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## Finally the baseball season ends

When Joe Carter belted the dramatic World Series-clinching homer in the bottom of the ninth Saturday night, all I could think was, "Thank God this is over."

Whoopie! A team from Canada just defeated a bunch of scruffy, fat guys in a game called "America's pastime."

Puh-lease.

Don't get me wrong, I grew up loving baseball, collecting baseball cards, playing nine years of little league and making numerous trips to Civic Stadium in Portland to see the Portland Beavers play.

But about the time I hit high school, something changed.

Baseball lost something.

I grew up reading the box scores every morning. The first team I would check would be the Dodgers. Steve Garvey, Ron Cey, Davey Lopes, Reggie Smith, Dusty Baker. Los Angeles was my favorite team, and the Dodgers had the same guys every year.

My other team was the Pirates. Bill Madlock, Dave Parker, Willie Stargell, Tim Lincecum. Again, I could name Pittsburgh's starting lineup instantly.

The early 1980s rolled around and Garvey went to the Padres. Then Cey went to the Cubs, Lopes to the A's, Smith, Baker and Stargell retired. Parker went to the Reds, and Madlock went to, of all teams, the Dodgers.



DAVE CHARBONNEAU

By the time I was a freshman in high school, I began to fall in love with the "new" Dodgers. Mike Marshall, Steve Sax, Pedro Guerrero, Mike Scioscia.

Two years later, they were gone too.

About three years ago, I gave up on the sport altogether.

It's not because the game is so boring, or because CBS has done a terrible job marketing the games, or because Marge Schott is a racist, or because George Steinbrenner has the Yankees back.

It's because it's impossible to have a favorite team anymore.

I mean you can have a favorite team, but it can have nothing to do with the players on the team because they will inevitably be gone to another team in two or three years.

Your other option is to pick a few favorite players, and follow them wherever they go. But then you could end up liking teams like Cleveland and San Diego.

My point is this. Joe Carter was the hero for the Blue Jays this season, but he likely won't even be in Toronto in two years. Paul Molitor won't be there either. And John Kruk and Lenny Dykstra will be out of Philadelphia also.

Baseball has no camaraderie left. Players no longer care who they play for or where they play. As long as they have a shot at the championship and make very good money, they'll play. Actually, the former isn't even a necessity in most cases.

I didn't watch one single game of baseball this season, and I don't regret that. What I do regret is that baseball has become so lame and money-driven that it drove my interest right out the door. True, basketball and football are heavily driven by money, but there are still players who are dedicated to sticking with their team until they either win a title or he retires.

Dan Marino, Jim Kelly, Michael Jordan, Clyde Drexler.

These guys have all dedicated their careers to one team.

Major League Baseball had only a couple of players left with the same dedication. Unfortunately, one of them retired this year. His name is George Brett.

Dave Charbonneau is a sports reporter for the Emerald.

**You'll Be Speechless**

**COSTUMES**

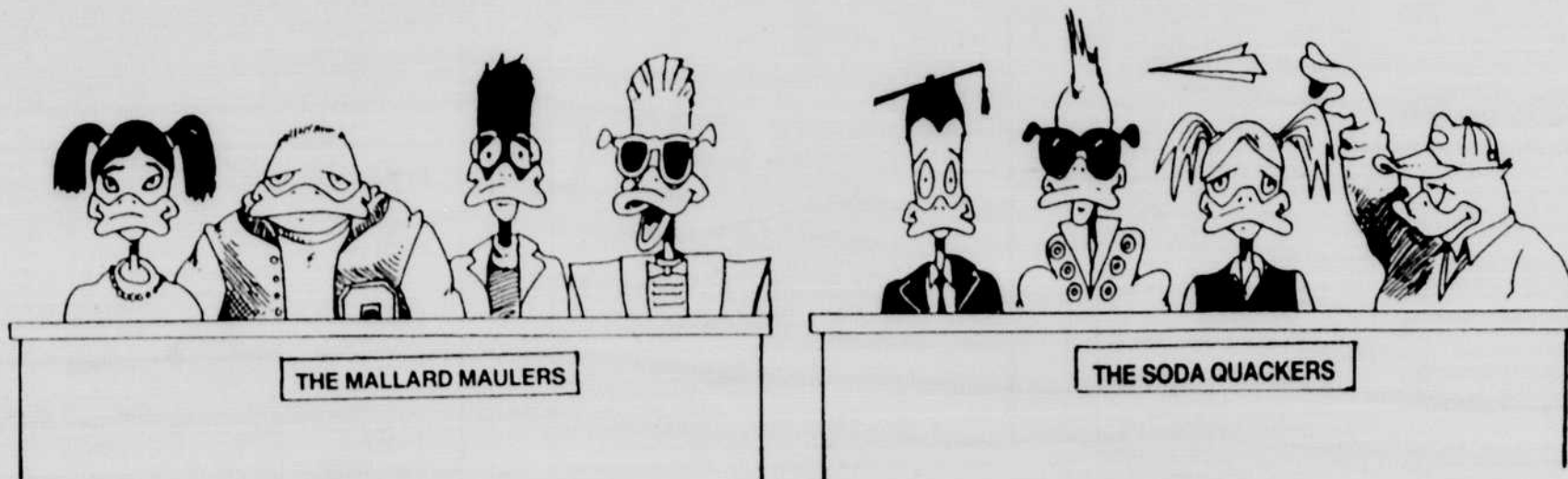
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**Cost:** \$3 per person or \$12 for a team.