

## Getting squirrely

Those arrogant squirrels are back. Only the other day, as I bent over to tie my shoe, one of the little perishers went straight-up my trouser leg. He must've been famished. I looked a ridiculous sight hammering on the squirming lump on my thigh and screaming in sheer terror. But you would also — if in such peril.

cort fernald

### sidelong glances

I finally shook the nasty beggar out my trouser leg. He gave me a surly look — spit over his shoulder — and scuttled off with his tail high.

"Same to you," I muttered, confirming the wary glances of passersby. They walked around me in a wide arc.

The problem of arrogant squirrels plagued this humble University last year — yes, at about the same time. Old-timers will recall the *Yours* section of the Emerald's *Opinions* page containing letters damning the campus' squirrel population.

Something has to be done to take these conceited little rodents down a peg or two. I'd be all for a "bunny-bash" style round-up — or for leaping on the buggers with heavy-soled boots and watch their beady eyes pop out — but these are humane times and my inherent Darwinianism to kick-the-shit-out-of *lower animals* has to be leashed or curbed or just channeled into a more — like, wow — more creative dharma... ya'know?

The weather has also turned rather balmy — and Frisbee golf is now in season. Seeing two "Frisbee linksters" haggling over how to score a round, after the squirrel mugging, made me think of alternative uses for that plastic disc. Didn't the Pentagon spend nearly \$1 million to test the Frisbee as a weapon? Didn't they drop a thousand or so from an airplane over White Sands? Why not use a Frisbee to hunt these pestiferous rodents? To hell with Frisbee golf — squirrel season is declared opened.

Frisbee squirrel hunting is not a blood sport *per se*. Killing or maiming the squirrels is frowned upon. Although rendering them temporarily unconscious will earn slightly more points than dazing the plague-ridden varmints, 5 and 7.5 points respectively.

The "sport" of Frisbee hunting can be played with as many as four hunters, which does not include the "Frisbee-bearer." The "Frisbee-bearer" must be white and a "Greek." These are Oregon rules.

The properly attired squirrel hunter wears a khaki coat, pith helmet, and green plaid polyester (scratch and sniff) pants. For the ladies, a red plaid polyester (same material as the green plaid) ankle length skirt with electric blue polka dot blouse is the ultimate in rodent hunting apparel.

The hunting party must stalk only campus squirrels. There's a gang that hangs out in the trees around Johnson Hall. It's fitting, don't ya think?

When a squirrel is spotted the "Frisbee-bearer" must shout "Bwana, Izod Izod," and go on point. At such time the squirrel hunters may commence flinging Frisbees. Once the despicable vermin has run the gauntlet points will be tallied on the "Frisbee-bearer's" calculator watch.

Scoring — in Frisbee hunting — is a rather simple matter. A hit is worth 10 points — 15 points if you nick the bugger on the run. To hit a squirrel as it flees up a tree trunk is worth another 10 points, while hitting the rodent on a tree limb is also worth 15 points. Probably the most difficult shot is hitting the varmint as it leaps from tree to tree. That's worth a whopping 25 points.

A couple rounds of Frisbee hunting should teach those bubonic bastards who're the superior species.

Happy hunting, but please replace your divots. And remember — if you can't be good... be better.

Cort Fernald is the Emerald's editorial page editor.



MR. BONZO HAS NO COMMENT ON THE CRISIS OTHER THAN TO SAY THAT WITH MR. REAGAN, MR. ASNER AND MR. HESTON INVOLVED, OUR FOREIGN POLICY IS IN THE BEST OF HANDS.

## letters

### Needless insult

Doug Sheldon, in his response (Feb. 16) to Harry Esteve's Emerald column (Feb. 12) dealing with nuclear power, calls for rational debate of nuclear power. Yet, nearly all he does in his letter is needlessly insult Esteve with statements like "He mindlessly strings together... the words..." and "Esteve's personal case of garbage on the brain," and strongly implies that Esteve has lied. Furthermore, Sheldon does not back up his statements concerning the "impressive safety record of the nuclear power industry", and he certainly doesn't even touch upon one of the major points of Esteve's column — that nuclear power is rapidly becoming uneconomic (e.g. at least one billion dollars just to "clean up" Three Mile Island; let alone Springfield Utility Board electrical bills). As to the "impressive safety record of the nuclear power industry" — that is irrelevant because even the possibility of a major nuclear accident occurring is unacceptable — the magnitude of destruction would be too great. Nevertheless, with regard to the safety record, consider, for example, the numerous cases of radioactivity leaking out of nuclear waste storage sites into the surrounding groundwaters (or ocean) and ecosystems — and we have hardly begun to plan for the permanent storage of the massive quantities of these dangerous wastes. Furthermore, the costs of safely transporting and permanently storing these wastes will be enormous (I refer the reader to the New Yorker's extensive article (19 Oct. 1981) on nuclear

wastes). Consider Three Mile Island. But most of all, consider the weapons which have been produced with the by-products of nuclear reactors. If we exclude Hiroshima and Nagasaki — which I suppose we logically can since we didn't have a nuclear power "industry" then — then I suppose the safety record is remarkably good. No one has yet been killed by the thousands of nuclear missiles which stand ready to strike. Impressive safety record? Can nuclear power be safe in human hands? I'd rather leave nuclear power in the hands of the sun and make use of her offspring: the wind, waves, tides, and sunlight.

Jeff Goddard  
graduate, biology

### PLUS

As a duly-elected member of the IFC and, just incidentally, as one of the 67 disabled students on this campus, I believe that I am eminently qualified to comment on Chester Faller's remarks as reported in the Emerald Feb. 23.

Faller claims that the IFC has "destroyed" PLUS. (The Physically Limited Union of Students) Faller is wrong. Even the dreaded IFC cannot destroy something that does not exist. Faller contends that he expresses the thoughts and opinions, needs and desires of the disabled populace of this student body. Guess again. If this were so, where were these disabled students during PLUS's budget hearing? Why weren't they there to support Faller and his plea for the legal fees that he claims they do desperately want? Chester came alone. Not a letter arrived to indicate solidarity. So much

for the "union" portion of PLUS.

I also take exception to Faller's statement that "without the lawsuit, there is no reason for PLUS to exist." Chester seems to have been stricken with tunnel vision. There is a place for PLUS on this campus. The physically limited students here need a resource and referral office of some sort. Faller insists that none of the university's 67 disabled students will be interested in keeping the PLUS office open. Off hand, I can think of one who might give it a shot.

Cathi Bulone  
IFC/law school

### Obese

Brenda Shea, your perceptive letter (Feb. 25) destroyed all my illusions that Winston Churchill was a brilliant statesman. He could not have been, since he was obese. At your urging Brenda, I have fired off letters to our legislators in Salem urging them all to go on a diet. Moreover, I shall not judge future political candidates by their party affiliation nor their stand on particular issues. Rather, my vote will go to the candidate with the lower percentage of body fat.

Pass another piece of cake, please.

John "Slim" Crowell  
law

### Opinion

Concerning Matt Meyer's review of "Making Love" and the ensuing letters: What does Meyer think that he is doing when he is writing a review — stating an opinion?

Tom Senior  
senior, philosophy

## staff

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