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CLASS OF 1995

METZ

Continued from Page 3B

Metz' thoughts on skateboarding, cholesterol and fat, freeloading sports writers

But since I was going to make this a sappy tear-jerker, let me move on. Since I'm one of those glass half-empty people, I need not thank those people and things that were of no particular importance to me in my brief stay at the *Emerald* and my all-too-lengthy (and expensive) stay at the University.

In no particular order, here's a list of those that I probably won't miss, and for that matter probably won't miss me.

• **Skateboarders.** A classic example of youthful spirit gone wrong, I never understood the lure of this noisy, annoying, inefficient mode of transportation that has tragically woven itself into the fabric of today's youth scene. For that matter, I'm not much of a fan of any of the various non-motorized wheel family. It may make me a bad person, but I make no bones about my great love for the good old automobile. Not to mention I get to places a hell of a lot faster.

• **Cholesterol.** I remember as a kid eating Twinkies, pizza and ice cream without worrying about heart attacks and heart disease and all that other dumb stuff. Now, as a young, supposedly mature adult about to graduate from college (and only after eight years of hard work), I am forced to actually feel a twinge of regret as I continue stuffing my face with box after box of greasy pizza and case after case of Ben & Jerry's New York Super Fudge Chunk.

• **Speaking of eating.** I'll never understand people that feel the need to eat a four-course meal in the middle of class. I usually try to take advantage of one of the other 18 hours that I have free during my day to take care of my daily nourishment.

• **Ace Frehley's agent.** She

doesn't know a good thing when she sees it, man.

• **Ahmad Rashad's secretary.** Ditto.

• **Among others that rub me wrong,** I'd like to acknowledge those few sports writers that proved the old theory about a bad apple spoiling a bunch or something like that. Although I learned a lot of good things about being a sports reporter and editor from the writers at the *Register-Guard* and the *Oregonian*, I also figured out that sports writers are some of the biggest freeloading mooches known to man.

Never happy unless there is something free involved, most sports writers are more worried about their place in line at the media buffet table than they are about how many passes Danny O'Neil has completed this half.

Along these lines, I'd like to thank the sports writer that hoarded my souvenir Rose Bowl hat (more free stuff) from the press box in Pasadena. Though I'm not a big proponent of free stuff, I could have at least sold it.

And what about Austin Murphy of *Sports Illustrated*? Here's a guy that came into my life, ate two slices of my pizza (free stuff), and then didn't even use any of my quotes in his Civil War story on the Ducks. Oh, the nerve.

Good or bad, mean and nice, German or not: Metz loves you all

Now for the people that really mattered.

A writer is nothing without the readers. Though it was obvious that some people take the printed word much too seriously, I look back with fond memories at my love and hate mail.

Before I came to the *Emerald*, I was never aware that I had such a "sick mind," a fact so eloquently pointed out by a reader — we'll call him Herb from Germany for our purposes. I was also not aware that I lacked so much baseball knowledge. Although I'm quite confident as to my mental stability and I'm pretty sure that I'm well-versed in the game of baseball, I welcomed reader input.

So to my fans and non-fans alike — I say thank you.

Also, I must thank my editor Kaly Soto and the powers that be at the *Emerald* for allowing me to develop a bona fide "Sports Section" that included a full, front page of sports. What used to be a smaller-scale production, the sports section ballooned into a completely separate section this year.

And what kind of guy would forget the people that make things tick? Without Kris "Red" Henry, Trevor "Tree" Kearney and Mark "Mark" McTyre, my life as a boss would have sucked. Above and beyond the call of duty best describes this tough-guy trio. Three more dependable guys I've never seen — not to mention they are damn good writers.

Did I forget anybody?

A quick rundown of the rest of the people that I would like to thank as I retire from the world of print journalism, forever:

• (once again in no particular order): Ace Frehley, Reggie Miller, Rod Strickland, Jeff Potter and his mom Jeannie, Diet Pepsi, Paz, Steve Friedman (in terms of nacho consumption), the guy who cheap-shotted me on the field after we kicked OSU's ass in football, my mom, The Electric Love Gypsies, Murray Olderman, Hayden Fry, Frog, Squire "Slappy" Bozorth, Napoleon Kaufman, Jeremy Asher, Ron Bellamy, Sean McNally, Jerry Springer, Wayne Wanta, the person's whose lawn I slept on in Pasadena, Chad Cota, Dick's Hamburgers, The Great State of South Dakota, Josh Wilcox, my best friend Scott "Lunch bucket" Simpson, Springfield Mayor Bill Morrisette, the Sports Information staff (Jamie, Dave, Joe, and "Grumpy" Steve), Mike Bellotti (and his hairstylist), Nick Aliotti, Paul Buker, Lindsey Lewis, Jeff Sherman, Hamm's "The Beer Refreshing," Tom "Balls" Charles, Pile, and most importantly my dog Fred (may he rest in peace).

Chris Metz is the sports editor for the *Emerald*.

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