

Fair play in Wichita? Break out the clubs

Anti-abortion protests in Wichita, Kan. have settled down a bit after Federal Judge Patrick Kelly ordered federal marshalls onto the scene.

The anti-abortion folks are saying the judge has overstepped his bounds. The judge has said he is doing his job by trying to maintain order in the town.

In an interesting turn of events, Terry Randall, the founder of Operation Rescue, the group organizing the protest, told ABC News that the anti-abortionites simply want the right to conduct civil disobedience protests like those of the civil rights and anti-war varieties of '60s.

That is a fascinating comparison. When Terry says the right-wing anti-abortion zealots want the same rights as protesters of the '60s, does he really mean it? If so, the U.S. can have the National Guard show up and shoot four or five of them. That would certainly be in line with treatment the left-wing protesters of the '60s got. And of course, the police would have a field day macing, tear gassing and billy clubbing the protesters as they sing their hymns.

Terry ought to be more careful about what he asks for. He just might get it.

Also, the folks of Operation Rescue should realize that their little gatherings go further than simple civil disobedience protests. By blocking access to the abortion clinics they are denying women their guaranteed right to legally terminate a pregnancy. They are breaking the law and should be dealt with accordingly.

Other Operation Rescuers told ABC News that the anti-abortion folks are ignoring the U.S. law in favor of "God's law." But until God gets a seat on the Supreme Court, the anti-abortionites are going to have to stop their illegal activities or face the consequences.

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LETTERS

Strike a nerve?

Pat Malach, I believe your suggestion to tell complainants of frisbee golfer golf not to be "anal retentive" and "feeling a frisbee graze your ear" are not that far from being related. (ODE, Aug. 6.) You see, you have got your head so far up your a-- you can't see a frisbee, nor create what Freud might have considered a lavatory masterpiece.

Since I destroyed the anterior cruciate ligament in my right knee I have taken up frisbee golf and whiffle ball and I feel so cool playing. People gawk at

me while golfing as if I pulled off a 180-degree ollie to rail slide down a fifteen-step hand-rail.

It is public attention that has maintained my self-esteem and kept me from deep depression in clearly the most boring and inactive summer of my life. Why don't you confront people while playing instead of calling upon the ignorant masses who love the whip on their back or a imitation messiah on a cross (whichever you supply) by blowing your horn on an ill-fated band wagon?

Settle, Pat.
You have created a contro-

versy where there is none. Tolerance and compassion will get will you from Agate to Alder. But, henceforth, let it be known that I am the ringleader of the legion of frisbee golfers, and you might end up with a little more impact than 175 grams to your head — it's a tough target — if you complain in person. Look for me, I'm the "cool dude" looking for attention among the long hairs and bellyachers with shaved heads who offers you his last beer. Peace and humphiness forever.

Chris Welch
Eugene

OPINION

Stormin' Norman rates top dog in intelligence poll

THE FINE PRINT

BY PAT MALACH



It's in, it's in, it's finally here.

At long last, the Aug. 4 issue of *Parade* magazine has published the results of an informal poll taken to determine the smartest person in America. And who else but Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf was chosen by Americans as the winner.

To tell you the truth, Norm isn't the first person to come to my mind when I ponder the question of measurable brilliance. I thought first of Supreme Court justices or even NASA scientists.

But apparently, the minds of those folks do not compare to that of Norm, the mastermind of ever-so-successful Operation Desert Storm, who has cap-

tured the hearts and minds of Americans who see him as the owner of the ideal intellect.

Personally, I have a hard time buying a war strategist as the best mind in the land. Besides the fact that the product of Schwarzkopf's intelligence is a reign of destruction and death we can all be proud of, the U.S. defeat of Iraq could accurately be paralleled to, say, the New York Giants beating South Eugene High School in a football game — how much difference does the coach really make?

Stormin' Norman gloatingly belittled Hussein after the battle by saying he wasn't much of a strategist or general. But would the results of the war have been different if Hussein's and Schwarzkopf's roles were switched? Would the tons of U.S. smart bombs dropped on the Iraqis been a little less smart if Hussein was giving the orders? Would Stormin' Norman have been able to find

a way to supply his troops at the front — therefore keeping their morale and fighting spirit high — in the face of the enemy's total air superiority?

Such hypothetical questions rarely have definite answers. But in the interest of the science of pop culture, we can come close to one by looking back to the Giants/South Eugene comparison.

Let's try some scenarios.

If the Giants were coached by Girl Scout Troop 101 and South Eugene was coached by former greats Bill Parcells and Bill Walsh and the ghost of Vince Lombardi, I'd still be betting on the Giants.

OK, how about Mother Theresa and Gidget for the Giants and Chuck Knox, Gerry Glanville and Art Shell for South Eugene. Nope, my money would still be on the Giants.

There is only one coaching combination I can think of that might lead to a South Eugene victory over the Giants. Let Attila the Hun coach South Eugene and arm them with the latest in automatic weapons, and put the pacifist Mahatma Gandhi at the helm of the Giants. That might possibly make a difference, but the game would still be pretty damn close.

Norm might be one sharp tater head, but my vote for smart guy goes to George Bush. So far, Bush has side-stepped being connected to Iran/Contra, Manuel Noriega, and the October Surprise, and he orchestrated one of the best timed wars in history, pulling his sagging ratings from the dumper to orbit in a matter of months. If Reagan was the teflon president, Bush is the sieve president.

Pat Malach is managing editor for the Emerald.

