

Opinions

The Daily Utah Chronicle Editorials

Not an option

■ Other issues more important than UVCC

All of Utah's gubernatorial candidates profess to have a solution to the higher education problem. One of the most ludicrous solutions to overcrowded classrooms, though, is the proposal to make Utah Valley Community College into a four year institution.

At the ASU sponsored Legislator's Day, lieutenant governor hopeful Olene Walker said that she and her running mate, Mike Leavitt, believe UVCC should be a four year institution. She said that this would alleviate overcrowding at other institutions of higher education and that it would be less expensive to make the change.

Such a proposal, however, would be disastrous for the remaining colleges and universities in the state. Money put into UVCC to change it into a four year institution would have to be taken from funding which would otherwise be distributed to the remaining institutions. At a time when all colleges and universities in Utah need money to continue and to improve existing programs, funding UVCC is not prudent.

Also, there is no guarantee that UVCC will not decide in the future to become a research institution like the University of Utah. If it did so, additional moneys would have to be given to UVCC to fund these new programs.

Proponents of the plan argue that the transformation of UVCC gives students in Utah county an alternative to attending a four year college other than BYU. But these reasons do not outweigh the importance of making sure the rest of Utah's colleges and universities emerge from their current state of crisis.

If the gubernatorial candidates truly wish to help Utah's college students, they should look to other solutions that directly affect students such as last year's Urgent Student Support funding in which colleges directly received a percentage of the tuition increase which went to student services and campus libraries and not in the general fund.

Child's play

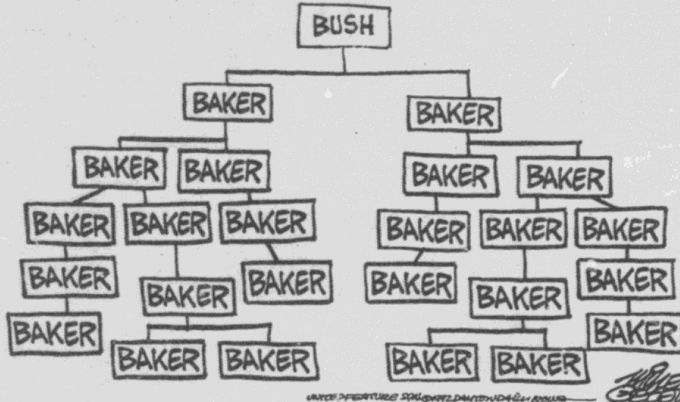
The vice-presidential debates on Wednesday revealed serious flaws in the single-moderator debate format and the candidates' ability to conduct themselves in a respectable manner.

More often than not the supposedly orderly debate degenerated into a juvenile shouting match while Perot running mate James Stockdale was relegated into a role as little more than a spectator.

While the format provided an exciting, energetic exchange of one-liners and outbursts, it revealed little about the candidate's positions and their ideas for running the country.

No matter how much torture returned Admiral James Stockdale put up with, it certainly couldn't have compared with the ninety minutes of agony he was forced to go through by being put on a stage with two overgrown children and being perceived the most foolish of the three.

NEW WHITE HOUSE ORGANIZATIONAL CHART



If the deer hunt's not enough of a challenge, try hunting for stray cats

It's that time of year again. The time of year when drunken morons roam the forests and backcountry of our state, looking to prove their manhood (be they men or women) by blowing away deer and each other with shotguns and semi-automatic weapons.

And they call it sport. It seems to me that for something to be a sport, there needs to be a challenge. Where's the challenge in driving into the hills and sitting in a bush until a buck comes along for a drink of water?

Every year, my friend Bubba takes this coming weekend off, loads his Bronco up with a Coleman stove, a sleeping bag, an orange outfit to protect him from other hunters, a case of Heinz Baked Beans, his Winchester Model 70, Ingram M-11, 16 gauge shotgun, AK-47 and six cases of Bud Dry, and heads for the hills with a couple of fellow postal workers in tow.

They hardly ever shoot anything but each other, and when they do, a trophy ends up in someone's TV room and a deer carcass goes to the dump in a plastic sack. Therefore, when Bubba extended his invitation to last night's poker game to head for the hills with him this year, I once again turned him down.

But as I was heading home afterward, I got to thinking that



Steve Miller
Chronicle Associate Editor

perhaps hunting could be turned into a sport. Since I'm (for once) not completely overwhelmed with things to do, I thought that perhaps I could think of ways to make the sport of hunting a real challenge.

I called Bubba up as soon as I got home (he wasn't too pleased getting a call at 3 a.m.) but he liked what he heard. Not only could he engage in his favorite, once-a-year recreational activity as always, but he'd save a bundle on gas.

So, here's how Bubba and his friends will be spending the first weekend of the deer hunt: tracking and eliminating the stray cat population.

One reason for the deer hunt is supposedly to control the population of deer. Some even say that if the population got out of hand, the deer would rise up and overthrow human domination of the planet. Therefore, once a year, the beer-guzzling red necks and empty-headed rich folks with too much time on their hands head for hills, united with the cause of public good (and sport) on their

minds.

However, there is a far more pressing animal overpopulation problem right here in Salt Lake City. Stray cats are everywhere. Why not turn some of that firepower on them?

Think about the benefits of hunting right here in town. Hunters don't have to drive very far to get to their destination—Central Salt Lake City has plenty of stray cats and a lot of gunfire happens in that neighborhood anyway, so the police won't react too quickly. Another benefit is that hunters can start drinking their beer that much sooner.

Also, shooting at and hitting an animal the size of a motorcycle (like your average deer) with an automatic weapon is almost easier than upsetting right wingers. Now, shooting a domestic cat, an animal whose size is roughly that of a four-slice toaster—that's a challenge.

If the Cat Hunt sounds appealing to you, feel free to join in with Bubba and his friends. Be sure to practice prudent hunting, however. While the ratio of people being mistaken for stray cats is probably going to about the same as people being mistaken for deer, be careful not to shoot someone's pet. Stalk your target for a while—really get into the spirit.

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Letters

Mascot trivializes tragedy

Editor:

I am curious about whether or not Steve Miller has considered the implications which result from his defense of the name of the University of Utah football team to which the defilement of Native American culture is intrinsic ("Nothing's wrong with Ute mascot; team handle meant as compliment," Oct. 1). Would he defend German teams named the "Berlin Rabbis" or the "Auschwitz Jews"?

The last 300 years of Native American history has connotations of holocaust. It has only been in the last 25 years that the reality of that sad history has begun to be acknowledged in a broad societal sense. As a result, blatantly racist speech and acts are actively discouraged. The crypto-nazi element of society has labeled such enlightenment as being McCarthyism (which they code "political

correctness"), but I didn't see any members of the Pat Buchanan fringe picketing for the speech rights of Sister Souljah or Ice T, and thus dismiss their chatter.

I am forced to wonder, in light of this new sensitivity to subtle racism, if those who resist such illumination have thought of the possibility that their arguments may be themselves motivated by racism (even if at a subconscious level), or at least by denial of the barbaric nature of western culture.

Regardless of whether or not Mr. Miller has the capacity to be so thoughtful, his column on the Ute mascot team handle is, in my opinion, a solid example of—as he says himself—stupid things people do.

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LETTER POLICY

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