

OREGON COMMENTATOR

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Mission Statement

The Oregon Commentator is an independent journal of opinion published at the University of Oregon for the campus community. Founded by a group of concerned student journalists on September 27, 1983, the Commentator has had a major impact in the "war of ideas" on campus, providing students with an alternative to the left-wing orthodoxy promoted by other student publications, professors and student groups. During its twenty-six year existence, it has enabled University students to hear both sides of issues. Our paper combines reporting with opinion, humor and feature articles. We have won national recognition for our commitment to journalistic excellence.

The Oregon Commentator is operated as a program of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon (ASUO) and is staffed solely by volunteer editors and writers. The paper is funded through student incidental fees, advertising revenue and private donations. We print a wide variety of material, but our main purpose is to show students that a political philosophy of conservatism, free thought and individual liberty is an intelligent way of looking at the world—contrary to what they might hear in classrooms and on campus. In general, editors of the Commentator share beliefs in the following:

- We believe that the University should be a forum for rational and informed debate—instead of the current climate in which ideological dogma, political correctness, fashion and mob mentality interfere with academic pursuit.
- We emphatically oppose totalitarianism and its apologists.
- We believe that it is important for the University community to view the world realistically, intelligently, and above all, rationally.
- We believe that any attempt to establish utopia is bound to meet with failure and, more often than not, disaster.
- We believe that while it would be foolish to praise or agree mindlessly with everything our nation does, it is both ungrateful and dishonest not to acknowledge the tremendous blessings and benefits we receive as Americans.
- We believe that free enterprise and economic growth, especially at the local level, provide the basis for a sound society.
- We believe that the University is an important battleground in the "war of ideas" and that the outcome of political battles of the future are, to a large degree, being determined on campuses today.
- We believe that a code of honor, integrity, pride and rationality are the fundamental characteristics for individual success.

Socialism guarantees the right to work. However, we believe that the right not to work is fundamental to individual liberty. Apathy is a human right.

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS

The Eugene Police Department is out to ruin your good time. Knowing what your rights are can help protect you and beer

There is a cornucopia of horrors that come with being a college student. Final exams, midterms, RA's and even annoying roommates. The scariest of horrors to UO students has recently become one that is meant to protect and serve, the Eugene Police. The Eugene Police Department is starting to scare more college students than the Halloween Movie franchise. Just when you think that the horror has died down it resurfaces like a cheap plotline loophole. If a cop is not administering his Taser on a protester armed with water, they are breaking into an exchange student's apartment to administer some "justice".

Now I could go on for a whole magazine detailing one of the many Taser incidents that have happened in Eugene. But I will spare you the shock, and get to a much scarier story. One of ill-minded cops taking away an innocent college student's kegs.

This past summer University of Oregon senior Corey Smith came to a sad realization: he was nearing his last days of Summer vacation ever. Smith, like any good college senior, came up with a plan to celebrate the bittersweet night—throw a triple kegger.

So Smith set up a Facebook group inviting his closest friends who were about to go through the same summer vacation withdrawals as him. The Friday before the party he gathered up enough money for beer and headed down to the beerdocks to buy some kegs. He returned overjoyed with some top of the line Oregon brews, Drop Top Amber Ale, Ninkasi Total Domination and the Ninkasi Pale Ale. The weekend he had

been dreading all summer finally started looking like it was going to be one to remember. Then the cops came.

Smith was keeping a low profile on Friday night—he did not want to wear himself out for the end of summer bash that he was about to throw. Around 7 PM, barely two hours after he had purchased the kegs, he heard the dreaded cop knock all students fear at the front door. "Eugene Police! Open Up" the police shouted. Smith, bewildered went to the door to see if this was all a horrible farce or if the cops actually came to bust four guys watching a movie.

The cops promptly entered demanding to know where the kegs are. Smith told them that they were keeping the kegs at three different houses so they would all be properly refrigerated for the upcoming party. The cops did not appreciate

Smith's answer and told him that he was under arrest for false swearing because the kegs were required to be at the house where he was throwing the party.

Smith brought out the paperwork for the kegs and showed the police that the party was going to be held on Sunday. The cops did not appreciate Smith's attempts to prove that they were being unruly and demanded to be taken to all the kegs. One by one they began to confiscate all the precious beer over fifty hours before the party. To make matters worse as they began to haul away the kegs one of the more

"The weekend he had been dreading all summer finally started looking like it was going to be one to remember. Then the cops came."

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Ask the Lawyer

█,
Recently we took our little trip to the CN conference. In OC fashion, we █
█ Can I write about this, or is there the possibility of facing legal ramifications since the action was █?

Thanks!

The Company

Our Lawyer Responds:

If a cop was motivated enough to read what you wrote and cite you, yeah, that could lead to trouble. However, at this point said cop would have no evidence other than your written admission. Which you could always retract if things got sticky. "I was kidding! Never would I █" How would the state prove its case?

Shameless Promotion

Dane,

I'm glad you guys enjoyed the conference. I'm looking forward to reading the *Commentator* book now that I'll have some free time. Will was reading excerpts on Sunday afternoon as we were packing everything up and he couldn't stop laughing, so I'm looking forward to it.

Amanda Yasenchak
Director
Collegiate Network

You've Got a Friend in Me

Dear Duck Sports News:
We've set up a cross-posting of trash talk between ourselves and

a student blog from Arizona, the Desert Lamp (www.desertlamp.com)

Wondering if you'd like to post a link to your site or publicize it or something? Our goal is to get the entire Duck Nation out to comment on the posts and talk some trash of their own! (cleanly, of course. "Yo momma" jokes not necessary) Our rebuttal post will go on desertlamp.com later today. Go Ducks!

Duck Sports News Responds:

Dane -

Thanks for thinking about Duck Sports News.

We like the banter, and back-and-forth. However, due to the expletives used in this particular thread, we're not going to be able to link it. We like to link to SFW content, not NSFW content(I think that's a double-negative, but still not a postive).

If there is a sanitized version, please let us know.

Keep up the good work there at the *Commentator*. I've been a fan since I was a student at Oregon.

Feel free to email anytime.

Thanks again,
One Click Sports News
By Jay Jones, Manager

The OC Responds:

Jay,

No worries, I understand wanting to control the content on your site. Oregonlive.com linked to us so I guess that's at least some encouragement for getting the back-and-forth going. I don't expect a sanitized version to be coming out, but I appreciate the response!

Thanks,
Dane

Duck Sports News Responds:

Well, I would expect nothing less from those godless, commie, dictator-loving, left-wing hippies at the Oregonian.

Next thing you know, the Eugene Weekly and Willamette Week will put you on their blog-roll.

Jay

Text Messages A-Go-Go

OC Staffer: I washed it twice but I can't get the vomit stains out of my Sudsy shirt. I would assume that happens to everyone, right? Does that mean I am inducted officially?

Dane: Straight to the "Wall of Stain"

OC Staffer: With my number too blurry to be read and some random hand print blood stains.

Dane: Just like all the rest.

Dane: Is it your vomit?

OC Staffer: I took a fifth on that question. I may have been inebriated and cannot bear accurate witness to such events.

Dane: The question is, who are you protecting?

OC Staffer: Balloon Boy and I split a gallon of tequila but he passed out ten minutes before we finished power hour so I had to empty the bottle solo. The usual study sesh.

Dane: Yeah, preteens are lightweights.



asks ...

Why are you on the "naughty" list?



Arizona Fans:
For jumping the gun.

Jews:
For killing Jesus.



Christians:
For killing everyone else.

Muslims:
You know why.



Liberals:
For killing the fun.

Jason Statham:
For Crank 2: High Voltage.



**UO PRESIDENT RICHARD "DICK" LARIVIERE'S
HATWATCH 2009**

**This Week:
Santa Hat**

**"All I want for
Christmas is the
Oregon
Commentator's
New Book
By the Barrel: 25
Years of the Oregon
Commentator. Only
\$10"**



**Sudsy
Says:**

**"Being the
first to throw
up at the
party is like cross-
ing the finish line
first. And drunk."**



Sudsy Busted! Corrections

* In the last issue Pete Lesiak looked at the "Lighter Side of Global Warming". Global warming isn't funny. Al Gore is an epidemic. The *Commentator* regrets the error.

HOW TO HAVE FUN WITH THE SCARY GUY YOU MET AT THE DMV*

*THIS IS A CONTINUATION OF LAST WEEK'S COLUMN: "HOW TO MEET A SCARY GUY AT THE DMV".



SCARY GUY IS PROBABLY GOING TO WANT TO DRIVE YOUR CAR. THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD; BUT BEAR IN MIND THAT THERE'S NO LEGAL RECORD OF HIS EXISTENCE.



SCARY GUY'S GOING TO WANT TO SCORE SOME SMACK. BE SURE HE DOESN'T MESS UP THE DEAL, OR YOU'RE BOTH AS GOOD AS DEAD.



SCARY GUY'S GOING TO WANT SOME TAIL. CALL UP ONE OF YOUR LOOSE FRIENDS; SAY THERE'S SOME TECATE IN IT FOR HER IF SHE COOPERATES



INEVITABLY, SCARY GUY WILL ABSCOND WITH YOUR WALLET, SO TAKE OUT YOUR PLASTIC BEFOREHAND TO CIRCUMVENT LATER COMPLICATIONS.

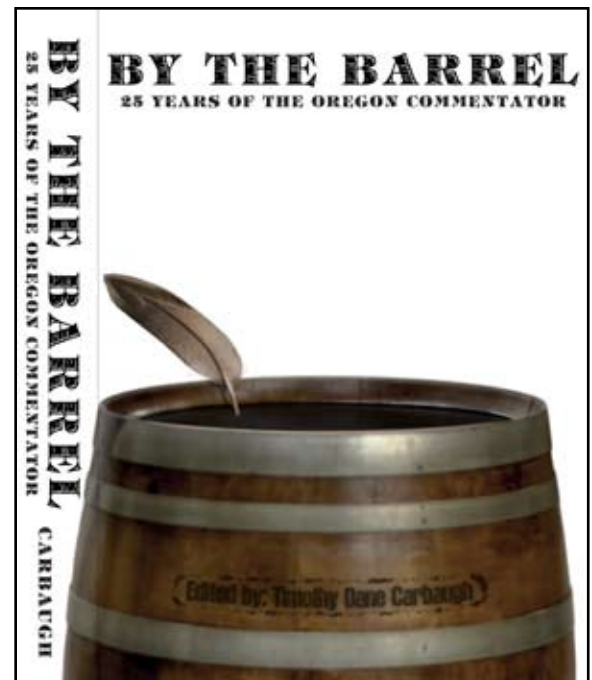
By the Barrel: 25 Years of the Oregon Commentator now at the UO bookstore

The Oregon Commentator's 25th Anniversary was celebrated with the publication of a book titled *By the Barrel: 25 Years of the Oregon Commentator*.

Current *Commentator* publisher T. Dane Carbaugh served as the editor for the book, compiling his own research to create a 70-page narrative for the book that includes everything from internal power struggles to cries of racism.

The rest of the book, which is about 350 pages, is filled with primary documents, narratives and memoriams written by *Commentator* alumni.

At only \$10 at the UO bookstore (as well as the bookstore's website www.uoduckstore.com) the book should make a great stocking stuffer. It can also be purchased from the *Commentator* directly by contacting them through their website www.oregoncommentator.com





(Undercover at Powershift West... On Shrooms)

Secret (Drug-Crazed) Squirrel

It was a breezy afternoon on Sunday, November 8th. There was an eerie scent of patchouli oil emanating from the EMU amphitheater. I had just ingested about 5 grams of psychedelic mushrooms and was walking to the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. I managed to make it inside and past the reception desk just in time for the walls to start melting.

I was surveying the extra palette of colors I had just acquired when I received a text message from an OC staffer. We had made plans to cover Powershift West this weekend and I had completely forgotten. It took a good twenty minutes worth of staring at the blueprints to Batman's lair, marveling at the basic lines that swirled in and out of each other and zig-zagged in all directions, before I realized I needed to text him back.

I decided that I had better hold up my duty to contribute to the story and at least investigate the conference despite my utter inability to effectively report on the reality that I had recently been disconnected from. "Ok, I'm tripping on shrooms," I sent him, "Let's go."

I walked outside and the cool air made

my face tingle. I proceeded down the sidewalk toward the EMU, where I saw a large group of people surrounding a massive globe in the middle of the amphitheater. "They must be worshipping it," I thought to myself.

Sure enough, as I crossed the street, I could hear them chanting, "This is what democracy looks like! This is what democracy looks like!" This was a little disturbing, especially to the vulnerable roller coaster that is the human brain on drugs. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out why they perceived this giant green and blue ball to be democracy.

However, it was not so disturbing as

"I had just ingested about 5 grams of psychedelic mushrooms and was walking to the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. I managed to make it inside and past the reception desk just in time for the walls to start melting."





*An unknown OC staffer with a windmill made out of PVC pipe.
Go Earth!*

to throw me over the edge. On the contrary, I found them highly amusing. The crowd was littered with stupid hats. It seemed to me that, if you want to care about the earth, you require a certain attire: Bare feet, patchouli oil and a stupid looking hat.

I'm afraid my amusement didn't last long. The chanting became louder and the mass of oily OSPIRG-loving students began to march. I could hear every loud, echoing step they took in unison. My anxiety grew, and my gaze darted from one sinister looking hat to the next.

Over the heads of the people in the crowd, I could see a small crane-like vehicle on 13th Avenue and wondered, "What is that doing here?" Then, my eyes beheld a spectacle that my intoxicated mind just couldn't take. The mass of barefoot OSPIRG-loving students that had begun to envelop me were constructing windmills! I watched hopelessly as windmills

were erected all around me. Staring into the center of one, I felt my trip begin to peak.

The marching grew to a cacophony and the chanting rose higher. "This is what democracy looks like! This is what democracy looks like!" A windmill in the distance took a deep breath and floated towards me. The shaft began to turn and the blades began to swirl. At this point, the windmill seemed to be right in front of my face. I was losing it.

My mind flooded with absurd notions that frightened my vulnerable mind: "OSPIRG is taking over. They've been refunded! They've planted windmill seeds on University Street and the extra sun that's being attracted by the hippies is making them sprout up like weeds!" Then, it all made sense. "Weeds..." I thought. "Weed, that's what I need!" I needed to find my dorm. I needed to chill out. I needed weed.

Dorm-bound, I struggled to find my way out of the dread-locked patchouli forest. I put as much distance between myself and the newly erected kaleidoscopic windmills behind me.

Back at the dorm, I found my roommate whom had been shrooming that afternoon as well. He was wholeheartedly in favor of my idea. We went to a friends house where we smoked some marijuana and recounted our experiences.

I told them about my journey from the museum that bordered on mental instability. I told them about the preposterous ideas that my impressionable mind had fabricated in the amphitheater and we laughed. "Obviously," I said, "there was only one way to survive." Drugs.



Secret Squirrel is not a contributor to the Oregon Commentator and may in fact be a patchouli-soaked hippie himself.

18,804

Oregon Commentator blog page views for the month of October.
(www.oregoncommentator.com)

37

Ethics law Violations that Gov. Mark Sanford of South Carolina is facing regarding campaign finances, and semi-attractive Argentinian women.

12.5

U.S. Gross Domestic Product in trillions of dollars

12

U.S. government debt in trillions of dollars

10

Dollar price of *By the Barrel: 25 Years of the Oregon Commentator*.



STATS

Kiefer VerSteegh

300,000

Confirmed mindless drones who purchased Palin's book, *Going Rogue* on opening day.

2012

Year the world will explode, shortly after going rogue.

15

Millions of taxpayers that owe

\$250 or more to the government due to faulty tax withholding under the IRS' distribution

40

Billion dollar cost of the potential 40,000 troop surge in Afghanistan that Carl Levin, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, said should be paid for by income taxes on higher-income Americans.

6

Dollar amount, in billions, that Goldman Sachs Group Inc. paid worldwide in taxes for 2007

14

Dollar amount, in millions, that Goldman Sachs Group Inc. is expecting to pay world wide for taxes in 2008.



32

Israel's ranking (out of 180 from best to worst) in Transparency International's Annual Corruption Perception Index, with Iran at 168th and Palestine not recognized.

THANK GOD FOR

THE INTERNET

REMEMBER THE DAYS BEFORE OUR BELOVED INFOBAHN? WHEN PEOPLE RODE AROUND ON RICKSHAWS, BEAT THEIR KIDS WITH A SWITCH, AND BLED THE SICK TO CURE CONSUMPTION? WELL, WE CAN AGREE THAT "ASK.COM" ALONE HAS SOLVED PRETTY MUCH ALL OF THOSE PROBLEMS. HERE ARE SOME RESOURCES THAT I, AN EXPERIENCED WEBSURFER, WILL ALLOW YOU TO BE PRIVY TO: DID YOU EVER DESIRE TO SEE YOUR FAVORITE CARTOON CHARACTERS HAVING SEX WITH EACH OTHER? FANTASIZE IN A DARKENED ROOM NO LONGER, BECAUSE THE DREAM HAS BECOME REALITY: YOU'RE ONLY AN IMAGE SEARCH AWAY FROM SEEING ELMER FUDD AND WILEY COYOTE DOUBLE-TEAM BUGS BUNNY WHILE PORKY WATCHES. TOO BAD THAT VASELINE ISN'T AVAILABLE ON THE NET, TOO, RIGHT? THAT YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVIDE FOR YOURSELF. WANT TO EXACT REVENGE UPON A LYING, CHEATING, SHITBAG EX-SIGNIFICANT OTHER?

THE SOONER YOU SEARCH THEIR NAME AND FIND THEIR NEW ADDRESS AND EMPLOYER, THE SOONER THEY'LL BE REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE TRUNK OF YOUR CAR AS IT HURTTLES OFF OF A TALL BRIDGE. ARE YOU A RAMPANT SEXUAL PREDATOR? LICK YOUR LIPS, STOCK UP ON ROHYPNOL, LOG INTO A SOCIAL NETWORKING SITE, AND BASK IN THE GLORY OF ANONYMITY. BALDING? HEAVY-SET? SIXTY-TWO? NOWADAYS, NO ONE HAS TO KNOW THAT UNTIL YOU'RE PURSUING THEM THROUGH THE PARK WITH A TIRE IRON.

WANT TO BE VICTIMIZED BY A MYRIAD OF RIDICULOUS MONEYMAKING SCHEMES? DID YOU KNOW THAT GOOGLE WANTS TO CUT YOU A CHECK FOR EATING ICE CREAM IN YOUR BEDROOM ALL NIGHT? AND THAT STRANGE MEN IN HATS WILL PAY YOU TO GO SHOPPING IF YOU YIELD TO THEIR TERMS & CONDITIONS?*

*Restrictions apply. Also, we've nothing to do with Google: we're a sect of the Croatian mafia and if you actually respond to this you will be legally obligated to surrender yourself to our vast and terrible prostitution ring where you will be forced to perform shameful sex acts on oil barons while other oil barons watch. **Terms and conditions: you agree, by participating in our promotion, that you will forfeit every cent you own to a mysterious bank account, and that you will subsequently commit suicide by leaping from a tall building - not, however, before you've donned a leotard and sang a Wayne Newton song of our choosing because you were too much of a fuckwit to read the fine print.

IF YOU FANCY YOURSELF A DYED-IN-THE-WOOL SUCKER, THEN THE INTERNET IS THE PLACE FOR YOU TO SUCK. BUT BEWARE: YOU'RE IN COMPETITION WITH OTHER SUCKERS, TOO. REMEMBER: THE "OFFER ENDS SOON," SO DON'T BE LEFT IN THE DUST LIKE THE OTHER LOSERS.

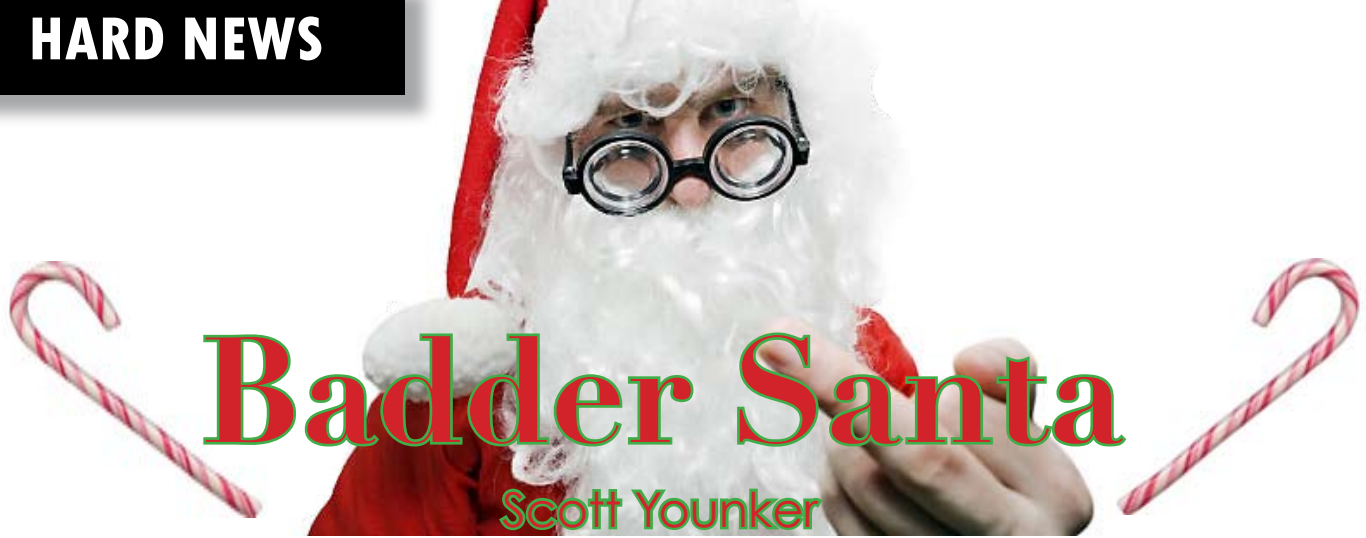
THAT'S JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG. IT WOULD PROBABLY TAKE TWELVE INTERNET DAYS (106 YEARS) TO DEVISE AN EXHAUSTIVE LIST OF THE 'NET'S VARIOUS APPLICATIONS; BUT BY THAT TIME, THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY WILL BE SO L33T (THAT'S WEB SLANG FOR "ELITE"), THAT IT WILL LOG INTO US.



This email is to inform you that you have email



Henry Jinings



Snow falls lazily as Officer Denny Holly knocks on the door of a small house snuggled in a quiet neighborhood. No one answers the door.

Holly knocks again but again no sounds come from the house. He looks back at his partner, Lieutenant Carol Snowe, "I think we've got another one." She nods and gives him the go-ahead.

Holly tries the doorknob and finds it unlocked. The officer pushes the door open only to be assaulted by putrid smell. Officer Snowe winces and tells Holly to keep going. Covering his face with one arm Holly slowly enters gun pointed straight ahead.

It doesn't take them long to find the body of the home owner. A light foam encrusted around his mouth and a wild look lay in the man's lifeless face. Holly lightly taps the body with one foot and sighs.

"Third one this week, it's getting to be a huge problem," he says gesturing at some implements on the coffee table next to the body.

A somewhat melted spoon lies next to a beat up Zippo lighter. A hammer hangs over the edge of the table looking as though it will fall at any moment. Lt. Snowe picks up the crushed remnants of a candy cane off the table. Holding the pile up she says, "Used to be that this symbolized good things, Holiday things, now...look at it, I can't even smell peppermint without thinking of dead elves and melted spoons."

It's been a rough Christmas for the North Pole Police Department. Since the beginning of December twelve cases of elves over-dosing on candy canes have cropped, the latest one a Buddy Mistletoe, brings it the total to thirteen along with one teenager found near Pole High School.

Candy Red, the NPPD spokesperson, said in a press conference that stopping Cane would be the biggest priority of the department this winter.

"It's been a struggle considering how popular the candy is during the holidays," she said. "Most people can't fathom getting rid of them but the

problem continues to get worse especially with young adults."

Candy canes are generally considered a good thing. The sweet peppermint treat is usually used as decoration on Christmas trees or as treats for children.

Unfortunately with the rise of a suburban class in the elf community of the North Pole many of the younger adults (mostly yuppies and college students) have begun looking for new ways to have fun. Their experiments led them to different holiday favorites.

At first the problem was small, relegated mostly to the University of the North Pole campus. Two young elves were found passed out in the library after they had snorted some sugar plums in late 2006.

It didn't explode until someone experimented with melting the canes down and injecting it into their bodies intravenously, somewhat similar to crack cocaine or heroin.

After that the drug exploded in popular among college students. It was the new party drug and many affluent students were quickly falling into addiction.

The Fight Against Cane

Newsweek called Cane, also known as "Caning" and "Pep", the "80s cocaine for young elves." The description seems apt considering the amount of Cane that can be found in elf night clubs like "Twas the Night". Owner Ham Honey believes that it's okay for people to do the drug in his club.

"It's still legal, ain't it? If those kids want to come in here and get high, who am I to stop them? I figure it's safer in here than it is in one of their dorm rooms where their stoned friend probably won't get help."

His stance is a controversial one that has some groups like Parents Against Drug Doing Youth (PADDY) calling for the closure of Twas the Night and

the illegalization of candy canes.

Pot Sweets, a mother whose son overdosed on Cane, realizes that the illegalization of candy canes is an uphill battle. Even she has problems with the idea because of its symbolic nature within the elf community.

"How do you ban something that people around the world, not just here, love so dearly?" she says in her PADDY's office surround by pictures of victims of Cane. "It feels impossible at times but we've got to do something, more kids are going to die if we don't."

So far no word has come down from Santa Claus, but there are rumors that he will be speaking on the matter in the coming weeks. Mrs. Claus has announced her sympathy for the parents who have lost young ones to the drug.

In the Congress a bill was drafted to make the sale of Cane or possession of less than an ounce of candy canes illegal. According to a presenter during the process, some enterprising individuals have begun to sell a pre-crushed variety that might be laced with things like ginger bread or sugar cookies, a potentially dangerous combination.

The bill passed in the Elf House but it's yet to make it out the Elf Senate the provisions are still being debated. It remains to be seen what the Senate will put in their bill as some there don't believe that the drug can be regulated.

"It's the most popular candy on the market," says Sen. Chris Tree. "You can't just take it away."

A Holiday-Altering Experience

Of course, not many agree with the new push to ban candy canes. Many students on the University of the North Pole campus are pro-Cane and a couple of groups have popped up on the University with the intent to keep candy canes legal.

The leader of the largest group, Bethel Goose of Cane Loving Academic Undergraduates, says that Caning is one of the best life experiences a young elf can have.

"Caning opens up your mind to new experiences and thoughts," she said. "The first time that I tried Cane I saw dancing sugar plums for a week straight. Amazing, just amazing."

Similar to hookah circles on American college campus, Caning circles have cropped up at UNP, especially during the weekends when many young elves party.

Groups of students huddle around a small table with built hammer and lines to pour the crushed candy cane into for snorting. It's not uncommon to see two or three of these tables set up near the dormitories on a wintery afternoon.

"You've never heard a Christmas carol until you've seen it done by a bunch of out caned-out freshmen," says UNP sophomore Cheer Partridge.

While hallucinations and loud caroling are common affects from the holiday treat it has led to other more profound experiences. One such effect that some elves noticed is an unrelenting brightening of the nose, it's describe as the Rudolph effect. Apparently, the nose begins to glow bright red and guides the caned through the fog and the rain.

Snowed In

For now the debate continues to rage across all spectrums of the North Pole elf community about the problems of Caning. It's not one that will be solved any time soon.

As the medical examiners finish with their work on the crime scene in the overdosed elf's house, Officer Holly gets a radio message ordering him and Snowe across town. He slowly shakes his head as he listens to the dispatcher.

"Lieutenant, sounds like there's another one over off Mistletoe," he says.

She lets loose with a stream of expletives before turning to leave the apartment, "It's getting worse everyday. You'll be seeing more bodies like this unless the government does something about it. Until then, Cane will be harming this community in more ways than just dead elves."

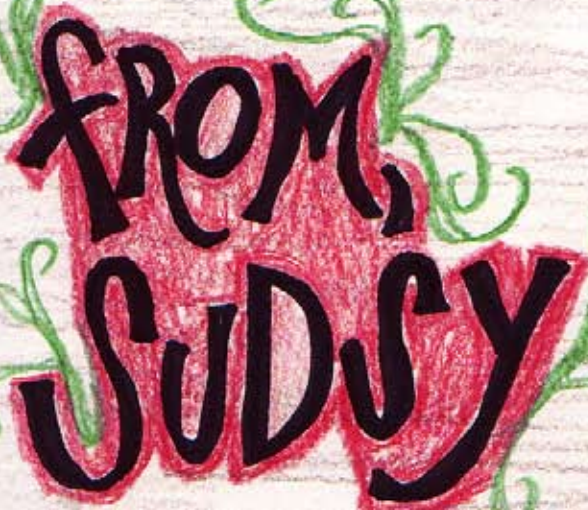


Scott Younker is the managing editor of the Oregon Commentator and is totally ready for the 5 o'clock free candy cane giveaway.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



from SUDSY



A Visit From Saint Sudsy

*'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through Eugene,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a hippie.
The kegs were all out on the porches with care,
In hopes that Saint Sudsy would soon be there.*

*The students were passed out on top of their beds,
While visions of Dough Co. danced in their heads.
And me all wrapped up in someone's old cap,
Passed out face down for a long winter's nap.*

*When in the alley outside there was a loud clatter,
I awoke from my stupor to see what was the matter.
Over to the window I stumbled,
And with the old curtains I fumbled.*

*The moon was absent, for there were many a cloud,
And someone was making noises quite loud.
When, what to my tired eyes should appear,
But some weird old sleigh and a bunch of reindeer!*

*With a surly driver, all full and klutzy,
I knew right away it must be Saint Sudsy.
Stumbling along, those reindeer came,
Cigar in hand, he called them by name!*

*"Now Brandy! now, Whisky! /now, Ale and Lager!
On, Rum! On, Scotch! On, on Gin and Vodka!
To the end of the alley! To the start of the street!
Now dash away on those little feet!"*

The Oregon Commentator Holiday Drinking Game



1 Drink for every question you get about graduation

Smoke a bowl with your dad every time your mom tells you to be "careful with the china" or has a mental breakdown

1 shot of Absinthe for every hour of the "Yule Log" you watch on TV

1 Drink for every question about future employment

1 shot of Jaeger for having to sit at the kids table

Shotgun a beer for every pair of socks you get as a gift

1 mug eggnog for every gift you get that you actually want

1 keg for every politically correct "x-Mas" saying

1 Drink for every family member who spends the night in jail on Christmas





Shotgun a beer for every time you're called by your sibling's name

1 mug of eggnog for every hour it takes to set up the decorations

1 Drink for every Christmas card with an ugly baby on it

1 shot for every day the lights are up after Christmas

Chug a 40 every time a grandparent makes a racist/homophobic remark

1 mug of hot chocolate (with Bailey's) for every neighborhood you walk through that goes all out

1 6er of Widmer Brrr for every loaf of fruitcake that goes uneaten

1 shot of Peppermint Schnapps for every 1950's Christmas movie you watch

1 mug of eggnog for every time someone says you should do things "as a family"

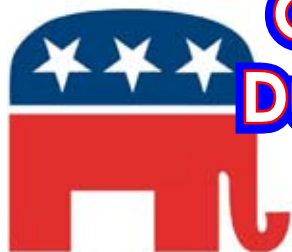
1 shot every time you hear "Put the Christ back in Christmas"

1 Drink for every time the weatherman predicts snow

1 keg if you get a copy of "By the Barrel: 25 Years of the Oregon Commentator" as a gift



Come On Republicans, Dump the Religious Idiots



Evelyn Cooper



With the recent backlash of past President George Bush, and the election and current majority approval by the country of Democratic President Barack Obama, it is time for the Republicans to do a little rethinking of their party platforms. The fact that more and more people are identifying themselves as Independents should send some alarm through Washington D.C. if it hasn't already. Maybe we are FINALLY starting to realize we don't necessarily need to fall victim to the two party system (and that maybe some harm is coming from it). Both Democrats and Republicans are losing party members due to new thinking and times and changes need to be made. For the Republican party, the dragging along of the poor religious population of middle America and their ideals is old thinking.

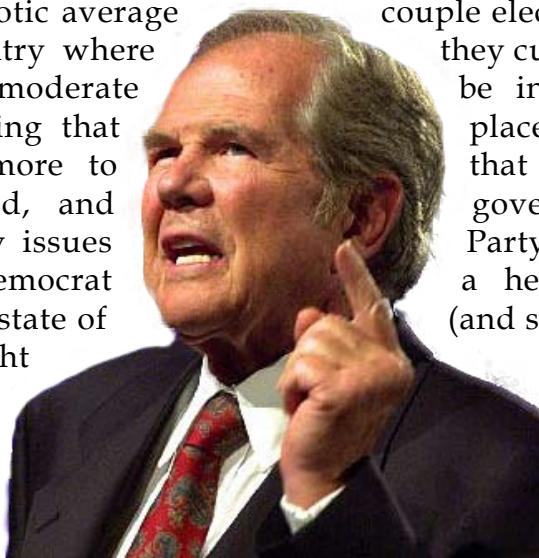
First off, the Two Party System should be one of the past. It is splitting apart parties from the inside and further confusing the confused, making more ignorant the idiotic average voter. We're living in a country where the majority is craving more moderate legislation. People are realizing that it doesn't make sense anymore to group all the many layered, and often seemingly contradictory issues together and become just a Democrat or Republican. In the modern state of this country, far left or far right is too far. I will be shocked, unless Obama screws us all, that we see the election of a far right President again in the near future.

Steve Schmidt, former campaign manager to John McCain called the Republican Party a "shrinking entity." With the troubling economy, more and more middle class conservatives are hoping on board with the Democrats, or becoming Independents, hoping to see relief in their taxes and a brighter economic future.

The extremely religious are a minority of the country that the Republican Party can recover from losing. A more open-minded, less religious Republican Party can easily make up for their loss with the true conservatives that just can't afford to put religion over the state of the economy. Republicans, dump the idiots who still want the government to be able to control the sexual choices of a woman and return to the true libertarian heart of the Republican Party.

A fundamentally libertarian Republican Party can flourish in popularity in the next couple elections. I truly believe that if they cut out the shit that shouldn't be in government in the first place and remind themselves that they want a SMALLER government, the Republican Party will open up to encompass a hell of a lot more people (and smarter ones at that).

Let the God lovers fend for themselves. Most of society- and all of educated society have realized we can't get away with implementing



the teachings of the Bible with the laws of the country. More and more people aren't going to stand for it. Power to the crazies if they can organize themselves and grow to create an independent powerful party, but they no longer belong as a driving force behind the Republican Party.

The past election shows the true colors of the crisis. McCain was simply not big enough of a God-loving nut case to be the president of our country according to the far right side. It's unfortunate because I truly believe that if voting for McCain didn't have to entail Christian ideals into the government more than they already are, he would've at least had a better chance and stronger voter support.

The Right hates to be told that unmodified Rightism will never win reign but it's true. The Republican party is self destructing by continuing to drag along a bunch of mindless zombies. This was a realigning election for the Democrats. The Republicans have a fundamental problem that can be cut out and resolved. The Republican party needs to grow some balls and stop making a personal connection with "God," a prerequisite to be a real Republican.



Evelyn Cooper is a contributor to the Oregon Commentator and will have to do 40 Hail Marys for writing this article.

READY TO DO BATTLE IN THE NAME OF A MASOCHISTIC KING?



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10 Toys You Don't Want for Christmas

Scott Younker

Native American Peace Pipe

It's not enough that selling a "Native American" Peace pipe is extremely racist to Native Americans, or at least were I one I would probably be offended. What really ties this stupid toy together is the face at the end of the of the pipe. What is the point of that? Does it blow smoke out the mouth or does the user suck on the face? Either way it's really awkward.



Wrath

This one actually is a rejected toy idea. I really shouldn't have to explain why it was rejected.

Batman Squirt Gun

Wow...I know that this was probably designed in the 1960s but still. I mean, the fill up hole is Batman's asshole. The trigger is essentially a rather large, rather awkward penis. And of course, his mouth is the barrel. What possessed them to design a toy that looked like this? And what company PR guy looked at it said, "Yeah, this seems kosher. Start production." Still, I kind of want one if only to one day get it signed by Adam West.



Bible Dolls

I don't really have a problem with these dolls. Yes, Christians can and do sell products related to the Bible all the time but I'm a fan if only because the David doll is the same size as the rest of them. No, what makes these toys interesting is that the Marine Toys for Tots drive stopped accepting them (and similar toys) in 2006 in an attempt to promote any religious ideologies. And, to be honest, the dolls are a little creepy looking.





Peter Petrie Egg Separator

This isn't a toy. It's a kitchen accessory. The Peter Petrie separates egg yolks from the rest of the egg. Apparently, it actually works based on incredulous reviews that I've read of the product. Still, it is ridiculous and I'm not sure why you would want to own something like this. "Hey, check out my egg-snotting head. Awesome, right?"

SitShit

This thing is real. It's a pillow. Yes, a pillow. Or a seat cushion, whatever you want to call it. It supposed to look like shit and considering that all the promo shots are in grass it looks like someone's St. Bernard got loose. It's a European product that sold for two Euros when it first appeared on the market. According to some copy the first few times that this product was sold in various festivals it sold out in minutes. Still, it seems like a better idea than the Snuggie.



Pee and Poo

One company's attempt to make Peeing and Pooping cuddly and friendly. Personally, I see a lot of kids with golden shower fetishes in the future.

Stripper Pole Doll

In case, you were worried about your daughter's ability to become a huge whore now you don't have to worry anymore. I present you with the Stripper Pole Doll, training kids everywhere about the lucrative professions of stripping. Why is this real? I know I don't want my kids to play with stripper poles. That will be a pleasure reserved for girlfriends and coked out hookers that I bring back from Las Vegas bars.



Slave Leia Minnie Mouse

The picture speaks for itself.

Armor of God Pajamas

What the fuck? Why are those kids holding hands?





Pete Lesiak

I woke up with the wind blowing in my face and the landscape whizzing past me in a swirl of green. I wasn't sure where I was, but when traveling with a giant anthropomorphic mug of beer, you're bound to black out once or twice during your trip. I think I might have been in New England, maybe England, could have been Ireland. Truthfully, I had such a raging hangover I really didn't care where I was. I just wanted the taste of cigarettes, Doritos and sex out of my mouth.

Last I remember Sudsy and I had rolled up in his convertible to "Lady Delilah's Pleasure Booze Palace". It was Hot Oil Wrestling Night and we had packed our Speedos and masks to take on those Amazon women after our humiliating defeat the week before. As we stepped out of the car, Sudsy turned to me and asked, "Pete, Thanksgiving is coming up, going back to New Jersey?" I replied, "No, it's too far for such a short amount of time. Why do you ask?" Sudsy slurred, "Well, I'm going to my Uncle's, care to go with me?" I was more than happy to accept his invitation, "Yea sounds good." And with that we placed our luchador masks over our heads and headed into battle.

"We're here!" Sudsy exclaimed and I turned my head to see a towering mansion. Built brick-by-brick with dark gray stone, it was a stark contrast to the rolling emerald hills I'd seen so far. It seemed to shout, "Here is wealth, and here is power. Fuck you poor people!" Embarrassed, I asked, "Where are we exactly?" Sudsy turned and stared at me, a big smile creeping across his crystal face, "O'Sullivan Manor. Let's go meet my uncle."

That's when I saw him. A squat old

man-keg with a graying mustache and monocle, drinking straight from a bottle of wine. This was Lord Kegsington, Sudsy's wealthy benefactor uncle who raised him from a wee little pint. I could definitely see just from appearance where Sudsy got his spunk. That drunken sway, those leering eyes, the fact he was probably filled with delicious beer. Yep, this was definitely the man-keg who raised Sudsy.

"Hi, I'm Pete. I've heard so much about you."

"Don't be a fairy Pete, let's go have a drink," he boomed.

After a drink or two my hangover was gone and Lord Kegsington started showing us around the mansion. I have never been so awestruck in all my life. Such a beautiful house, completely decked out in famous paintings and statues. Redwood from California and beautiful granite lined the floors and walls. All one hundred rooms of this place were decked out like this, except for one



room—Lord Kegsington’s trophy hunt room. The room was basically made out of endangered animal species, so much so that anyone from PETA would have had an aneurism and shit their pants if they saw it. All the doorknobs were carved out of ivory—the least ridiculous aspect of the room. While looking around I actually saw a couch made out of panda fur and an ice chest carved out of a Tasmanian tiger carcass. All the stools at the bar were made of rhino feet and I’m pretty sure the mural on the wall was woven out of bald eagle and other endangered birds. Overall it was pretty awesome, but the best part was Lord Kegsington’s Tower.

This tower just jetted up out of nowhere from the house. We had to go through a trap door and up these weird stairs to get there, but once there you could see for miles. It was beautiful: just land for miles and thousands upon thousands of workers milling the land. When I inquired about the workers, Lord Kegsington told me they were his serfs and he used this tower to make sure they were working. Apparently, there isn’t much communication between the outside world and the estate, so when the whole freedom idea came around the O’Sullivan’s just never bothered to tell them and they’ve continued to work for the past couple centuries. We all had a good laugh about that, after which we heard the dinner bell and retired inside.

Low and behold I have never witnessed such a feast. A full table filled with three turkeys, one for each of us and inside those turkeys were chickens. Inside those chickens were ducks, inside those ducks were doves, and inside those doves were hummingbirds. Mountains of delicious potatoes, gallons and gallons of gravy, green beans, yams, stuffing and every type of food Thanksgiving related crossed across my plate. It was like heaven made into food form. Best of all, a never ending river of beer, wine, gin, and anything you could possibly ever wish to drink.

The conversation started out light: where I was from, what I wanted to do—that kind of stuff. A little politics, but when your host still thinks World War II hasn’t ended yet it’s a little hard to discuss that. As the booze kept flowing, the conversation started getting crazier and crazier. We started talking booze and blackouts. Stealing street signs and yelling at strangers. The best



always came from Lord Kegsington. Whether it was banging skanks with Al Capone or the time he and Teddy Roosevelt got shit-faced and took a dump in old faithful, they had me rolling on my side. At one point Lord Kegsington hopped onto the table and regaled us with the story of his three-some with Amelia Earhart and Eleanor Roosevelt, complete with a fisting-and-tongue mime. That’s about when I blacked out.

I woke up in my own bed with the taste of cigarettes, Doritos and sex in my mouth. My head was pounding and I felt as if I was going to throw up. Then I did throw up. As I lay there contemplating the intricacies of my trash can, I wondered if any of that had even happened at all or was it simply a dream. Did I just hang out with a bunch of anthropomorphic booze containers? Did I wrestle some strippers in oil and go to an old-fashioned millionaire serfdom estate? Is there even a Lady Delilah’s Pleasure Booze Palace? Where have I been!???? I have to stop drinking.



Pete Lesiak is a contributor to the Oregon Commentator and is totally out of his fucking mind.

CN CONFERENCE 2009

T. Dane Carbaugh

As Guy and I knocked on Drew's door, I looked at the time on my phone. 4:45 AM. Much too early to be doing anything except passing out after a long night at Rennie's. As we had expected, our fearless "Editor-and-Chief" Drew Cattermole had missed his alarm clock and was not answering our calls, knocks and doorbell rings.

Leaping into action, Guy Simmons boldly tried the doorknob, and as one would expect, the door opened gently. Only at Drew's house. Ever the outdoorsman, Simmons quickly illuminated the apartment with his keychain flashlight. We tried the first door to our left.

"That's not Drew," Simmons said. Noticing we'd disturbed the room's inhabitant, Guy quickly reassured the sleeping roommate, "Don't worry buddy, we're not here to rob you. We're just looking for Drew Cattermole."

We opened the room across the hall, finding

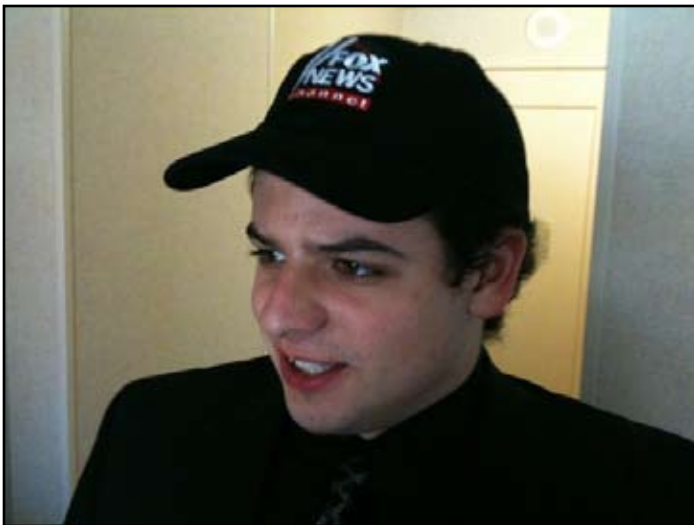


Sudsy visits the Alamo.

a sleeping Andrew Cattermole. "Oh fuck. It's 5 AM already?" he mumbled. He quickly dressed himself as we waited out front, and emerged from his bedroom looking a bit ruffled. "Oh, I almost forgot," he said as he ran into the kitchen. He returned a second later with three Coors Light tall boys, "One for each of us."

And so began our trip to San Antonio for the Collegiate Network's annual journalism conference. I had decided to Twitter during the conference as a method of keeping track of our movements, lest they be lost forever in a drunken haze of cowboy hats and Dos Equis. After all, we were going to be in Texas.

Our flight connected from Eugene to Salt Lake City and then Salt Lake City to San Antonio later that morning. With the time change, we arrived in San Antonio at 11:35 AM. Twitter feed: "touchdown in San Antonio. Way more talent than Utah".



Drew sporting some fresh new gear from the gift bags.



Drew Cattermole (left) and Guy Simmons (right) enjoy brisket on the San Antonio Riverwalk.

As our driver, Ed, drove us to our hotel, Drew asked him what was around our hotel that was worth seeing, "There's a liquor store on the same block, if that's what you mean." Obviously Ed was our kind of guy.

We checked into the hotel, a beautiful eleven-story Hyatt right on the famous San Antonio Riverwalk. We stashed our luggage in our rooms and made for a restaurant called the Lone Star Café. Brisket is always better in Texas.

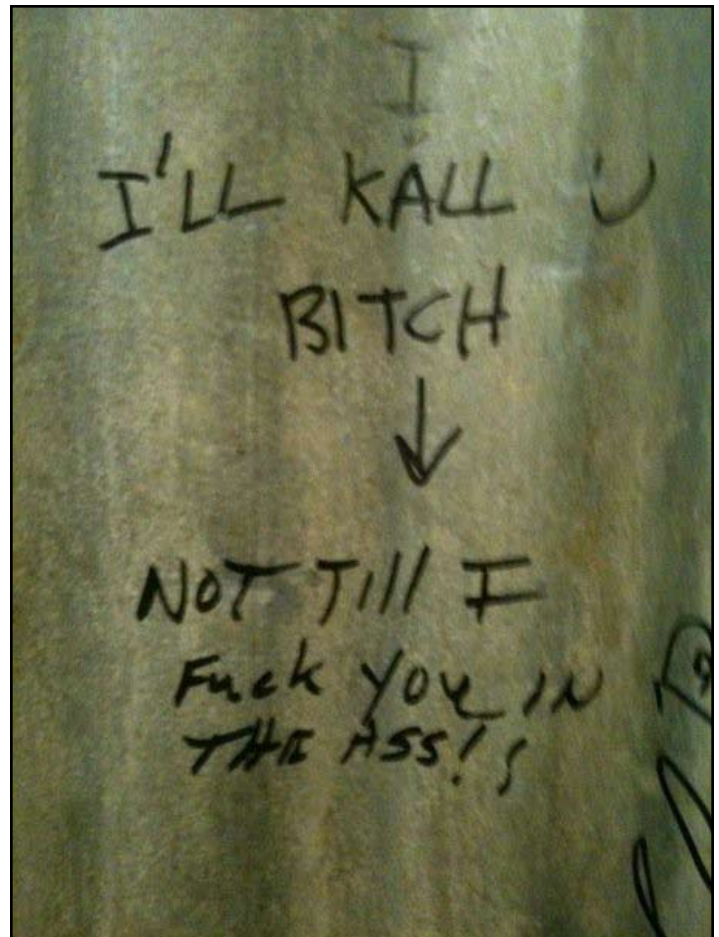
After stopping off at the liquor store, we headed across street to the Alamo (a side note: the Alamo is a sad reconstruction. It's basically what the Alamo would have looked like had it been reinforced with re-bar and poured concrete.) After visiting the historical site Guy Simmons declared, "Alright, I've seen the Alamo. I want to go home."

The rest of that night was taken up with the meet-and-greet and dinner. A one-bartender open bar made the promise of drunkenness a distant one, as the CN had invited over 100 students to the conference. We continued on to dinner where we were blessed with our own CN rep who said he was there to, "Keep an eye on us" (Ashton is actually a legit guy). Our reputation had preceeded us, that was to be sure. And, as our Twitter feed indicated, Guy Simmons talking about the prominence of students snorting Adderall didn't help.

After dinner we went out on the town with Will and Ben from Oregon State's *Liberty*. As I walked out of the hotel's front lobby, I was again stopped by our CN rep who told me, "Hey you going out? Be careful, I'm not going to bail you out of jail." I laughed and told him, "OK". He replied with, "No, seriously."

We got wrangled by a promoter for a Go-Go bar down the street called Tabu. As we entered, a scantily clad server girl offered us neon shots of test-tube alcohol. Using what can only be described as teamwork, I paid the girl for two tubes as Guy stole five more off her tray while she was taking my cash. As Drew fell in love with one of the dancers (one he was too shy to give any money to) one of our old editors, Tim Dreier, showed up outside the club.

We left with Tim to a Hard Rock Café across the street, where he proceeded to pay for



A lovely two-way conversation in the bathroom wall of TEXAS II.

DEBAUCHERY

all of our drinks and food. What are old editors for if not to cover your bar tab and bail you out of jail?

The next morning we attended the mandatory parts of the conference. The most interesting part, maybe of the entire trip, was the comparison we were able to do of other conservative publications to ours. Without going into too much detail, out of 69 publications at the conference, we enjoyed five—*The Counterweight* from Minnesota-Morris, *The Sentinel* from Ohio State, *The Portland Spectator* from Portland State, *The Primary Source* from Tufts and of course *The Liberty*.

Every other publication seemed to be a mouthpiece for the current Republican topics of favor—Obama's Nobel Peace Prize, Healthcare and Michael Moore's *Capitalism: A Love Story*. In fact, the majority of these papers had one or all of these articles in their issues. To be short, they were massive piles of shit.

The douche-of-the-minute James O'Keefe (ACORN prostitution scandal) was in attendance, and provided for some real gems of knowledge. To start off a scheduled class during the conference, O'Keefe told the students, "By the way, I've been reading a lot of your papers... no one gives a shit about what 18-year olds think about healthcare." On that point, we agreed.

Unfortunately, O'Keefe's advice only got worse, "Try to get a bunch of insane groups funded on campus. Start and fund a group that is a proponent of bestiality, then report on what your student



Drew Cattermole (center) enjoys swing music with Xavier (right) from The Portland Spectator.

government agrees to fund." Another beauty was, "Kill your Dean's dog. That's a headline!" O'Keefe was obviously a gerrymanderer of the highest order. Why the CN decided to have him speak at the Ethics Seminar was beyond us.

The rest of the day dragged on with equally ridiculous results. At one point there was a scheduled debate about "Can papers accept money from their Universities and still remain independent?" Of course, the answer is "Yes". The absurdity of the question was lost on the proponents of "CN Only" funding, which of course begs the question, "Can papers accept money from the CN and still remain independent?" The answer is, of course, still "yes".

Drew and I decided to make an appearance at the sports bar down the street, still in suits of course, to watch the Ducks lose to Stanford. The best part about Texas? You can smoke inside. After much yelling at the big screen and many strange looks from confused southerners, we made our way back to the hotel for a closing dinner.

Things only got worse from there, as our entire table (consisting of members from the aforementioned papers we liked) was collectively starting to get the spins. At one point in time we were so loud that the entire table of scheduled speakers was glaring at us, and one of the CN reps came over and said in an irritated tone, "This table needs to settle down RIGHT NOW!"

After the boring self described Neo-Cons



Ex-Editor Tim Dreier (second from right) stopped by to say hello



Sudsy O'Sullivan has a cannon.

got done talking, we headed across the street for a closing session of drinks. Being the clever kids we are, we began double-fisting drinks from the bar to circumvent the long line and weak constitution of the mixed drinks being served.

The bar closed down around 11 PM, which forced us to the Riverwalk to search out a bar. As we walked down the sidewalk, Drew wobbled over to a Sheriff for some directions, "Excuse me, officer. Where is the nearest dive bar around here?" He pointed us to a place down the street called TEXAS II.

As we arrived, our crew had dwindled to just a few people—our friend Xavier from *The Portland Spectator* and two corn cobb pipe-smoking fellows we referred to collectively as "The Kenyons" (from *The Kenyon Observer*). Still suited and obviously inebriated, the bartender introduced himself as Mike and took the time to learn our names and offer us lights.

As Drew and I ordered local brews, a lovely San Antonian named Ines introduced herself and told us random, unsolicited facts about her fair city, including pointing out the building in which Carrol Burnett was born.

Drew and I headed back to the hotel room just in time to catch a healthy hour and a half of sleep before our airport shuttle arrived at 5 AM. My alarm woke me up at 4:30 AM and as I kicked Drew awake he turned over and, apparently still asleep said, "Why won't you allow the Jews?" I

let him sleep another few minutes—he obviously needed it.

On our flight from San Francisco to Eugene we had a 4th traveling companion—last year's ASUO Executive, Sam Dotters-Katz. "You look like hell," he said as we climbed aboard the jet. Little did Sam know that in a matter of 35 hours we had consumed at least a $\frac{3}{4}$ gallon of hard alcohol. Each.

Ever the Ol' Polecat, Dotters-Katz had the flight attendants offer us a drink free of charge. As both Cattermole and Simmons were asleep, I made a managerial decision and politely declined the drinks. Our livers needed to live to fight another day. I was worried that Cattermole hadn't the willpower of his own to decline, and Simmons was an old man who needed to take his pills and a nap.

Touchdown in Eugene came later that afternoon, and we reflected as a group on the time we'd had. The purpose of the Collegiate Network's conference was to prepare us for a future in journalism. One trashed hotel room, 4 packs of cigarettes, a dive bar and two gallons of hard alcohol later, I'd say they succeeded.



T. Dane Carbaugh is the publisher of the Oregon Commentator and is a total hater.

THE WORLD NEEDS DITCH DIGGERS

Greg Campbell

The world needs ditch diggers. That's the truth. Not everybody is going to be an astronaut. When we are six, we all believe that our choices will govern our futures; that we can make the tough choice between a career as a rock star or as president. But the truth is that life is not so black and white. And, as nice as it is to daydream, hard work advances people far more than birthday candles, wishing wells or shooting stars.

People of my generation were fostered by the baby boomers who were, by-and-large, a liberal generation. Of course this is a generality, for nobody could rightfully call my parents "liberals". But, by-and-large, this was a generation that fostered creativity and imagination while simultaneously working to shield their offspring from the harsh realities of an ever-increasingly complex world.

So often have parents labored over the false assumption that children can't handle realities, society has forgotten that the world has, historically, been a much more brutal place. Nonetheless, parents have been stroking children's egos for the past half century, telling them "rags to riches" stories that were infused with whimsical undertones that promoted hoping for success rather than working diligently for it. They were told that if they wanted it bad enough, they can be anything they want. Sadly, that's just not good enough.

Unfortunately, their well intentioned fostering of hope has produced a generation of people who feel a burger-flipping job is beneath them and underachievers that are still hoping for the corporate headhunters to find them and offer them their six figure salary.

Recent studies have shown that there is an overall feeling of disenfranchisement amongst the younger generation in this country. And no wonder! We have a society that has told this generation from the get-go that they could do or be anything. As society stroked the collective ego of children, we were told that our feelings matter; that if someone can't read or write that they are still valid. As we were fed rags to riches stories, details were omitted from these tales.

Firstly, it may be wonderful when the servant girl triumphs over adversity and becomes a princess. But this occurrence is the exception, not the rule. Most that live in a Volkswagen do not go on to become

astronauts. If you are a mouth-breather who can't read, write or do arithmetic, you must understand that your options are going to be inherently limited. You can wait all you want for an endorsement deal from Burton to come in, but get a job flipping burgers while you wait. Plus, bear in mind that Cinderella is a fucking fairy tale. Grow up, get over yourself and get a job that suits your qualifications.

Secondly, these rags to riches stories are void of the concept of hard work to escape poverty. So now we have a generation of lazy-ass dreamers who rely on fairy god-mothers and defunct socialism to deliver unto them prosperity instead of relying on sweat to prosper like every other generation of Americans did.

This unfounded sense of entitlement has produced a generation of people who mistakenly believe that they are special. And though that may not be inherently bad, we have a growing problem with work ethic in this country. Rather than being happy to have a job, I hear people complain all the time about the low status of their job. They attribute their shitty jobs as a product of exploitative capitalism, corporate greed or any array of other bullshit excuses and never mention the fact that maybe they're flipping burgers because they're drop-outs with 86 tattoos and track marks. They refuse to concede that they are right where they're supposed to be because they were told they could be an astronaut. So they don't work hard because they feel under appreciated and feel picked on by "the man". And now we have a generation of cry-babies that feel the world owes them something. No wonder our nation has such a low sense of community and civic responsibility.

Not everyone is going to be a doctor. If you reasonably think you have what it takes, shoot for it. But desire alone will not bring you your success. We can advance ourselves only through hard work and persistence. But, if you're not willing to put in either, remember: the world needs ditch diggers.



Greg Campbell is a contributor to the Oregon Commentator and really, really wants to be an astronaut.

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EDITORIAL, FROM PAGE 3

understanding officers jokingly suggested that Smith, "Drink a beer because he was having such a bad night."

The Police did not end up arresting the party planner but they did give him a lecture on being responsible and adhering to authorities. Unfortunately the authority of the police in this circumstance was wrong. In the contract that the OLCC makes a keg recipient sign, it stipulates you must tell them when and where you will be drinking the kegs. It does not ask where you are storing the kegs before the consumption.

Smith went to legal services to find help in his upcoming trial for the kegs. When trying to contact the court to see when his trial was he was surprised to learn that the city had thrown away the case, because no laws were actually broken. Smith filed a tort claim that has since been in legal limbo of the bureaucratic system.

Smith no longer believes he will ever see the money he paid for the kegs. But he wants the public to know of the injustice that was served, "The thing is I know I'm not going to see that beer again. I just want the public to know what can happen when cops don't know the laws."

They might of taken his beer but Smith's spirits still remained intact. "We still partied, we just didn't have as much beer as expected." If it's any consolation, at least the cops didn't Tase him.



The Oregon Commentator supports Supwitchugirl

OSPIRG, Siskiyou need to get their facts straight

T. Dane Carbaugh

In October I blogged about attending an OSPIRG meeting, one where we were informed by the UO OSPIRG's campus organizer (their paid employee) that the UO OSPIRG was being funded through the state of Oregon OSPIRG, which was in turn funded by the SOU and LCC OSPIRG chapters. I reported these facts in my last article titled "Lurking in the Shadows" (Vol. 27, Issue 3, 11/5/09)

A reporter from *The Siskiyou*, Southern Oregon University's campus paper, wrote an article with this information. In the article, SOU OSPIRG's chapter chair Sarah Westover was quoted as saying, "That is completely incorrect" and that "It's simply not true." She later added, "I think that it is unfortunate that a small group of individuals in espousing false claims."

Of course, *The Siskiyou's* article failed to mention that I was not making any "claims" whatsoever. No, I was merely reporting what I had been told by a member of OSPIRG—just as *The Siskiyou* had asked a question of the SOU OSPIRG chair, so had I asked a question of the UO OSPIRG representative.

I relayed this information on to the author of the

article, Becky Gilmore, and she had indeed told me that Westover had claimed the opposite of what I had been told by the UO chapter. I then proceeded to tell her that, "Well, one of the two OSPIRG people isn't telling the truth. The question now becomes 'why'?"

Nevermind the fact that the article could have included a line of questioning with Westover about why students at the UO had been told this apparently "false" information about how the UO OSPIRG was being funded—by its own members, no less.

In any case, I'm glad that I could take the fall on this one. Instead of, you know, *The Siskiyou* actually doing their job by asking Westover the proper questions (since the reporter had been provided with the requisite information). Great work.

As for Westover, she should be aware that I am not making any "false claims". I'm merely reporting what a paid member of your organization told me, verbatim. You two might want to get together and get your *own* facts straight.

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Another Perspective

Chris McKee

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While it is safe to say that most of those who ready the Oregon Commentator were probably displeased, if not disgusted, by the outcomes of the 2006 and 2008 election cycles, most of us can probably agree on the significance of what happened. After 12 years of nearly unadulterated control of both houses of Congress by Republicans – six of those years during the second Bush administration – Democrats would gain 56 House seats, 14 Senate seats, and a president, and not only reverse control of the United States government, but sway it in the direction of a Democratic supermajority. Not in decades has the party held this degree of control over the Capitol, and supporters anticipated – while opponents feared – that a new wave of legislation would sweep the country.

So, what has emerged? Certainly not the next New Deal. While it is true that the 111th Congress has passed plenty of notable legislation – one of the most significant being the American Recovery and Reinvestment Act (ARRA), aka the stimulus bill – extreme partisan strife and the failure of Democratic leaders to fully unite their party have led to legislating becoming even more of a quagmire than what many might have expected. In particular, ARRA received only 3 Republican supporters in the Senate – one, Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, who posthumously switched to the Democrats – while 11 House Democrats voted against it.

Legislation championing liberal ideals has faced even greater obstacles that have yet to be overcome. For example, the American Clean Energy and Security Act (ACES) – which would address climate change by establishing a cap-and-trade system

– passed the House on June 26 by only seven votes, with eight Republicans supporting and 44 Democrats opposing the bill. The Senate has yet to vote on the bill.

Similarly, the Affordable Health Care for America Act – one of several health insurance reform bills – passed the House on Nov. 7 by only 5 votes, and still needs to be considered by the Senate. Anh Cao of Louisiana was the only Republican to vote in favor, while 39 Democrats voted against the bill. An important amendment to this bill is the Stupak Amendment, named after its chief sponsor Bart Stupak – a Democrat from Michigan – would prohibit abortions from being funded through a public option or private plans that take government subsidized customers. The Senate is currently considering a counterpart bill, the Patient Protection and Affordable Care Act.

Obviously one can see the exaggerated yet very real role that partisanship is playing in our political system. Yet if the Democratic supermajority were to have any meaning at all in the way business is done in Washington, one would think that the aforementioned bills would pass the House by, say, 81 votes, then precede to the Senate where it would then be sent to the White House by 20 votes.

So what exactly is playing out here? The simple answer would be a weakness in Democratic leadership that has failed to counter the stranglehold that conservative Republicans continue to hold on their party. Yet we can see that the clear majority of Democrats vote with their party on major legislation, so this by itself is not a satisfactory explanation.

However, in all three of the previously mentioned bills one can see a fluctuating yet significant minority of Democrats voicing opposition who fit under the broad description of moderate and conservative Democrats. They fit in the ideological center of Congress and have a long and colorful history, especially during the 20th century, of influencing public policy. While many liberal and progressive Democrats see them as a thorn in their sides, the national party has tolerated them for decades in exchange for control of swing districts or otherwise heavily Republican districts.

Conservative factions have existed in the Democratic Party almost since the founding of the party in 1828. From the start they were primarily a Southern faction, united behind ideals of agrarian populism and support for slavery, among other issues, that would lead to conflict with Northerners – Democrat and Republican – and help pave the way to the Civil War. From the days of Reconstruction to the Great Depression, Southerners, who proved to be its most loyal supporters in elections, dominated the Democratic Party.

What is interesting to note is the influence that conservatives in both parties had in curbing the effects of New Deal legislation. In particular, 1937 saw the formation of a secret coalition between Republicans – who by then had become the largely conservative party that they now are – and primarily Southern conservative Democrats. Their defining work, the Conservative Manifesto, was chiefly written by Josiah Bailey, a Democrat from North Carolina, and called for lower taxes, balanced budgets, and opposition to sit-down strikes by organized labor, among other points. While Bailey was the only Senator who openly confessed to involvement in this coalition, the group succeeded in halting much of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal legislation, such as the Wealth Tax Act of 1935.

In the years following the Great Depression and World War II, the issue that would come to influence conservative Democrats was not taxation or the size of government, but rather segregation. Once again, while Northern Democrats such as President Harry Truman and Senator Hubert Humphrey would call for civil rights legislation, Southern Democrats such as Strom Thurmond – who ran for president in 1948 as a Dixiecrat, or States' Rights Democrat – would fiercely oppose desegregation.

The regional split among the Democrats – and even Republicans – would reach its peak with

the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Ultimately, roughly 80 percent of Republicans and 65 percent of Democrats in both houses voted for the bill. However, as reported by a study by students from Claremont Graduate University and Washington University in St. Louis, almost all of the support for the bill came from outside of the South – Democrats and Republicans alike – with virtually all opposition coming from the South.

Truly conservative Democrats, largely hailing from the South, had dominated much of this history. After the passage of the Civil Rights Act, most of these Democrats – including Thurmond, Phil Gramm of Texas, and Richard Shelby of Alabama – would switch to the Republican Party. Few true conservatives remained with the Democrats, and included Larry McDonald of Georgia – who once led the John Birch Society and died in a plane crash near the then-Soviet Union – and Zell Miller, a former Georgia senator who denounced his own party while speaking at the 2004 Republican National Convention.

Now the term “conservative Democrat” largely refers to a faction of centrist Democrats – to the right of the national party – who are allied with organizations such as the Blue Dog Coalition and the Democratic Leadership Council. Blue Dogs in particular have an interesting pull on American policy, as many members of the organization would reject the Democrats' most ambitious proposals.

That such a relatively small minority of legislators can have such a big impact on policymaking in an otherwise partisan political sphere is a reflection of our Madisonian structure of checks and balances in government, which guarantees not only slow and gradual progress, but that government can neither be a tool of the left or the right. As a result, compromise, the product of a relative few, prevails over both liberal and conservative agendas, like it or not.



Chris McKee is the AP writer for the Oregon Commentator

SPEW...

and the Holidays...

ON TASERING

"After reading the open letter of apology to the victims of allegedly unwarranted Taser-ing (10/29) the thought hit me that the citizens of Eugene could take the matter into their own hands: develop an initiative to ban the use of Tasers within city limits"

-Corvallis resident Crale Strampler writes to the Eugene Weekly. While we're at it, lets ban tall, red-haired assholes who spray people with bottles marked "poison" too.

"The tazing [sic] of Ian van Ornum was found to have been legitimate against all rational observation."

-Part of the "letter" to students in the first Student Insurgent of the year. Yes, all rational observation like the video tapes and the completely unbiased legal testimony of multiple Eugene citizens. Totally irrational.



ON NATURAL SELECTION



"I went to Paranormal Activity with high expectations... I have to say I was very disappointed. Every so often I get suckered into going to a new release and then feel completely ripped off by the experience. This was one of those cases.

-Patrick Kavaney writes to the Eugene Weekly about a movie he didn't like. We know how you feel, we had one of those cases after seeing Hotel for Dogs.

"In light of recent events in Arizona whereby a New Age phony was selling and exploiting a Native American sweat lodge ceremony, of which three people died and 20 or so were hospitalized: People need to stop exploiting Native American culture and stop playing with the sacred because this is what happens: People get hurt."

-Thomas Lightning Bolt writes to the Eugene Weekly. After the first ten hospitalized people I would think the sweat lodge ceremony is a bad idea.

ON PUTTING THE “WILD” IN WILDCATS

“First, hundreds of Arizona fans prematurely rushed the field with 31 seconds left and the Wildcats up by a mere seven points. This was an embarrassing moment for the UA, to say the least. Presupposing victory in such a close game made Arizona fans look both arrogant and ignorant.”

- *University of Arizona's Daily Wildcat editorial board comments on the recent actions of fans at football games. Arrogant and ignorant? More like assholes and douchebags.*

“It would be hard to overstate just how bad UA students look right now. The game was nationally televised and aired on ABC, so rather than just a handful of Oregon fans, the whole nation got to watch Zona Zoo make a colossal ass of itself. A few thousand disorderly so-called footballs fans have made this entire institution look downright barbaric and depraved.

It's a rough moment to be a UA football fan. But that has nothing to do with the team's hard-fought loss. The real loss Saturday was a loss in credibility and class for the UA as a whole.”



-*Ibid. Who said Arizona fans have credibility or class? These are the fans that cheered when both Kellen Clemens and Dennis Dixon got injured at Arizona. Oregon fans might have been voted rudest fans in the Pac-10 in a recent Sports Illustrated poll, but Arizona fans are the biggest pricks.*

ON AN APT COMPARISON



“Opponents to the Eugene City Council intervening on the police department's out-of-control Taser use would have you believe Eugene isn't a democracy but some banana dictatorship.”

- *Part of the Eugene Weekly's "Slant" section from 11/19/09. I agree. The suppression of millions of people in 3rd world countries by puppet dictatorships set up to exploit the resources for capital gain is completely comparable to a few middle-class Eugenians getting Tased. Well done.*

IN PABST,
WE TRUST...

