

Recruiters looking in the wrong place for a few good men

It seems that I have friends in high places, and they want me to know it.

My local Portland-area military recruiters are trying like crazy to turn me into a soldier.

Unfortunately for them, they're not having a lot of success.

I'm not exactly what the military is looking for. A self-avowed liberal with definite pacifist tendencies, the army doesn't expect me to go take out Saddam Hussein or nuke the former Soviet Union, does it?

I have never expressed any sort of interest in the military that should define me as any sort of potential soldier to the armed forces. And I would certainly not use the military as a way to pay off my debt at Oregon Hall, either.

In fact, I find it wrong that the military uses money for college education as bait in return for a commitment to participate in various acts of murder and mayhem (which is the purpose of the military). I'd rather work about a dozen part-time jobs before I would enter the military.

Of course, the recruiters apparently don't realize this. They must have rather selective memories, considering that I



ROBBIE REEVES

have told them a thousand times that I don't want to hear about the military anymore and that their time and resources would be better spent elsewhere, for example, looking for real jobs.

But no, they keep calling and writing. It seems the Army and Navy have the most interest in me, judging by the number of phone calls and junk mail they send me concerning my "opportunities" in the armed forces.

The calls from the Navy recruiter are especially interesting. This recruiter must have sold used cars in a former life, because he is one of the pushiest people I have ever talked to.

He called me this summer (one of about five calls I have had from him in the past six months). He apparently got my phone number from my high school (an act I will never forgive the school for).

After I told him no less than

four times in one minute that I was not interested at all, he started to tell me about his experiences in the Navy.

Following 10 minutes of this drivel, he asked me what college I was going to be attending in the fall. After contemplating lying in order to forever rid myself of this recruiter, I said that I would be attending the University of Oregon.

"Oh," he replied knowingly. "that's in Corvallis, right?"

It makes me wonder where he went to college.

He then said that he wanted to ask me a few questions to assess my opportunities in the Navy today. I think I stopped him after the 10th question or so. He wanted to know a little more about me than I thought that he should. (Have you been convicted of anything? How tall are you? Do you use illegal drugs?)

Actually, college seems to be a major theme among the brochures that the military has been sending me. Most present the armed forces as a way of paying for college. Even the recruiters that call me ask how I am paying for college.

However, the computer that sends out the pamphlets to people must be living in the past because it is still sending me the

brochure aimed toward high school juniors and seniors, which implore people to start thinking about college.

Believe me, I have.

The calls always end when the recruiters ask "if I know anyone who might be interested in learning about the opportunities that the Army (Navy, etc.) has?" I often think about giving him the names and phone numbers of some people that I really don't like, but I'm really not that cruel. The recruiters already waste enough of my tax dollars sending me junk mail, so I figure they needn't send their mail to everyone else as well.

True, some might ask, it does sound pretty overbearing, but why don't you just ignore the mail and hang up on the phone calls?

Well, I've tried. And it hasn't worked. About the only thing left is a restraining order. And, although it would be novel to try (ever heard of anyone who had a legal order banning calls from the military to their house?), it probably wouldn't stop them from calling and writing.

The military does have its place in society, although in America we tend to be a little paranoid by thinking we must protect ourselves against every

little country on the planet (such as Iraq, who apparently threatened George Bush enough that he had to blow up the country).

I grudgingly registered for the Selective Service when I turned 18 several months ago, mostly because it's the law. I'm not going to go to jail for not registering with the government. I would rather go to jail for not fighting for the government. I just don't believe that it is right to impose one nation's views upon another by killing one other. It's kind of counterproductive.

About the only way that the military could get a hold of me would be during a draft. But don't count on me to fight. I'd rather serve my country in some other peaceful way, perhaps by joining the Peace Corps.

But the only connection that I have with the armed forces these days is with my friendly neighborhood military recruiters, and I would rather keep my contact with them at a minimum.

So, if anyone out there has anything to do with the military, pass on the message.

I'm not interested. Really. But thanks for asking (and asking and asking...).

Robbie Reeves is a columnist for the Emerald.

LETTERS

NEHrly perfect

I want to thank reporter Jim Davis for his article on our recent NEH award.

I do want to clarify two points: These awards are given on the basis of their academic strength and cogency. Your readers need to know that numerous faculty at the University as well as elsewhere contributed significantly in creating these institutions and of course in serving as the teaching staff. The article may have given the impression that these are one-person shows, which could not be further from the truth.

Secondly, at the NEH meetings of directors of newly funded projects, last week in Washington, D.C., there were three of us from Eugene. A number of people, including several program officers, noted strong representation from Eugene and my remark to Jim simply reported those comments. I did not use the word "burg" to refer to

Eugene. It is not a word in my vocabulary. I simply said for a small city, Eugene was well represented. It was thus a more a positive statement than I was quoted in the article as making.

Otherwise, the article was perfect.

David Curland
Foreign Language
Resource Center

Crazed Senator

"Warm kisses and cold showers" (ODE, Jan. 7) was typically written by a man. Packwood first apologizes for what he did "under the influence," then back-pedals and accuses the women! It is all so embarrassing, and he ought to quit before it all gets balled up and crazy.

Packwood is so taken with himself and his importance that he can't possibly have the energy left to represent Oregon in the Senate (only big timber that paid him off). He just made a wonderful showing in Oregon by

visiting little mills out in the bush, speaking to about 25 to 75 people at a time but never having the courage to face a big crowd in a big town.

He is satisfied. He is a coward, and who needs him? He is a laughing stock to Congress who lost his clout and I deeply resent having him as my (barely) elected representative. He is not helping Oregon but is trying to hold on for more power and money. Truly a lost soul!

Hilde K. Cherry
Eugene

Ignore whiners

Have we the students who faithfully support the athletic department at the University been reduced to wearing seat belts while watching such events? Specifically I was never more disappointed at the Civil War game in which the adult section as well as the so-called rowdy student section seemed as solemn as a church choir.

Why should we expect our teams to show up and play when we, the student body, permit complacency by remaining seated and producing only enough noise as which would compete with a glee club? As one of the eight rowdy guys that Dave Charbonneau described in his article (ODE, Jan. 18), I was shocked and confused as to why we were being reprimanded for showing our basketball team our appreciation for a game well played.

To those of you that our school spirit annoyed or frustrated, my right to stand and cheer for my team won't be violated. My advice to you whiners is to stay home in your arm-

chairs to watch the game and leave the school enthusiasm to the students who want to get a little rowdy.

McArthur court is known in the Pacific-10 Conference as one of the most intimidating arenas to play in. By keeping a few things in mind, this tradition can and will continue indefinitely. First, unbuckle those seat belts, stand up and make some noise. Second, stomp those feet and let's get those backboards shaking once again. Last, tell those whiners sitting behind you to be part of the solution, not part of the problem.

Jeff Borgnes
Psychology

LETTERS

The Oregon Daily Emerald will attempt to print all letters containing comments on topics of interest to the University community.

The Emerald reserves the right to edit any letter for length or style.

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