



greg wrossor

a quorum of one

Oregon has joined the caravan of west-em states discussing tampering with the 55-mph speed limit. Last week, Rep. Chick Edwards, R-Salem, introduced a bill upping it to 65.

Edwards's criticism of the limit is seconded by Sen. Vern Cook, D-Gresham, who says Oregon's statutes allow imposition of the restriction "only where there is a current or imminent fuel shortage," a situation he claims doesn't exist right now.

Both Edwards and Cook are ignoring a basic reality: The world's oil reserves are finite. Federal Energy Secretary James Schlesinger predicts a gallon of regular gas will cost \$1 in "three to four years."

It's a given that the pumps will eventually run dry. Slowing down pushes that day further into the future. The U.S. Department

of Transportation estimates that reducing the average driving speed 10 mph saves this nation 9 million gallons of gas a day.

But fuel conservation is only one positive side of the slower pace. Oregon was the first state to adopt the lower limit, and since the 1973 enactment, freeway deaths in the state have dropped 21 percent.

The decrease looks even more impressive when viewed against the 10 percent population increase that Portland State University estimates Oregon has experienced during those five years.

Besides, any changes in the law endanger Oregon's federal highway dollars, which will amount to about \$110 million in fiscal 1979. Transportation Secretary Brook Adams has promised to cut off funds to any state allowing motorists to exceed the national limit.

Concern over blackmail by appropriation is understandable, but this is not a good issue on which to challenge the feds. Besides, the decline in traffic deaths since the lower speed limit was imposed adds a crucial element to the speed-limit debate.

Conservation of both lives and fuel require leaving the limit where it is.

Irony invades all walks of life, even the marble-lined halls of the capitol. The main sponsor of a 10 percent cut in legislative salaries, Rep. Larry Campbell, R-Lane County, ran one of the most expensive campaigns in legislative history.

Campbell claims legislators should set an example by "paying a personal penalty," giving up about \$65 of their \$655 monthly salary and \$4 of their \$44-a-day per diem.

This latter-day frugality comes as a striking

contrast to Campbell's style of campaigning.

Seeking to represent District 43 vacated when Democrat Ted Kulongoski was appointed to the Senate, Campbell spent \$27,500 defeating his Democratic opponent, Clint Boehringer, who dispersed about \$13,600. In the primary and general elections combined, Campbell, whose primary opponent spent less than \$500, spent almost \$38,000.

Granted, District 43 is mostly rural. And to reach all the voters requires a large amount of advertising. But a \$40,000 price tag puts legislative service beyond most people's grasp.

This state's laws are supposed to be made by a citizen body. Campaigns like Campbell's insure that only a certain type of citizen will participate in that creation.

yours

Poem sings ROTC issues

Perhaps the enclosed might help your readers to sort out the issues in the ROTC debate. Everything in the poem was said by someone at some time in some meeting.

John Sherwood
professor, English

Faculty Meeting
(Circa 1970)
In Memoriam

About this time — and was it once or twice?
The faculty elected to review
Curriculum — or maybe it was thrice,
I get confused, things were in such a stew.
It was determined, after much advice,
That serious thought to ROTC was due.
The matter was not one of ideology —
They would have done the same with Sociology.

It's true that two committees with commission
To probe the matter found no charges proved.
But one should act where there's the least suspicion.
And so reluctantly a motion's moved.
Imagine now the faculty in session:
Professors all are there, as them behaved,
Under the charter, to deserve their salary,
While interested students fill the gallery.

The mover, after thirty-five whereas's,
Consigns the military to perdition,
As choicest spirits rise up in their places
To utter truths well worthy the audition,
In language pithy, pointed, measured, gracious,
So moving you would rue one word's omission —
Such eloquence as might without apology
Appear with Cicero in some anthology.

The first begins, "Some think that I'm protesting
This most unjust and most illegal war.
But that is not the issue that I'm testing —
Nothing in fact is from my thoughts so far.
The matter's purely routine, I'm suggesting,
Curriculum adjustment, nothing more.
It's raising standards that I want to try,
And not a word I'll breathe about Mai Lai.

"If students want to drill and learn to fight
On campus, I'm not one for getting tough.
But if to credit they should claim a right,
I ask, is it scholarly enough?
Give credit for germ warfare? We just might,
But not the ordinary shooting stuff.
If they want credit, they should be more willing
To find out intellectual ways of killing."

"I like to speak on both sides of a question,"
A second speaker argues with acuity,
"And therefore I am open to suggestion
That military drill's no superfluity;
But viewed against the catalogue's congestion,
I fear I find much structural incongruity.
Therefore against the army I'm inclined,
Though I admit I've not made up my mind.

"Who could deny that all true college teachers
Are first of all fierce critics of society,
Who jeer and heckle from their moral bleachers,

theirs



Deriding mother, patriotism, and piety.
These Rotsey boys are like a bunch of preachers,
Full up with God and country to satiety.
If they'll turn critics, they may keep their seat.
If not, they'll have to move across the street."

Another opens, "I must beg to differ
From my most learned colleagues in this matter,
For I could swallow Rotsey even if her
Content were leaner and her budget fatter.
But I oppose her on conditions stiffer —
Her devotees are madder than the hatter:
Famine, pollution, murder are their rage,
And if unchecked, they'll cause the next ice age.

"If I may have the overhead projector,
By parables I'll prove this past all doubt;
But please allow me just to interject here
The story of my life, no facts left out,
For that will show my theory's no conjecture,
But that I really know what I'm about."
A wag opines, "I never like their faces."
Another quips, "We need their parking places."

Alas that so much virtue, language, wit
Should somehow fail to gain their blest desire!
The needed votes are short by quite a bit;
The gallery are screaming blood and fire.
Riot erupts, bombs burst, and pyres are lit;
The fuzz deploy, while faculty retire
Contented homeward, doubtless there to dine
On Teamsters' lettuce soused in Gallo wine.

Rocky, an honorable man?

Re: your editorial Jan. 30, "Keep flags half mast."
Hey, do you mean to suggest that Rockefeller was an honorable man? People who lived under his reign as gov-

ernor in New York can give ample testimony that this man was potentially much more dangerous than Nixon. When he decided that he needed a tough image as a law-enforcer, he went a little crazy.

Do you recall Al Pacino in "Dog Day Afternoon" chanting "Attica, Attica"? It was not a joke. His (Rockefeller's) hold on New York politics was insidious and self-indulgent. The net result has the state playing poker with bankruptcy.

Just because he's dead and Nixon's alive does not mean that they haven't been pigs of equal degree. Anyway, Nixon is our only example of a man living in exile in his own land as a result of politics. He's now become interesting to watch.

John Molloy
graduate, creative writing

LeGuin seeks two realities

I believe your report (Jan. 31 ODE) on Ursula K. LeGuin's evening speech is incorrect in stating that Ms. LeGuin described her new novel as "obscurant" the threshold between inner and outer realities. She did say that the story would move back and forth from one to the other — but that in calling the work "Threshold" she intended to emphasize the concept of a discontinuity — a definite transition.

The general tenor of her comments that evening was to insist that it is always vital to distinguish between the inner and the outer reality. Thus I feel you have somewhat misrepresented her point of view in your description.

Carlis Nixon
graduate, psychology
Tuesday, February 6, 1979