

## Wildman successfully puts 'camp' back in 'campus'



By Isaac Soper  
Arts & Culture Editor

I quickly turned off my headlamp and my backpacking stove as I noticed the blaze of a security guard's flashlight blanketing the darkness. May 2 was my first night of "guerrilla camping."

In an undisclosed location on campus, I parked my car and slung my backpack over my shoulders. I locked the car but didn't set the alarm, as to rid the noise of the involuntary honk it emits to let me know it's safe to leave it alone.

As I ventured into the night, I saw no security guards in my proximity, which gave me a false sense of calm. I carried my backpack on my shoulders and a jug of water in my hand as I headed toward my secret destination in an attempt to "put the 'camp' back in 'campus.'"

I finally found a location that seemed hidden enough from prying eyes, but comfortable and large enough to at least attempt to get a good night's sleep in the pouring rain. I set down my backpack on a relatively dry spot and laid out my blue tarp carefully as not to be heard. It was already dark, so I had to use a headlamp to see what I was doing. I unpacked my sleeping bag and laid it onto the tarpaulin, shielding it from the moist ground, after which I quickly pulled out another smaller tarp to shield from the skies above.

Unpacking my gear, I set up a small backpacking lantern on its lowest setting, dim enough as not to be seen from very far away, making it fairly time consuming to set up my gear. So far there were no creepy crawlies on or around my sleeping bag, which is a definite plus, and no people in sight. Thanks to the nearby traffic of the road, the noise that I made setting up shop was muted, but it also made it difficult for me to hear my surroundings.

I didn't set up a tent, because I felt as though it would be a surefire way to be spotted. The rain was fairly light at first; I figured that just having a tarp over the top of my sleeping bag would suffice. What I didn't take into consideration was condensation, which effectively soaked a portion of my sleeping system.

With my fear of being

caught flowing freely in my mind, I decided that being found out at night wouldn't be as likely as being found in the wee hours of the morning while I was still sleeping.

Doing a security check; I turned off all of my lights and looked around me as far as I could see in the night; no one could be seen.

After setting up my sleeping quarters for the evening, I felt like having a nice warm cup of tea prior to heading to sleep, so I unpacked my backpacking stove and began connecting the parts together. I poured some water from the jug into my titanium cooking pot and readied the stove for cooking.

Suddenly, I saw a car drive by and stop in a nearby parking lot; it was a campus safety officer. As he exited the car and began sweeping the nearby areas with the broad beam of a flashlight, I told myself to calm down. Thankfully I hadn't lit the stove yet and my lights were very dim. I quickly and quietly shut them off and lay down under the cover of darkness. I can only assume that the officer saw my nearby car and figured that there might have been a person connected to it somehow.

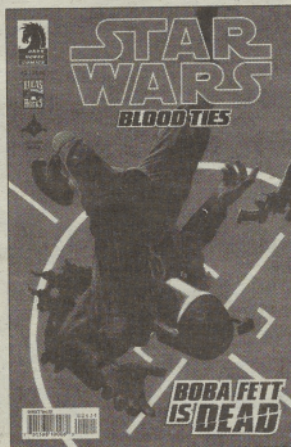
I prayed that the officer wouldn't shine his light onto my tarp as I nestled into my sleeping bag. I lay low for somewhere between 20 to 30 minutes until I felt safe enough to stand up and look around for the guard. I hadn't heard or seen his car leave the area, but I didn't see his flashlight anymore either. I glanced around for awhile longer before lighting the stove, which quickly brought the water to temperature. The tea was just what I needed; it allowed me to relax and feel rather at home.

I joked with myself as I enjoyed my warm drink, "Next up: The Wildman spends a night in jail and gets all of his backpacking gear taken away." Granted, if I were to be found, the likely scenario would be for the officer to tell me to leave, but in certain circumstances, a free ride in a squad car could be a possibility.

Finishing my tea, I began to pack up my unnecessary gear and burrowed into my sleeping bag. The rain began to fall harder, to which I gave thanks that I brought two tarps. The air was fresh, and it felt good to be outside.

Perhaps a half an hour later I was able to fall asleep, and when I awoke early in the morning, I found that my "house" was hidden better than I had realized. I wasn't in as much of a rush to pack up my gear as I had originally intended, although the upper half of my sleeping bag was pretty damp on the outside. Apart from the fear of being found out, I had slept fairly well, a true Wildman on campus.

## Beloved bounty hunter slain in cold blood



"Boba Fett is Dead" is the second chapter in the "Star Wars: Blood Ties" series.

By Isaac Soper  
Arts & Culture Editor

Star Wars fans weep nationwide over the loss of their favorite armor clad antihero; the legendary bounty hunter Boba Fett has finally been killed, or so it seems, in the new chapter of the Star Wars comic book series "Blood Ties," entitled "Boba Fett is Dead."

Being not only the galaxy's most feared (and our most beloved) bounty hunter in the Star Wars Universe, the infamous Fett has gained notori-

ety through not only the Star Wars films, but the Expanded Universe as well. Many books, comics and video games have featured Fett, but none so close and vibrantly illustrated as the 2010 comic series "Blood Ties," which focused on the Fett family and a few of the other clones of Boba's father Jango.

Boba Fett is known for his unique and very stylish Mandalorian armor, which possesses some slick hidden weapons to boot. He has some very impressive stats as well, and some very close encounters with death, including being eaten (and regurgitated) by the almighty Sarlacc, but nothing has broken the Mandalorian's armor or spirit before. Even in extreme cases, Fett leaves with nothing but a few bumps and bruises (and always, his bounty).

The events that take place in the comic occur approximately 10 years BBY (Before the Battle of Yavin), from which one can assume that our beloved bounty hunter is not actually dead, or that perhaps the Fett that we know from the Original Trilogy is not actually the true Boba Fett.

The opening scene in the comic displays a seemingly dead Fett, with gaping holes in his chestplate and helmet, both emanating smoke. It appears as though Fett has been assassinated by an elite squad of soldiers from across the galaxy, and news of such great magnitude has spread across said galaxy like wildfire.

In an unnamed bar on an unnamed world, a man by the name of Connor Freeman (who was introduced in the first "Blood Ties" series) hears the news and is on the case to investigate; Fett saved his life at some point in time, and he is on a mission to track down Fett's gunmen and the man or men who hired them.

Tom Taylor, writer of the first chapter of "Blood Ties" has returned to write "Boba Fett is Dead," which will hopefully be on par throughout its run. So far, it seems to have the same quality writing and art as the former, which was praised by many fans.

The comic has a very different artistic style that appears to be sketched and painted, rather than traditional comic book colorings, seeming nearly photorealistic at times thanks to artist Chris Scalf.

The next issue of "Blood Ties: Boba Fett is Dead" will be available on May 30 through Things from Another World (located in Milwaukie, near Dark Horse Comics) or online at [www.tfaw.com](http://www.tfaw.com).

4 out of 5 stars

## Oregon's largest state park offers miles of beautiful hiking trails, waterfalls



Silver Falls State Park is Oregon's largest state park. Within the confines of the park, there are numerous hiking and biking trails, including a trail called the "Trail of Ten Falls."

By Felicia Skriver  
The Clackamas Print

Fresh Oregon air filled my nostrils as we set out for the voyage. The day seemed bleak with clouds and the wind was a little more chill than usual.

We climbed in to the car and headed out towards Silver Falls State Park. After much deliberation about where we should go, the pictures online more than inspired us to trek out to the falls. My boyfriend Garrison and I jumped in to the car excited that we finally had a destination. Cruising through Molalla back roads we arrive at the northern trailhead after only an hour of driving.

The falls are located in Marion

County, just 20 miles away from Salem. We pulled in to the parking lot and paid the \$5 entrance fee to begin our journey.

We trekked onwards toward the Trail of Ten Falls, and as we walked over a wooden bridge and we were instantly greeted with lush and dank vegetation. The path was muddy with many stones surrounding the many tiny waterfalls that trickle down right beside you. We walked on and were greeted by smiling faces, making me once again glad that we chose to come here.

From the start the trail was easily enjoyable, the trail itself was very mellow and easy to follow. The trail was a bit rocky, but very beaten making it easy for anyone to enjoy this hike.

The trails themselves make up the biggest state park in Oregon with an area little more than 9,000 square feet all for public use.

Collaboratively all of the hiking trails extend over 24 miles, 14 of them are animal friendly and four of them are biking paths. There are 10 waterfalls all together and five of them extend over 100 feet tall.

We decided to take the northbound trail and suddenly we were faced with a massive waterfall. The trail itself led right down to the river and I enjoyed every minute of the icy mist from the falls.

Please see TRAIL, Page 7