

CONTACTING US

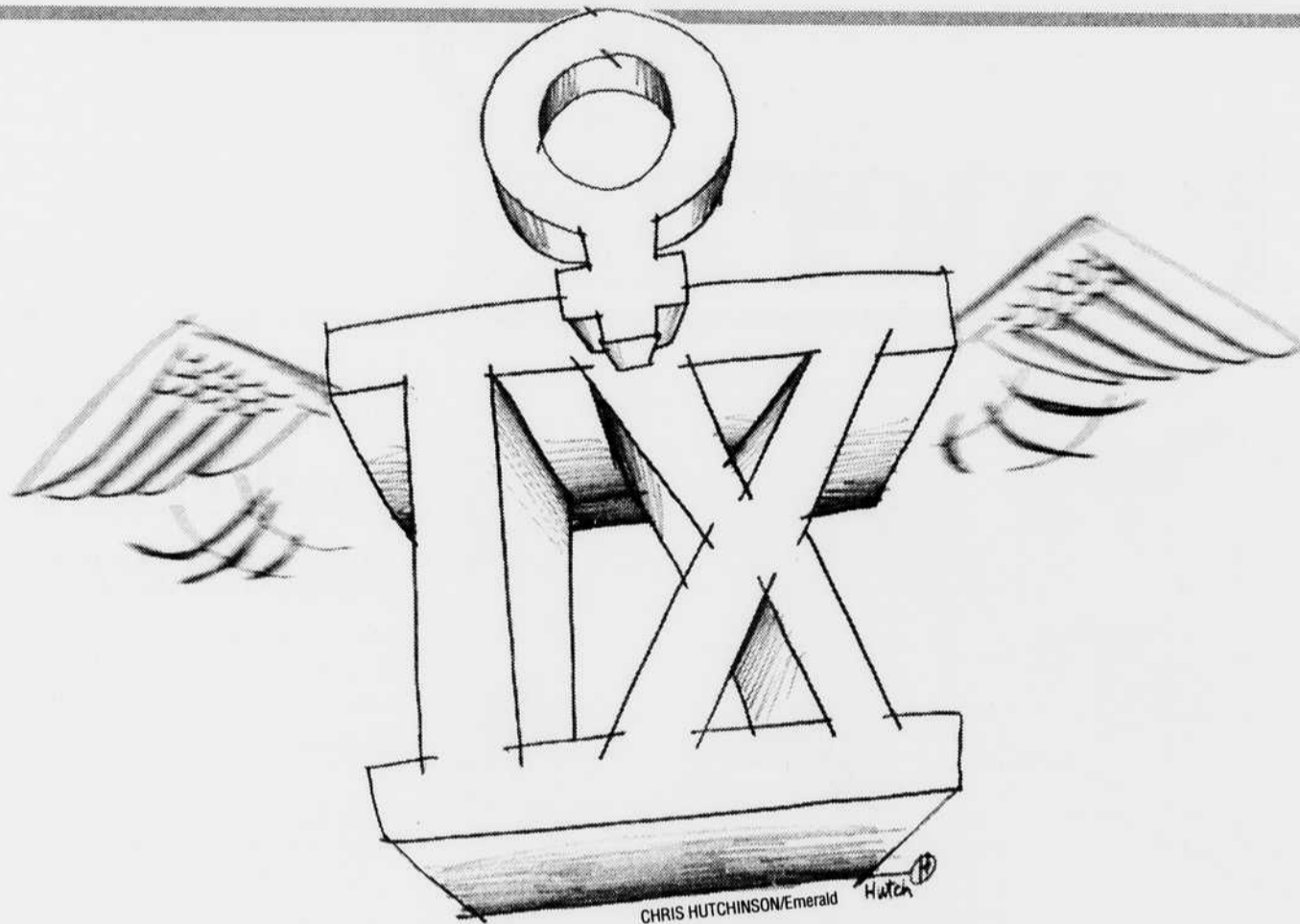
NEWSROOM:
(541) 346-5511
E-MAIL:

ode@oregon.uoregon.edu

ONLINE EDITION: www.uoregon.edu/~ode

ADDRESS:
Oregon Daily Emerald
P.O. BOX 3159
Eugene, Oregon 97403

PERSPECTIVES

EDITOR IN CHIEF
Sarah Kickler
EDITORIAL EDITOR
Mike Schmierbach
NIGHT EDITOR
Holly Sanders

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

UO means business

In response to the editorial piece by Jeff Shaw and other stories concerning the current economic crisis in Asia, I would like to say (as nicely as I can), you guys need to stop living in a fool's paradise. It would be nice if Dave forked over that Nike money to actually help those students in need. It would also be nice if tuition reduction was also available as an option, but I think that most people are forgetting the most important function of a University. Do not be fooled by the liberal education you think you're getting and all the "so-called avoiding life" activities offered by the University. The University is a corporation that is here to make money, and what they are selling is education. This is why those of us who are out of state pay three times more than in-state residents. If education was the priority, we would have a lower tuition and more financial aid in the form of scholarships as opposed to loans, loans, loans.

Take this example: Let's say all your life you've been shopping at Saks Fifth Avenue, and one day you run out of money and you can't afford it anymore. Now, let's say, since you've been shopping there for numerous years that you know the staff. One day you go in and see a bunch of clothes that you must have. Is the store going to let you put that merchandise on layaway? Are they going to say, "We trust you; just bring the money when you have it." No, they're not because they are in the business to make money. Welcome to the U.S., where your money is your salvation.

If I am sounding a bit unsympathetic, it is because over the summer my mother was injured in a car accident and is currently undergoing physical therapy (along with just giving birth for the fifth time). As a result, a loan that she had taken out in order to send me to school had gone into default because she couldn't work, and money is tight around the house these days. The end result was that in September, I got a letter saying that I was \$7,000 short of tuition for the year. This is my senior year, so you can imagine what it is like to be so close to the end and then having this thrown in your face. The financial aid office was able to offer me yet another loan (in the sum of \$5,000, leaving me with \$3,000 to raise on my own) or the option to transfer to a school back east. The only problem with the latter was that I would have to repeat two years because all of my credits would not have transferred. During my financial ordeal, there was never once a mention of a tuition deferral or a tuition reduction. For me and a lot of other students in various economic circumstances, it was like, "Sorry, I guess you are just going to have to work and concentrate on things that are within your reach."

Don't get me wrong. I understand what economic crunches do to people. I've been there. I am merely saying that if anyone thinks that the University is going to reduce someone's tuition simply because they "are an important part of the University," they are living in a fool's paradise. Also, if the University decides to go through with this idea (since they have been known to push aside the needs of some students to benefit others), then they better be prepared to offer the same options for everyone. After all, this is an institution devoted to equality.

John Lugo
English

Watching the women of Title IX

Thanks to an evolution in thought, women athletes are finally taking center court

I am a boomer. But more importantly and more defining is the fact that I am a Pre-Title IX-er. I could have been on any court, diamond or field sporting the colors of any school. I would have been a Spartan heavily recruited by the Huskies, Cougars, Ducks, Beavers, Bears, Cardinal, Bruins or Trojans. Any other scholarship(s) offered me east of the 117th longitude, even a full ride to one of the Seven Sisters for field hockey, would have been met with a Pacific Northwest regional/Puget Sound islander tick of rolling the eyes skyward, modest slight of head and

OPINION

Hannah
Dillon

bemused retort, "Now, which conference was that again?" (Some of such pride comes from having grown up in an unparalleled setting insulated by a natural moat and cradled by two spectacular mountain ranges.) Sorely tempted by the powder-blue and imperial-gold ensemble of

UCLA, my family would have bargained with Mephistopheles to divert me from the Golden State so that I would wear the purple and gold of the Dawgs, our alma mater.

We played baseball in a field behind Rodal's store after school when the pussy willows began to swell and get their fur in late February. The return of light in drier skies, the softening of air and the downhill slide to full-blown spring and then summer's freedom mandated after-school neighborhood baseball. Two boys — usually the oldest and tallest, but not always the best players — would somehow emerge as captains. No one had to say anything. We knew who they were. Kids are graced with an interior galaxy full of quiet, acutely observational, intuitive knowing. Or perhaps children's instinctive assignment of pack hierarchy is the primary operative.

The first part of our baseball ritual required a school book, usually science, for homeplate, and jackets designating the bases. We then formed a circle around the one who spun the bat on its fat end perpen-

dicular to the ground like a top. It fell and pointed to the closest captain who got to go first. One of us would toss the bat to that captain. His grip around its middle would be followed by the other captain's grip and hand over hand they would go until one of them had the last grasp, fingertips over the handle butt, which he had to be able to hold up for about 30 seconds. If he didn't let the bat fall, he got his choice of the first player. No matter how many times we enacted this high liturgy on the field, there was a diplomatic delicacy necessary in the proceedings. After all, we began kindergarten together and would remain with each other on the island sometimes long after high school graduation.

The first three players chosen would nonchalantly step to their respective sides, heads down, sporting slight grins. Pitcher-captain and bases were covered. The rest of us were leftovers with varying degrees of competency. How well we could hit beyond the fifth pitch and chase down balls that evaded the infield and rolled into the woods were key factors in determining who got chosen next. I was always the top choice of the second tier. I could hit and field the ball well, and I loved to compete. I couldn't understand why some of the other kids didn't have the same fire for it as I did. I was the first girl chosen while some of the boys remained unclaimed. Both captains wanted me on their team even though one was always my brother. Whoever got to me first did so with veiled relief. My place in the Rolling Bay social-political-athletic hierarchy of our national sport remained secure and as respectable as my age, ability and gender would allow.

There were no colors, no uniforms, no referees, no band, no fans, no write-ups or photo-ops, no tournaments, no admiring parents and no dreams of drafts. Just the same kids, the same field, the same captains, the same teams, the same competition and varying weather. And then it would get too dark to see the ball as we suddenly became famished and exhausted, so we would gladly call the game and lope home for dinner.

Some of the boys would make their way onto state-sponsored teams and have to practice at school. My friends and I began to practice smoking Old Gold non-filters behind the store after school. We perse-

vered until we got quite good at it.

Jody Runge is the first fruits of Title IX who has already established an impressive lineage of athletes here. Mac Court is filled with Pre-Title IX-ers who come to revel in the adventure of finally being able to watch young women compete with increasing athleticism in green and yellow uniforms with referees, bands, fans, media coverage, the possibility of beating Stanford and leading the Pac-10 Conference, the NCAA, proud families and alas, the fledgling WNBA/ABL.

Runge's newest recruits, most of whom are freshmen, can move in ways I have never had the privilege of watching women move individually, as a team and as wholly focused and ardent competitors. The sweat, muscles, flailing elbows, dives, skids, pilings, vyings, the inherent articulated grace of the game and passion these young women have for it is something I could never have imagined nor dared hope for as I spent seemingly endless summer days and twilights shooting baskets at our neighbor's netless hoop or pitching tennis balls into the chalked strike zone on our house underneath my mother's cautious face at the kitchen window. I had learned to dribble, pass, shoot, throw, swing, catch and hustle normatively — "not like a girl." But my natural ability and fervent desire for team competition were contained in the yards and fields of our neighborhood with whoever happened to show up.

So it is with great joy and satisfaction that this Pre-Title IX-er and others like her come to Mac Court to watch the manifestation of an evolution in thought, attitude and behavior due to decades of courageously hard work and dogged determination inspired by innate dignity. We can finally watch women athletes who can play the game, play the game.

There is a tinge of regret from time to time. I could be on that court having just broken the team's all-time high 107-point mark by my reverse lay-in against Stanford for the conference title with coach Runge applauding and the fans on their toes, creating the thunder that it would surely be had I just been born a little later.

Hannah Dillon is a columnist for the Emerald. Her views do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper.