

Last
Chance
College

SCORCH

'That yellow rag'

Vol. 1 No. -1x4¾y⁸ March 32, 19ought2

Cell Block 46, Salem Penitentiary

Torch editor finally gets just reward

by Sarah Jenkins
of The SCORCH

A mutilated body was found early yesterday in the LCC east parking lot. According to campus authorities, it was several hours before the corpse was positively identified as Steve Myers, former TORCH editor.

At press time, several suspects are still being questioned by Security Officers but no charges have been brought against anyone yet.

The official cause of death has not yet been released, although authorities will admit that foul play was involved. "Looks like they tried to kill him eight or nine times," Detective Paul Trace, the school's crack security enforcer, speculated. "Whoever done this musta been really pissed."

Several clues have been identified on the crime scene, but Trace refused to discuss their importance to the case.

A large club of unrefined "deadwood" was found close to the body, as was a confidential Board of Education memo with the word "Leak" scrawled across the top. Leading away from the body were several

heavy military-type boot tracks. Laying several yards away was a Marine Corps recruiting pamphlet, along with a can of beer and a piece of broken mirror.

According to Trace, the mob in the suspects' holding tank was not providing any answers either. One harried-looking woman shoved her way from the room screaming something about being an elected official, but this reporter was unable to catch the full quote. When confronted with the wooden club, this unidentified Board of Education member denied ever using the term deadwood, ever touching deadwood, ever being deadwood or even ever having tenure.

"Hell," she said with authority, "even if I had done it, it would have only been a part-time thing to add quality to crime."

Another board member, also being held as a suspect, admitted to talking with the then-live Myers shortly before his death. However, he believes he has an iron-clad alibi which Trace is currently checking.

"I had arranged a meeting with Myers and another reporter who also attends board meetings and works for Eugene's daily paper and who's initials are M.S. but

who will not be named by me," the nervous board member explained. "But only Myers showed up."

In conclusion, he said, "I have nothing to hide. I was acting solely in the public's interest, with the will of the people in mind, considering my responsibility as an elected official, serving the citizens of this county, with the true meaning of the people's right to know heavily on my mind, in actions deemed necessary to serve the purpose of my office."

"Besides," he concluded, "this was supposed to be all off the record."

Another suspect cut the board member short in his explanation. "That pushy little pseudo-macho probably did it," the irate woman said, "because Myers wouldn't listen to his spiel."

Trace had not arrested this woman as a suspect, but she demanded her equal rights under the law so the security officers put her in the same room as the suspects.

"We know that broad didn't have the physical strength to do the kind of damage we saw on the corpse," Trace explained, gesturing towards the 210-pound former Olympic women's shot put gold medalist,

"but she said she'd file a discrimination suit if we didn't arrest her."

Questioning of all suspects is continuing. Trace believes that the murderer(s) should be identified sometime prior to 1983, but he's making no promises at this time.

"We expect a break in the case," he said, "but any of these folks could have done it. They all had motive, they all had opportunity, they all had possible weapons, they had all read the TORCH . . ."

Trace continued in the same vein for several moments before concluding. "Boy, I ain't never seen anything like this before," he reiterated. "They musta been really, reeeecally, REEEEEALLY pissed!"

The investigation is still under way.

Militants claim credit for murder of TORCH editor

News analysis by Sarah Jenkins
Edited by Frank Babcock
Copyset by Judy Sonstein
Proofread by Bob Weight
Laid out by Laree Ram
Straightened by Jack Ward
of The SCORCH

This morning LCC's newest right-wing militant activist organization claimed responsibility for the grizzly murder of former TORCH editor Steve Myers.

The Committee to Recall Myers, also known as the SLA (Sarah's Loving Admirers), announced to the media in an official college memorandum that it had planned and executed the gruesome crime. However, the memo did not give any indication of motive.

According to Ina Ging, spokesperson extraordinaire for KLCC radio, the memo was copyset and waxed, and then stuck on to Mass Communication Department letterhead paper.

Officials decline to say if this could give them any clues to members of the committee.

At press time, no members had been identified. But this SCORCH reporter did obtain an exclusive interview with one higher-up on the TORCH staff who is known to be sympathetic to the cause of the SLA.

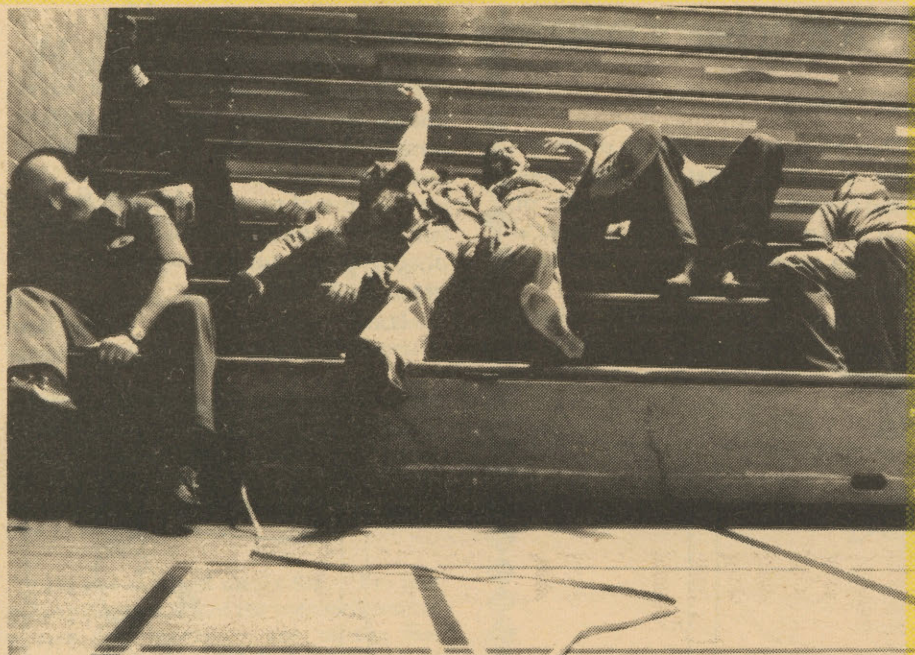
Sarah, who requested that her real name not be used, said that it seemed unlikely that any committee members were guilty. "Sure they had good reason," she admitted, "but lots of people had good reason."

She declined to answer any more questions, explaining, "What with taking over Myers' job, I'm a little busy right now."

The investigation is continuing.

F·A·C·E·S·E·S·E·S

Death penalty sparks successfulness



A prototype of Sparky Wyre's electric bleacher was recently tested on several death-row inmates at an undisclosed prison. Photo by OSP#5278135.

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

The evening following Sparky Wyre's graduation from LCC's Electronics Program was a night of horror — and a night that set him, ultimately, on a new, lucrative career.

"It was on the evening following my graduation from the electronics program at LCC," Wyre explains. "I'd been to a party some friends had thrown for me and when I got home about 11 p.m., I found that my wife, four kids, my 87-year-old grandmother and my dog had been murdered by a burglar."

Wyre was crushed. And for several days he wandered about in a daze, unable to cope with the tragedy that had touched his life.

"But about seven days after the common funeral for my family, a friend of mine called who was concerned

continued somewhere else

Inside
whenever



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The LCC PE Department is offering a new one credit class, 'Urban Mountaineering,' for Spring Term.



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Entertainment Editor Michael Tenn reviews the latest film offerings from A Dolt's World.



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They lost their balls along with the game. Too bad Tritons, but there's always the women's team!



Oil trucks hit Harrisburg

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

Next week, an endless fleet of trucks will arrive in the small Oregon town of Harrisburg, bringing equipment and supplies for what is perhaps the largest construction project undertaken in human history.

The \$4.8 trillion project, approved by a special session of Congress last week, is a desperation attempt by the Carter Administration to alleviate the domestic petroleum shortage.

The assignment of the 412 engineers, scientists, technicians and workers involved in the project will be to drill an oil well completely through the earth and into the huge Iranian oil deposits in the Middle East.

The project promises to be a challenge to modern technology and science. A number of problems will be encountered in the drilling which scientists hope can be overcome by operating on the assumption that modern theories about the composition of the earth are correct.

For example, it is assumed that the crust of the earth in the Harrisburg area is approximately 14.6 miles thick. For this portion of the drilling, a conventional drill tool will be used although the bit itself will be nearly 3 feet in diameter to accommodate special equipment to be used as the crew reaches the mantle.

The mantle, which lies below the Sial (granite-like layer) and Sima (hardened lava layer) of the solid crust, is a layer of primarily silicon rock, the temperature of which will range from 1600° F (870°C) to 4000° F (2200°C).

Consequently, as the drill enters this 1800-mile-thick region, a special tool will be attached into which the drilling crew will inject a steady flow of ice cubes. (An ice plant has already been constructed near the drilling site and will be fully operational next month.)

The cooled bit will thus be protected from melting as it reaches beyond the mantle into the outer and inner core of the earth.

However, as the tool reaches the center of the earth, it is theorized that the increased gravitational pull will require the use of a special "bit brake" which will prevent the drill from traveling faster than the crew can add extensions at the Harrisburg derrick.

Once at the 9000° F (5000°C) center of the earth, power will have to be applied to the drill tool as it begins the final 4,000-mile journey toward the Iranian oil fields.

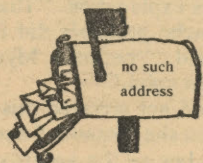
Before receiving oil in Harrisburg, however, a special pump will be installed at the earth's center to push the valuable crude against gravity to the American surface.

The project is immense, and may not even work, but the President must be admired for his persistence in supporting the project against a strong opposition from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

The government of Iran, which has protested the American project, has lowered its crude oil prices from \$13.50 a barrel to \$1.23 a barrel in recent days. But continued political unrest has prevented the Iranians from operating their existing wells, and Carter feels certain the U.S. will be able to recover nearly all the oil that currently lays in the Iranian deposits.

"Once we start pumping in Harrisburg," says the President with a big smile, "guess who's gonna be payin' \$40 a barrel for overseas oil?! You can bet your boots it ain't gonna be brother Billy."

Letters



Huh? ? ? ? ?

Dear Editor:

Recently, the rip-off idealists of the legal profession, including the Honorable Judge from Seattle who got down on his knees to beg for changes in the State Workers Compensation System, have defiled the Imperialistic motives of the working many who is down to his last, rapidly shrinking dollar which is being funneled directly into the dark coffers of the State Compensation board members' pockets under ORS 195.162 and ORS 265.305, not to mention the one law, ORS 480.398, which specifies that if a worker is injured while getting a drink of water during a machine breakdown he only gets a partial claim which is then transferred into another State Workers Compensation Board account under the provisions of ORS 469.254 and ORS 680.720 which is really a rip-off because

the judge up in Portland doesn't respond to any inquiries from persons such as myself who want to stop this travesty here and now, and so I ask all of you who want fair labor recompense to take a look at what is happening, understand it all as you can see that I do

JOHN R. MEED
Non-LCC Student

Weight heavy

To the Editor:

I am writing this letter to commend the marvelous abilities of your staff writer, Bob Weight.

Throughout the year I have been reading his news coverage with great pleasure. He is truly a credit to your staff, as well as a credit to the Journalism Department, and to LCC.

Weight is always sensitive to the issues. He is thorough in his coverage of events and he has made many splendid points in his editorials. Thank you again for bringing this brilliant young man's words to the eyes of your readers.

BOB WEIGHT

Reader resents hairy armpits

To the Editor:

Though your newspaper often fails quite short of meeting what many would consider quality journalism, one must remind oneself that it is, after all, a college newspaper and is entitled to occasional indiscretion.

However, I am annoyed, piqued, disquieted, bothered, mortified and

outraged by the last three front cover photos which have been of a human armpit. I hope this was merely an oversight, but in any case, I hope that by the time of receipt of this letter you will have found a new and more tasteful photographic subject with which to grace your front cover.

May Bee
LCC Synonym Instructor

SCORCH

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ADVERTISING SALES: Frank Flammini

The SCORCH is published whenever staff members feel like blowing the college out of the water.

News stories are compressed, concise reports intended to be as objective as possible. But then, everybody has good intentions that never seem to come true. So we mostly make it up as we go along.

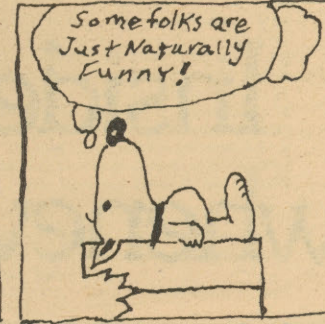
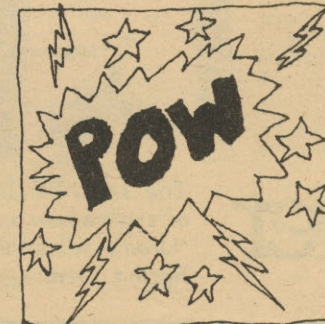
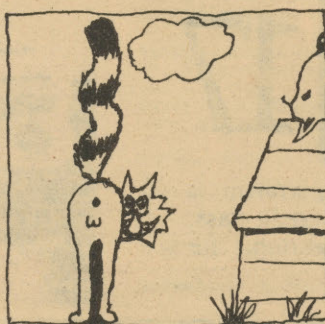
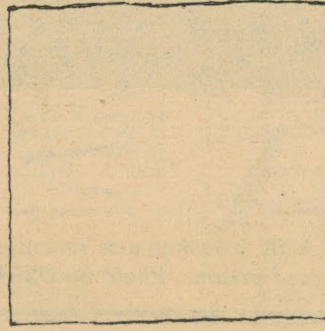
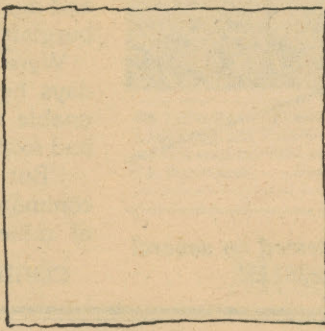
News features, because of a broader scope, may contain some judgments on the part of the writer. They may also contain some lies.

"Forums" are intended to be essays contributed by SCORCH readers, but so far nobody has ever submitted one.

"Letters to the Editor" should be forwarded to the Eugene Register-Guard. We have enough gripes and don't need to hear about anybody else's.

All correspondence must be typed, neatly written, block printed, enclosed in plain brown wrappers or scribbled. Neatness doesn't count and we won't print it anyway.

Filberts



by Chuck Weight



Milt Madden was struck speechless by the Deadwood Award trophy. Photo by Rockie Moch

Madden sets standards for deadwood winners

by Sarah Jenkins
of The SCORCH

In a solemn ceremony last night, LCC history instructor Milt Madden was presented with the First Annual Carlene Churry Memorial Deadwood Award.

During an emotional acceptance speech, Madden held the seven-foot rough hewn trophy and continually fought back tears.

"History," Madden explained to the packed house in the back shop of the Mechanics Building, "is my life."

Amidst rousing applause, Madden tried to blink away the tears. "It is so irrelevant. That's what makes it so important to me. If it were relevant," he said with a sigh, "I would never have been honored in this way. My years of dedication and hard work and blood, sweat, toil and tears would have been for naught. Making history irrelevant is not an easy task."

Again, the enthusiastic audience of fellow teachers, administrators and board members cheered him on.

"But just knowing I had a shot at this wonderful memento," he said, changing his grip on the log, "made me work even harder."

This is a headline

by Dill Fonebone
for The SCORCH

Well, here I am at my typewriter, typing news for all of you people out in newspaperland. I went to a meeting on public transportation today.

Not much happened, really, but my teacher, Mr. Pederstone, said that there is always news if you just look, so I will. (This part is called a "bridge" in newspaper-talk.)

There were a lot of people there and even some important ones like Mr. Biermug, who is really a loudmouth.

Biermug is a story in himself, but I am supposed to be "objective" so I won't tell you that my friend told me that he is a pervert. Also, I am supposed to tie this in with LCC, so I will.

I am an LCC student and I was there to tell you about it.

Mr. Biermug talked a lot and asked the press to leave, but he didn't ask me to leave with them because he didn't know I was press.

He asked me to leave because he said that I was a "filthy counter-culture person who is probably on CETA." I left then and I guess that's about it. Thank you for reading my story.

"I know some of the runners-up for the award," he added as he glanced down to the disappointed faces in the front row, "may feel I had an unfair advantage. But my ten years of tenure was not a deciding factor in my win. Anybody can get tenure, but exhibiting true deadwood tendencies is very, very difficult."

He paused before adding, "Do you have any idea how many good student evaluations I've had to live down?"

Madden then thanked the school officials who had made the award possible. Limiting his speech to only two hours, he admitted that it was not possible to name them all.

The trophy will be permanently etched with Madden's name, teaching specialty, length of tenure, credentials, work record and hobbies. The work is being done by students in LCC's Chainsaw Technology program.

Late-night vandals strike (obscenity deleted) fishpond

It's not funny to Roger Thesaurus, LCC Night Maintenance Foreman.

"Last night, as you and I and other respectable persons were visiting dreamland, some dastardly villain stole into the dark, stopped at Lane, and poured Blue Dye #532 into LCC's beautiful goldfish pond."

"It's not that I don't like blue water," says Thesaurus, "but everyone knows that Blue Dye #532 causes cancer in little goldfish. And the water is so blue that we can't see the poor little bugers to get them out of the bad water and into the good. I just

can't understand why anyone would want to hurt our little fishy friends. They never hurt us."

Lane's top-notch security staff was hot on the case, and just as upset as Thesaurus. "Those (obscenity deleted) no good (obscenity deleted), if I ever get my (obscenity deleted) hands on them, why I'll break their (obscenity deleted) necks!" said one security officer who wished to be . . . "(obscenity deleted) nameless."

Thesaurus estimated that both of LCC's goldfish will "probably die."

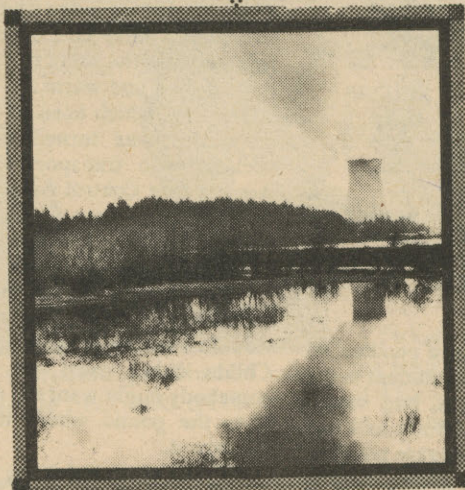


Photo by Samson N

Columbia Nuclear Homes Inc. are proud to announce our all new energy-efficient homes. Our homes are built along "the most radioactive river in the world." We just hook the wiring into the river -- no more expensive electric bills. And the river's soft "night glow" adds a wonderful unnatural touch to nighttime garden parties! Columbia Nuclear Homes, from \$84,000 with easy terms.

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'60 RAMBLER WAGON, 4x4 conversion, ejector seat, spare tire, a great deer poaching car. This week only Ralph's price is \$2795.00

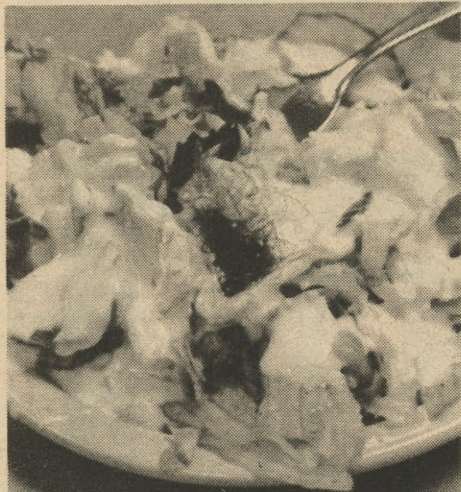
'64 VW BUS, new radiator, rolling papers, chrome hood ornament. A real 'trippy' buy at \$1964.00

'62 MERC MONTEREY, all original equipment, only \$1,372,629,830 easy miles. It was abandoned on the lot and we're passing the savings on to you, only \$150.00

Lhasa Abso shocks Belly

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

Controversy centered in the LCC cafeteria this week following complaints by a student that her salad contained a large ball of matted hair which she described as being



The offensive salad is shown here with the tip of the offending Lhasa Abso. Photo by Rockie Moch.

"about the size of a miniature poodle."

Jelly Belly, an exotic dance student in the Performing Arts Department, had seated herself at a table in the cafeteria and had eaten the garbanzo beans, chinese noodles, sprouts, mushrooms, croutons, pickled beets and sliced bell peppers heaped on top

of her copious extravaganza, when the top layer of lettuce "began to move."

Says Belly, "I was mortified. But when I gingerly removed some of the lettuce with my fork, I discovered this hairy thing all coated with blue cheese and ranch dressing."

Belly immediately picked up her fouled salad and sought out Food Services Manager Julio Childs to report the incident.

"I wanted to go to the top dog," she says. Says Childs, "I instructed the cashier to refund Ms. Belly's money immediately, of course, and then I began an inspection of the furry ball."

"Oddly," Childs explains, "it wasn't a miniature poodle after all, but a Lhasa Abso. We have no idea where the dog came from, but it must have been there for some time because the salad it was laying in was quite wilted and warm."

The dog, which bore no identifying tags or marks, was turned over to campus security who transported it to the Tri-Agency Dog Control Authority.

"Doggone," says Childs. "I hate to see this kind of thing happen. I could give us a bad name."

Belly plans to pursue the matter.

"I'm enraged," she says. "Why they wouldn't treat a human like that. I mean, Childs didn't even try to find out if somebody might want the dog. He just sent it to the pound where it'll probably be destroyed."

"You'll never catch me in that cafeteria again!"

New class teaches words

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

"It is my intention, goal, design, ambition, proposal, purpose, aspiration and resolve," says May Bee, LCC's new study skills instructor, "that this synonym improvement class will be fun, frivolous, entertaining, joyous, merry, frolicsome, diverting, recreative and pleasant."

"I have always been concerned, caring, regardful, watchful, aware, alert, vigilant, solicitous, cautious and heedful of the fact," she says, "that many students are lacking in the ability to draw on a large resource, pool, supply, store, stock, well, treasure, reserve, accumulation, provision, abundance, ampleness, luxuriant and copious amount of words available to them in our language."

Bee intends to conduct the class in a strict format requiring a great deal of memoriza-

tion from the textbook which is Roget's College Thesaurus.

Says Bee, "I think it's high time that we begin to utilize these words — these beautiful words — in our language proficiently and eliminate all those inane, superfluous, unnecessary, unimportant, inconsequential, needless, duplicating, supererogatory, lavish, suffocating, profuse, exorbitant, extravagant, prodigal, overflowing, congesting, surplus overflowing redundancies."

According to Sam Boe, study skills department head, it is planned that the synonym class will eventually become a prerequisite for a class to be offered next fall term entitled Homonym Improvement.

"Homonyms," explains Boe, "differ from synonyms in that they are words that sound the same, such as pane, pain, lone, loan, bore, boar, soar, sore, steal, steel, sick, sic, horse, hoarse, read, reed, and so on and sew awn."

NEWS BRIEFS

Suit Filed

A sheep filed a discrimination lawsuit yesterday in Sacramento charging the state of California with unfair hiring practices.

The sheep, which has no name, claims that it has submitted an employment application to the Department of Public Works in response to the department's announcement that it was in need of an experienced lawn trimmer.

Two days later, the sheep contends, the position was awarded to a 34-year-old hispanic male.

The sheep's suit asks for \$10,000 punitive damages and requests that the state of California be required to abide by equal employment opportunity hiring regulations which specify that all hiring be done irrespective of race, creed, religious belief or species orientation.

Suit Filed

In a related case, a 28-year-old white male, James Baa Ki, has filed a suit against the state contending that he was denied employment due to the state's "quota system" for hiring minorities in an effort to balance employee ranks with minority representation.

Baa Ki's suit alleges that the state, lawns, prevented him from being fairly The case is expected to end up in the

by hiring 42 sheep to maintain the capitol considered for the job.
U.S. Supreme Court.

LCC offers Jive language

by Bob Weight
of THE SCORCH

"Don't give me any of that honkey jive," tried the student. "Doan gimme any tha honkeh jaahve, Whitey," corrected the instructor of LCC's newest language arts class.

George Washington Jones teaches Whitey O'Malley and 17 other students "Jive as a Second Language."

"I am very happy that the school was receptive and innovative enough to accept my proposal to offer Jive," said Jones. "It is a widely spoken language in this country but it has been ignored by the academic community."

"My goodness yes," agreed Henry Witherspoon who heads the Language Arts Department. "Jive is indiginous to the U.S. and it is spoken by many people. I feel that it is high time that we recognize Jive and offer it to our students."

"At the present time," Witherspoon continued, "several universities are considering the possibility of accepting Jive as a language requirement."

"How's this Mr. Jones?" Whitey chimed in, "Hey man, you hav..."

"'Hay,' Whitey, 'hay'. Pronunciation is very important if you are to be understood and considered literate by jive-speaking peoples," corrected Jones.

Jones explained the cultural value of learning Jive. "As in learning any language, new vistas are opened to the student who learns Jive, plus a better understanding of English."

Jones, a native of Chicago, thinks that it is especially important that people in less populated areas (such as the Willamette Valley) learn the language because "people here are rarely exposed to Jive. The large-city-dweller can pick it up, perhaps, but such is not the case in areas such as this."

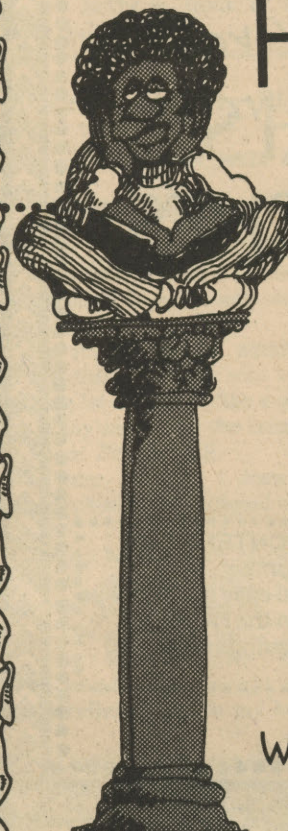
"Geowgie baayby, you mah main main. Ah mean to say, you one hep cat," Whitey tried again.

"That is better, Whitey, but the term 'hep cat' is Beatnik, not Jive. Beatnik, like Latin, is a dead language."

Like many other languages, Jones pointed out, Jive contains many root words from both dead and living languages.

"Jive is alive," he continued. "It absorbs words from many languages. 'I'm Hip' comes from the Beatnik 'I'm hep.' 'Hay' is directly linked by many entymologists to the English word 'Hey.'"

And so the class continues. Whitey O'Malley and the other students pursue a new language with the promise of intercultural intercourse and a better understanding of their native tongue.



HEY MAN.....

HIGH RON'S

HAS GOT THE STUFF FOR YOU!



WE'LL TAKE YOU HIGH, LOW, AND IN-BETWEEN.

VISA AND MASTER~MISTRESS CHARGE GLEEFULLY ACCEPTED.

JUST LOOK FOR YOUR LOCAL SALES REPRESENTATIVE, SMILIN' SAM,

IN THE SOUTH-BY-SOUTH-WEST PARKING LOT.

HE'S EASY TO SPOT: HAINES UNDERWEAR WITH SUPPORTING SOCK SUSPENDERS,

WHITE PATENT LEATHER BELT AND SHOES, LARGE SHINY BADGE ON LEFT SHIRT FRONT.

CREDIT APPLICATIONS AVAILABLE: 30 DAY REVOLVING ACCOUNTS AT 287% PER ANNUM.

*Dumpator loses face during drill***Briefcase stolen in cafeteria**

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

Dumali, LCC's struggling literary arts magazine, was dealt another financial blow today when Rip Dumpaton, the magazine's editor, lost all copies of Dumali's new budget proposal to a thief in the cafeteria.

The theft occurred only moments before Dumpaton was to present the LCC Media Commission with the proposal at a special luncheon meeting. The new proposal was what Dumpaton described as a "streamlined" version of a budget that had been rejected two weeks ago.

The magazine, beset with endless financial problems all year, is currently in extreme jeopardy with its present committed funding from all sources totaling a paltry \$3.62. Dumpaton has indicated lately that he is "aghast at the lack of support and enthusiasm from those holding the purse-strings at the college in their attitude about the magazine and I feel that if I could only persuade these people to purchase and read a copy of the magazine, they would be more aware of its value as both an instructional tool and a literary forum for the excellent talent that prevails copiously at LCC."

Unfortunately, Dumpaton fell victim to the presence of another talent at LCC, in

this case, a visiting U.S. Marine Corps precision face-sitting team who was performing for students in the cafeteria at noon today.

Dumpaton had stopped, en route to the Media Commission meeting, to watch the Marines perform an extended "cheek-to-eyeball" drill when a thief surreptitiously absconded with Dumpaton's briefcase which contained the budget documents. Dumpaton was holding the briefcase at the time.

Dumpaton discovered the theft almost immediately, but waited until the Marines had concluded their routine before he reported the theft to the LCC Security.

Security began an immediate investigation of the incident and the budget meeting was postponed.

Said an enraged Dumpaton, "I am, at once, utterly appalled at the audacity of such disgusting, thieving individuals, yet I must allude to the fact that I admire the thief's perspicacity in sensing the opportunity in my temporary distraction."

"Incidentally," Dumpaton added, "those Marines are really awe-inspiring."

Dumpaton appeared to be visibly upset by the consequences of the theft, but as he returned to the Dumali office, his face broke into a grin and he quietly remarked, "You know, those Marines are really great!"



The winner of this week's WHERE IS THE PRESIDENT? contest is Wanda Crumnick, a member of LCC's crack janitorial staff.

Her last-minute entry, made just seconds before the contest deadline, astounded both contest judges and college officials.

Crumnick's correct guess? Right here on campus!

"I was more surprised than anybody," exclaimed an excited

Crumnick after her winning choice was verified.

"I was just finishing up in the women's room on the second floor of the Administration Building," she explained, "when I saw a large man in an old-fashioned gray pin-stripe suit dash past the door and duck behind Marie Reed's desk — it had to be him!"

The last time the president was on campus was in 1972 when Eugene's Mahlon Sweet Airport was closed due to bad weather.

Transit service hits jet stream

by Hashly Smokafew
for The SCORCH

According to John Seersucker of the Lane Transit Service (LTS), new and much improved bus schedules include stops in New York, New York; Bangor, Maine; Taos, New Mexico; Laos; Hong Kong and downtown Padoka.

"We reason that these new services are a good idea, both business wise and economically," said Seersucker, "because we have at least one student from each of the new services we are adding." Seersucker added, "Now, we realize that there are those in the community who might think this new schedule is just a wee, weeeee, weeeeeeee, itsy-bitsy, tiny-winy bit much, but let me assure you that with the addition of our new Lear jet to the LTS bus fleet, we can handle it."

The LTS Board of Directors agree with the idea of adding the new services, 100 per cent, according to Board president Ralph Wrecktum. "Sure, I think it's a good idea. I'm behind it 100 per cent. Youse folks out here gotta realeyes wees jes gotta bus

where the demand is," said Wrecktum. "Besides," he added, "it's goota work, don't it? Or whose gonna take in the shorts? Wrecktum! That's whose!"

Of course, with everything else concerning the LTS, there's a bit of opposition. "I've never seen a bus on time," says Wilma Wilma, leader of the Bus On Time Tarry Oregon Mutual committee (BOTTOM). "And when I complain about it, all I get is nothing — a lot of nothing!" she said. "And now they're trying to keep us down by sitting on us at the Board meetings. Well, I'm not going to let them sit on our BOTTOM. I'm just not going to stand for it," sneered the outspoken activist.

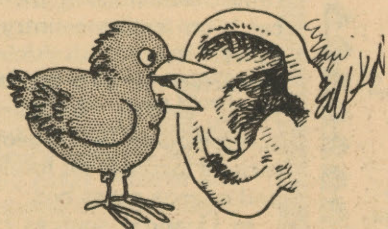
"I believe there are plenty of folks out there. This is a city," said Wilma, "and I bet there are plenty of people out there!" Wilma conceded that she still believes that it takes people to make a city, a home. "It takes all kinds," she said.

Meanwhile, across town, her dog was run over by a bus.

People served by the new bus service should be aware there will be a slight additional fee for each time zone crossed.

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LCC science instructor arrested and a

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

William Whymee, an LCC science instructor, was recently arrested 12 times following a scuffle in the LCC science biology lab.

Whymee was working late at night on a secret cloning experiment that was recently financed by the federal government.

According to Whymee, a fight broke out after he accidentally activated the cloning device he had just completed.

"It was horrible," says Whymee. "As soon as I energized the machine, clones of myself began walking out of the machine one after the other."

According to Whymee, the fight began when he recovered from his shock enough to make an attempt to shut the cloning machine off.

"As I made a move toward the machine, the clones began arguing about whether the

machine should continue to operate, producing an infinite population of my mirror image. Some of the clones," says Whymee, "saw the wisdom of shutting the machine off. Others didn't. A fight broke out and one of the clones called the Sheriff's Department."

Within minutes, Lane county sheriff's deputies rushed to the scene and took 12 suspects into custody.

Arrested and charged with assault and battery, resisting arrest and destruction of public property were:

William Whymee, 47; William Whymee, 0; William Whymee, 0; William Whymee, 0; William Whymee, 0; William Whymee, 0; William Whymee, 0; William Whymee, 0; William Whymee, 0; William Whymee, 0; William Whymee, 0; and William Whymee, 0, all of 1967 West East Place, Eugene.

Identification of the real William Whymee was still uncertain at press time.



From left: William Whymee, William Whymee, William Whymee, William Whymee, and William Whymee. Not shown: William Whymee, William Whymee, William Whymee, William Whymee, William Whymee, William Whymee and William Whymee. Photo by Rockie Moch.

F.A.C.E.S.E.S

continued from
somewhere

about my well-being and told me that since he had always wanted a son, and since he had some money put away, he would like to pay my way through the Electrical Engineering program at Oregon State."

That was in 1975, and Wyre, inspired by the opportunity to pursue his education, graduated from the program at Oregon State with honors in 1977.

Since then, his life has brimmed with success.

"I went to work for this little engineering firm in Beaverton that specializes in pest control devices. Says Wyre proudly, "The first year there, I designed several devices that have become very well accepted in the pest control market."

"One device is a modified mousetrap that, instead of catching the mouse, hits it with 40,000 volts D.C. and virtually vaporizes it. No fuss, no muss!

"Another device consists of a coil of wire placed under the hood of a car that vaporizes cats. No more muddy cat tracks on your hood," Wyre giggles.

Still another of Wyre's inventions consists of a mechanism that, when attached to a metal garbage can, will electrocute scrounging dogs, wrap their bodies in newspaper and deposit them into the can. If the can is full, a limit switch is activated and the tightly wrapped package is hurled several blocks away.

But Wyre's greatest achievement is one he has just developed and will

begin marketing next week. For Wyre, it is not only a great accomplishment, but perhaps the beginning of retribution for the loss of his family several years ago.

"It's always galled me," says Wyre with emotion, "that we have all these creeps on death row at the State Pen and yet we have had no death penalty for several years. Well, we just reinstated the death penalty and I think it's high time we got rid of these social pests."

"So I got to thinking about how efficient it would be if we could dispose of them all at once — I mean, it would be perfect if we could devise some method of humane mass execution."

"So I set to work on the idea and designed a set of Electric Bleachers. My bleachers have a seating capacity of 100 and, theoretically, it's possible to vaporize 100 condemned persons as long as their body weight averages no more than 185 pounds."

Wyre explains that there are numerous advantages to such a method of execution.

For one, he says, their last meal could be catered by King's Table Restaurant, saving the state a great deal of money compared to the traditional individual steak dinners.

"Furthermore," says Wyre, "religious services could be conducted en masse followed by a sprinkle of holy water distributed with a fire hose."

Wyre admits that it was a personal vendetta that inspired the electric bleachers, but he points out that the device may benefit all society if it becomes widely accepted.

"I believe that once people realize that we can conduct capital punishment in a swift, clean, efficient and effective way, it will become quite acceptable to eliminate the scum of the earth without a second thought."

"However," says Wyre optimistically, "should the bleachers fail to catch on in this country, it's of little concern to me. Idi Amin has already contacted me with specifications for a set of electric bleachers that would accommodate 14,000 people and would include facilities for foreign dignitaries and a large press box."

In Uganda, sources close to Amin stated he has extended an invitation to the Tanzanian government to attend a special outdoor theatrical production, "Vanishing Point."

Amin has also invited 42,000 members of Tanzania's crack infantry to attend the three special showings of the play.

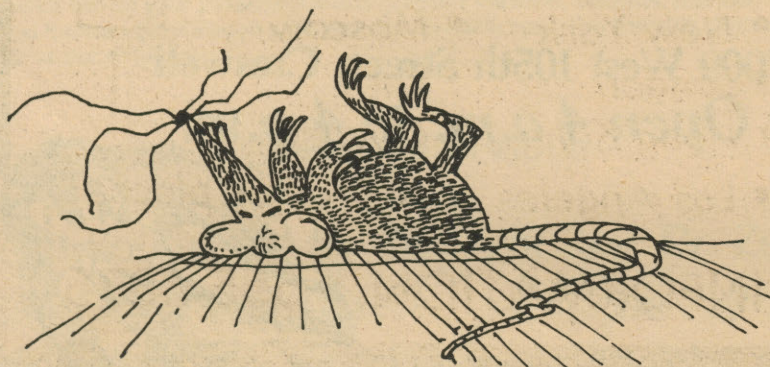


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In jail, in the woods, in bed

CWJ/SFW/SAW/SWS 'valuable experience'

by Bob Weight
of The SCORCH

"I have found the program to be very rewarding," comments Harley Herd, LCC student, "because I can work and learn at the same time."

Herd is one of the many LCC students who participates in the Cooperative Work Jobs (CWJ) program, also known as Supervised Field Work (SFW), Study and Work (SAW) and Supervised Work Study (SWS).

"The students really benefit from the program," adds department chairman, Rob Sway, "because they can do part-time work for good pay (unless the employer just wants free labor) and get college credit. They also get valuable career experience."

Hal Lawful is a good example. Lawful is an LCC student who attends school and who is also in inmate of the county jail.

"They let me out on work-release to go to school," explains Lawful. "I'm majoring in Crime Enforcement because I figure that I'm inclined in that direction."

"I was amazed to find out that I could get college credit for being in jail," Lawful continues, "but my advisor said that as long as the experience applied to my major I might as well get credit for it."

Herd was advised by a coordinator that his work as a choker-setter could apply to his major in Language Arts.

"I set for Waremouser two days a week for SAW credit and I take English

composition and stuff here at LCC for the other three.

"I never figured I could get language credits for bein' a logger but my coordinator said, 'You use language out in the woods don't you?' I never thought of it that way but I guess it really is related work isn't it?"

A coordinator, who prefers not to be identified, explained it this way: "I gotta have a king giant bunch of students if I'm to be paid as 'full-time' so I send them out no matter how flimsy the connection."

Buy why so many names for one program?

Sway explains, "Back when the Board of Education first started checking us out they noticed a king giant bunch of inconsistencies. They wanted to know how setting chokers related to Language Arts, for instance. I just came up with a whole raft of names to keep them confused and off my back."

Breathing causes death

by Dr. Paywell and the staff
of the Student Health and Wealth Clinic

Although they won't always admit it — or may not even be aware of it — a great many people are injuring their health every day by the simple act of breathing.

According to a 1977 survey conducted by the Bland Corp., most Americans are breathing most of the time. This condition, called breathingness syndrome by the Swiss physician who first postulated the condition several years ago, has the following results:

- The transmission of air-borne germs and viruses — more breathing means more germs in the air.
- The inhalation of air-borne particulate matter and other pollution.
- The depletion of the world's oxygen supply.

The report also notes that breathing may be directly linked to "natural causes," the world's largest killer for which there is no known cure.

LCC students can take a few precautionary steps to protect themselves from the dangers of breathing.

For one thing, you can hold your breath. This might seem so obvious as to be hardly worth mentioning — but, surprisingly, many people overlook this option. By simply not breathing, air-borne, disease causing agents cannot enter your body.

If you are not accustomed to a lack of oxygen, you should proceed slowly. First, trying holding your breath for a few minutes at a time. When you can be comfortable holding your breath until you

turn blue, try holding it until you pass out. If you practice with a friend, have your partner cover your face with a plastic bag or a similar object after unconsciousness has been attained.

"You don't hear any medical complaints from people who aren't breathing," says one LCC Health Care staffer. "Less breathing means less sniveling and whimpering in the long run. . . My job would be a lot easier if these sickies would just go away and stop breathing."

Breath is death. Think about it next time you get the urge to suck a little oxygen.

Sheep center now fit for students

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

Following a home-cooked chicken dumping dinner at a nearby farmhouse, the LCC Board of Education officially dedicated the new Noti Center facility Wednesday night.

The building, a 127-year-old abandoned barn, sits where it has always sat about two miles west northwest of the city of Noti, which, in turn, sits about 35 miles west of Eugene.

Says chairman Cyrus Hicks, "This buildin' is one bodacious resource. Why, I remember back when I was a kid when ole Lester used ta run sheep out here and there was times I saw mor'n 30,000 head in here, all bunched up and keepin' warm outa the snow."

"Now jist think," Hicks continues as he spits out a wad of Beechnut, "if'n ya all can get that many woolies in here, and a sheep ain't much smaller than a growed-up man — why we'll be able to handle a whole bunch of overflow from the main campus."

Though Hicks has repeatedly sought LCC's purchase of the building to handle over-enrollment, most college officials agree that the building will primarily serve as a local LCC outreach facility for the rural Noti community.

Says Weldon Wafer, LCC president, "Most of them folks out there don't have cars to commute to Eugene, and them that do often can't count on 'em to start all the time."

"It's my feeling the barn, once re-modeled, will provide a campus within walking distance for these here folks."

There is no question that the building needs renovation. Though no local architects were willing to even comment on the condition of the building, a Noti resident, Amos Wood, has offered to do the repairs.

"Now, the first thing I'd do," says Wood, puffing his chest, "is put on new shingles. You'll notice that most o' them old orig'nal handsplit shakes are either rotted or they been all blowed off during the years. That's why the roof leaks."

"Another thing is, ya see how she leans about 20 degrees to the yonder? Well, I reckon I can bring my 'cat' down here, cable her up to a stump and, with a come-along, pull the ole girl right up straight and purty."

"Next, I'd start replacin' all them big beams and timbers inside on account of they're all rotted out from the roof leakin'

for so long. Then I'd refloor the loft and that'd give y'all another 15,000 feet of space for offices and such."

"About this time," Wood continues, "is when I'd start puttin' on the new siding cause ya can see how it's all full of dry rot, knot holes and a lot of the boards is all busted up."

"By the time I got to this point, you'd probably know whether ya want a concrete or wood floor, or whether y'all wanta leave it dirt, like it is now. In that case, I'd have to hire some boys to come in here and shovel all that old manure out cause it could get to stinkin' if'n ya ever tried to heat the place."

Wood estimates it would cost the college about \$180,000 to accomplish the work he describes, which matches the figure the board approved for purchase of the barn and the six-tenths of an acre it sits on.

At this time, the board has made no decision about what specific uses it intends to consider for the site, although during the dinner, one board member made a motion that it be used as a giant greenhouse for the LCC botanical studies department.

"After looking at that roof," he said, "it might be cheaper to just throw some clear plastic over it and use it to grow bushes."

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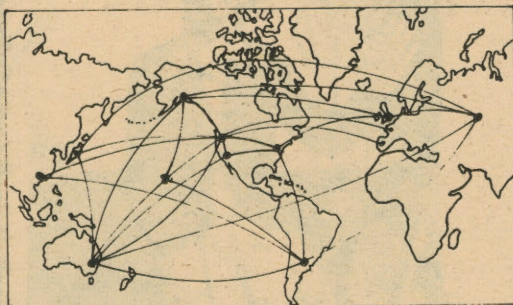
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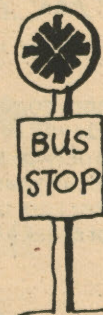
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INFORMATION 555-6875

Exclusive interview: Fred Pinto spills the beans

by Michael Tenn
of The SCORCH

The Pinto's new single, "Every Time I Get Rearended I Just Burst Into Flames," remained near the bottom of the charts for the 49th consecutive week, making it one of the worst-selling singles in pop music history.

"Why me?" says Fred Pinto, the group's founder.

Born on a Greyhound bus rolling through the murky West Texas night, Pinto is a legend in the Nashville music

scene.

No one in Nashville is really sure when Pinto first arrived in that city. The man is an enigma, even to his closest friends. "He's just always been here seems like ta me honey," says country singer Di Dee Deluxe.

While in Eugene for a concert last week, Pinto stopped by the SCORCH office. "Whar's the damn bus station?" Pinto demanded as he entered the office.

"Fred's not a formal-type person,"

explains his manager Arti Nitwitski, "That's why his fans love him so much."

After learning that the bus station was several miles away Pinto said that he'd just "bunk" in the darkroom until it stopped raining. "If'n ya don't like the way I squeek, just grease my wheel an I'll roll along," spat Pinto as he removed his \$250 cowboy boots and sank into the easy chair in SCORCH advisor Pete Pederstone's office.

Pinto likes to reminisce about his early years in the music business. Many people think his meteoric catapult from obscurity to public spectacle happened overnight. But they don't realize the years of struggle and low-rent gigs Pinto played before being discovered by Nitwitski.

"My first band used to tour the South in a '48 Packard convertible," says Pinto, lighting up an incredibly aromatic cigar. "There was seven of us then — we'd all fit into this 'ol car with our equipment and everthing and we'd play these little clubs all over Texas an Georgia an all them places."

Then, without warning, tragedy struck on a desolate stretch of highway outside of Tunafish, New Mexico.

"We was drivin' from a job in

Bumdiddles," says Pinto, his voice beginning to tremble. "We was doing some drinkin', you know how it is — when Slim, the pedal steel picker, says, 'Stop the car, Fred, I gotta pee.'"

Pinto pauses, struggling to confront the obviously painful memory.

"Well it's just rainin' cats and dogs," he continues. "I couldn't see a foot in front of my face an — an — an — ah jezz . . ." Pinto lowers his face into his hands and tries to stifle the sobs.

"I stop the car an ol' Slim gets out an he picks up the statue of Roy Rogers that I always kept on the dashboard for good luck and he says, 'Maybe ol' Roy's gotta pee too. Come on, Roy. And he takes it an gets out of the car — steps rights out in front of this big ol' 18-wheeler that's highballin' down the road — damn." at the ceiling.

"They don't make them statues anymore," says Pinto, shaking his head. "I looked all over, never could find another one."

NEXT WEEK: Pinto tells of his dark years of searching for a new statue of Roy Rogers, his run-in with the law for sodomizing a chicken in Little Rock, Ark., and his arrival in Nashville.

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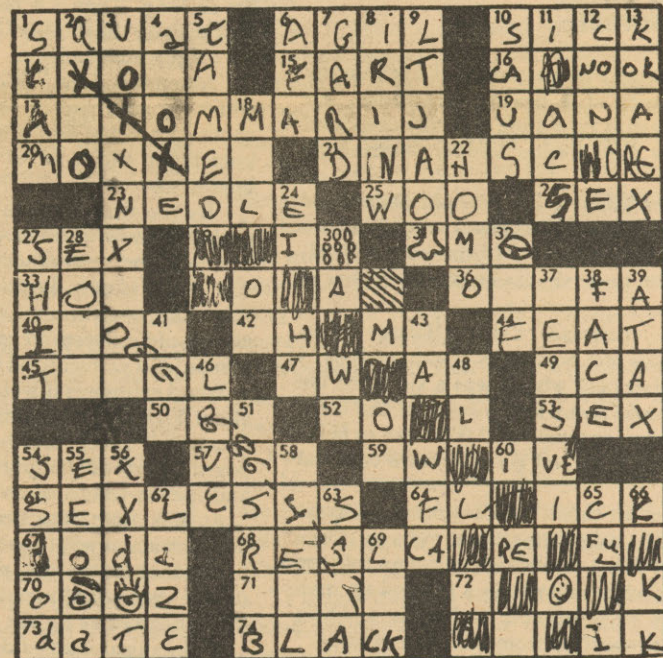
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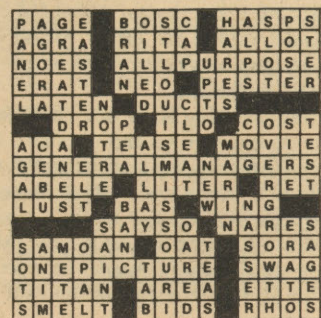
- 1 Packs down
- 6 Nimble
- 10 Measles
- 14 Deft in letter
- 15 Ripener
- 16 Can. prov.
- 17 North American flower: 2 words
- 19 European
- 20 Triple
- 21 Cessation
- 23 Of bristles
- 25 Wooney
- 26 Desire
- 27 Decide
- 29 God of love
- 31 Curler's cap
- 33 Fib
- 34 Tubes TIED
- 36 Crest
- 40 Sassy Fras
- 42 Jacobin supporter
- 44 Feat
- 45 German city
- 47 Bodies of knowledge
- 49 Wheel tooth
- 50 Egg drink
- 52 Gasper (ghost)
- 53 Cakes and
- 54 Burro
- 57 Spigot
- 59 Seraglio
- 61 Dead
- 64 Movie
- 67 Epic
- 68 Methodical
- 70 Pope
- 71 Therefore
- 72 Jagged
- 73 Biblical weed



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- 5 Calmed
- 6 Pigeon pe
- 7 Shield
- 8 Hat fabrics
- 9 Test: 2 words
- 10 File
- 11 Relieve
- 12 Phase
- 13 Harbor
- 18 Warning sound: Archaic
- 22 Fruit
- 24 Regional
- 27 Greek pitcher
- 28 Pastries
- 30 Sharpen
- 32 Central
- 35 Abraham's wife
- 37 "The —": Boccaccio work
- 38 Coll. subj.
- 39 Advantage
- 41 Number 2
- 43 Card holding
- 46 Above
- 48 Progress
- 51 Heaved
- 54 Proficient
- 55 Color
- 56 Scrub
- 58 — Como
- 60 Harden
- 62 Being: Latin
- 63 Genoan magistrate
- 65 Gather
- 66 Toward shelter
- 69 Fish for dinner again?



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ENTERTAINMENT CALENDAR

THURSDAY

31
"GREENPEAS. VOYAGES OF THE ARTICHOKE," Lane County Fairgrounds, \$20 cover. THE HENDRIX/JOPLIN REVIEW, 12 midnight, UO cemetery. "THE MAGIC FLUTE," x-rated puppet show, 1 pm Celeste Cambell Center

SUNDAY

3
EARL SEMI AND THE STICKBUDDYS country music, \$.50 cover, Hanks Bar and Grille 617 Wall Street. "THREE HORSES ON A MAN," comedy, Not So Big Theatre, 2pm \$45 admission.

MONDAY

32
ARCHIE BIERMUG VRS. EUGENE wrestling, \$200 admission. The Late Steve Myers' Funeral, Chapel of the Whispering Voices

SATURDAY

2
REVEREND IKE REVIVAL, fairgrounds in big brown tent, no cover "just keep those gifts of love coming". Multi-cultural String Band, UO Beall Hall, 2 lute admission. Lead Zeppelin, Ow Hall, no cover.

TUESDAY

30
AW CRAP, NOTHING TODAY
Tuesday has got to be the most nondescript day of the week. Nothing ever happens on Tuesday.

WEDNESDAY

5
"THE MAGIC FLUTE" obscenity trial, county courthouse, FRED PINTO AND THE FIREVIRDS, Huffy's, no cover. THE ROYAL LISPAGON STALLIONS, Gemstreet Station, \$2 cover. HARRY CHAPLIN, blues, Ground Tavern, \$.01



The ASLCC student government inauguration will be held next week in the cafeteria.

Foreign students to host dinner

Missionary stew, boiled armadillo, bats' brains and other exotic dishes will be on the menu Friday night when the LCC Foreign Students' Association (FSA) hosts the first annual cultural dinner in LCC's Renaissance Room.

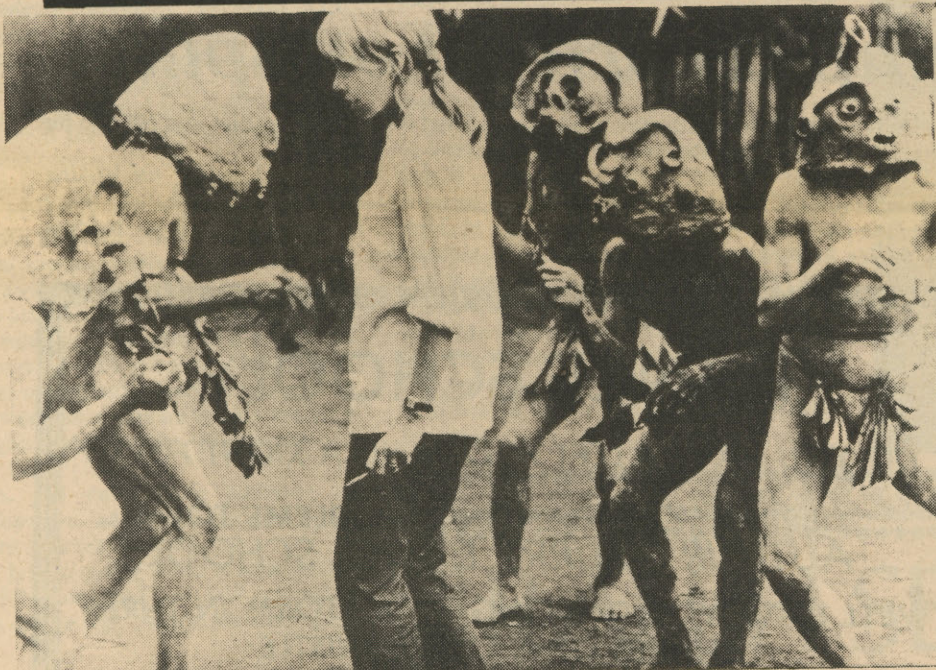
The floor of the room is being removed and a pit dug so that the food may be prepared in the traditional manner.

Visiting students from several countries will prepare native dishes for the event, which is open to the public.

Following the dinner, the public will be invited to participate in frenzied singing and dancing, which is scheduled to last until daybreak.

Other activities being planned include a poisen dart game, a greased hyena wrestling contest, bobbing for shrunken heads in a barrel of Iranian crude, and a human sacrifice.

Tickets for the event are on sale in the bookstore and cost \$3.50. Dinner is at 4 p.m. and the other activities begin at 7 p.m.



Foreign students prepare 'missionary stew' for Fridays cultural dinner.

KLCC-TV satellite crashes!

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

"Wham!"

In a single word, "Bulldozer," a CB operating long-haul trucker, described the sound made when a communications satellite struck his truck as he traveled north on I-5 Monday night.

The satellite, which was part of the Communications Resource and Shared Educational Development Program (CRASHED), had, just moments before, destroyed KLCC's TV broadcast antenna. The satellite's momentum carried it the half mile to I-5 before it came to rest in the side of "Bulldozer's" 18 wheeler.

"There I was," recalls Bulldozer, "rakin' leaves doin' a double nickel on the big slab when, mercy sakes alive!, I 10-31 this here space machine and I knew I needed to get 10-33. But there was a hag feast on 17 and 9 so I started lookin' for a cleaner channel.

"Danged if everything was a bad scene so I cut the coax fer awhile while I put on my snowshoes."

Bulldozer says that cured his problem and he got a response right away.

"I finally found a good buddy in a draggin' wagon that had his ears on. He gave me a big strong comeback but the skip was bad and his 10-20 was Amarillo, Texas.

"Then this real fog-lifter gave me a holler jist as I was about to set out for a land line.

"'Teardrop' was his handle and he was pushin' a thermos bottle and gave me a 10-26 of five.

"By golly, was I ever glad to hear that, and then in no time at all it seems like 'Teardrop,' a couple of Tijuana Taxis and a meat wagon were all right there to comfort me.

"Pretty soon a lotta good buddies started gatherin' and I reckoned we might just be havin' a jamboree right there on the boulevard."

The satellite was totally destroyed.

Hi! I'm
Granny Anatolli

For SPT oil, gas and road treatment. Yes, that's right---road treatment. Most folks are aware of the amazing lubrication and engine cleaning qualities of SPT, and in previous demonstrations I've shown you how SPT is so slick you cannot hold a screwdriver tip when SPT has been applied to it.

Well, it has value as a road treatment too! How else do you think I've won all those thousands of races?! Why, all ya have to do is whenever somebody starts to pass on the big oval, ya just do like I do and dump just a little SPT out the window and watch 'em spin out. Ha! It's great!

Just think! You're drivin' along mindin' yer own business on the big expressway and some nerd starts tail gating with his lights on bright. All ya gotta do is just dump a wee bit of SPT road treatment out the window and watch the S.O.B. spin off into never, never land. Ooh, la la!

Security saves 'strange duck'

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

After spending an excruciating three days without food or water and burdened with 395 pounds of weight on his back, Casper Armstrong, an LCC weightlifting student, is glad to be alive even though his physical condition is still poor from the ordeal.

The nightmare began last Friday afternoon when Armstrong, who is training for the "Mr. Solar System" contest in Portland next month, decided to work out in the LCC weight room before going home for the weekend.

"I made a stupid — almost fatal — error," Armstrong confesses. "There was nobody in the weight room and I wanted to do some squats real, real bad so I went ahead and started doin' them without no spotter." (A spotter assists the lifter in handling the tremendous weights and is present for safety reasons.)

According to Armstrong, he began doing squats with very light weights and, feeling particularly good this night, got carried away until he tried to squat with 395 pounds, a personal best.

'I made a stupid — almost fatal — error.'

"But," says Armstrong, "when I squatted down the second time with all that weight on my shoulders I couldn't get up."

"There I was, sittin' right down on my heels and I couldn't get up to save me. And the bar was dug into the heavy muscle on my back so deep I couldn't throw it off."

At this point, Armstrong found that he could only waddle, with the weights rocking heavy on his shoulders.

For several hours he waddled around the weight room yelling for help, but the campus was vacant and security officers did not hear him. Finally his voice gave out on him.

"I was not only walking like a duck," Armstrong says, "but I began to sound like one until I had no voice at all."

Sometime around midnight Sunday, Armstrong, in a desperate attempt to save his own life, was able to open first the doors of the weight room and then the doors out of the P.E. Building with his teeth.

Again, like a duck, he waddled out into the rain, his weary feet sinking deep into the mud.

And he began to roam about the campus, searching for a security officer.

About 5 a.m. Monday, night security officer Jack Jenkins, on a routine foot patrol of the campus, discovered a deep set of footprints in the lawn in front of the Performing Arts Building.

'I was not only walking like a duck — but I began to sound like one ...'

"Jesus!" exclaimed Jenkins. "When I saw those footprints I knew I come on the trail of one big dude!"

"Imagine my surprise when, about an hour later, I saw this silhouette way up in the south parking lot. It looked like a great big duck with funny wings and the creature looked to be about 2½ feet tall."

"Just to be sure, though, I drew my weapon," says Jenkins, "and slipped up on this guy."

"I came right up behind him, stuck the muzzle of my 44 magnum right to the middle of his back and said 'freeze.'"

"When I felt that gun at my back," says Armstrong, "I was so scared that I lifted that whole 395 pounds right straight up in the air, just the reflex of puttin my hands up."

When Jenkins realized what the situation was, he immediately removed the weights from Armstrong and transported him to Sacred Heart Hospital.



A new safety consciousness has come to LCC's weightlifting squad since Casper Armstrong's near-fatal accident last Friday. Lifters are now limited to a maximum of five pounds per lift. Photo by Rockie Moch.

Today, Armstrong is beginning to recover from the ordeal but doctors predict that it may be a year before he is able to move from the squatting position his muscles are now frozen into.

"It's kind of embarrassing," says Arm-

strong, "when I have to waddle everywhere I go, but I'm getting used to it. And people are real nice. I don't even have to carry my own tray in the cafeteria anymore and I get to squat on the chairs when I eat and that's kind of neat."

World high jump record set on spikes

by Ed Peters
of The SCORCH

The defending champion LCC Triton Track and Field team placed a distant eighth in last week's regional finals in Salem. The Tritons had previously held the league title for eight years.

"Our budget finally caught up with us," sighed Coach Harry Leggs. "We spent too much money during the season. We could only afford to send our best athlete, I.M. Tired, to the regional meet."

Triton problems were compounded when the twenty-year-old P.E. Department van broke down 40 miles from Salem. Luckily, Tired had his bike in the van and peddled the rest of the way into Salem.

Even though Tired missed the first three running events he did manage to make it to the intermediate hurdles. Tired ran an extremely strong race and crossed the finish line in first place, but was disqualified because of an incident during the race.

"I don't know why they disqualified me," yelled Tired. "I got here late and I had to carry my equipment. It wasn't my fault that a Cluckamas runner ran into my javelin."

The race was awarded to Jim Jock of Cluckamas, posthumously.

In the pole vault, Tired was only able to jump 4'3" in his first and only attempt. Tired was forced to drop out because at the height of his first attempt his plexiglass pole snapped in two.

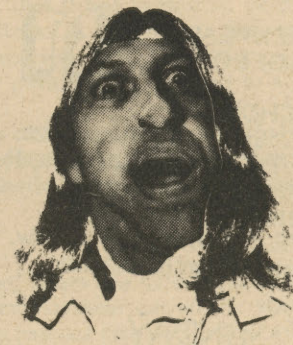
"I have never seen that happen before," said meet director Steve Steady. "He should never have tried to pole vault with his shot put, hammer and discus. Some people don't trust anyone."

Just when things started to look bad for Tired, his luck changed. Tired set a new regional high jump record of 8'6".

"It was just a fluke," moaned Tired. "It was my turn to jump and I stepped back and tripped over my shot put and fell right on my track spikes. Needless to say, I went over the bar in a hurry."

During the day several of the other teams in the meet, namely Cluckamas, Chmucketa and SWOOSH, complained to officials that Tired was interfering with their athletes.

Triton of the week



LEX LEE PARSON has been named this week's Triton of the Week. Student Parson earned the award by edging out track and field star I.M. Tired. Tired high jumped 8'6", setting a new world record in that event. Normally that kind of above-average effort would easily capture the Triton of the Week award, but Parson also set a record.

In a three-day event, Parson managed to elude police in the Coast Range for two days, 19 hours, 23 minutes and 18 seconds -- setting a new school and personal record. Following the award ceremony, Parson was arrested and given bonus points for charges of murder kidnapping and rape.

Parson is currently enrolled in the CJW program and is earning credit at the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem.

"He is a hazard to my athletes," griped Chmucketa Coach Bob Bounce. "In the 10,000 meter race he dropped his hammer on my star runner, Lanky Mile, and put him out of the race. And in the triple jump my son Junior Bounce tripped on the discus

Tired had dropped earlier and fell into the sand pit face first."

Coach Leggs stated that he was looking forward to next season and plans to try some of Tired's innovative high jump training techniques.

DANCE SCHOOL

DO YOU HAVE A LEFT FOOT AND A RIGHT FOOT?

BRING YOUR DANCING PROBLEMS TO
AUTHUR SMURRY DANCE SCHOOL.

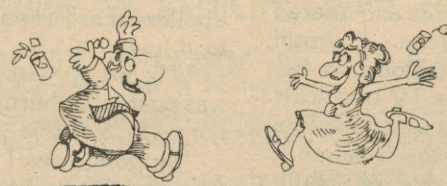
WE'LL HAVE YOU DANCING UP A STORM IN THREE
SHAKES OF A CAT'S WHISTLE.

GUARENTEED TO INCREASE YOUR SEX APPEAL,
SELF-CONFIDENCE, JOB PROSPECTS
AND BODY ODOR

ATTENTION:

OUR ATTRACTIVE DANCE INSTRUCTORS ARE
NOT AVAILABLE FOR AFTER-HOURS FRATERNIZING.

HOWEVER, IF YOU WANT TO SET UP A LITTLE
SOMETHING ON THE SIDE, IT'S O.K. BY US.



LEARN TWO DANCES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
DURING OUR WEEKLY SPECIAL.
CALL TODAY FOR YOUR DANCE LESSONS.
WE'RE IN THE PHONE BOOK.

Hurlers sport 1-6 record

"This here is the finest group of young men I've ever had the pleasure of coaching," praises LCC Baseball Coach Homer Homer of his men's varsity team.

The team, which sports a 1-6 record, will begin its first series of road games Thursday against the Los Angeles Dodgers.

"I've been tellin' these boys all week that all they gotta do is think positive and remember the fundamentals and they can whip them (Dodgers).

"And not only that," Homer continues, "but if they do beat the Dodgers, they'll have reason to be proud of themselves."

As a result of the forfeit, Finley has filed suit against the college asking for defamation of character recompense in the amount of \$2 million. LCC legal counsel has 90 days in which to respond to the threatened court action.

Homer, meanwhile, seems unconcerned about Finley's action and the loss margins his team has been experiencing. (The closest game was a 112-0 rout at the hands of the Milwaukee Brewers who had sent their bottom line-up.)

"It's my philosophy," says Homer dramatically, "that it's a real world out



LCC baseball coach Homer Homer walks sadly off the field after his team was edged out by the New York Yankees 213-0.

A tired Thurman Munsen [#19] strolls out of the park after hitting a record 87 home runs off Triton pitchers.

The Triton sluggers are currently last in the league in defense, having given up 2,318 runs in seven games.

Homer, who insists that his team play only major league teams, has seen his club suffer some agonizing defeats recently. The worst game at the hands of the lowly San Francisco Giants who pasted the Tritons with 412 hits and 372 runs in eight innings. The game, which began at 8 a.m., was called due to darkness at 6:45 p.m.

At ten hours and forty-five minutes, the game eclipsed the LCC record for longest game played. The previous record was set the week before when the Tritons were embarrassed by the New York Yankees 211-0 in a seven-hour-and-34-minute disaster.

LCC's single win came as a result of a forfeit by the Oakland A's who, under the direction of owner Charles Finley, refused to travel to LCC because LCC's television coverage is restricted to the campus station KLCC.

Hostile hecklers hound women

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

Despite fierce heckling from a hostile home crowd, the LCC women's basketball team posted a 45-39 win over Chicklets Community College after two overtimes.

The spectators, who had arrived near the end of the game to watch the men's varsity game with Chicklets, became unruly when the women's game, delayed by overtimes, ran over into the time when the men's game was to be played.

Said one annoyed men's fan, "I'm just getting damned sick of the encroachment of women into sports — one of the few remaining bastions of male supremacy. These broads can hide behind the Title IX legislation all they want, but all they're doing is creating resentment among their fellow Americans by institutionalizing dullness.

"Hell, they can't even stuff the ball!"

Responded the LCC women's coach, Sue Bronson, "I resent such chauvinism, but what can I say? My girls can't stuff the ball but neither can the men. Besides, I can't give much regard to the men's fans when there are only three of them."

The next women's game is set for next Tuesday with Judkins Protestant.

there — a harsh, unforgiving world. Losing a game now and then is part of life. And these fine boys of mine are a part of life, and they're gonna have to lose a few maybe before they win.

"But one of these days, we're gonna catch one of these teams on an off day, and then, by God, all hell's gonna break loose and we're gonna walk away with our shoulders square and our heads held high, yessereel!"

Homer, who is coaching for the first time at LCC, was drafted out of high school in 1947 by the Brooklyn Dodgers as a pitcher.

He was cut from the club during spring practice, however, when he refused to pitch against other major league clubs.

Homer was quoted at the time as saying that the name of the game was winning — "life is going out and winning, and the only sure way to win is to play small college teams."



Coach Hap Tarp [in white with toque] organizes students to search for Aaron Lungs in the Sierra Mountains of California.

Runner takes wrong turn

LCC recently lost one of its premier distance runners during the Sixth Annual Spring Chicken Road Run last Saturday.

The run, which was clearly marked out over a 10-mile stretch of local secondary roads, was apparently not marked well enough for Aaron Lungs, who took a right turn off 30th Ave. onto I-5 and headed south.

Lungs, who had gained a quarter-mile lead on the field of 700 runners during the first half mile of the race, took the freeway entrance instead of crossing the overpass and heading for Seavey Loop as he should

have.

He has not been seen since, although a truck driver reported seeing a runner fitting Lung's description jogging east on I-8 near San Diego.

LCC track coach Hal Tarp, who was officiating the road run, expressed hope that Lung would regain his orientation soon and return to LCC for its first dual track and field meet next Tuesday.

"I figure," says Tarp, "that Aaron is good for 10 points in this first meet and those 10 points might be the points we need to win."

Hoopsters losing balls

by Frank Babcock
of The SCORCH

"This has to be the weirdest team I have ever coached," says Hooper Bates, the LCC men's varsity basketball coach.

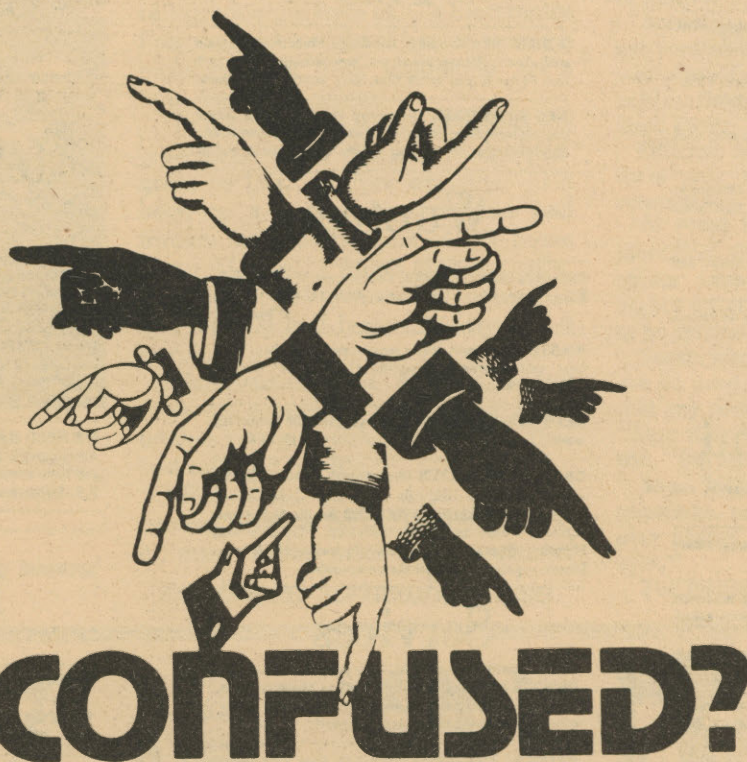
"As you know, our record in league play this year is a disappointing 0-13," Bates says disgustedly, "and it's because whenever we get into the lead in a game, one of our players seems to become obsessed with dribbling the ball out of the gymnasium and hitchhiking home."

The Tritons, who have suffered from this strange affliction all season, are now faced with a financial dilemma due to their odd behavior in games.

Bates says at the beginning of each season, the LCC Athletic Department allocates funds sufficient for the purchase of 15 game balls to be used by the Tritons during the regular basketball season.

"As it stands now," says Bates, "we have three games left to play and only two balls.

"I'm concerned that we're just not going to have the balls to finish the basketball season."



SCORCH

SCRATCH & SNIFF

Photo by Samson Nisser

For Sale

DYNAMITE POT. 2 lbs., \$600. 215-7237, Herb

GREEN "TRAIL-BEATER" backpack, good shape. \$10. 215-7237.

'64 VW VAN. Runs good, free rolling papers. \$795. 215-7237

'74 CHEVY CAMARO 454 V-8, 4 spd., black with trick interior. Only \$3795. 215-7237.

HANDSOME DEADWOOD AWARD. I paid \$350 for it, but I'll let it go for \$200. Contact M. Madden, LCC Social Science Dept.

FARTLY CLARINET, crummy tone but cheap. \$10 today. 461-6554

FOR SALE: Dog crap. \$2.50 per pile. Great for brown bag gags. Contact Keg Badcock. 354-2343

Lost & Found

STOLEN: 74 Chev Camaro, black, trick interior, call 345-8911, no questions asked.

LOST, green "Trail-beater" backpack. If found, return to SCORCH office.

STOLEN OR MISPLACED: '64 VW Van from my house plus 2 lbs. of pot. \$1,000 reward, no questions asked. 251-7800.

LOST: briefcase in cafeteria. Reward. No questions asked. Contact Dumali office.

I LOST MY I.D. March 3 at High Ron's. Call 437-8365

Gratis

HANDSOME DEADWOOD Award or about 25 cords of uncut firewood. Contact M. Madden, Social Science

Classifieds

Pets

WHITE CAT with orange markings. Malicious and good with claws. Former house pet, now lurking around 12th and Polk. If you catch him, he's yours. Good luck.

AKC REGISTERED Doberman Poodle. Great attack dog yet compact enough to be handy. Doesn't eat much. 253-1361 after 7 p.m. but before 8 p.m. on Monday.

Wanted

OLD SHIRELLE ALBUMS, also Steveie Wonder, B.B. King, Leadbelly -- top \$ paid. Call 213-0561 for W. O'Malley.

WANTED: Job with major newspaper, high pay, good beat and excellent benefits. Contact B. Weight, SCORCH office

NEED ELECTRIC paintbrush adaptor for plumbing work. 213-1650.

GRADE B OR BETTER term papers. Hank 213-0517

NEW TEAM MEMBERS NEEDED for the Self-Abuse Squad. Whips and chains provided. Try-outs next Monday. Sign up at the Women's Awareness Room. Please -- help us beat all the competition.

Services

CAMPUS ATHEIST MINISTRY offers Moonie/Jones/-Children of God detoxification clinic. Begins today 2 p.m., 207 Forum. Bring your friends!!

PHYSICAL THERAPIST I will turn your little worries into big ones. Low rates. Call Lenore 234-8765.

Notices

STEVE MYERS died gruesomely and is survived by his pet frog Sam. Mourners will gather to console the bunkie-widow next Saturday. BYOB.

Car Repair

CAR GOT THE BLAHS? Bring it in to Born Again Auto Shop. Easy rates and free estimates.

Help Wanted

SEVERAL WORK STUDY STUDENTS are needed to strain Blue Dye #532 out of the LCC goldfish pond. If you are a Flight Tech major, you can also get CWJ/SFW/-SAW/SWS credit. Limited openings.

MANAGEMENT TRAINEE. Are you an ambitious self-starter? If you are, High Ron's is willing to provide top-notch training and false I.D. Inquire at South by Southwest parking lot.

WE NEED HARDY PERSONS to aid in the search for Aaron Lungs, LCC's ace (if not accurate) track star. If you have some free time, please notify Hal Tarp in the P.E. Department ----- soon!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Messages

JOHNNY. Thanks for being a good sport. Jane

HELEN. I don't know how those boots wound up in my car. Please take me back. Rose

THOSE ROYAL LISPAGON STALLIONS are great. Check 'em out. Bruce.

JOHNNY. Thanks for being a good sport. Tom

EDDY, come over lickety split and we'll have some fun. Julie

JUNE. If you don't call me soon I'll kill myself. Johnny

ANYBODY got any breath mints? Eddy.

ROSE. forget it. Helen

WOW, like -- ah -- I mean, like it's -- phew. Sunflower

JOHNNY. Pull yourself together man. Forget Jane. Let's get married. Tom

Where's my Eddy? Julie

HELEN Helen Helen PLEASE!!! Jane

JOHNNY AND TOM, If you don't call me soon I'll kill myself. Jane.

ANYBODY!! Just come over and pick it up. I'll forget the \$200. Milt

DEAR BILL, I liked the class except for the one movie about those weirdos. But Soc. has helped me be more tolerant of some things. A student.

GRETA, I love you. John

JOHN, I love you, Greta

GRETA, Let's get back together. John

JOHN, OK. Greta

GRETA, How about the \$830? Your faithful attorney.

JOHN, How about the \$4,861.00? State of Oregon.

JOHN, screw off. Greta

GRETA, I did that before. I don't want to go to court again. John

JOHN, I love you. Greta

GRETA, I love you. John

JOHN, Let's get back. . .er. . .never mind. Greta

IN MEMORY OF STEVE MYERS: "He sat on -my face." The Phantom Editor

TO LCC STUDENTS: My name is James Cocks. I have been your ASLCC President all year. All year, goddammit! I'm mad as hell and I'm not gonna take it any more. You're all a bunch of apathetic nimcompoops. I hate you. I quit. Sincerely, James Cocks, ASLCC President.

COACH TARP: Please help. I need bus fare home. Please send \$82 to Trailways Depot, Memphis, Tenn. c/o me. Thanx, Aaron Lungs.