16B | OREGON DAILY EMERALD | Monday, June 6, 2005



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Education in the classroom has nothing on the world of sports

For many, graduating from college is one of the more memorable moments in their lives. It is a milestone, a marker or a launching pad. For some, it also marks the beginning of a slow, slow death — a drastic departure from the best times.

Want to know how much I've been thinking about graduating?

I nearly forgot to write this column. Who's ready to graduate? This guy.

Provided I remember to show up to the ceremony.

Last Tuesday, I wrote with fond memory about my time spent at the Oregon Daily Emerald, stuck in the back corner writing about sports, and if I had to pick something that defined my time here, it would be all the time I spent stuck in the back corner of the Oregon Daily Emerald writing about sports.

A lot of people have favorite teachers. I have favorite coaches and favorite interviews.

A lot of people have favorite classes. I have favorite arenas and fields.

People will leave here able to discuss the complexities of Barthe's theory of power. I will be able to discuss the potential of next year's women's basketball team, which will make a return appearance in the tourney.

People rave about the beauty of the new Lillis Business Complex or the art museum. I rave about the legacy and legend of Hayward Field and Mac Court.

On my list of must-take classes from the University: sweet shooting from Luke Jackson, the weekend seminar adjunct professor Kellen Clemens offered on keeping cool in the pocket and the upper-level course on the history of men's track.

Also on that list: Theory and Criticism of Oregon's Newly-Installed Spread Offense.

Introduction to Lacrosse. A 200-level class offered in the spring.

History Men's of Former

Assistant Coach Fred Litzenberger. (Highly recommended.)

Tests and papers don't compare to attending your first press conference with other established journalists and with the expectation of sounding intelligent when you ask questions.

Tests and papers don't compare to covering a sport you know nothing

about with other established journalists and with the expectation of intelligent sounding when you write a game recap or preview.

The crazy thing about covering sports is that I **BRIAN SMITH** really kind of fell into this LEFTY SPECIALIST gig. I didn't come here to write sports. I was only

an Oregon sports fan.

Now as graduation approaches (I remember it at the moment), I think that the overall sentiment has to be that most of my education over the past three years centered on Oregon sports, and honestly, it was worth every single penny.

See Bobby. See Bobby sell his used books. See Bobby get cash.

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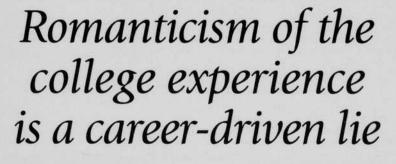
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I thought I might use this as a platform for comic invention, a way to make some glib satirical comment on the college experience, dismissing it with my generation's trademark irony and insolence. But I

honestly just do care enough to bother.

Do you want to know how I feel about the college experience? Tired. Very, very tired. Four years of this, and all I can really think about is how nice it will be to sit down and do some read-

ing this summer. Get through a few Philip K. Dick novels or something. Maybe a little Faulkner if I'm up for it.

Back in '01 I started school with vague dreams of being a writer of some sort, maybe be a film critic or publish a novel about zombies. Now I leave with vague dreams of becoming a writer of some sort, maybe be a film critic or publish a novel about

killer parasites. I'll admit, I'm a better-read, more experienced person than I was when I got here. But I dislike the cliché of the bright open future ahead of us once we get our

diplomas. I'm moving to North Dakota for a few years. What are you doing with your life?

I also dislike the romanticism that still seems to surround the college experience. I came here hoping for a great opportunity to advance myself, to explore new mental territory and

to discover the boundaries of my interests. But, my finances not being unlimited, I did most of my boundary exploring on my own. I spent my class time fulfilling requirements and occasionally taking an interesting course just for the hell of it. The focus in undergrad academics far from has moved an

NYBURG, page 20B



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