

Guess what everybody? High school has ended

■ **OUR OPINION:** Violent parties need to grow up

Although college students are legally considered adults, it appears many of us are unclear on the definition of the word.

Ideally, as adults we are supposed to have some understanding of maturity and responsibility. But these concepts eluded party-goers on Hilyard street during the University Bookstore's 75th anniversary celebration.

Because of its large number of student habitations, Hilyard seems to be a quite common location for weekend parties.

This would be perfectly fine if the students who choose to consume mass quantities of alcohol at these parties did not often act like a group of hormonally challenged high school students whose parents are out of town for the weekend.

On May 31, 150 to 200 people attending a party at 1571 Hilyard St. moved into the parking garage of 715 1/2 E. 16th Ave. From 11 p.m. until 12 p.m., the sound of breaking bottles was reported, and a police officer was dispatched to assess the situation.

Fortunately, the crowd dispersed before the officer had to request their departure.

This occurrence luckily had a peaceful outcome. But past incidents did not conclude so calmly.

Last Oct. 30, tear gas was used to break up a party on the 600 block of E. 17th Ave. Officers told the crowd to disperse five times or they would be gassed. After the crowd failed to comply and the tear gas was thrown, many party-goers moved into a different corner of the

intersection.

It took three police sweeps in riot formation to control the situation.

Unfortunately, tear gas seems to be an ongoing theme at many University students' parties. At a party on 707 E. 17th Ave. on May 19, 1995, about five canisters of tear gas were released.

Apparently, after observing fires being set, street signs being pulled up and bottles flying toward civilians and cars, officers felt it necessary to break up the party. Imagine that.

What is so amazing about these events is that the students who inhabit these off-campus apartments and houses are usually not freshmen.

They are not the stereotypical fraternity members either. There is no ageist excuse for these events, though we often do not observe our parents throwing beer bottles in our front yards.

What separates the way we release tension on weekends from the way our parents relax? Maturity.

If any one of those volatile party-goers that insisted on ruining everyone else's night knew anything about respect for other people and their belongings, there wouldn't be riots or broken-up parties.

Either students, parents or some other generous individual is paying for this expensive education. We are here because we choose to be; we want to have a future.

Whether we like it or not, we are adults. Why don't we stop ignoring the responsibility and maturity that this title encompasses.



It's Dead Week, and the rivers are calling

The girl at Fred Meyer who rang up my groceries looked at me funny when I said to my buddy that the weather should make for a nice evening fishing. She said it was nice out, but she certainly wouldn't be FISHING.

Sometimes I forget that I'm living in the Kingdom of PC and people aren't CORRECT if they hurt critters.

Without going into her customer service faux pas, though, I'll tell you why I fish.

Fishing is more than just a trout in the pan over an evening campfire; I haven't actually had a pan-fried trout for a long time. I'd guess that of the last thousand or so fish I've caught, I've killed maybe a half dozen. It's not eating them that keeps me fishing.

In fact, it's not even catching them that makes fishing what it is.

If you learn to move quietly and fluidly in the outdoors, whether you're trout fishing or elk hunting or winter trekking or just out for a picnic, you'll see more birds, bobcats, deer, herons, badgers and other critters.

I've watched a wolverine and heard beavers sing. I've watched elk splashing in a pond like kids at a pool party. Fishing is not just about fish — watching kingfishers perform their acrobatic mating dance beats a limit of trout any day.

When you are fishing, though, you have to puzzle out challenges that you don't face in town. My favorite stunt was the Leader-Round-The-Stick trick.

I was wading upstream in a little creek when I came upon a deep dark pool with brush and hawthorne hanging over it. Sometimes you look at a hole like this and you just KNOW there's a big trout finning in the shadows.

Logjam at the head of it, narrow fast riffle below, submerged log, steep rocky bank, weedy bottom. Prescription for lurking lunger.

But no way to cast. The head of the pool, just below a snarl of logs and branches, looked to be the place to drop a fly, but sticking out from the logjam was a tangle of branches that would surely intercept the cast.

This was one of those set-ups that the fish gods seem to enjoy dropping on fishermen. One cast was all I was going to get — if I messed it up that trout was gone. I visualized the fly sailing over the pool, and I could see there was no way to land it where I wanted it without hitting sticks.

Then it dawned on me that hitting sticks on purpose was the way to do it. I estimated that if I could hit the closest branch with the leader, 10 or 12 inches above the fly, it might zing around the branch, then un-zing itself and drop innocently on the trout's nose.

I pulled out enough line to reach the downstream edge of the pool and sent a few sidearm casts up that way, flicking the line back and forth maybe a foot above the water.

I let out a few more feet, aimed for the branch tangle, guesstimated 12 inches up the leader

from the fly, then pinched the line.

It was picture-perfect. The leader collided gently with the brush, and the tippet wrapped itself around the branch. The fly sailed around and around the branch till it stopped.

Then it started back the other way, like a tether ball wrapping and then unwrapping itself around a pole. I'm sure the trout was watching in fascination as this psychotic fly zoomed around in circles.

The trout was ready when the bug suffered pilot error and splatted on the surface. The water erupted, and a 14-inch rainbow slammed into the fly.

The trout had only one escape option because of the upstream logjam. He could only come down toward me, which he did — at a high rate of speed.

I was amazed that the cast had worked like I'd planned it — not too amazed to set the hook, but evidently too amazed to react to the downstream charge. He'd lost the hook by the time he passed me.

It's this connection with the land and the wildlife that keeps outdoorsmen coming back for more. It's a different kind of learning from what

we've been getting in classrooms this term, and I'm looking forward to the switch.

And besides, what other sport offers you the possibility of hooking yourself in the ear with a green wienie or a rat-faced MacDougal?

Though lake fishing is a marvelous way to recover from the overload of a too-busy term, it's the creeks and rivers that really call to me.

Water ouzels bob along rocky banks; mergansers and wood ducks cruise the river's sparkling surface. Rising from the forested banks are tall snags where eagles sit. Herons wade in the shallows; rattling kingfishers skydive over the banks.

Whether you're wading the stream stalking trout or just resting on a rock in the sun, watching an osprey fish is one of life's top-rated highlights.

You spot the osprey atop a snag. It sails from its watchpost; angled wings and ruddered tail skidding the bird to a near-halt 40 feet above the river's surface. It hovers almost motionless, watching and waiting, then plummets.

Hitting the water with a splash that makes your head hurt, it reappears with a fat 14-inch rainbow. Heaving and struggling, it lifts off from the water, struggling to right itself with the writhing fish in its talons.

Now THAT'S fishing.

Kelly Andersson, a senior in journalism, is a columnist for the Emerald. She writes regularly for Washington-Oregon Game & Fish, and has also written for the Rocky Mt. Elk Foundation's Bugle and Wapiti magazines; Bowhunter, Amicus Journal, High Country News, Country Journal, Rural Heritage, GRIT, The Capital Press and The Oregonian.

Oregon Daily Emerald

P.O. BOX 17193 EUGENE, OREGON 97403

The Oregon Daily Emerald is published daily Monday through Friday during the school year and Tuesday and Thursday during the summer by the Oregon Daily Emerald Publishing Co., Inc., at the University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon. A member of the Associated Press, the Emerald operates independently of the University with offices at Suite 300 of the Erb Memorial Union.

Unsigned editorials represent the opinion of the Emerald editorial board; signed columns represent the opinion of the columnist.

The Emerald is private property. The unlawful removal or use of papers is prosecutable by law.

Editor-in-Chief: David Thon

Managing Editor: Marcolene Edwards

Night Editor: Karl Hastings

Community: Sherry Rainey, editor; Melissa Leblain, Dawn Paugh, Brian Womack

Higher Education: Regina Brown, editor; Jean M. Bond, Laura Kapshira, Jennifer Schmitt

Student Activities: Jennifer Carter, editor; Ashley Bach, Kristin Bailey, Doug Irving

Sports: Trevor Kearney, editor; Andrea DeYoung, assistant editor; Chris Hansen, Pete Schneider

Entertainment/Supplements: Nicole Krueger, editor

Freelance: Lara Pittman, editor

On-Line: Joshua Olson, editor

Editorial: David Bartlett, Nicole Kristal, editors; Kelly Andersson, Jesse Bohrer-Clancy, Keith Cunningham, Larry Holt, Kay Krautschick, Gorja Sherwood

Copy Desk: Karl Hastings, copy chief; Paige Bills, Anna Beth Grimes, Tracy Picha, Paul Van Sickle

Photography: Matthew Giffler, editor; Andrew Brackensack, En Min Chang, Elena Gerber, Shannon Kilduff, Darcie Weinman

Graphics: Dennis Bult, Matt Garton

General Manager: Judy Reed

Advertising: Becky Merchant, director; Anne Amador, Lee Yen Bell, Yujin Oh, Marcus Cheng, Justin Gober, Niko Harper, Matt Johnson, Heather Johnson, Sarah Mitchell, Trina Shanaman

Production: Michele Ross, manager; Ingrid White, coordinator; Shawna Abels, Rachel Cunningham, Laura Daniel, Nicole Herzmark, Carrie Jones, Tara Knight, Molly McCants, Carly Schlenker, Allison Stormo, Michael Young

Business: Kathy Carbone, supervisor; Judy Connolly

Distribution: Jeff Johnson, John Long, Ferenc Rakocz

Classified: Tara Gaultney, manager; Jennifer Neel, Jill Sellen

Newsroom: (541) 346-5511

Display Advertising: (541) 346-3712

Business Office: (541) 346-5512

Classified Advertising: (541) 346-4343