

## Amazon complex: UO should move forward

**OUR OPINION:** Amazon Coalition fights a losing battle over buildings that should come down

So many of us, from our preschool years all the way up to adulthood, have been caught in that nasty and often self-defeating web called the "little white lie."

The little white lie could be characterized as a tiny untruth told in a hurried response to an inconvenient question.

The problem begins when the teller of that tiny half-truth has to tell another lie to help cover, or validate, the first one. The result is that the first lie, a tiny germ of falsity, soon begins to evolve, divide and grow like some rabid amoeba. Those feisty amoebas can turn into huge snarling creatures that seriously injure feelings and damage human values such as trust and honor.

While we do not want to make any bold accusations, we believe that converting the Amazon Family Housing complex into a monument of history is not the real reason behind the Save Amazon Coalition's efforts to have the low-income apartments successfully placed on the National Registry of Historic Places. As of last Friday, a state board of historic preservation experts has Amazon Housing on the books as a historic place.

Save Amazon Coalition merely wants the University to keep and recondition the World War II-era buildings and is trying to use the new designation as leverage to do so.

As far being placed on the National Registry of Historic Places? Deady Hall is a his-

torical building. Amazon Housing is an eyesore.

Deady Hall has ivy and ornate moldings while the Amazon Housing complex is falling-down ugly and probably has mold.

We feel it is time for the Amazon Coalition to take a deep breath and let it go.

For too long, the University has been held responsible for providing low-income housing for a portion of the student body. The school is unique in this aspect as it is one of few institutions that does offer housing options to students who lack extra bundles of cash.

Students attending Portland State, Washington and California colleges pay premium market prices for housing. Those same students would probably die of shock or jealousy if they knew of the relatively inexpensive costs of student housing we have at and around this school.

Why should the University be the sole provider of student housing instead of the city or the county? Ideally, one solution could be a partnership among the three to house students. Maybe the Amazon Coalition should focus its efforts on this kind of angle.

There's no time like the present as the Eugene City Council currently has low-income housing on its agenda — a perfect opening for the Amazon Coalition.

The coalition should work with the city and other government agencies to come up with realistic proposals for student housing. The coalition should also stop faulting the University for being insensitive about a complex that should have been torn down years ago.



## Autumn season offers change in landscape, challenges for people

I just don't understand how people can not be in love with this incredibly beautiful time of year.

As I sit here typing this column, I can look out the window over the EMU courtyard and see a variety of trees completely blazing with color. Hues of red, gold, copper, brown, orange and yellow literally glow on this sunny October afternoon.

I'm reasonable though. There are several legitimate reasons why people may not enjoy the fall. It's a season tainted by a bittersweet, melancholy feeling. It's as if summer reached down and yanked away the welcome mat of sunshine and long lazy days — at least we can land on a soft pile of leaves.

The days do get shorter which means a lot less sunshine — something we need for our physical and emotional well-being. So, with shorter days and less daylight, people tend to get a little down.

An occasional case of the blues aside, autumn is my favorite time of year because there are so many incredible transformations in the landscape and in people as well. It seems that many of my "major" life experiences have taken place in the fall.

The first time I can remember rebelling against authority happened one fall while I lived with my family in California.

My dear Mom wanted me to wear, as I had obediently done so many times before, my stupid, uncomfortable yellow raincoat for the walk to my elementary school. For some reason, the last thing I wanted to look like as a hip first-grader that day was an overgrown duck. Something must have been ticking in my little mind on that monumental morning because I remember being

determined not to wear the thing. I distinctly recall walking out of the house, whipping that dumb coat off my back, and throwing it into the juniper bushes on the side of the house.

Of course, after school, the clouds dumped buckets of rain on me during the trek home. I remember thinking as I shivered and sloshed along, that one, throwing the raincoat in the juniper bushes wasn't the greatest idea after all, and two, I was in big trouble.

I remember walking with my parents through Stanford University's campus and kicking up huge leaves that the large oak and maple trees had shed. We strolled many times across those Palo Alto grounds in the direction of the football stadium.

The back yard of our California home was filled with apricot trees that got heavy with golden apricots late in August. My sister and I would "help" Dad rake up all the fruit that had fallen from the trees and sometimes we would attack each other with the rotten, gooey apricots.

They stunk and it was no fun when one landed on you.

In junior high (by this time the family had moved to Oregon), I tried out for and made the final cut on my eighth grade football team.

Tackle football — with black football shoes, shoulder pads, arm pads, thigh pads, knee pads, hip pads, a tailbone pad, black jerseys with gold numbers, and white helmets and pants. We felt like real football players but probably looked more like short lumpy kids in

oversized bags. My eighth and ninth grade football days were my glory years. I was a football player — a first-string defensive end. I was number 7-0 and big number seventy lived to kick butt every Friday afternoon at 4:00. I was even voted second toughest on the team.

I can still smell that same grass-and-mud smell and feel the cold bite in the air of those October-football afternoons.

I've also had some recent autumn experiences.

Three years ago I sat in a lawn chair surrounded by a carpet of multi-colored leaves at my folks' house in the country, and opened a letter from my biological mother whom I had found after a four-year search.

My parents sold that country home this summer. It was the house where I spent the majority of my life growing up and falling in love with this state.

I've seen autumn in other regions of the U.S. as well.

In northern Maine I saw those strange and beautifully bizarre northern lights. I climbed mountains there and looked down on low rolling foothills covered with colorful patchwork quilts of autumn.

When it's nice out, take a quick break and go for a walk across campus or some other equally tree-filled area. Watch the squirrels gather their goodies while they frantically scoot all over the ground like little brown slinkys. Grab a friend and drink hot chocolate, or walk with the crowd over the Autzen footbridge to a game at the stadium.

Whatever you do, don't let the magical changes of autumn pass you by.

The season is too mysterious and wonderful to not embrace.

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