

One presidential debate was very strange

By ALAN P. FELTON

I have been thinking about the 1980s lately, and who could blame me with all the ghosts from that depraved decade making appearances in the national press recently.

Why only last week I saw a rather senile Ronald Reagan babbling about the nation's current course and trying to fool anyone who would listen that he could do better. That experience left me believing that ex-presidents should be put to sleep with a strong dose of animal tranquilizer once they leave office, but in Reagan's case that would not be a whole lot different than his years in the White House.

Oliver North is back in the news and this time he is trying to inflict some serious damage on

the people of Virginia by running for the Senate there. Just think, a convicted felon and common thief attempting to win a place in our beloved government. Of course that description would fit most anyone associated with the Reagan and Bush presidencies so we should not be too shocked that any of this is going on.

These events are horrible, but I had planned to tell you my experience during the 1988 presidential race and a particular debate featuring the best and brightest of the Democratic Party. My lawyer has informed me that the statute of limitations has run out on the various felonies and misdemeanors I committed during that debate, so it is finally safe to tell the sad and vicious tale.

I arrived at the debate in High Point early in the morning carry-

Opinion

ing a hangover, a camera with a zoom lens, and several .50 caliber shells in my pocket. I quickly traded the camera for a t-shirt that was printed with a nude picture of Tipper Gore and the slogan "I Tipped Tipper."

Most of the candidates had not yet arrived, so I made my way to the hotel bar and proceeded to have a nourishing liquid breakfast. The campaign trail demands a high energy level, especially when covering professional scum of the presidential kind.

At the bar I met an assortment of freakish campaign aides, minor politicians, and most of the journalists assigned to this decadent event. As everyone's bar tab

grew larger, the mood became ugly and I decided I better hide out in the bathroom until the show started.

I stumbled into the nearest men's room and there encountered the largest man I had ever seen. He had his back to me, as he was occupied at the urinal. Another large, older man caught sight of me and immediately took offense to my t-shirt. At that moment the man at the urinal turned around and I came face to face with Al Gore.

He scowled at the picture of his nude wife and took a step toward me. I was trapped in the bathroom with a very angry U.S.

Senator and a full bladder and I could think of no way to make use of the bullets in my pocket. I quickly shouted something about being Jesse Jackson's campaign manager and George Bush's love child and ran out of the bathroom fast.

Outside the door, the angry bartender was waving my drink bill toward me and I knew I should leave quickly. Telling the bartender that Senator Gore would pick up my tab, I ran out of the hotel and spent the rest of the day sharing a bottle of Mad Dog 20/20 with a homeless family.

After all, I am a professional.

Caught on the bounce

By PATRICK BRANNAN

For those readers of *The Sporting News* the format of this column will make sense. If not go out and spend the \$2.50 to buy the paper and you might actually learn something.

- So let me get this straight, his Airness is going to try and hit the curveball. Well, this agent saw him at the All Star workout in July and he couldn't hit that well then. Now he's taking BP off of Ron Scheler with a career record of 40-48 and a 4.08 ERA. Well, at least if he can't play up to the major league level, the Mets have a spot open.

- Speaking of the Mets, they signed Glenn Davis. Davis played in 40 percent of the possible games in three years in Baltimore. Not to mention he missed most of last year after having his jaw broken in a fight outside a bar in Virginia Beach (right after he had been sent down to AAA). Then when he came back to the O's to work out he gets knocked out by a foul ball in the dugout. Yo, Glenn, can you take a hint? I think someone's trying to tell you something.

- The suicide rate just dropped in Seattle because the Mariners actually have a chance to win the pennant. Thanks to the realignment and great pitching there may be playoffs in Seattle this October. Still too much rain for me, though.

Opinion

- Icegate coming to rink near you. Tonya is suing for \$20 million in damages from the USOC. Tonya says she will, "tell Kerrigan she's sorry for what happened and that she will give her a hug" (*USA Today*). Tonya, you're not on the playground anymore, you're on the Olympic Team.

- CBS' new motto: "We may not have football but we've got Dave." CBS not only ruined the sports business by overpaying for just about every sport possible but they ruined themselves, too. Then they get Letterman for \$14 million and had their best year ever. Now CBS is sending Dave's mom to cover the Olympics. What's next on the Letterman network?

- The Baseball Network kicks off in July. It marks the beginning of the end of network televised sports. By the turn of the century sports will only be on

cable or pay-per-view.

- The Bleached Sox decided to cut Bo and take Jordan instead. They're missing a great business opportunity. Can you say tickets \$50 apiece street value? It would almost be as big a draw as Baltimore's new stadium.

- About a decade ago you could buy an entire baseball team for the price of one player today. The Pirates are on the market with a starting price of \$95 million. Yet, the rumor has it you better have \$150 million in the bank by the time the bidding ends. This for a team that has lost \$40 million over five years and also lost most of their team to free agency. Someone tell me I'm not in the wrong business.

- I'm still confused with the new Major League Agreement. First the owners fire the commissioner for sticking his head into labor affairs. Now, two years later they're turning around and telling him he has to. And the owners wonder what the fans fuss about?

Letters to the editor policy

The Decree accepts only signed letters to the editors. Unsigned letters will not be printed. Letters need to be placed in the campus post office and marked "Decree" or placed in the *Decree* office in the Hardees building. Letters must be received by Friday of the week prior to the next issue in order to be printed in that issue. *The Decree* reserves the right to edit or reject letters for grammar, libel, or good taste.

Snapshot of Spring Fling!

Here's a preview of the activities planned for Spring Fling so that you can make plans!

April 4 Goofy Olympics, sponsored by Delta Sigma Phi, 4 p.m., Edge Lawn. This is an afternoon of fun and games! The crazier the better!

NCAA Championship party, sponsored by Sigma Pi, time TBA, SAC. Come cheer on your favorite team! Decorations will resemble the teams and prizes will be given out!

April 5 Talent Show, sponsored by Sigma Phi Delta, 9:30 p.m., SAC. Get your talent ready, because we offer great prizes for the best talent!

April 6 Tye Dying Party, sponsored by Pi Epsilon, 4 p.m. Edge Lawn. Join us on the Edgcombe Lawn in making your own masterpiece!

April 7 Pie Throwing Contest, sponsored by SNCAE, 4 p.m., Patio. Start collecting your pennies so that you can buy a pie to throw at your favorite faculty and staff members!

"You Laugh You Lose Comedy Game Show," 9:30 p.m., SAC. Don't miss out on this great comedy show with three comedians. Also, you may have a chance to win big!! If the comics can't make you laugh, you win \$\$\$!

April 8 Beach Blast '94, time TBA, Edge Lawn. We are bringing in a huge pool and Sumo Wrestling for your entertainment! We will even have a DJ or possibly have a radio station broadcasting live!

April 9 "Sun Tan Jam" Band Day, co-sponsored by Delta Sigma Phi, times TBA, Edge Lawn. Join us on the Edge Lawn for an all-day band festival! We will have a variety of bands! Bring your picnic and hang out on the lawn!