

# Campus cops: 'students protect students'

By ART BUSHNELL  
Of the Emerald

They're used to being called pigs—at least they seem to take it in stride.

But after a night of walking with the Office of Campus Security's (OCS) student patrolmen, and riding in a pickup truck with their supervisor, it becomes apparent that the job of patrolling the University campus is indeed a lonely one.

"We're just doing a job; we're here to protect students," one of

the young patrolmen explains. But many students don't see it that way.

Since the OCS was formed earlier this year, numerous charges have been leveled at the patrolmen. They've been called "narcs" and "pigs." Some people still call them "the mod squad."

When they make their rounds, they are called much worse.

Sworn, jeered at

Patrolmen are sworn at and jeered from some dormitory

rooms. People they pass don't acknowledge their presence. They have been recognized by classmates and now receive some abuse outside of their working hours.

Last Friday they wouldn't let an Emerald photographer take their pictures for fear of further abuse.

Whatever people might think of the student patrolmen, after a night of walking with them, it becomes apparent that their job deals with security and that the

patrolmen believe they are "protecting students."

The job is a boring one—walking in circles from dormitory to dormitory, checking for unlocked doors. When an unlocked door is found, they close it.

There are 14 student patrolmen. They walk beats in groups of two or three. Many of them are ROTC cadets or former GI's. Their only equipment is a radio, a flashlight and a notebook. They are paid \$2.30 an hour, and most of them view the job as just that.

They became student patrolmen because they needed the money, but now that the job has been taken, they view it with conviction. They want to do a good job of making sure the campus is secure.

Little bike tags

"We're hoping to make little tags we can put on unlocked bicycles to tell persons "this bike could have been stolen," one of the patrolmen said. He said that in the course of a night of patrolling, they usually come across many unlocked bikes.

It is this type of thing—the security risk—that the patrolmen watch for. This is why they check the doors over and over again as the night drags on.

They also watch for cars violating parking regulations. They can't give tickets, but they notify their supervisor of chronic violators so parking spaces can be "opened up."

Some nights the student patrolmen look for a specific car or bicycle that has been stolen. They watch for persons who might be trying to break into a car or steal a bicycle.

But anything suspicious is reported to their supervisor. They are in constant radio

contact with the OCS office, the supervisor and Eugene city police who are also on campus.

The supervisor of the student patrolmen, Al Shirtcliff, is not much older than the students. At 28, he is the second youngest civil servant patrolman on the OCS force. Coordinator Oakley Glenn says Shirtcliff was picked because of "his young attitude." Glenn says Shirtcliff "has more rapport with the student patrolmen and students, because he is young."

While on duty, it is Shirtcliff's job to work out coordination between the student patrolmen, the civil servant campus patrolmen, who, like him, do much of their work in pickup trucks, and Eugene city police officers on campus to fulfill the University's contract with the city.

He also works with the student patrolmen in the areas of training and communication.

"In addition my duties as supervisor, I also perform the functions and duties of regular civil service patrolmen, including traffic work, checking the security of buildings and doing a fire watch," Shirtcliff explains.

Like the student patrolmen, Shirtcliff's job is a fairly lonely one.

Policemen wave at him as they make their rounds. So do the student patrolmen. He is often in radio contact with either student patrolmen, Eugene police officers or the OCS office.

When a problem comes up Shirtcliff is usually informed. Such was the case Friday, when the student patrolmen found a metal can containing a small amount of gasoline on the corner of 13th and Agate.

Shirtcliff drove to the corner and picked up the can. "We'll

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## Laos invasion activities planned here, nationally

Activities are being planned by numerous anti-war organizations across the nation to protest the invasion of Laos by South Vietnamese troops.

In Los Angeles a meeting has been scheduled to discuss "stop-the-war" strategies. New York protesters plan a demonstration at the draft induction center, Chicago demonstrators have scheduled a sit-in at the offices of U.S. Senators Charles Percy and Adali Stevenson III and meetings are planned for the Washington area.

Locally, ASUO President Ron Eachus has called for an all-campus meeting on Laos for 8 p.m. Thursday. Eachus is scheduled to leave for Harvard University this morning to participate in a discussion of the relationship of the working man to the anti-war movement. He will return in time for the all-campus meeting.

Today's schedule of anti-Laos invasion events includes 7:30 p.m. dorm raps on Laos in Caswell

Hall sponsored by the May 1st collective and a 8 p.m. rally in the EMU sponsored by the RCU.

The May 1st movement according to Eachus, is a nationwide anti-war movement even larger than the Moratorium of a year ago based around ratification of a treaty between American and Vietnamese students that calls for massive civil disobedience if the war is not over by May 1st.

Thursday's schedule includes an 8 p.m. community meeting in 180 PLC sponsored by the May 1st Collective. Speakers will be Ron Eachus and a scheduled speaker from Stanford University.

Friday has been declared Peace Action Day. Stanford University students Sunday and Monday responded to the U.S. aided-Laos invasion with broken windows, fights and rallies.

Last Friday, several hundred demonstrators at Kent State University protested U.S. military operations in Laos.

### Charge—the Co-Op's creaking

## Don't let sleeping dogs lie

Editor's note: The Emerald originally commissioned reporter Mike Petryni, graduate student in journalism, to do an in-depth story on the workings of the Co-op Bookstore. After sitting through numerous Co-op Board meetings, Petryni decided no straight piece could do justice to that establishment and decided to write his commentary a la first-person "new journalism". For purposes of identification, "Grattan" is Grattan Kerans, Emerald Editor.

By MIKE PETRYNI  
Of the Emerald

Well, I am just going to lay it out because I'm just so utterly bored with the Co-op, with having to interview the people, with having to rewrite the first three articles I wrote on this subject, and with journalism.

Let's face it. The Co-op board meetings are just an utter bore. People sit around and discuss, seek, and discover—discover that there is nothing they can do about anything because it is all so tied up in the economic system that, we might as well face it, students can't make any actual decisions without disrupting the entire economic structure.

The whole thing is bound up here in this tiny ludicrous microcosm. The students on the Co-op board either don't care, or are co-opted, or are seething with frustration over something they can't quite put their finger on. It's the system. The manager runs the Co-op and we might as well face that.

It's not such a bad thing really; he appears to be running it quite well within the limits of the system.

How can we rank down people for only being human?

Well, anyway, here it is.

It all started one day in the Erb when George D'Angelantonio was talking to Grattan. I was sitting over on the other side of the room and could see him rapping, his hands flaying at imaginary flies in the air. I didn't even know George then. Anyway, Grattan, with

his usual nonchalance, calls me over and George hits me right away with this: "We gotta do something about the Co-op."

"What?"

"Something's got to get going. Somebody is ripping somebody off. The books are too high, everything's wrong. Could you write something about it?"



Cassani's dog comes to the meetings and snores.

Like a fool, I say I will. So George is all happy and we arrange a meeting with Fred Hugl, a Co-op Board Director, who is disenchanted with his role on the board. Fred has a M.B.A., I think, in finance and he's now a law student.

Now George raps to us about how the Co-op is ripping somebody off, the books are too high, etc., "or maybe it's the faculty, maybe we ought to do something about the teachers."

I say that we better not do that. After all, I was just beginning to discover that higher education is an institution of the faculty, by the faculty and for the faculty (ooh: cliche). It's all part of this system that we've been driving at, often with misdirection, over the past few years, but that's another story.

Fred and I agree to meet again. George is off. I don't really see him again except every day when he comes up to me in the Union and asks when the articles on the Co-op are going to come out. Finally he comes to the conclusion that I am "procrastinating it right off the table." (He's right, but you see, George, it was because I didn't really want to do it: I was bored with it.)

Now George is really a jolly fellow, but Fred is another matter. Fred is serious. Fred is tall, fairly lanky and walks with quick steps that express his sense of purpose.

"I've been involved with all kinds of things and I've worked to fix them. I've always succeeded. I joined the Co-op Board for the same reason. I can't change it. That's why I'm so frustrated," he once said to me.

Let's face it, Fred is a Ralph Nader type. He's committed to reform. He thinks that the system is reformable. He thought that he would have his way eventually. But Fred wasn't thinking about his term running out in April. He is thinking about that now.

This is one of the main problems of student administrations. Students come and go while the administration and faculty remain fairly constant. It all becomes a matter of lasting out the latest batch of students—success is eminent.

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