Students' work highlighted at Consortium


The conference will highlight the research of students from the ten member institutions in New York State and the affiliated universities in Ontario. In addition to student presentations, lead investigators of several on-going Great Lakes Research Consortium-sponsored projects will report preliminary findings and future directions. We will also focus on issues of practical importance for Great Lakes researchers, such as how to become involved in Sea Grant projects, what programs will have highest priority for EPA in Lake Ontario in the coming year; how academic researchers can coordinate their activities with New York State DEC programs; how scientists can become involved in remedial action plans, and other efforts to conserve and protect the Great Lakes; how researchers can locate colleagues at other campuses to initiate collaborative projects eligible for Consortium support; and many other topics. Participants will have opportunities to discuss and help shape the policies and future activities of the Great Lakes Research Consortium.

The Friday Evening Banquet will feature Dr. Richard Thomas, who will discuss the history of Great Lakes research and Dr. Jim Kalas who will address the mission of the Great Lakes Research Consortium.

Although the conference is organized to serve the interests of scientists and scholars at New York and Ontario academic institutions, other Great Lakes researchers, students and the interested public are invited and encouraged to attend.

Faculty, Graduating Seniors, Students:

Want to do a good deed and help your fellow students? Small Stores would like to encourage everyone to donate any and all tests and quizzes from any and all classes both ESF and SU. For those of you who've used the test files, you may realize how helpful they can be. The only source of new tests is YOU. Please don't let low scores stop you and you can always black out your name. Drop them off at Small Stores (located in basement of Marshall Hall B-19), slip them under the door, or put them in the student mail boxes in the Student Council box. Thank you, from Small Stores and the students of ESF!
Editor’s Page

Congratulations, Graduates!!!!

Especially those receiving awards of recognition:

Maple Leaf Award: Betty Lou Ghidiiu, Cindy Smith, and Ed Young

Robin Hood Oak Award: Laura Alban, Jim Alpin, John Peterson, and Cindy Smith

Alpha Xi Sigma Certificates: Jim Alpin, Debra Banks, Christopher Fritz, Betty Lou Ghidiiu, Thomas Lent, John Peterson, Timothy Pezzolesi, Neil Pederson, Jonathan Raymond, Cynthia Smith, Christina Pavel.

Class Marshals: Brien Sheedy, Rachel Woodworth (these two will be staying til May, but they deserve congratulations as well)

Awards we wanted to give:

Loathsome Slug Awards: To those who never picked up their yearbooks.

Fictitious Case of Molsons award: Keith Parr (for imagination in gift giving)

Knothole "Oh, What a Guy" and "Please don't go" award: Tom Lent (for continually smuggling us in after 9 pm cause we don't have a laser writer of our own)

Wouldn't it be oh, so fun to stir up a controversy award: Leslie Shatz, for 3 semesters of "Straight from Hell", and Laura Greenwood, for responding on so many occasions.

"I'd like to sleep in one Monday morning" award: Chris "Pavy" Pavel

Winnie the Pooh award: Chris Pavel and Tom Lent

Neatest Name award: Betty Lou Ghidiiu

Geek of the Semester: Leslie Shatz. This award is traditionally given as the "Geek of the Year" at the Knothole elections to the most active graduating staff member. (Although it was only given once before, in May 1989)

Most Kegs Manned award: Ed Young, for watching the beer at every TG in our recollection (Thank you!!!!!)

Real Christmas Tree award: Jon Raymond

Shirt With Real Sleeves Award: Jim Alpin, for sacrificing his as a TA at Pack

Most Laid Back Award: Neil Pederson
FAREWELL, GUYS

Wishing you peace and good will in the coming year (despite the Gulf crisis and impending world war in the Middle East).

In case that doesn't happen, here's a few anti-war songs for the holidays.

Draft Dodger Rag
original words by Phil Ochs
updated words by Leslie Shatz

Well I'm just a typical American boy
from a typical American town
And I believe in God
and Senator Dodd
and a' keepin' ol' Castro down
And when it came my time to serve
I knew better dead than red
but when I got to my ol' draft board buddy this is what I said

CHORUS
Sarge, I'm only eighteen
I've got a ruptured spleen
and I always carry a purse
I've got eyes like a bat
my feet are flat
my asthma's gettin' worse.
Sarge, think of career, my sweet-heart dear
and my poor old invalid Aunt
Well, I ain't no fool
I'm not stayin' in school
and I'm a' workin' in a foreign land

I got a dislocated disk and a rapped-up back
and I'm allergic to flowers and bugs
and if the bombshell hits
I get epileptic fits
and I'm addicted to a thousand drugs

I got the weakness woes
I can't touch my toes
I could hardly reach my knees
and if the enemy came close to me
I'd probably start to sneeze

CHORUS

Saddam Hussein?
Yeah, well I hope he dies
one thing you gotta see
Oh someone's gotta go over there
but that someone isn't me
So, I wish you well Sarge, give 'em hell
and kill me a thousand or so
and when there's a war without blood and gore
I'll be the first to go

CHORUS

Masters of War
by: Bob Dylan

Come Masters of War
they build the big guns
and they build all the points
and they build all the bombs
They hide behind walls
they hide behind desks
I just want you to know I can see through your masks.

You that never done nothing
but build to destroy
you play with my world
like its your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
and then you hide from my eyes
and then you turn and run farther as the fast bullet flies.

You fasten all the triggers
for the others to fire
and then you sit back and watch
as the death count gets higher
you hide in your mansions
under young people's blood falls out their bodies and gets buried in the mud.

Like Judas of old
you lie and deceive
a world war can be won
you want me to believe
well I can see through your eyes
and I can see through your brains
just like I see through the water that runs down my drain

You've thrown the worst fears
that can ever be hurled
murdering children
into the world
both threatening my baby

unborn and unnamed
you ain't worth the blood that runs in your veins.

How much do I know
It's a tough hat to turn
you must say that I'm young
you must say I'm unlearned
but there's a thing I know
I'm younger than you
and even Jesus would never forgive what you do.

Now let me ask you one question,
Is your money that good?
Will it buy you forgiveness?
Do you think that it could?
Well I hope that you find
when your death takes its toll
all the money you made will never buy back your soul.

And I hope that you die
and your death will come soon
I'll follow your casket
on a pale afternoon
I'll watch by you lower
down to your deathbed
and I'll stand over your grave 'till
I'm sure that you're dead

REMEMBER: NO BLOOD FOR OIL! SHOOT BUSH, NOT ARABS. JUST SAY NO TO OIL ADDICTION

HAPPY TRAILS TO ALL THE DRAFT DODGERS OUT THERE. LEAVE EARLY, BEFORE CHRISTMAS, THE DRAFT, AND THE RUSH TO CANADA. BE CREATIVE. EXPLORE THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING EXOTIC ISLANDS. EVEN BETTER, LEARN A NEW LANGUAGE. GOOD LUCK GUYS. I HOPE IT'S A SAFE FLIGHT OUT OF HERE.

FOR MORE DRAFT DODGER HINTS, CONTACT CCCO - WESTERN REGION, PO BOX 42249, SAN FRANSISCO, CA 94142 OR THE SYRACUSE PEACE COUNCIL AT 924 BURNET AVE, SYRACUSE, NY 13203 (315) 472-5478 OR SAN/E FREEZE OF CNY AT 478-7442. ASK FOR DIANE SWORDS.
Dr. White, Earth First!, and a Multi-sided Coin

Letter to the Editor:
Recently, during the course of a class on soil science, Professor Ed White made a political statement some people at this school would find offensive. He wrote “Earth 1st” on the blackboard, and then proceeded to draw an “X” through it. He immediately erased his handwriting, saying “Enough political statements for the day.” However, his having made this “statement” exemplifies a major split that exists in our school. We have foresters and Earth Firsters here; environmental studies majors and wood pulp people. People go to school here for vastly different reasons. I know this leaves many new students, coming here to be a part of an “environmental” school and expecting to find other folks here who share their viewpoints, at a loss. Some people are here to “save” the natural world; others are here to learn how to best chop down trees. This philosophical split manifested itself in the recent raccoon-slaying controversy. It also manifests itself in the national controversy over how to treat the Old Growth forests of our Pacific Northwest. Why did Professor White lash out against Earth First?!

One side of the coin is represented by the biocentric philosophy adopted by Earth First! A tree has as much right to exist as a human, or anything else. Man is no more important than the tiniest fungus in the soil; we are all in this together. Such an approach has great emotional appeal; it reminds me of how the American Indians used to pray for the spirits of the animals they had slain. It is, however, a logically untenable approach, in and of itself; can we extend this argument to lettuce plants harvested by a farmer? Or to the snowshoe hare killed by the lynx? It all seems unfair, but it is nature’s way.

Of course, in a true biocentric perspective, humanity’s needs must be met as well, since human beings are definitely part of the biosphere. Trees provide people with shelter, furniture, fuel, paper, and baseball bats. However, have we a “right” to breed so profusely, to overpopulate the earth, at the expense of all other organisms?

According to the biocentric point of view, we are the “big bully on the block”. According to any sane and educated person’s perspective, all life on this planet is interrelated; we are in trouble if we fail to sometimes see things from the eyes of the wolf, tree or mountain. Humans must start behaving responsibly towards the earth on which they live. We especially, as EFers, should feel an obligation to make this so, to spread a sane and sensible message; to speak for the preservation of our remaining wildernesses, as well as for the improved management of our forest lands currently manipulated, supervised, and harvested by humans.

Another side of the coin (this coin has lots of sides) is to see trees primarily as a resource, as most of the professors here seem to do. The proponents of this view are concerned with the health of the forest ecosystem, only insofar as this relates to the eventual health and vigor of the trees to be harvested. I suspect that these people walk through the woods and, instead of seeing things of beauty and feeling at one with their natural environment, see only logs for harvest and processing. The proponents of this perspective are also apt to see the animal species inhabiting these woods as yet another resource to be harvested. Obviously, these people care not one whit for the Old Growth of the Pacific Northwest, or for unspoiled woods (or deserts, plains, cayonlands...) anywhere. Healthy forests are their concern; however, these are healthy, managed forests exclusively. Many would feel that currently unmanaged, unlogged forests are a “waste of resources” and would log these lands, thus making a major decision not only for themselves, but for their descendants down a great many generations. Old Growth forests such as those that exist in our own Pacific Northwest take a very long time to form, but can be removed from the landscape very, very, rapidly.

These people are driven by Money, and by political forces. I would suspect that a great many of our ESF professors receive funds (directly or indirectly) from those who do.

Dr. White continued on p.5

**SMALL STORES... SMALL STORES... SMALL STORES:**

Small Stores will end its regularly scheduled hours on the last day of classes, Tuesday, December 11, 1990. Any last minute shopping or test file borrowing should be done before then. Small Stores will be open briefly, about 1pm-3pm, on Thursday, December 13, 1990.

Note: for those of you unhappy that Small Stores has been out of stock of many favorite items, ALL sweatshirts are in stock including XXL in all colors except children’s. The vendor for long sleeve T’s has informed me that the ship date is 12/5/90 so it’s likely the long sleeve T’s will also be in stock the week of 12/10/90. Yes, we have patches and Mock T’s, too. Thank you for your patience. Donate those tests!!
Dr. White continued from p.4

indirectly) from logging companies and lumber mills (after all, in the Forestry Department, this is their business...). Perhaps their points of view on the Pacific Northwest "spotted owl" issue, as with other issues, are somewhat tainted.

The most frightening perspective, however, comes from those without any perspective but their own narrow one; these people are selfish, and don't care what happens with the rest of the world. I see many of them in this school: the "chop-chop" people. Sure, it's fun to fell trees...These people are generally not thinkers. They don't care about the virgin Old Growth stands of Doug. fir in the Pacific Northwest because such forests are not part of their own selfish interests. If anything, they can be expected to side with the logging industry on any issue - - - this is where they expect to make their livelihood.

Obviously, there are no easy answers. There are too many people and not enough trees. And, things are always more complicated than they seem: people tell me that clearcutting, if done properly, is more healthy for the stand ecosystem than is selective logging. However, it looks ugly... I have seen clearcutting denude entire mountainsides in Oregon and Washington; nothing but stump, as far as the eye can see.

Politicians cause more problems for the environment than they solve. Why do we sell our magnificent Old Growth forests to the Japanese as logs, so they can sell our forests back to us as boards, and make a profit (Isn't this what we're doing? Somebody correct me if I'm wrong...). How can we, the people of this great nation, stand for this sort of idiocy, coming from duly elected "public servants"? And where does Ed White get off making a political statement against Earth First!, without any explanation during class time? I am not an Earth Firster. I am not a "Back-to-Nature", anti-technology neo-hippie, either. I am not against loggers. I am not against anybody. I am only for beautiful unspoiled woodlands. I am for places that have not been overwhelmingly altered by human-kind. I am for letting some of these places be, existing as wilderness in their own right. I am for humanity seeing itself as a part of "the natural world", and not as something separate. I feel that if we separate ourselves (even in our minds) from the ecosystem we're such an integral part of, we die - - - but the planet keeps on going, brimming with life. I feel that nothing alive is just a resource.

I don't know much. I am only The Lorax, and I speak for the trees. Because they have no mouths to speak for themselves.

The Lorax

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A MESSAGE FROM SMALL STORES TO ALL ESF STUDENTS:

DON'T THROW AWAY COPIES OF YOUR FINAL EXAMS! SMALL STORES WANTS THEM IN ORDER TO UPDATE TEST FILES.

DROP OFF YOUR EXAMS AND OBTAIN PREVIOUS ONES TO STUDY.

SMALL STORES IS LOCATED IN THE BASEMENT OF MARSHALL.
The Tiger

Tiger, Tiger scared with fright behind the bars shining bright.
What moral hand or snare; could trap you from your lair?

In what grand tent or top; does a whip make you dance and hop?
With what brain does he dare?
With what heart does he care?

And what finger and what aim
Could twist your legs from strong to lame?
When your legs twitched with life;
what hard club? What cold knife?

What the tractor? What the plow?
Where there were trees; graze cows.
What the shovel? What broad spade filled the pond where you bathed?

When students sprayed paint on coats
and lobbied for a vote;
did he ignore the pleads?
Did he who hit the Squirrel, cage thee?

Tiger, Tiger scared with fright behind the bars shining bright.
What mortal hand or snare;
could trap you from your lair?

Anthony I. Cognato
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TURTLE ISLAND

by Robin Wildlands

Editor's note: Due to my rush to get last week's issue to press on time, it went unnoticed that this story was laid out incorrectly. We regret any inconvenience or confusion that this has caused. Enjoy the corrected version.

Chapter 2 Cicero Swamp: The Conclusion

Last week we found Robin sitting in a tree at the State Game Management Area known as Cicero Swamp. He had traveled some 3,000 miles from California to New York only to find that wilderness was once again threatened by man. The home of the endangered Eastern Massasauga Rattlesnake was soon to be transformed into a biological desert by a man named Jeffery Donofly and his insect killing agent Dibrom-14. Let's pick up where we left off last week, with Robin reflecting on events that occurred at Cicero Swamp.

Clearly something had to be done...

I soon found myself gazing out over 8,000 acres of undeveloped wetlands from the branches of an old Red Maple. As I watched Pitcher plants snap on unsuspecting insects, a pygmy rattlesnake passed over a bed of Sphagnum moss. I cheered its presence and vowed to stand up for all the inhabitants of the domain regardless of the consequences.

Cattails swayed in the gentle breeze as memories of Ned Ludd, the Neanderthal eco-warrior from 100,000 years B.C. drifted into my thoughts. I chuckled to myself as I remembered his ape-like gait. His massive upper body would sway from side to side with each advancing step, balanced only by the wooden club and large monkey wrench which he carried at his side.

A fly of some sort buzzed past my ear and awoke me from my trance. "Ned," I whispered as I fanned the air with my hand in a feeble attempt to get rid of the pest. "Where are you when I need you?"

I raised a pair of binoculars to my eyes

Turtle Island continued p. 9
COME TO THE

CELEBRATION OF SHARING

HOLIDAY SOCIAL

Friday, December 14, 1990
3 to 4:30 p.m.
Marshall Hall Lounge

Refreshments / Music
And
An Opportunity to Share

A representative of the Interreligious Food Consortium will be on hand to accept donations of non-perishable food items or checks made out to the Interreligious Food Consortium.

Please bring a contribution to help those less fortunate than ourselves.

Faculty, Staff, and Students Invited

Sponsored by the Quality of Worklife Committee
the 1991-92

Financial Aid Forms

Are Available Now

Applications can be picked up at the office of financial aid, 115 Bray
Turtle Island from p. 6

I raced towards the oncoming demon, waving the branch high above my head like a knight from days of yore. As it approached closer I stopped and hurled the limb at it only to find it fall short of its destination. The plane thundered overhead past my position and continued to relieve itself of its burden.

A fine, light mist fell gently to the Earth. The sun's final rays glistened in the droplets like the morning dew on a spider's web. A shower of Diperera immediately followed. The creatures fell...and more fell following them, so that in a very short period of time, their lifeless bodies covered the plastic gear which protected me from the same fate. I wiped them from my garb with gloved hands, then fell to the ground like them in defeat. Again the plane turned and prepared to make another pass. There was nothing I could do.

Somewhere in the bog, a pygmy rattler prepared to top off its day of sunning with a delectable meal. Now a pygmy rattler finds nothing more tasty than a savory mosquito for dinner, but since the rattler is an earth crawler and the mosquito is a skyward-bound flyer, well, it's not often the poor pygmy rattler gets such a fine dish. Such is life in a swamp.

Well that rattler slithered off his bed of moss in search of dinner that day and I tell you she thought she had died and went to snake heaven when she fell upon the smorgasbord of flies lying belly up in the bog. Without a thought she gobbled up as many mosquitoes, and black flies as her little snake belly would allow her. She was the happiest snake in the world.

Unexpectedly, a sharp pain jolted the rattler. To her, it felt like someone had put her tail into an electrical outlet. Sensory signals peaked in the reptile's little brain. At first, its body lengthened straight out like a broom handle, then it coiled back and uncontrollably twisted and turned, rolling along the ground as it did so. The pain was so great that it turned on its own body and began to tear at its own flesh until it died an unmerci-ful death. A hawk watched with terror from a branch high above, then decided to flee to safer hunting grounds as the remains of the poisoned creature lay motionless on the ground.

The plane was approaching my locale once again. I sat and watched it draw near and prepared myself for another dousing in insecticide. I began to pray to every known God and Goddess for a swift and expedient end to this madness. I called on the power of Gaia, and tried to raise the spirits of Aldo Leopold and Henry David Thoreau. Winds from the northeast began to blow over the mosaic of tree cover, open grasslands and marsh. Plants and animals responded to them as if they were a common occurrence, but I feared I had called on the forces of evil in my endeavor.

Suddenly, from within the reeds and cattails emerged the silhouette of a bipedal figure. It tromped through the swampy vegetation dragging behind two large objects that were undistinguishable at first.

"Ned," I questioned, "Is that you?"

"Earth First!", bellowed the beast.

I jumped to my feet and ran towards the Neanderthal with open arms.

"Ned, we got to stop 'em!," I said. "They're killing the swamp."

I threw my arms around his massive hairy body and hugged the animal in delight.

"No compromise," he grunted at me.

_Turtle Island_ Continued p. 10
Turtle Island from p. 9
The stench of matted ape hair saturated with swamp juice overcame my senses and my head began to spin. I stepped back and looked at Ned. His dark bottomless eyes peered deep into mine. I swore I could see a green fire burning in his soul.

“What are we gonna do, Ned?” I asked.

With that, his large cranium tilted back and his eyes focused on the approaching plane. He took two steps forward as if to accept the challenge from the intruder. He raised the large wooden club which he held high above his head and released a roar that made every living inhabitant cower in fear. I covered my ears from the blast and watched Ned heave the club at the plane. It struck a direct blow on the left prop and caused the plane to lose momentary control. I watched it rock back and forth and from side to side, but as it passed overhead it regained its stability. Ned quickly heaved the monkey wrench in the same manner and again struck another blow. This time it proved to be fatal to the aircraft. As it began to lose altitude, plundering and stalling as it went, a small figure ejected from the cockpit and parachuted towards Earth.

I watched as the northeasterly winds blew the escaping pilot into a large, old red maple. His parachute snagged in the branches some 35 feet above the ground, and there he would hang until help arrived. Early the next morning, the D.E.C. arrived with the County Sheriff and a cherry-picker to find that Jeffrey Donftlow had been practically eaten alive by mosquitoes while hanging up in that old tree. Not only had Mother Nature gotten revenge but the D.E.C. was pressing charges against Dontflow for spraying in a restricted zone where the endangered rattlesnake is known to do its thing.

I turned to congratulate Ned on his expert pitching ability but found him nowhere in sight. He had vanished as quickly as he had appeared, and given the situation at hand, thought it best I do the same.

For months following, every T.V. and radio news network covered the Cicero Swamp story. Donftlow was charging that his plane had been shot down by a monkey wrench toting Neanderthal and would probably have to plead not-guilty to charges against him due to reason of insanity. The County Health Commissioner was forced to step down from his position when it was discovered that the military had a cure for the Eastern Equine Encephalitis virus the whole time and that spraying wasn't necessary. The folks in Cicero learned how to co-exist with the mosquitoes and all the other creatures of the swamp or else they moved. And finally, the Eastern Massasauga Rattlesnake was able to live out its biological existence free from the fear of man when the swamp was given full protection under Wilderness status.

Calendar of Events

Wednesday, December 12 & Thursday, December 13
DONUT HOUR! Sponsored by Alpha Xi Sigma for the entire undergraduate student body. Strength for your studying!!! Moon Conference Room. 6:00 P.M. until they are gone. Bring your MUG to fill up with caffeine! FREE!

Friday, December 14
Celebration of Sharing Holiday Social. 3-4:30 pm, Marshall Hall Lounge. Remember your non-perishable food donations!

Friday, January 18 - Saturday, January 19
The Great Lakes Research Consortium 1991 Student and Faculty Conference. Various times and locations around campus.