

opinion

No draft

We're being taken to the cleaners and treated like some politician's dirty laundry.

The only thing they are not doing is sorting us into whites and colors. Instead, we're all heavily soiled, if we're between the ages of 18 and 25.

Congressional supporters of the draft are trying to ram draft registration down our throats, but our faces are not yet turning purple.

Senate Joint Memorial 8, introduced by the Senate Judiciary committee at the request of Senator Jan Wyers, is scheduled to be introduced to the senate this week and sent to committee.

The memorial, if passed, will put Oregon on record asking Congress to oppose any reinstatement of the draft.

Senate Joint Memorial 8 asks that "... no citizen of the United States be required to reghister for, be classified for, or be inducted into the Armed Forces of the United States except following a declaration of war by the Congress of the United States."

We need to make sure that the legislative assembly knows that we do not support draft reinstatement. But, they're not mind readers. We have to do our share and tell them, today. Pick up the telephone or drop a note to Senator Dick Groener from Milwaukie. Tell him that you support Senate Joint Memorial 8.

Sure, everything will come out in the wash, but it all depends on what laundry detergent you use. CB



Now, before we move in together, there are just a few things I'd like you to agree to

guest shot

By Kathy McMahon
For The Print

Today our newspaper headlines not only inform us of environmental disasters and political scandals, but of men raping their wives and cohabitation partners, and suing each other for what they claim is rightfully theirs—according to whom, or by what standards, no one is quite sure. Yet this seems to make little difference, for the number of cases is steadily increasing, possibly even becoming the basis for a new American fad.

A perfect example of this is the Lee Marvin—Michele Triola Marvin incident. The two had lived together for seven years; they split up and he remarried. She filed suit against

him, claiming she was due one half of his income for that time they spent together—which amounted to a mere \$3.5 million.

Unfortunately, the court didn't see things quite her way, allotting her only \$105,000 of the requested sum. Now her lawyer is demanding \$500,000 for his services which leaves poor Michele Triola in quite a predicament. However, due to her inability to pay, the state has graciously taken over her debt.

As can be seen, Miss Triola and Lee Marvin had not been married and had no legal commitments; they had only lived together, which obviously must have been a joint

decision. But, because Miss Triola shared an intimate relationship with Mr. Marvin and had devoted her precious time to him, she felt justified in demanding one half of his income during those seven years.

In essence this situation is implying that because two people share an intimate relationship and spend time together, they are automatically entitled to a percentage of the other person's income, belongings or whatever else the court will countable instances to which this practice will apply: the living together situation where things just don't work out; the weekend romance-get away to the cozy, isolated, intimate ravine; the businessman's frequent out-of-town excursions where he and his secretary become on more than "friendly terms"; the bar pick-up occasion where you spend the night with your newly found, short-lived lover or the Saturday night date where things get just a little too hot 'n heavy in the back seat.

In other words, every intimate relationship can potentially cost you if there is a sexual involvement, and if you spend some amount of time devoted to that person. How, then, can we protect ourselves from this infringing injustice?

My proposal to this newly arisen perplexity is that a contract be formed, that would protect each individual's finances and personal belongings from all of his or her intimate acquaintances. It would read something similar to: "Let it be understood on this date forth, that our relationship does not entitle you to any of my finances or personal belongings (with one exception, you are well aware of), unless I so desire otherwise. Please sign your full name on the dotted line. Thank you!" (And it would be recommended that the contract holder explain in detail the one exception, if by chance it hasn't already been presented.)

This contract would be a legal document, holding as high value and regard as all other legal documents do. Its purpose is strictly to protect oneself from all sticky affairs such as the Marvin-Triola incident, without having to restrain from or give up the enjoyable encounters that lead to that sticky, undesirable situation. The old saying, "It's better to be safe, than sorry," holds more truth now in relationships, than ever before.

However, the benefits of this new contract don't stop with just personal protection for each individual, but just think what they can do for the adver-

tising industry. I can see it now, "protect yourself—get your legal contract," advertised in magazines and newspapers next to the familiar contraceptive ads; not to mention the promising TV commercials and billboard attractions this could create.

As for sales, these contracts could be purchased through a booth similar to Fotomat in your favorite community shopping center, or behind the drug counter in line with "those types of things," and for all we know they may become a familiar sight in dispensors on bathroom walls of gas stations, bars . . . the possibilities are unlimited.

Of course, reviewing the problem we see that another solution is possible, but it's highly unlikely of the American people. This solution calls for thinking ahead and preventing oneself from getting into any situation that may be damaging to one's well being. However, this preplanning, reasoning and use of optimism is too much to ask for and highly improbable at best.

Thus, my proposal for legal contracts remains the most warranted, well thought out solution to our modern day dilemma of how much are we actually losing of ourselves and putting up for grabs per intimate acquaintance?

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the print

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