

Face off: banning pets on campus

Pets are health and safety hazards, should be banned

Elizabeth Hitz
The Clackamas Print

When was the last time you stepped in dog poop on the Clackamas campus? You probably cursed out the irresponsible owner and held your breath while searching for a stick to dig yourself of the unwanted treasure. There is a simple solution to a large problem. No pets on the college campus, or at every least no unattended pets. Many colleges already have such a policy in place. For instance, Hamilton College in New York has a policy which reads, "No dogs are allowed to roam unleashed on the campus. Dogs are allowed in any college-owned building on the campus, whether on a leash or not. No dogs may be leashed (tied) to posts, etc. and left unattended on the campus. Owners [must] be in possession of animal at all times." People who disregard the policy may be fined by the college. Some Oregon colleges with similar policies are Eastern Oregon University, Lane Community College and Lewis & Clark College. And the reason so many campuses have recently instituted anti-dog, or anti-pet policies is convenience and the sake of their students. Pet excrement is disgusting; no one wants to see it, no one wants to smell it and no one wants to touch it. So why should everyone on the campus suffer because some pet owners are irresponsible enough to let their pets roam free, or too lazy to bring a pooper scooper along

on the walk? Then there's the barkers. The dogs who bark at every squirrel, moving tree branch and empty soda cup that rolls their way. Sorry folks, no one likes the dog that cries wolf. It is distracting, annoying and if people wanted to hear dogs howling, they would buy a sound machine. And last but not least, there are the friendly bounders. Everyone loves it when a strange large dog comes bounding up and gives a friendly bear-hug, muddy paws and all. Not only does this ruin clothing, it is extremely rude, and possibly frightening. Some people are scared of dogs; why should they have to undergo trauma because of some pet owners who are too lazy to leash their pets or take them to a dog park?

The problem has a solution. We need action. We need a united campus willing to crack down on pet owners and say, "Leash your pets. Be responsible, or don't bring them on campus." Because in this case, one man's unscooped pet poop is not another man's treasure.

Forget banning pets; consider this alternative ...

Mattie Vogt
The Clackamas Print

Note to the reader: The following is an account of a recent conversation on campus. Due to the sensitive nature of the topic, names have been changed to protect the identity of the participants.

We all knew it was inevitable. I called together a group of my friends. "We have to make a stand," I said. "Those of us who've been around the college for awhile have seen what can happen, and it's gotten out of hand." "But is it fair to penalize them all just because a few of them are unruly?" Reggie asked. "Good point," said Sam. "Why don't we just ban the bad ones?" This group is intellectual and intuitive. They're not easily convinced. "Someone has to say it out loud," I said. Silence throughout the group. "We need a Human Policy." Audible gasp. "Do you really think we need to be that extreme?" asked Toby. "I know it seems cruel," I said, "but we have to keep them out of the buildings." Another collective gasp. "Just look at the facts," I continued. "Other colleges have done this with positive results."

"Like what?" asked Max. "Well, since they instituted a Human Policy at one college back East, no one throws papers or other garbage on the floor anymore or spills coffee on the new carpets." "That's not that big a deal," said Chloe. "Sure, I suppose," I said. "But there's more." All waited, anticipating. "Truth is, we need to keep them out of the buildings because so many of the grown-up ones just aren't as kind as we are. In fact... sometimes they're mean. They call each other names. They make fun of some of their own kind." Everyone looked disappointed. "Poor humans," said Buffy. "And some of them say things that aren't true," Toby added. "They say bad words out loud. They do things to make each other cry!" "Aack!" said Buddy. "That's just wrong." "No kidding," said Rudy. "We've tried to model unconditional love, positive spirit and unending devotion, but they aren't quite as evolved as we are." Many nodded agreement. "That's why," I continued, "we have to take this drastic measure." "And what will they do, then?" asked Chip, meekly. "Wander around outside in the rain, I guess," I replied. "Seems cruel, but it's the only answer." Everyone was quiet. We all felt so sorry for them. But I knew I had to push on. "All in favor of the motion adopting the Human Policy raise a paw," I said. Motion passed.



Illustration by E. E. West, Clackamas Print

After three years, goodbye Clackamas

Ben Maras
Star-in-Chief

As I sit here a mere week before graduation with my three year at Clackamas and on the news-staff coming to an end, I am reminded of a dream that was once shared to me: The dreamer was a rock lying at the bottom of the Marianas Trench (one of those who were asleep during the science sequence, the deepest part of the Pacific Ocean). It was dark and cold, as the bottom of an ocean is to be, and things stayed like that a long, long time. Day after day a couple million years he sat in the sand and sand, with nowhere to go. Finally, one day he experienced a new sensation - he could see light above him. After a couple thousand years he could see the faint outline of the sun hovering above the surface of the water. He then realized that he was being slowly pushed up and closer to the surface. Thousands of more years went by moving an unnoticeable amount towards the surface. He sat waiting and hanging on to the moment in which he would be free, because face he didn't have much else to do. Then one day, a couple hundred years after he first noticed the light, he could feel the waves breaking against him and he felt the warmth of the sun. Then finally, after what seemed

like (and probably was) eons, he lay on the beach basking in the warm sun and the soft sand, thankful to be free from the icy darkness he had known his whole life. But just then some little snout-nosed kid came running by and picked him up and skipped him back out into the ocean. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what I feel like right now. Even as one who loves the academic environment, I can definitely relate to the rock in this parable. After surviving high school, and completing an AAOT at Clackamas, I am being pitched out into the big ocean of a university, to immerse myself in the true "college experience," the famed time of personal enlightenment in which we truly expand our minds and embrace everything we are capable of. But I recently realized that I have been fooling myself. The "college experience" is not a goal but a journey, and that journey is now. There is no sitting around waiting for wisdom to come to you - academia is not a spectator sport. The difference between Clackamas and a large university is not the quality of the education, but how easily a quality education is accessible. Rather than paying several thousand dollars to be assigned the great works of academia, a couple dollars in interlibrary loans would suffice in bringing the wisdom right to you. Similarly to exercising the body,

exercising the mind only requires a will. Sure a several-hundred-dollar Chuck Norris™ Über-Flex-Body-Sculpting-System makes getting into shape easier, but for a little bit more effort all one needs is a road and a pair of decent shoes to achieve the same results. We are even given the privilege here of having our own personal trainers, willing to provide us with any information they possess - if we only take advantage of them. The biggest mistake anyone can make here is selling the instructors - or themselves - short. I especially owe both Linda Vogt (adviser for *The Print*) and Dean Darris (political science instructor) a huge debt of gratitude. Along with other Clackamas instructors they have taught me a great deal about myself, and made me realize that I ultimately want to teach and pass on to others what they have nurtured in me. This campus is filled with brilliant, first-rate people - don't let the opportunity to leech from them pass you by. So my brethren, as I say my good-byes to the place that has been my home for three years and the people who have surrounded me, I hope that everyone can seize the day, dare to get excited about something, make their own college experience. In closing, I can think of nothing better than to quote journalism great Edward R. Murrow: Good night, and good luck.

Graduation ain't mutilation

E. E. West
The Clackamas Print

Editor's note: The following story contains graphic accounts of traditional rituals. Reader discretion is advised. Graduations are rarely fun affairs. Crowds of people, boring speeches and a laundry list of graduates are just a few of the mind-numbing elements that make graduations as fun as watching turtles mate. So I understand when graduating students, most of them young adults, say they'd rather drink a bucket of broken glass than sit through a graduation ceremony. But consider this: at least our rites of passage are only traumatic in that sitting-through-your-aunt-and-uncle's-slideshow-of-their-trip-to-Branson-Missouri sort of way. Some cultures don't let their young adults off so easy. Many traditional societies around the world perform body modification rituals as their young "graduate." Scarification, tattooing and circumcision (both male and female) are fairly common. Certain aboriginal tribes in

Australia perform a rite known as a subincision, in which adolescent boys are given a deep slit along the underside of their penises while bull-roarers hum and the tribe's women wail in the distance. And that's one of the less disturbing rituals. The ancient Greeks encouraged pederasty between young boys and prominent men as part of the boys' coming-up. The notorious Etoro tribe of Papua New Guinea believe that young men can only become sexually mature by performing fellatio on the grown men. Other rites of passage can involve everything from suspending the bodies of adolescents by hooks to ritual cannibalism. Growing up is never easy. It can often be a traumatic experience maturing from one role, one "life," to another. Perhaps the reason coming-of-age ceremonies and other rites of passage are often painful is to reflect this universal experience of pain symbolically. So the next time that parents or friends pressure you to don the cap and gown, keep heart; at least your genitals are still intact.

Clackamas Print
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The Clackamas Print is a weekly student publication and is distributed every Wednesday except finals week.

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