



Leann Warren

File photo

Warren sets new mile record

Oregon's Leann Warren blasted from the pack with 250 meters to go to set a collegiate record in the mile Sunday at the UCLA-Pepsi Invitational in Los Angeles.

Warren's 4:30.36 clocking eclipsed the mark of 4:33.1 set by Jan Merrill in 1974. Merrill, competing Sunday for Age Group Athletic Association, was second in 4:31.69. Brenda Webb of Athletics West was third in 4:32.27.

Warren ran her usual race, staying near the middle of the pack and then turning on a blazing finishing kick to outdistance the field.

"I passed the half (mile) and thought if I could stick with them for one more lap, the last lap would take care of itself," said Warren, from her Los

Angeles hotel room.

With one lap to go, Maggie Keyes of the Knoxville Track Club led the field with Merrill second and Warren third. Warren moved to the outside as the pack came onto the back straight. She began her kick at the middle of the straight, breezing by Merrill and Keyes.

Merrill tried to pursue, but never came within five meters of Warren as she stretched her advantage through the final turn and homestretch.

"I felt really good before the race. I had a really positive attitude," said Warren, who also has run 2:01.3 in the 800 meters this year. "I thought I would be able to pull away."

Warren said she felt no effects from a muscle cramp in her left leg that had

bothered her Friday at the Northwest Collegiate Women's Sports Association championships in Corvallis. By Sunday, the cramp had reduced to just a "sore spot."

Oregon coach Tom Heinonen and Warren had agreed that the Pepsi mile would be a yardstick to gauge what she would run at the AIAW nationals. But both said Sunday it was too early to make a decision.

Heinonen, who watched the race on television, was more than pleased. "She ran exactly what she had to run to win," Heinonen said. "She ran a perfect race."

"You can't ask for much more than that."

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ACLU hears Bell predict profit 'orgy'

By STEPHEN KNIGHT
Of the Emerald

Ronald Reagan's domestic policies will hurt the poor, worsen the economy and undermine the political stability of the country.

That's the message University law school dean Derrick Bell gave to members of the Lane County American Civil Liberties Union at their annual meeting last week.

"It's not difficult to predict an orgy of profit-making by the wealthy at the expense of the working classes, the poor and minorities," Bell said.

"Social programs, some of them 50 years old, will crumble and collapse, and as suffering increases the crime rate will rise, family stability will be shaken, and racial hostility will become ever more intense."

In time, Reagan's domestic policies will become "worthless weapons" against inflation and unemployment, and Republicans will lose support from the American people, Bell predicted.

However, Bell doubts that voters will accept traditional liberal measures to replace Reagan's "repressive Republicanism."

Many social welfare programs are now rejected not only by conservatives but by the recipients as well, he said. Some liberal measures serve the consciences of liberals more than they serve the poor, he added.

Bell said liberals need to find new ways to combat economic inequalities.

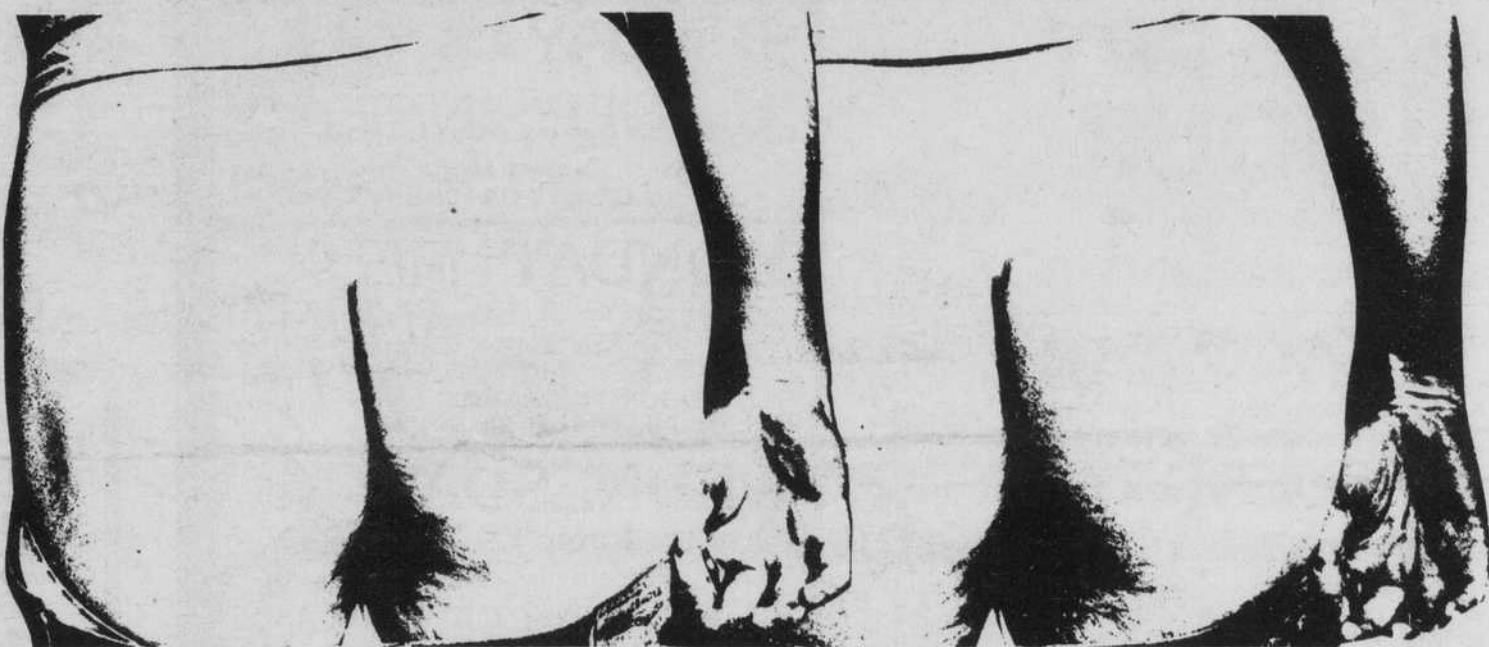
The current economic crisis will be resolved only when the poor have gained access to the "private appropriation of socially created wealth," Bell said.

He said liberal programs have been counter-productive because the strategies have relied too heavily on fighting discrimination and social injustice at the public sector level.

"In the civil rights area, the forces there have pushed for school integration... whether black parents wanted it or not and whether it was an effective educational remedy or not."

Bell said that under the present system, big businesses and the wealthy are able to manipulate the courts and the democratic process to keep the poor from gaining economic equality. Gaining equal rights isn't synonymous with equal opportunities, he said.

Bell called for a liberal program that will distribute goods and services according to criteria other than chance and privilege.



Beer drinkers, competitors gather to find Eugene's 'Best Butt'

By MIKE LEE
Of the Emerald

Eugene has an ass fetish.

No doubt about it — something about *les derrieres extraordinaires* turns this town on.

Case in point: Saturday night's "Best Butt" contest at the Paddock Tavern, or "The Greatest Spectacle in Sporting History," as a sign behind the bar announced.

Not quite.

Instead, it was a parade of tushes strolling the bar top to the approving whistles of the standing-room-only crowd. And though the contest included both male and female divisions, it was clear where audience sentiments lay.

After all, nobody yelled "It takes skin to win" during the *men's* contest.

The contestants were enticed by a trip to Reno awarded to the winner in each division. But the affair was so unorganized — rather, everyone was so drunk — that on Sunday no one remembered who won.

Judging this fourth-or-so annual event were former Pad bartenders who have since gone on to better things, such as San Diego quarterback Dan Fouts, who flew in for the show, and Norval Turner, "whose biggest thrill as Oregon quarterback was to throw four touchdown passes in the alumni game," according to emcee Harvey Wynn.

"We also have one of Dick Harter's players who did not get convicted," Wynn said, announcing Mark Barwig.

For a while, contest officials feared they'd have more judges than contestants. So just before the scheduled start, the tavern sent a recruiter into the audience.

After he signed up one woman, someone asked her how she could parade herself in front of all those lecherous people.

"You just talked me out of it," she declared.

But entrant Rick Sany had no such fears. "My buns have been seen in public before," he said.

Meanwhile, as Vince-the-recruiter tried to coerce two women into competing, the crowd noticed his efforts and began chanting for the startled pair to join.

"They're holding out for more money," guessed one frustrated patron.

Such was the case with one poor woman in the back who found herself the object of a judge's attention. Desperate — not necessarily for the contest — he offered her \$20 to compete.

At the front, the first contestant strutted across the bar while "Whip It" blared from the jukebox. Wynn shone a light on her rear for better visibility.

"Touch your toes," someone yelled.

"All it takes is one girl to really know what she's doing," said the judge-in-back.

"You don't give up, do you?" replied his prey.

Contestant Number Three, meanwhile, discoed across the bar — a shrewd move for crowd support.

"For one thing, there hasn't been a girl up there with white pants," the judge-in-back continued to the white-clad woman. "No one can see anything."

The next contestant held hamburger buns to her rear as she walked one way, then tossed crumbs to the audience as she walked back. The crowd roared.

"Just hesitate before you take a turn," the judge-in-back coached. Finally, the woman gave in.

And as she crossed the bar, she touched her toes.

At this move, most judges held up approving scorecards. One held up ten clenching fingers.

Alas, the crowd lost interest in the men's competition, in spite of an excellent performance by two contestants who stood back-to-back, dropped their pants, locked arms and walked half the length of the bar, one supporting the other on his back.

These days, people just don't enjoy dancing cheeks-to-cheeks.