

# not the platform

It's an idea whose time has come, yata yata yata, yata, yata. We, whole-heartedly endorse shmatza shmatza shmatza. And so, let us either sink or ratata ratata.

Cort Fernald is the Emerald's editorial page editor. A number of years ago he got up from his leatherette recliner and turned off the television set. He pulled on his gray

kurt furnold

## squeamish looks

cardigan sweater, with the worn patches on the elbows, and buttoned it over his ample paunch.

He paused at the hall mirror and patted down his thinning gray hair. For a second he forgot the face staring back.

"I'm going out for a pack of cigarettes," he called to Edna, in the kitchen washing the dinner dishes.

Edna came out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on the Christmas apron, walking unsteadily. By her side scrambled her Pekinese. The dog sneezed and yapped at Cort. Cort clenched his teeth and exhaled. So many times he wanted to find that damn dog underfoot.

The gout had mangled her ankle. She swayed as she walked. Cort saw a trace of that fiery beauty still alive in her face, though the years had doused the coldfire of her dark eyes.

"Can you remember to buy bread?" Edna said. "You're so forgetful lately."

Cort smelled the dish soap, stale perfume, and her face powder. Edna offered her cheek. He hated the taste of her face powder. When he got outside he'd wipe it off his lips. The Pekinese started yapping. Cort kicked at it as he opened the door.

"Shush now, Fritzie," Edna scolded.

The night was warm. A gentle fog crowned the gray buildings and softened the streetlights. A group of kids were playing blackball on the stoop.

"Go on, get away from here," Cort growled.

They edged away from the stoop as he walked through them. A young boy, no more than four-years-old, charged at his heels.

"Hey... in yo' face, honky," he shouted.

Cort rounded the corner and walked down the block as the game started up again. He thought of the mad dash across wartorn Europe to Zurich he and Tom Eliot took in 1917. Tom had the parcel for James that Ezra had wrapped so carefully.

"Brown shoes," Cort muttered, dodging a yellow cab as he crossed 35th Street.

He passed a greasy-haired youth leaning in a dark doorway. The youth was bunched up, shivering, sniffing and scratching at pus yellow sores on his face. He was dressed in a sleeveless black tee-shirt and frayed jeans. The youth's black eyes followed Cort as he passed.

Bathed in the stark neon white of a liquor store window leaned a petite blond-haired woman in a short black skirt of wet-looking material and red fake fur jacket. She bared her top teeth as she chewed a wad of gum tucked in her cheek, smiling. She couldn't have been older than 15.

The youth pushed himself from the doorway and staggered along the buildings.

"Hey daddy, lookin' for me?" the girl said in a weary voice, standing in Cort's way. He tried to sidestep her, but she slipped her hands into his pockets and took hold of him.

The youth reached into his backpocket and brought out a short length of pipe. In one quick swing he cracked the pipe across the back of Cort's head.

There was a sound like hamburger hitting the wall. Cort slowly sunk to his knees, his vision clouding.

"Get his wallet, get his wallet," the girl screamed.

"Shut-up," the youth hissed, slashing at her with the bloody pipe, going through Cort's pockets.

Cort fell, his face smacking the cold pavement. Something warm was running down his neck.

"Let's jam," the girl cried, grabbing at the youth. He stood, an angry expression across his face. He kicked the limp body and stumbled after the girl.



Don't worry liddle Bonzo, Daddy juz hess hiz heinie indah snow.

sally sodkicken

## editor's node

In this campus constantly teaming with life, one small enterprise has — with clarity and intelligence — stood out: The Oregon Daily (Not the) Emerald.

Not the Emerald, in a humble display of humbleness, takes one of its strongest stands of the year: We totally support and commend Not the Emerald for its high quality, layout, timeliness, and relevancy to the campus community.

In its 73 years on campus, never has Not the Emerald been so, well, wonderful. This year's staff will undoubtedly rise quickly to journalism prominence and success. The photos, graphics, news coverage, editorials, special sections attracted national attention. All eyes are focused on this tiny but courageous daily.

Just one example of many stunning achievements this year is the paper's switch from the stale "Pea Nuts" strip to the popular

but unknown strip "Blooming Country." After receiving an invitation from the syndicate to pick up the strip at \$5.50 per week, Not the Emerald graphics editor Max De-Ranged, called up the syndicate and asked them to begin sending the strip at the suggested rate. Wow. Not many students working at college papers have the guts to engage in such extensive negotiations.

But not only has the paper provided quality comic strips, it has also consistently featured a front page on its front page. And, amazingly enough, the paper has constantly put headlines on stories to alert the reader about the contents of an article.

In its fearless and relentless quest for the truth, the Not the Emerald has consistently printed stories instead of leaving blank spots in the newsprint.

What more can for ask for at this price?

# not the letters

## Object(ivity)

I am really getting sick of the opinionated editorials and reviews the so-called Not the Emerald has been printing this year. Not the Emerald seems to think, that under the guise of "newspaper," that it can print biases in reviews and on the editorial page. Newspapers are supposed to present both sides, but apparently the staff of Not the Emerald leaves objectivity at the door when they begin writing opinion pieces. Or perhaps they have never even heard of the word.

Take for instance, Cort Fernald's recent column on squirrels. So he thinks they should be hit by frisbees. Well, that's just his opinion, I happen to like squirrels.

Another example is Gabriel Boehmer's recent column on strange classified ads. I could think of several weird ads I have seen lately, but apparently Boehmer just doesn't care about presenting both sides.

Generally the Not the Emerald presents both

or all three sides in its news stories. I just wish they would inject some objectivity into their reviews and editorials and leave the biases out of opinion pieces.

L. Chaudé Pisse  
Social Diseases

## The draft

What's this I hear about a compulsory draft? I don't think anyone has the right to tell me what I should drink. If I want to drink beer, I will. If I don't it's none of your (expletive deleted) business.

I think Pres. Reagan is doing one helluva job to get government off the people's backs. 'Bout time, I say. But I can't figger (sic) out why he tries to do something like this.

As a working man I support him in his support of the Polish workers, but making everyone drink beer is not the way to do it. Next thing you know he'll have us drinking gin to sympathize with the economic problems of the British.

I.A. Redneck

# stiff box

Not the Emerald is published every April 1 by frustrated newswriters wanting to take a vindictive stab at somebody to correct a slight — real or imagined — or just for grins.

Hearsay 686-3036  
Reckleering 686-5464  
Taxonomy 686-3724  
Fabrication 686-4153

Not Page 2 Section B

Edt Herl  
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Compartments and Fools  
Just Another Deb

Futures  
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Tired Education  
Canann Chortle

Corrupt in Retirement  
Gone Hunting

Generic Staph:

Reckleering Director  
Darlin' More!

Taxonomy  
Door's Ajar

Coordinated by Gabriel Boehmer and Phil  
Lemman.

Fabrication  
Ann's Heateron

Can't Control Her  
Jean Ownsmee

Thursday, April 1, 1982