season soon to be in full throttle, the question lies, which is better—snowboarding or skiing? Obviously, the answer is snowboarding.

With snowboarding there are no crazy antics, such as making sure your skis don't get crossed. Also, there are none of those stupid poles to push yourself around with. The best thing about snowboarding is that if you crash, you don't have to chase any of your gear down the mountain, like you have to do with skis.

Snowboarding is pretty straightforward. You have a board, bindings and boots. The bindings are bolted to the board, and your boots snap into the bindings.

Once you are all snapped in if you are pointed straight down a hill, you will go straight. If you lean, you will start to turn in the direction you are leaning in. The basics are just that simple. While with skiing you have force both feet to be parallel to each other, hoping not to get one ski crossed with the other, learn how to control your skis in a "V" formation, grind both evenly, and learn when to use your poles and when not to. That just too much work for something that is supposed to be fun.

Of course, balance and body positioning will help out a lot as you go down the mountain. For instance, if you are boarding down a hill, it's not going to be completely smooth—there are going to be a few bumps along the way. If you don't stay balanced, one of those bumps could

make you fall. But with skis, the bumps make each foot go separate ways and cause a worse burnout.

Chances are you are going to fall sometime, whether you are just beginning or you're an experienced snowboarder doing tricks. It's inevitable. Just have fun and don't worry about it. You'll be on snow, so it's not going to hurt that bad. Don't let that discourage you though; it's fun—I swear!

Snowboarding is much easier to learn. In most cases, you can start to get it down pretty well after a couple runs on a pass. I know people that have gone skiing a few times and are still having some major problems getting down the basics. Obviously you're not going to be a pro after a couple passes. However you will be able to stay up for a lot longer on a snowboard than you would on skis after a couple of runs. Of course the longer you stay up, the more fun you have.

If you have ever gone surfing or skateboarding you will catch onto snowboarding much quicker as well. It's not going to be completely the same, but the idea is the same.

For those of you that are a little more experienced you already know that the really fun part about snowboarding isn't how much time you are on the snow. It's about how much time you can spend above it after you hit a jump or how fast you can maneuver down the hill and around everything that gets in your way. Not only is snowboarding more entertaining, but the people are a lot cooler!

On a side note, pro snowboarders as a whole get paid more than pro skiers on a whole. It has to be better!

on Mt. Hood in 2002.

Traditionalmountainer.org reported that Munoz was an experienced snowboarder who tried to shred the summit of Mt. Hood. Munoz fell off while attempting to ride Cooper Spur, a very steep and very dangerous section of Mt. Hood. Munoz fell off the trail at about the 8,500 foot mark. When he was found his snowboard was broken in half and still attached to his feet. It was also reported that Munoz left his climbing equipment behind. Pretty responsible snowboarder, eh?

This would never happen to a skier. Skis have emergency release bindings and extreme skiing has been around a lot longer. Consequently, the skiers are more experienced at off-course shredding.

Being an old-school extremist, skiing is my natural fit. Skiing is safer and more fun than snowboarding. I have skied with my grandparents and I have snowboarded with my dad. There is definitely a gap between the sports. I don't hate snowboarding; I just don't like what it has become.

I don't know what my snowboarding counterpart's experience on the mountain is. But I would be willing to say that I have more snowboarding experience than the average snowboarder, and I choose to ski. I have been to snowboarding and skiing camps and I used to average a least 20 visits to Mt. Hood.

There is an epidemic at Mt. Hood. I see fake snowboarders everywhere taking up my mountain space. Here is my proposal to fake snowboarders: go down to southern Oregon and shred down there till you get skills, son.

Soldier writes home from war-torn Iraq

Editor's Note: The following is a letter written by Editor-in-Chief Isaiah Creel's brother who was, until quite recently, stationed in Fallujah. This letter contains profanity and disturbing details of his time there.

Yeah, I'm back in my room as of last night. I told you they put me on a line team [a small part of a larger unit] a long time ago, before I came on leave. Well, Eric was the driver, but Mercado, me and the [Lieutenant] don't trust him to drive (since he doesn't listen and he already wrecked the Bradley [Infantry Fighting Vehicle] once) so I had to drive—not my choice. Well, you wanna know what happened in Fallujah? I'll tell you.

We were the company commander's wingmen, so we went where he did. Our company was the main effort, and for eighty percent of the time, we were the farthest south unit in Fallujah. We are also the only Army unit to exit the city from both the north and the south, as we went from one side to the other.

The first push wasn't too bad. We got shot at—mostly small arms fire and a few RPGs (rocket propelled grenades.) That day, our track was responsible for five kills, direct fire. We set up at a school for a couple days, received sniper fire [and] had our own mortars land 200 meters off, bringing them [only] twenty meters from our position.

After the school, we pushed south to the end of the city—that was the worst part of town. Our track was hit by seven RPGs in

one day, and our kill count rose to seventeen total. The commander from the company that was trailing our Bradley got hit by an RPG that went through his back ramp, killing one of our interpreters and taking the arm off of one of our infantrymen. His wingman didn't do shit, so we pulled back and placed our Brad broadside against his back ramp to shield him so they could move the casualties. We are being put in for Bronze Stars for Valor for that one. We laid down cover fire for twenty minutes while placing ourselves in direct line of enemy fire.

Two days later, one of my company's tanks flipped over into a canyon, killing the tank commander when the tank caught fire and he could not get out. After that, one of the infantry squads was ambushed [while] clearing a building, killing one and severely injuring the other five. I knew both of [the deceased].

While we were down south, just before [vehicle number] A-60 got hit (the one we covered), an

Our snipers killed all 15 dogs because they were eating the body.

I've seen bodies run over by 70-ton tanks. I can still sleep at night, though. It's all a matter of perspective. Everybody there fired weapons at us, trying to kill us.

I have seen an M1 Abrahms tank run over an anti-tank mine. It lifted 70 tons in the air, imprinted the track into the hull, threw two 70-pound armor plates high enough to clear a ten foot fence and shattered two road wheels. No one was hurt in the tank, but the tank is now scrap metal. If it had been my 35-ton Bradley, I wouldn't be typing this to you right now. That tank was my wingman's tank. I saw it from twenty meters away, and I thought they were dead. All of a sudden there was no tank in the road, just a black cloud of smoke. Twenty meters—that's all. If he had missed it, and I had hit it ... shit. Yeah, but I did have fun, took lots of pictures. It was a good experience.

Specialist Adam W. Creel
C 3-8 Cav FIST



CREEL Contributed Photo

RPG hit the track in front of us at an angle and deflected right at us. It impacted the vision block that I was looking out of at the time. I have never in my life been that scared. There were literally bodies on every street corner and down every alley—hundreds of them. I watched a body burn for the better part of a day.

There was one body where we ended up that was, when we left, surrounded by fifteen dead dogs.

STUDY POOL
What is the worst Christmas present you ever received?



"Chewed up He-Man figures"
Darrel B.



"My stepdad was left a puppy in a box that died before I was born."
Austin J.



"[For] my first Christmas, my dad bought me a nudie suit."
John W.



"I'm Jewish."
Bethany J.

••••• We have a



Lucky student
Giarsmells is the recipient of \$5,000.
look at his

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