

Another bomber

The continuing debate over the B-1 bomber program has surfaced again on campus and with it all the arguments pro and con on this controversial weapons delivery system. As opponents to the bomber claim this project could easily turn out to be just more money down another military rat-hole.

The amount of money already spent on the system is tremendous. The government has spent \$2.1 billion to develop a prototype. The total estimate is \$21.4 billion from drawing board to an operationally-maintained fleet with a 30-year life expectancy.

In addition, the \$2.1 billion already spent does not guarantee that the bomber will even meet the specified requirements that the Air Force has set. The Air Force wants a bomber that can fly at supersonic speeds and at altitudes as low as 100 feet above the ground. They also want it packed with sophisticated radar jamming devices.

The history of developing weapons systems is cluttered with projects that never got past the prototype stage. The Skybolt missile and the B-70 bomber are two examples. The B-70 program actually produced prototypes that flew. After a mid-air collision and other accidents it was scrapped. It failed to meet the requirements of its "mission."

The argument that the development of military weapons produces technological spin-offs with civilian applications, while generally true, doesn't follow in the case of the B-1. The United States has gone on record as opposed to supersonic transportation. The single largest spin-off from the B-1 would be the advancement of supersonic flight technology.

The huge price tag, doubts as to whether it can meet design requirements, and the lack of civilian spin-off benefits combine to make the B-1 a bad buy. B-1 opponents that argue that the defeat of the project will automatically mean more money for social service-oriented programs, however, are deceiving themselves. In the past when a specific weapons program is defeated, the allocation is shifted to another defense budget line item. In all probability, the Air Force will merely redirect its efforts toward another manned bomber system.

The B-1 program is a highly visible target, and as an example of an over-emphasis on defense spending, deserves to be shot down. The only way, however, that opponents can hope to reduce the \$112.3 billion defense appropriation is to make sure that Congress reads their opposition to the B-1 as opposition to a military budget fat with unnecessary hardware.

Letters

Mistake duplicates

I think the tavern proposal for the EMU is a big mistake. The University area already has several well-run taverns so any new one merely duplicates what is already well-provided. This is particularly true if it's being run in the hopes of providing a windfall profit to offset losses in food service.

I feel there is a much better and profitable alternative. Provide beer and wine in the food service areas but only with a purchase of food. People who want only to drink can go off campus. I think it should be done on a trial basis in the Skylight Room and extended to the other food service areas. This should have the effect of making all the food services profitable.

Perhaps a tavern should be considered later, but not for the motive of offsetting food service losses.

John Sharp
Programmer, psychology

Help welcomed

I am writing to the *Emerald* to request the assistance of any University student who wants to work on the campaign of former State Senator Don Willner for Attorney General. Mr. Willner's record as a

state legislator and lawyer are well known in the areas of protection of the people's interest and conservation, environment and consumer protection. We gladly welcome as much or as little help as any person feels that they can provide. For those who have the interest, please contact Annette Crawford at 726-1750 after 7 p.m. or myself at 485-0434 between 9 and 5 p.m. and at 687-9517 after 6 p.m.

Robert Larson
Lane County Co-Chair
Don Willner for Attorney
General Campaign

Check-in urged

I have had a recurring experience with the men's locker room that should be shared. Last Wednesday, after a towel was missing for the second time from my basket, I decided to get a new combination lock from the supplies window there. By Thursday afternoon, both my new running shoes and the sweat pants were also gone. There is no question of my not leaving everything securely locked in my basket, or of any other carelessness.

When between the Fall and Winter terms of last year all the equipment was gone from my basket (for which I had to pay



satire

Make way for oil

Item: In a recent issue of the *Oregon Times*, a spokesman for the Mobil Oil corporation confirmed that his company has plans to lease fully 75 per cent of the land surface of the Willamette Valley in order to make test drills for natural gas and oil in what it believes to be "a substantial field if there's one at all."

The phone jangled me into consciousness, tearing at my nerves as I went stumbling through the darkened apartment to the kitchen. Picking up the receiver, I glanced through bleary eyes to the lighted clock on the stove. Two a.m.

"Hello," I said groggily.
"Hello," said a male voice on the other end.
"Didn't wake you, did I?"
"Yeah," I replied, massaging my eyes, "Who's this?"

"This is your apartment manager. I just called to tell you they're going to start drilling around noon, so you'll have to be moved out by nine this morning."

I steadied myself by grabbing the refrigerator. "Wha—? Move out by—? What for?"

"They're tearing down the apartments," he said patiently. "How do you expect them to drill with these apartments standing here?"

"Drill? Drill for what? And who's 'them'?"
"Mobil is 'them.' Mobil Oil. You know, detergent gasoline, the red Pegasus and all that—"

"Mobil's drilling for oil in Oregon???" I poured a glass of water and got out the aspirin.

"And natural gas. Haven't you heard? They figure the biggest pools are just north of Roseburg and right here underneath Eugene. Matter of fact," he said with a tone of pride, "We're sitting smack on top of a prime drilling sight."

"But if the oil's been there all the time, why haven't they drilled before?"

"They did. Clear back in the twenties, they tried and all they came up with was Oregon mud. But with the space-age technology of today, they're surveying all over the place, even spots they used to think had no more oil than there is in a teenage

kid's face. Now Mobil figures the Emerald Empire is destined to become the Abu Dhabi of the U.S.A."

"But, but—" I sputtered, "They can't do that! Think of what it'll do to our state's pristine environment, the forests, the beaches, the purple mountains' majesty and amber waves of grain we're so proud of."

"Those amber waves of grain are going to have to give way to scrambling waves of speculators. Think of it," he cackled with glee, "All us landowners who have that marvelous black stuff under our soil will get 14 per cent of the profits Mobil reaps from its wells. I'll make millions."

I was having horrible visions of farmers turning their fields over to Big Oil so they could retire in Florida, and instead of black smoke from field burning, there would be black gold spewing from wildcat strikes. Scruffy commune dwellers in the mountains would abandon the simple life to become Beverly Hillbillies overnight. Forests of pine and fir would be transformed into forests of oil derricks. The white sands of the beaches would turn into oozing nightmares of goo from offshore drilling rigs....

"The people of Oregon won't stand for this!" I cried.

"Why argue with American bucks?" asked the manager. "It's too late to stop it now. Even the University is getting into the act. The mill race is being made into a pipeline. They're renaming Autzen Stadium the Grease Bowl, and Mac Court will be changed from the Pit to the Pitstop."

"Egad!" I gasped in disbelief.

"Makes you proud to be an American, don't it?" he said. "Now we have the edge over them Ay-rabs who try to rob us of the energy we need. Sure, things are gonna be a little different in Oregon from now on, but you can't stop progress, right?"

Good-bye, Ecotopia, I thought.

Dave Anderson
Pol. Sc., junior

about ten dollars), I chalked it up to my not securing the lock or something. That may or may not be related to what recently has happened, or to the fact that my roommate found his basket to be emptied out once last year also.

In total, I have had to pay nearly \$40 in losses from that place. Conclusion: someone has access to that set of combination locks, either by possessing a master key or being able to look up the combination to any lock there. Before anything else could be ripped off, I checked in what was left of the basket's contents and I urge others to do the same.

Rick Fulker
Music, senior

Tone misleads

We are submitting this letter to correct a number of inaccuracies appearing in the enthusiastic arti-

cle "Tommy learns to speak, sign language the key" (Feb. 13 edition of the *Emerald*).

First, the photographs accompanying the article are incorrectly captioned. The child presented as "Jimmy" is Kurt, and vice versa. Furthermore, in the photograph described by the outline, "Later, they extend a hand of friendship to their instructor," the therapist is demonstrating a technique used (in early treatment) to manually prompt the child through a sign.

Second, the discussion of Tommy contains several errors. The instructional sequence described did not occur. Benson Schaeffer does not work with Tommy, but with Lance; and Tommy does not employ the phrase "shirt is Benson's," but instead says, "this is Benson's shirt." Further, portions of the description of Tommy prior to entering the Signed Speech Treatment Program are inaccurate. For instance, Tommy did not "spen(d)

his time tearing bits of paper" and "alternating between aggression and passivity." In addition, it is not accurate to describe him as having been "unable to relate to people." He interacted only minimally with others, but he did interact.

Finally, the general tone of the article would lead the reader to believe that one individual was responsible for the development of Signed Speech Treatment and for the success achieved by Tommy and the other boys through this new approach. In fact, four researchers collaborated in the design and implementation of Signed Speech Treatment. Each investigator has primary responsibility for one child; Arlene Musil for Tommy, Pete McDowell for Kurt, George Kollinzas for Jimmy, and Benson Schaeffer (aided by Eric Fajardo) for Lance.

Arlene Musil
M.S., Special Ed
and three co-signers

Wednesday, February 18, 1976