

Is Pee-wee getting what he deserves?

The mugshot on the evening news was almost too heartbreaking to look at. It showed a tough, menacing man who glared at the camera with anger and spite. With his beady eyes and pointy beard, it seemed that Satan himself had been booked by the Sarasota, Fla. Police Department.

Had the police captured a drug dealer? A twisted serial killer? Or worse, a perpetrator of savings and loan fraud? No, the suspect in question was none other than Paul Reubens, a.k.a. Pee-wee Herman, sans bow-tie and beet-red lips. Paul was nabbed by an undercover Sarasota vice detective July 26, allegedly for exposing and fondling himself in an adult movie theater.

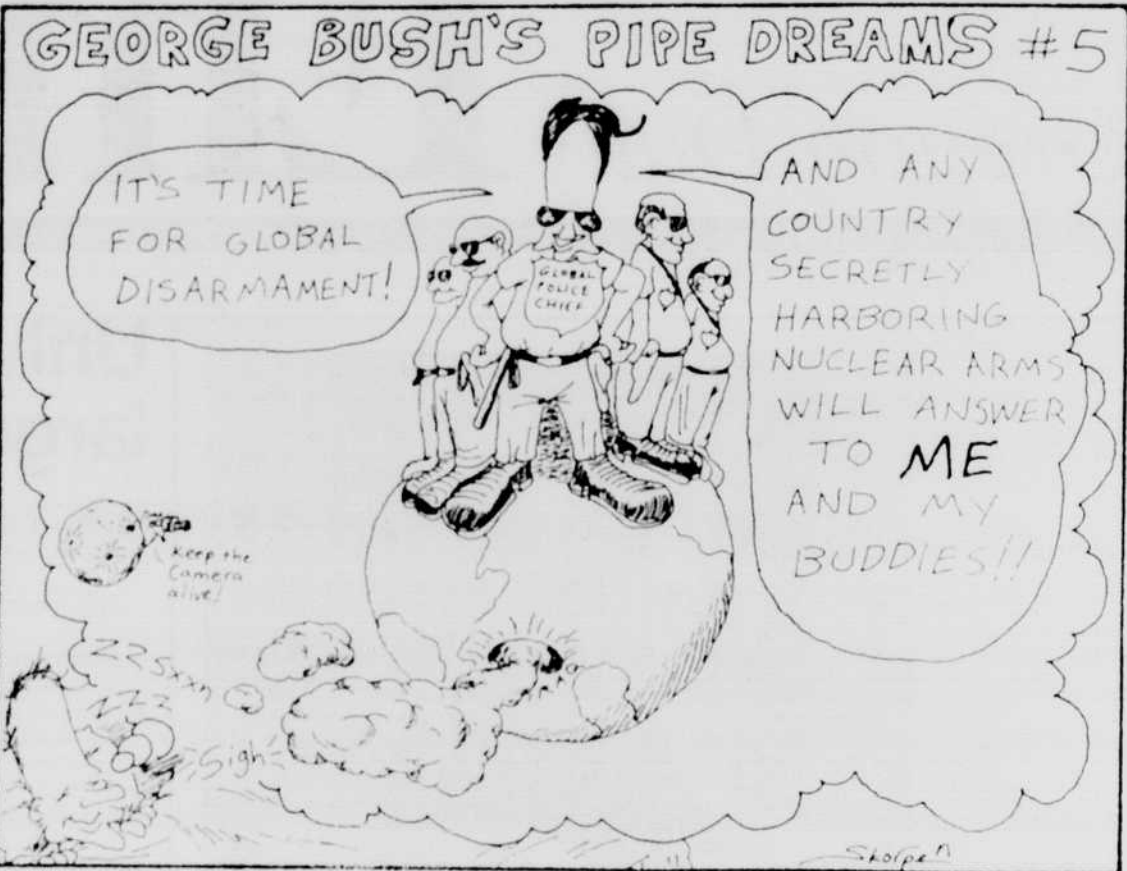
The backlash against Reubens has been disturbing, more so than the incident that started it. Although *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, his Emmy-winning Saturday morning TV show, was canceled by CBS before the scandal broke, the network has yanked the remaining five reruns from its summer schedule. A video featuring Pee-wee Herman has been removed from a Walt Disney World tour. The list goes on.

What interesting reactions. Sunday School teachers and the like may agree with what has happened to Pee-wee, citing his role-model status to millions of kids around the world. Surely, they say, someone who was reportedly caught in a coin-op video shack — literally with his pants down — should not be afforded the luxury of a Saturday morning TV program.

Yet we always hear about big-league ball players drinking and driving, taking drugs and beating their wives. Indeed, our athletic heroes' after-game sexual exploits are the stuff of legend. So why the fuss? And why, in a state famous for its crimes and *Miami Vice* reputation, was the vice squad tailing little ol' Pee-wee? Surely the blue knights of the SPD have more pressing business.

What about due process, and the venerable slogan, "innocent until proven guilty"? Surely a public figure such as Gary Hart would like to know. Pee-wee's career — however annoying and obnoxious it may have been — is most certainly over. And while some of us may be glad we will never again have to sit through something like *Big Top Pee-wee*, it is disturbing that yet another career has ended under such circumstances.

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LETTERS

Fertilizer

Much to your discredit — and most of your readers know you have no spare credit to be dissin' — you continue to waste space in every issue on stupid student-made comic strips.

The Van Curen thing during the school year was bad enough. But what you're printing now, though, is worse than

a waste, it's an embarrassment. In a recent issue (*ODE*, July 18), in the comic strip !*@#, two words were misspelled in a single frame.

What do you say about a college student — or a college newspaper — who can't spell assassinate or wield? Shall we grant some difficulty to those and limit our complaints to the misspelling of its in the next issue? This one, though, is more

understandable, since "cartoonists" probably learned their misspelling from reading *Emerald* articles.

Now, the content — nah, I'll refrain. But you might pay more attention to what you readers think about these strips. If you want make any valid claims to college-level intelligence, you'll drop 'em.

Jeff Harrison
Grounds crew

OPINION

Frisbee golfer golf: vigilante fun

THE FINE PRINT

BY PAT MALACH



If you've spent any amount of time on campus this summer, it shouldn't be hard to imagine this scene:

You're walking down 13th Avenue in front of Johnson Hall or through the EMU breezeway when suddenly, from out of nowhere, the sky is filled with hurled frisbees from hell. One of the frisbees grazes your ear and lands a few feet away. As you reach down to pick it up and seek out its owner, a voice from the shadows beckons for you to, "no dude, leave it where it's at. We're playing frisbee golf."

Yes, it's summer and the girls and boys of the hep crowd have descended on campus to terrorize and torment innocent pedestrians with their game of dead-eye accuracy and finesse. Never mind that playing frisbee golf on a crowded campus is akin to drinking your roommate's last beer. Nothing can stop frisbee golfers who feel rays of sunshine beating down on their beautifully-tanned heads.

But please, don't take this wrong. Frisbee golf is a fun game. Trying to hit relatively small objects with a flying disc can be quite a challenge. It's a peaceful sport that doesn't require a lot of physical exertion or expensive equipment. And just about anyone can play.

In fact, I used to play the game myself. But back in Montana where I "golfed," the most popular

course in town was set up in a woods on the edge of town. Not only was the atmosphere of the course more relaxing, the dense stands of pines provided more of a challenge to the avid golfer. However, the best thing about our course in the woods was that there were no pedestrians naively wandering into the field of competition.

The only drawback in having the course set up in the woods, with no pedestrians in sight, was that there were no witnesses to our cool activity. We were out there just for the pure pleasure of it and there was not a soul to show off for — what a waste.

Not all of the folks who use the course on campus like to play in the middle of the day. Some considerate golfers wait until traffic has thinned out and the course is clear. But those who do not, those slick cats who insist on playing in midafternoon so that there are plenty of witnesses to their heppness, ruin the reputation of even the most considerate frisbee golfers.

It would be easy to sit back and adopt the nihilist attitude of simply bitching about problems, but I have come up with a solution as well. If my plan is implemented, frisbee golfers should be driven from the campus in a matter of weeks.

My solution consists of a game. I like to call it *Frisbee Golfer Golf*. To play the game you need just two items; a cooler of beer and a note pad. A strong and accurate throwing arm helps, but a little cleverness can make up for a weak arm.

The object of the game is simple. You and your friends go to campus with the beer. (Non-alcohol-

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