

features

the print

Hunting with security

By Steve Lee

The white Ford Granada pulls out of its reserved parking space in front of the Security Trailer at 8 a.m. sharp. The driver is the guide, and the passenger is the hunter. They're out to fill their tags.

"We'll get your tag filled today, Mr. Tracy," says the driver, in jest.

"I hope so," answers the hunter. "Yesterday all we bagged were a couple of Cougars, a Pinto, and a Bobcat. Today I think we can knock off a rare silver Firebird or two if we hunt down near visitor's parking."

"Hunting's been rather good this year, hasn't it, sir?"

"Yes, quite pleasant, actually. We've been able to hunt any time of day and be assured of bringing home a trophy. It seems the animals have multiplied."

Their job is to thin out the ornery and troublesome animals from the rest of the reserve. It is an unending job, and they receive little thanks for their perseverance; but it isn't too difficult, as there are all too many wild beasts migrating beyond the bounds.

The radio's playing "The Lion Sleeps Tonight." The patrol car slips up behind a row of animals in a special area of the reserve--the handicapped area. A bay maverick is feeling his oats and is galloping into the special area. The guide accelerates wildly--whaaaaa. And with a loud screeeeeee he stops just ahead of the maverick, neatly cutting the young stallion off at the entrance to the special area.

Since the young animal has had a good record of staying within the bounds of the preserve and hasn't given the hunters much of a problem, he is led back to the general area and turned loose.

Continuing further down the trail the guide spots an old jaguar in a "No Parking" zone.

"There's one that has had time to learn, sir. Would you care to bag him?"

"Yes, I would, Master Starsky. He looks to be a prime specimen, doesn't he?"

The hunter steps out of the car as it brakes to a stop, his mirror-shined combat boots sparkle in the sunlight as he strides up to the offending animal. With his feet spread shoulder-width apart, the hunter copies down all the necessary information to fill out his tag. The charge is worded with military preciseness so it cannot be appealed. A wicked smile creeps onto his face--joy beyond measure.

As the hunter steps back into the patrol car, the guide asks, "How many is that this week, Mr. Tracy? Have you broken your record set during registration week?"

"No, Master Starsky, but it's close. I do believe that four or five would do the trick."

Once more on the road, they're cruising slowly through the visitor's parking lot. And there they are--six animals, all waiting to become part of Mr. Tracey's new record. Two Impalas, a Beetle, a little white Rabbit, a fast Road Runner...and a silver Firebird.

The guide turns up the radio for the occasion and the "Theme From S.W.A.T." blares across the lot. After a few minutes Mr. Tracy returns to the car.

"I need more tags, Master Starsky. It seems my hand is cramping, as well."

Mr. Tracy alternately flexed and massaged his hand as his partner placed a fresh tag book in his leather clipboard. He filled out tags for the two remaining animals and hummed "The Ballad of The Green Berets" to

himself as he walked back to the car. Tossing the clipboard through the open window, he stretched in the warm morning sun.

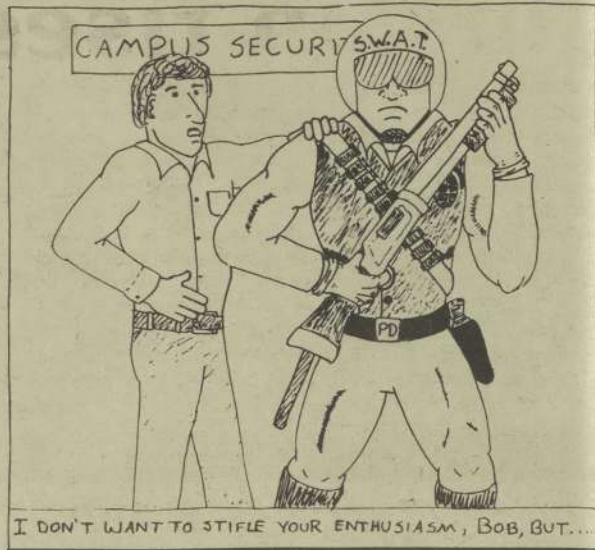
"I believe this will be a prime day for hunting, Master Starsky."

"I think so, too, sir. Now that you have a new record to break."

The hunter stepped back into the patrol car, settling it on its shocks a bit. Just as he lifted his rear foot from the pavement the guide motored the car slowly toward the next hunting area. The hunter held his foot suspended two inches above the road for a second or two as the car picked up speed, then brought it inside and pulled the door closed.

The radio was playing, "Another One Bites The Dust."

Seriously, Campus Security personnel are not hunters, neither are students or faculty



I DON'T WANT TO STEAL YOUR ENTHUSIASM, BOB, BUT...

autos a pack of animals. But due to flagrant disregard of traffic rules on campus, Security is forced to hand out many, many tickets to all offenders--students and faculty alike. If you think you need to park in a special or authorized zone, then go to the Security trailer and get permission. They are quite willing to grant favors to those with valid reasons. But if you get a ticket, don't expect any mercy, especially if you're a repeat offender.

Tickets can be paid at the cashier's window in the Community Center. Violators have 10 days to pay up--after that the fine is doubled. Some may

think Security is powerless if fines are ignored, but don't be fooled. If you are a violator, your grades can be held, you may not be allowed to register, and what's more, your car can be towed...at your expense!

The above story was based on events in the lives of real people. The names were changed for security reasons.

"When a man sits with a pretty girl for an hour, it seems like a minute. But let him sit on a hot stove for a minute-- and it's longer than any hour. That's relativity."--ALBERT EINSTEIN.

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