

## Quiet athletes deserve praise

This week the University's crew team will compete against the most acclaimed, the most organized and the best-funded rowing teams in the United States at the National Sports Festival in Indianapolis.

They earned their berth privately, earnestly, rising before dawn for 5 a.m. workouts on Dexter Reservoir and winning nearly every race with very little fanfare or recognition. They received minimal funding from the University's club sports program. They rented boats and carpoled to Dexter.

Now they have a chance to bring national recognition to the University — something it badly needs in its current time of crisis.

The Emerald wishes rowers Hugh Watson, Sietske Fockens, Bryan Andresen and John Bigelow, coxswain Brenda Thornton and coaches Jim Petrusich and Dick Hersh the best of luck.

Meanwhile, another University athlete may make his mark in national competition this summer. Sophomore Glenn Sanders placed first in the Oregon state bicycle road racing championships. Sanders is a member of the University bicycle racing team — also in the club sports program.

His first easily qualifies him to ride in the national bicycle racing championships, which will be held later this summer in Milwaukie. Sanders will test his pedal mettle against hundreds of the nation's best riders. Good luck to Sanders as well.

These quiet accomplishments help bring collegiate athletics into perspective.

Athletes like Sanders and the crew team are surrounded by a gigantic athletic department that gobbles more than \$500,000 in student fees, a football team full of coddled, well-paid losers, and a basketball team with enough new cars to start up a lot. But these quiet athletes doggedly pursue excellence for themselves, their team and even for their school, which gives little enough in return.

## letters

### Drunk driving

It's about time legislatures nationwide begin enacting tougher laws against America's leading menace — drunk drivers. Last year our representatives took a step in the right direction by passing HB 2010 to stiffen penalties for irresponsible motorists who endanger innocent people.

Unfortunately, many who "live it up" at parties and bars are college students. These people who mix drinking and driving many times wind up murdering (there's absolutely no other word for it) people on the roads.

Their victims include entire families unlucky enough to be driving on the same road, and frequently children and adults who are bike riding, walking or jogging.

Ironically, intoxicated in-

dividuals usually hit "head-on" which provides them more safety than their victims. The person who usually survives is the one responsible for the accident.

This issue concerns all of us who use the roads for transportation.

Things we can do to help reduce the problem, besides supporting stiff penalties for the criminal we call the drunk driver are: Drink any beverage but alcohol; don't let a friend drive while intoxicated; persuade them instead to drive with someone else or hide their keys; if persuasion fails, get their license plate number and report them to the police.

By following these suggestions you might not only save the life of a friend, but someone else's life as well.

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William Kogut

## editor's note

Do Oregonians know about guilt, or are they too mellow? Being somewhat of a prejudiced Easterner, I had thought that they didn't. But, having talked the subject around, I find they do know a little about it—at least the "I didn't send mom a birthday card, I feel so guilty" variety.

So they know how to feel it — how to feel bad from it. But, on the flip side, I suspect they don't know how to get pleasure from guilt and how to lay a foundation for someone else's guilt trip.

Getting that guilt-giving pleasure is a high, requiring no ingredients, natural or otherwise. However, one needs to cultivate a sense of when a situation with guilt potential is developing. Often months of careful planning are required to take advantage of such a situation.

Take for instance, my brother the doctor and his son's bar mitzvah. My brother loves to induce guilt almost as much as he does saving the life of a car wreck victim. Not so much by conscious planning, but more by instinct, he used that bar mitzvah as a vehicle for my guilt.

Over Christmas/Chanukah holidays, when I was visiting the family back in New York, my brother said he was only having his son, Brad, bar mitzvah this June in order to placate his in-laws. It was a good way to keep their approval and ensure they would continue to shower his household with furniture from Bloomingdale's and an occasional Persian rug.

Brad, having learned the ethics of materialism well at my brother's knee, told me himself he was "only doing it for the bucks."

Perfect set-up. Who could feel bad if he had to miss such a coming of age party? I didn't exactly feel like the kid would suffer spiritual trauma if I didn't show up.

Imagine my bewilderment when in May I received a long distance call from my brother and his wife asking me what I was going to do this summer. They wanted to make sure I would be in New York for Brad's "big day."

"Well," I stammered, "It depends on what I do this summer. Whether I find a job out here..."

The best defense being a good offense, I tried to make him feel guilty for not offering to pay my airfare East. But he didn't bite. At least, I thought, they've been told I might not be able to make it.

Then a formal invitation came in the mail. I started to get nervous.

In May, I decided to take two law school summer courses and write for the Emerald. During one of my weekly calls to my parents — if I don't call them every week, I feel guilty — I told my mother to tell my brother of my plans. That's that, I figured.

But a few weeks later, during my weekly parents call, mom tells me my sister-in-law and my brother the doctor are mad at me because I hadn't returned the RSVP card from the invitation.

It didn't matter that my brother knew I couldn't make it. I should have returned the card, even if I had written them a letter expressing my regrets in the meantime.

I should feel guilty about not returning the card.

I did.  
And why couldn't I make it?

After all, in-laws were flying in from Los Angeles, British Columbia, Rhodesia (Zimbabwe), (Rhodesia, for God's sake).

I should fly in for a weekend? Why not? Wasn't my nephew's bar mitzvah one of the great events in the history of the world? If relatives could fly in from Rhodesia, surely I could make it from the not-nearly-so-distant Oregon.

As it turned out, my other brother flew in from Illinois and gave Brad a Radio Shack color computer.

I haven't even sent the kid a card yet. I feel too guilty to do anything.

But my brother the doctor feels great. He knows he's managed to lay a heavy guilt trip on me.

My only consolation is a grievously infected wisdom tooth I recently had extracted. My mother's convinced she's responsible for it — she didn't pass on her perfect teeth to me.

She's feeling awfully guilty.

## oregon daily emerald

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The Emerald reserves the right to edit any letter for length, style or content. Publication is dependent upon the space available.