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■ In my opinion

Do-it-yourself Thanksgiving

It's Thanksgiving! This has always been my favorite holiday. I love the cooking and eating and nondenominational status. I love feeling grateful. I love spending the day with my family, whomever it may happen to be that year.

My freshman year, all the stragglers from Wilcox Hall in Bean East piled into a couple cars for a very Springfield Thanksgiving. I had a group of friends who lived off Fifth Street and Harlow Road. By the time the feast came around there were about 20 random people, including the five guys and one girl who lived in the house, someone's mom, the out-of-staters from the dorms and all our visitors, plus this one guy I'm not sure anybody knew. We ate at the table and at the counter and on the floor. We had stuffing and mashed potatoes, but we also had Miller High Life, which the vegetarians politely sipped. After dinner a few of us gathered around the python's cage to feed him a Thanksgiving rat.

Our hosts were all originally from Oakridge, and the guests were from all over the place. For many of us, it was our first Thanksgiving away from our families. I'm sure many of the Emerald's readers are going through the same first this year. So all you out-of-staters, as you jealously watch the mass exodus of students driving just a few hours home this weekend, remember that Thanksgiving is what you make it. Make it a good one.

One year we had an all-girls Thanksgiving where we watched "Sex and the City" and drank cosmos while everything cooked. We also made phallic symbols out of the rolls and triumphantly screamed when we used our own strength and ingenuity to remove the gizzards from a turkey that refused to defrost. We broke all the Thanksgiving rules. We made fried



ARMY FETH
RHETORIC CHECK

zucchini and ate it before dinner. When the turkey came out of the oven we picked at it until it was ugly, because there was no one to swat our little hands with a spatula. We didn't even make dessert because Rasool from Duck n' Go had given us an enormous plate of baklava and the biggest pumpkin pie I'd ever seen. I think he was proud of us for making the whole meal by ourselves.

If you have your own kitchen, by all means, try to cook for Thanksgiving. Invite some other people you know can't go home and do whatever you want. If you don't want to cook a whole turkey, don't. Get a chicken or a turkey breast and roast the heck out of it. Or hey, call it a current events holiday, skip the poultry all together and congratulate yourself on avoiding the avian flu. Don't be scared by the tradition and expectations of the meal. Make what ever foods you are thankful for.

If you are going to a friend's house, remember you are there to represent your own family, so bring something to the table, literally. Maybe it's your Aunt's famous perogies, or maybe your family eats Tofurky. Figure out how to make it and introduce a new group of people to the joys of your own weird traditions. After all, you'll be enduring theirs.

If you've got nowhere to go, fear not. You can always go to the bar. Max's is having a potluck dinner. If that's not your style, the Friendly Street Church

Fellowship Hall is having a free meal at noon for "all with no place to go for the holiday." See if you can make a dish, or help out at a retirement home dinner. You can also volunteer at a homeless shelter and help people who don't have as much to be thankful for.

The bottom line is this: Thanksgiving is the best holiday. It's all about gluttony and love and sharing. Be thankful for whatever you have, and express it in your own way. But do try to spend the day with someone else. Everyone is compatible on Thanksgiving. Now might be the best time to get any bad karma out of your system; afterwards, you can take a nap.

The possibilities for a Thanksgiving away from home are endless. I imagine a group of guys somewhere trying to shoot a frozen turkey through a basketball hoop. I see people playing video games while their Stouffers dinner bakes away. I bet there is someone out there who watches the Food Network all day, then gives up and takes the gang to Marie Callenders. Some type-A would-be chef is neurotically checking the poultry thermometer every five minutes. I'd love to sit in on a vegan Thanksgiving some year.

I will never forget my first Thanksgiving away from home. It was the epitome of this very American holiday. There was a whole bunch of us with totally different lives, but we all had one thing in common: We recognized the need for a gathering. I hope my friends from Springfield, wherever they are now, don't forget to feed the snake and realize how thankful I still am for the year they fed me.

Happy Thanksgiving, University of Oregon.

afeth@dailyemerald.com

■ Editorial

A tribute to Ted Koppel's tenacity on 'Nightline'

Tuesday night marked the end of an era in broadcast journalism.

After a quarter-century at the helm of ABC's "Nightline" program, Ted Koppel resigned gracefully from his post.

As print journalists, we usually find very little that is encouraging about television reporters, and all too often we can easily dismiss them as flimsy, ill-informed and egotistical. Koppel stands out from this gross generalization because he broke all these stereotypes.

His show, which usually explored just a single topic in the course of a program, was among the most thought-provoking news programs on television.

Over the years, Koppel was one of the few television journalists willing to take himself out of the spotlight and battle an unconvincing interviewee for the truth.

During the immediate aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, America watched as Koppel calmly hammered then-FEMA Director Michael Brown when he said the organization was just uncovering facts that journalists had been reporting for days.

Koppel was unflinching in his line of questioning.

"Don't you guys watch television; don't you listen to the radio? Our reporters have been reporting about it for more than just today," he said.

On his last "Nightline" program, Koppel did not choose to do a soft-focus, clip-show retrospective, as many of his peers have done. Instead he focused on revisiting one of the most popular stories he told on the program: The last year in the life of a man with a terminal illness.

Sadly, this brand of broadcast journalism is a dying practice in an era when cable news anchors speculate first and ask questions later, or as Koppel put it, "being first with the obvious."

As if to add insult to injury, ABC has picked some of the worst possible television personalities to replace Koppel. His successors include Martin Bashir, famous for his ridiculous exposés on Michael Jackson, Cynthia McFadden, who earned her stripes plugging away at the tabloid show "Primetime," and Terry Moran, a non-offensive weekend news anchor. These three new co-anchors represent everything that Koppel was not.

It cannot be said that "Nightline" was a perfect journalistic endeavor, nor that Koppel was without flaws. But in a career that spanned four decades, he did many things right. We are sad to see him go.

CORRECTION

Because of a reporter's error in Tuesday's "Committee to review professor's case," the Emerald reported that University law professor Merle Weiner was sued after referring to a domestic violence court case in her article "Strengthening Article 20." Weiner was not actually sued, but was threatened with a lawsuit. The threat was settled out of court.

Because of an editor's error, the headline should have specified that the University Senate's new committee will not specifically review Weiner's case but will use the case as a basis to discuss the issue of whether the University should provide legal protection when professors are sued while they are employees of the University.

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■ Guest commentary

Coleman not referring to racism in letter critiquing fan behavior

As the co-director of the Black Student Union, I am writing in response to the commentary by Beth Overgard ("Professor should keep attacks free of unjustified claims of racism," ODE Nov. 15) to point out a flagrant misrepresentation of Dr. Edwin L. Coleman's letter ("Out-of-control football fan behavior is intolerable," ODE Nov. 9).

It is clear that Dr. Coleman was not insinuating that the African-American Huskies' drum major was booed

because he was black; instead, Coleman was communicating that he was proud of him, as a fellow African-American, for taking such a high profile position and persevering through the boos. It is clear that Dr. Coleman was establishing a personal connection with the young man, which caused him to share his humiliation. He was NOT making claims of racism. The purpose of his letter was to express his shock that the University

crowd booed the band's performance in what was supposed to be a non-competitive atmosphere.

Does racism exist on campus? Yes. Does it prevail during the athletic events? Yes. (I have personally heard racially derogatory comments made toward opposing team members and officials.) Is racism what Dr. Coleman was referring to? No.

Felicia Wheatfall
Black Student Union Co-director

INBOX

Walking to work last week, I passed the long line of drowsy students waiting to buy football tickets. Curious, I asked the guy in position 900 or so how long he had been there. Since 4 a.m. was the answer. Oddly enough, I had been up since 4 a.m. also, but due to a restless infant, not to a policy concocted by adults.

I'm as big a sports fan as the next guy or gal, but there seems to be a direct clash between sports and studies when students are forced to miss a night's sleep and probably a good chunk of their Monday classes just to support the Ducks.

Can't the University, in all it's

wisdom, come up with a better solution, such as a weekly ticket lottery? Any computer-science undergrad could write the code for such a system, even one that weights individual odds to make it more likely for past losers to win later.

Back when I was a student here, we went to Mac Court to stand in long lines to register for classes and short lines to buy football tickets. Computers have automated the former process, and could easily handle the latter. Since the rest of us can buy tickets online (and judging by the recent Xbox episode), the athletic department is surely hip to the hi-tech scene.

Granted, the current system rewards

the die-hard fans (with good camping gear) for their perseverance, as maybe it should be in the jock world. But honestly, should a few thousand students be missing or sleeping through half of their Monday classes when fair and more humane solutions exist?

Given that students pay for tickets through activity fees, distributing them in this manner is akin to assembling your employees on pay day, tossing their wages on the floor, and having them scuffle over the coins.

Show some respect for those who bring you the Autzen effect.

Keith Downing
Eugene