

sally hodgkinson

even editors get the blues

It seemed like a good transportation deal: One small moped, good price, great gas mileage. I bought it, ignorant that the life of a moped owner is filled with ridicule and despair.

"Heard you got a moped," a friend said. "Yep," I said proudly, launching into a well-rehearsed speech on the Three Virtues of Owning a Moped — high gas mileage, low insurance, easy and cheap transportation.

"Huh," my friend answered. "Sounds like a lazy-man's bicycle to me."

Mopeds are the oppressed minorities of transportation. Car drivers hate them because they're in the way, bicyclists hate them because they go faster than bicycles do, and people who use their feet for transportation don't like the noisy lawnmower engine.

Springfield cops also have a less-than-enthusiastic response to mopeds. You would think a tough Springfield cop would feel a tad bit embarrassed about pulling over a small moped for a little thing like no license plate, but it didn't seem to faze the three officers that stopped me within one week.

So I decided to get a license. One small moped. One big pile of paperwork. One medium-sized \$18.50 fee. Liability insurance at \$3 per month. Cheap and easy transportation became a budget headache.

Mopeds are also good for a laugh. Hitchhikers wave their thumbs at moped riders with a knowing smirk on their faces. One night a friend and I went out in the pouring rain to pick up some dinner at Wendy's. "You should have seen the look on people's faces when you pedaled that thing to start it and then came back and waited for me to hop on," he said.

It is also embarrassing to have a moped break down. Once, as I trudged along Franklin in search of a gas station to fill my three-quarter-gallon tank, a bicycle rider whizzed past yelling "get a horse."

People also seem to think my nice quiet little moped is just one step away from a Harley 1200. As I walked into the office one day, helmet in hand, one of the associate editors started singing "Born to Be Wild." I've been asked countless times when am I going to get a leather jacket. And if someone

calls me "Moped Mama" one more time, I'll run them over.

The low point came Wednesday after I spent the day running around trying to get insurance, a title and a license plate for my mechanical beast. I also ran out of gas that day and tore my pants literally skidding out of a gravel driveway.

I began to doubt the wisdom of owning a moped — cheap transportation isn't easy.

Then my five-year-old friend Carlos ran up. "Can I have a ride," he asked with wide eyes, clutching a Spiderman airplane he got at his birthday party that day. He put down his prized possession without a backward glance and climbed on.

"Wow! We're going fast, aren't we," he asked as we whizzed around the block at 15 miles per hour. "We sure are," I said, grateful that someone thought my moped was cool.

Carlos, you can ride on my moped anytime you want.

YOURS

Sports cuts

The elimination of the gymnastics and swimming teams presents two problems. First, unless we readjust our priorities there is no telling where the hacking will end. Without a change, the budget cuts offer only temporary stability. Second, with every cutback student participation is reduced, whether it is the elimination of a sports program or an academic course.

I can't understand why the University would eliminate from its sports department those teams that have a consistent winning record over the past few years. I am amazed that our administrators have even considered cutting these teams from our sports program. When one has a large leak to fill it makes little sense to use a small

plug to cover it. Unless of course the idea is to begin using several small plugs: library plugs, professor plugs, curriculum plugs, etc. How many programs will need to be cut in the future to support a football team?

"But," you say, "our gladiators stimulate the Alumni pocketbooks, bring prestige to our Alma Mater, inspire school spirit; we must keep them ever in the public eye."

Since when has scandal inflated school spirit and loosed the community pocketbook? If this is true maybe all of us, students and faculty alike, should outdo one another in perversion to keep the public eye.

"Are you attending the University of Oregon?" "Why yes, I'm working on my doctorate in buggery."

Seriously, though, I'm concerned. The recent administrative decisions that cut library funds, increased incidental fees to cover football deficits, represented a seeming lack of scruples in response to recent scandal, and that are now eliminating competitive and winning teams in order to pay for a football stadium do not convince me this institution is furthering social ethics. If the continued existence of this University depends on the success of our football team, which is what these decisions seem to infer, then I would question the validity of its continued existence as anything more than a local job market. Your library inscription says the truth will make me free — if your truth comes through the compromise of integrity I don't want it.

If the administration needs a savior I would suggest the time-enduring qualities of academic integrity.

Michael Kurpjuweit
Sophomore, philosophy

Ribbon day

Unofficially, the United States began its war in Indochina in 1954 with its support of the French colonial occupation forces.

Officially, the U.S. terminated its military involvement in Indochina in May of 1975. Unofficially, that conflict goes on for Americans today in every state, in every city of this country.

A war that caused over 57,000 dead Americans has left 4.2 million living casualties we call Vietnam era veterans. These are the veterans America has refused to forgive for fighting a

war it began, then ordered carried out in a way repugnant then for veterans and only afterwards to Americans. These are the veterans America has used as scapegoats for its illegitimate and immoral "noble cause."

They have been classified and categorized by all of us: disabled veterans, Agent Orange victims, bad discharge veterans and delayed stress victims. These are the men and women who are beginning to fill our psychiatric wards, jails and prisons.

Those studying problems of Vietnam era veterans estimate that at least 500,000 suffer from post-traumatic stress disorders.

Meanwhile the Reagan administration is seriously considering restructuring, possible even abolishing, a nationwide network of storefront counseling centers that use "rap groups" to help psychologically troubled Vietnam era veterans. In fact the Veterans Administration recently announced that it is eliminating the Vet Center that was due to open here in Eugene because of the hiring freeze imposed by Reagan; another casualty of getting "the government off the backs of the people."

On Sunday Vietnam era veterans groups and supporters, all along the West Coast, will be holding events in support of National Green Ribbon Unity Day. These events will be to announce the wearing of the green ribbon as the symbol of support for Vietnam era veterans.

We ask people to join us in demanding that the Reagan administration extend the vets centers program past its expiration date in September. We ask veterans, veterans' representatives, and the families and friends of veterans to begin to wear green ribbons — the common color that binds us all together irrespective of race, sex, or region of birth.

David Isenberg
University Veterans
Friday, March 6, 1981



'A GROUP IN MICHIGAN HAS ORGANIZED A TAX REVOLT — ARREST MICHIGAN!'