

Off Campus Sports

by Jerry Ulmer
Staff Columnist

Brewers back on earth

That thud you heard last week was the Milwaukee Brewers landing back on earth. The Brew Crew turned to Brew Stew as they settled into third place. Suddenly people aren't as eager to tell you that their parents live down the street from Tom Trebelhorn's uncle. Channel Eight's Scott Lynn hasn't flashed any pictures of himself cajoling with Trebelhorn in spring training for quite some time. By the end of the season the Brewers will be rubbing elbows with the Cleveland Indians, both victims of the Sports Illustrated cover jinx, and Lynn will be showing Dale Murphy highlights instead.

The team that supplanted the Brewers from first place in the American League East is the New York Yankees. The Yankees, second place finishers to Toronto in '85 and the Red Sox in '86, have finally found their missing ingredient: pitching. Owner George Steinbrenner went against his consultants' advice to acquire a mighty dog in pitcher Rick Rhoden during the off season, but it's the kibbles-n-bits that have made the difference.

Charles Hudson, a refugee from the Phillies' organization, was 6-0 with a 2.02 ERA as of May 18. Cecilio Grante and Pat Clements came over with Rhoden from Pittsburgh as trade filler, and have been steady in long relief setting up Dave Righetti. These newcomers add to a staff which already boasts rangy Den-

nis Rasmussen (3-2, 2.67 ERA) and veterans Ron Guidry and Joe Niekro. If Hudson continues his surprising pace, the Yankees won't be touched in the AL East.

Hitting is not a problem for New York. The Yankees climbed into first place with Don Mattingly hitting an unheard of .240. That's like .140 to everyone else. When Mattingly wakes up, and he will, New York could run away and hide and start worrying about who will pay for the ticker-tape. If the Yankees don't win this year, Lou Piniella may be working at Minit-Lube.

MISCELLANEOUS- How 'bout them Bevos! To say the Portland Beavers were slow out of the gate during their 6-26 start is an understatement - it's more like the gate was locked. One thing is for certain, the parent Minnesota Twins better have a good year, because the future is dark down on the farm. Do the Beavers know there isn't a draft lottery for AAA baseball?...Sidney Mancrief's textbook body slam of Danny Ainge in Game 6 of the Boston-Milwaukee series was a work of art. World Wrestling Federation promoter Vince McMahon Should stage a rematch. I can hear Ainge now: "Sidney, you offended me and all the little Aingesters. I want you and then I want Hogan."

A fan with flair

by Jerry Ulmer
Staff Columnist

Dwelling amidst Cape Cod society, beyond the whirr of city engines on a Vermont hillside, resides a most peculiar and driven man. This man has a love which snow cannot be shoveled upon. He holds within the privacy of his mind an encyclopedia of sports trivia answers. He is Gassamer Finesse, a doctor who retired 15 years ago in quest of a dream: to become America's biggest sports fan.

It may sound easy, but it's a full-time job. Staying well-informed is his top priority. Magazines litter all the crevices of his home, with particularly large stacks in the bath rooms. He watches at least five games per day, maintaining surprising poses and classy sportsmanship while at home, only losing his cool in '80 when a horde of over-zealous youths shoveled snow into his satellite dish during a Providence-Seton Hall basketball game.

Goss, as his friends call him, insists that there is an art to all aspects of being a sports fanatic. "When I badger refs at games, I do it with style, penache, flair," he says as he folds up a USA Today and stashes it under his dog's bowl. "Sometimes I bring whistles and flags."

To maintain his status he feels it is necessary to remain in obscurity. Goss knows he must keep a "level head." "Once a fan gets notoriety, like Dancing Barry of the Bullets or Crazy George of the Billyball Oakland A's, they become a celebrity. All those showboats want is attention. They become obsessed with it. They're not real fans," says Goss.

While spectating a Celtics playoff game at Boston Garden in '76, Goss fell in the trap. Livid at the sight of Dave Cowens sixth foul, Goss, with adrenalin in his veins and peanuts on his breath, charged the court to converse with the official. One thing led to another, and by the time Beantown retreated to its Narragansett Lager that evening, Goss had scored 14 points and snared eight rebounds in Hush Puppies and Banlon shirt, securing an overtime triumph. His feat went unpublicized because he left early to beat traffic. Befuddled statisticians gave his totals to Jim Ard. "That ref was a yutz, but I definitely lost my cool."

Mind you, to Goss this is much more than a hobby. If he's not viewing a game, then he's phoning various sports talk shows, always insisting that hockey coaches, like baseball coaches should be forced to wear the team uniform. "It's my own personal fight, and I think I'm starting to make some headway. All the other schmucks who call in want to talk about lights at Wrigley Field, the designated hitter, Bucky Dent's acting career or Peter Ueberroth's drug testing plan. I don't care about drug testing. I think Ueberroth should worry about straightening out his nose," says a worked-up Dr. Finesse.

Drug testing isn't the only topic Goss doesn't care for. "One night this guy calls up wanting to talk about pro wrestling. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't give a rip whether 'Death Camp' Hofbrau beats 'Blowtorch' Harris, regardless of whether Hofbrau uses the Gestapo Grip or not.

That's not sport. And besides, 'Macho Man' Savage cheats every time he's out there."

Talking to a man with all-encompassing sports knowledge is fascinating. His impressions of Portland: "A nice western town, a clean town, a Burger King town. If the Blazers don't get a tough forward, opponents will keep running chin-up drills on the rim. Harry Glickman won't televise a home game for free. I hear even home movies at Harry's house are on pay-per-view."

Instinctively Goss grabs a bag of Cheetos and a beer and heads for his den. The buzz of his turning satellite dish barely audible, he nestles in his strat-o-lounger. As the game starts, he slips into a trance. The interview is over. As I leave through the front door I hear a muffled voice shout, "No Way!"

See Day play



Michelle Day

by Sherri Michaels
Staff Writer

"I live with softball and homework," said Michelle Day, second baseperson for the Lady Cougars.

Day, 19, played baseball in fifth grade, took a year off, and resumed playing in seventh grade. Since then she has lettered four years at Molalla High School, been academically super, and played exceptionally well.

"Softball takes a lot of time," said Day, but "it's fun." Though for Day fun comes along with pain as in the instance where at the beginning of the season, she broke the small finger on her right hand, yet still kept playing not knowing what had happened. She also has been out with a sprained ankle.

Day tutors math and can also tutor chemistry, but due to her full load is not able to.

As a wildlife major, Day has many opportunities to observe the different species of wildlife that find their niches around a creek on her parents' farm. Day lives with her parents and often helps them with the work on the farm.

So far her most exciting adventure for the school year has been her trip to Hawaii with the women's basketball team.

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May 20, 1987

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