

When I came out of PLC the air was thick with projectiles. They were coming in out of the sun. I could hear them buzzing by my head. I dived for cover behind a strange yellow configuration. I tried to lie flat to the ground but my buttons kept getting in the way.

cort fernald
sidelong glances

The barrage let-up for a moment and I tightened the vinyl chinstrap of my pith helmet and hiked up my drooping safari shorts. I had to make my break now — all-too-soon the sky would open up and another hellish bombardment would rake the campus.

They call themselves *Frisbee-golfers* — ha! You can't fool an old fool like me. They aren't *golfers*... these were the dreaded *Frisbee-assassins*.

I could see them in their encampment, munching granola and alfalfa sprouts, speaking in strange dialects about metric weights, wrist action and "MTAs." They appeared diabolical, born from basement pods beneath the black satin shimmer of a dark star. No doubt they were infidels intoxicated on hashish in the garden of earthly delights, much like assassins of yore.

I jumped from my staturary cover and dashed across the field. I had to make it to EMU before 10 a.m. to tell the editor what tomorrow's editorial would be about. But all-of-a-sudden they commenced firing. I spied a tree 20 yards ahead. If I didn't make it to that tree — I'd be deadmeat.

Dirt and tufts of grass exploded on either side of me as I zig-zagged between the craters. I thought of page 2... without me it'd be blank. Too many people would appreciate that.

"Hey, man," one of the *Frisbee-assassins* shouted. "You're on the fairway."

Fairway my foot... they were trying to lull me into a false security. Oh, they are a clever race these Frisbeans.

I crouched low behind the tree and plotted my next move. EMU was in sight in the distance. I wiped the sweat from my forehead and waited for the *Frisbee-assassins* to "play through." I was close enough to hear them scheming their next moves.

"Now which tree're we going for?"

"Not the first one on the left," their leader laconically said, "but, the second one on the right, just shy of the lamp post, between the shrubbery."

"Shrubbery."

"Yeah... whatever," the leader said firing frisbee after frisbee.

The wounded littered the sunny field, groaning and calling-out in the anguish of their pain.

"Jimmy... Jimmy," she sobbed. "I just got nailed by that frisbee."

"Hey, man," Jimmy yelled. "Go play frisbee somewhere else."

This was my chance. I leaped out from behind the tree, sprinting for the sanctuary of EMU. The incoming fire became heavier. Civilians were dropping like flies from frisbee wounds. One went down... shuffling off this mortal coil, becoming bereft of breath, joining the crowd invisible, bringing down the curtain on this worldly stage. Books went flying as another student bought the farm. They weren't stunned, it was "big Casino" all around me.

It looked grim. I doubted my luck. Maybe my number was up and I wouldn't reach EMU unscathed. I thought of chocolate chip cookies and the woman that lives about a mile away. My life started to flash before my eyes. I fought back the images — there was no sense compounding my present peril with boredom.

"Heads," someone yelled behind me.

Something thumped off my pith helmet — it really pithed me off. I didn't have time to stop running and see what it was. EMU, the sanctuary, beckoned refuge from the *frisbee-assassins* hellish volleys. I took the steps like a pregnant cat, two at a time. Reaching the second-floor balcony of EMU I breathlessly turned back and surveyed the killing-floor gesturing a digit in salute to my valiant foes.

"Great Caesar's Ghost. Where the heck have you been, Fernald?" the editor shouted.



letters

Cheap shot

The surprise ballot question in the general ASUO election regarding the Oregon Daily Emerald was an irresponsible, irrelevant, and stupid move by a man who should know better.

What was gained by ASUO Vice President Gus Palmitessa's ambush opinion poll? Nothing but a waste of student money.

Palmitessa is a friend of mine, so it is especially painful for me to write these things. But, as the ASUO representative and chair-

man of the ODE Board of Directors, I must complain that Palmitessa has gone too far. I am filing election and student conduct code complaints against Palmitessa. I think he should be removed from office and ordered to pay for the wasted ink and effort that went into his silly inquiry.

Moreover, Vice President Palmitessa has confused a very complicated issue on this campus: What is the fairest and most efficient way to keep the ODE independent of student government or administrative control? A

fee-supported subscription, in my opinion, is the best way to insure independent student news. The Emerald is not a private commercial newspaper of general circulation. Single student subscription or sale is not economically feasible.

I agree with Palmitessa that this issue needs discussion. I have my opinion; others may disagree. But to ask a vague question on a surprise ballot without the benefit of information smacks of a cheap shot. Graduating law students should have better judgement.

Jim Edmunson
Law

dane clausen
editor's note

I didn't write a column when the Incidental Fee Committee played rock music between goal hearings, when it became obvious that most of the EMU Board members don't know what they are doing, or on how the Student University Affairs Board has frequently lacked a quorum.

And I have benignly sat through so many boring meetings that reminded me of the Grand Lake, Colo., Parks and Recreation Board.

The ASUO elections kept me busy. Whether this year's elections were a newspaper editor's dream or nightmare is still a question.

The Emerald staff took the time and all-too-precious space to publish an presidential endorsement, to cover the elections as well as any blanket could, and to congratulate C.J. Balfe; but it should not remain a secret why students could find reasons to be apathetic and cynical about student government.

The bottom line is that elections including immature candidates who don't know the meaning of the word ethics or realism, questions about elections administrators, and campaign rules violations don't lend credibility to student government or make involvement desirable.

Curiosity was my mood when only five students filed for 37 positions with five days remaining in a filing period lasting more than three weeks.

I thought it humorous when one student — who shall be nameless — filed for the ASUO presidency, withdrew, and then filed for the Incidental Fee Committee, only to withdraw again.

However, at the end of the week there were 81 candidates for the 37 positions. That's more than have previously applied.

I was bothered by the fact that voters would have to choose among 35 candidates for a seven-member Incidental Fee Committee, that few of the candidates had talked to incumbents, attended appropriate meetings, and that even fewer were smart enough to make effective use of the media or campaign managers other than themselves.

These were only a few of the things that made the elections a farce. Soon enough, the candidates had inflicted upon it large numbers of alleged campaign violations, senseless candidates statements and candidates failing to show up for forums.

Then there was the ASUO presidential candidate who did not want to be elected, an endorsement and endorsement withdrawal, loads of the bull's leavings, and now a moot Elections Court.

At this point I would comment on the surprise opinion question regarding the Emerald appearing on the ballot, except that I need to go put another bandage on my back.

staff

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