

# sports

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The Daily Collegian  
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## Now playing: Invasion of the junk sports

Summer time at a college campus brings out some weird things. Weird fashions, weird people, weird fads, weird music, weird hair-cuts, you name it, if it's weird, people will do it in the hot weather. Warm weather and education have that kind of intoxicating affect on people.

Just like the tenth and tonic that convinces you it is alright to put the lampshade on your head in the middle of a party, summer leads you into a false sense of security.

And people take full advantage of the opportunity to make fools of themselves.

Gays with purple hair, girls with no hair, people chanting and singing for no apparent reason, musclemen flexing, kids handing out religious material, drunks throwing up, it all happens right here in the summer months.

Although seeing a five-year-old pass out information on some strange Indian religion and watching an inebriated person blow his outs both give me the same gut feeling, there are a few things that happen here in the summer that make me even more nauseous.

I'm talking about those so-called summer sports. Not baseball, even though it too has its weird side, I mean the kind of sports that aren't really sports at all.

You know — skateboarding, frisbee throwing, hacky sack, rollerskating and all of those free-spirited kind of activities. In short, "Pepsi Generation" kind of stuff.

I know, why in the world would anyone dislike young people doing their own thing and enjoying themselves? They could be out smoking dope or drinking beer so you should be glad they are enjoying themselves with some good, clean fun.

Well I don't buy that. For one thing, these people are only pretending to enjoy themselves.

Sure they may have a little fun skateboarding down a hill, but what do you think they do when they have to go up hill. You're damn right, they walk like the rest of us. Some fun, don't you think?

And it gets worse. Frisbees are alright until you throw one errantly and hit the weightlifter on Old Main lawn. Or worse yet, some bozo who trained his dog to catch frisbees in mid-flight unleashes his mutt on your flying disk. Some fun when you are wiping Rover's slobber off of your frisbee.

Rollerskating looks great until you fall, and no matter how good you are, sooner or later you are going to fall. I don't think hacky sack is very fun to begin with, even when you are kicking the sack. You spend more time picking the damn thing up than anything else, and how much fun is that?

People who involve themselves in

these activities are not really having fun, they are only putting on a front. They are saying in their own sneaky way that they are better than you because you can't possibly be as happy as they are.

And take a look at the people who are into these activities. Granted, some skateboard enthusiasts are alright, but the majority need a good swift elbow in the jaws. You know, the people I'm talking about, the punks who come flying up from behind you and whiz by, scaring the living daylight out of you.

People who throw frisbees always act like they are at the beach. With their fumes, shades, towels and sun tan oil these people transform the HUB lawn into Daytona Beach north.

Rollerskaters have the same cocky attitudes of the skateboarder people. Their sole concern is showing off and scaring people. But rollerskaters are worse because they have more control over their wheels, which could be dangerous.

What kind of person plays hacky sack you ask?

Well I'll tell you. It is the kind of person who would spend five bucks on a small bean bag. Worse yet, it is the kind of guy (or girl), who enjoys standing in a circle with five other people jumping around. The last time I saw six grown humans standing in a circle jumping around was at a second-rate snut movie.

I didn't expect the match to be so tough, "Wilander said after his three and three-quarter hour struggle against Casale, who was playing in only his third Nabisco Grand Prix tournament. "But I don't count on anything here. I just play them."

One seeded player, No. 6 Zina Garrison of the United States, was ousted on the hot, humid day as Britain's Anne Hobbs posted a 6-4, 6-4 victory.

Defending champion Boris Becker of West Germany had his second-round match against American Tom Gullikson halted by darkness. Becker was leading 6-4, 6-3, 2-2.

Lloyd, who has won the title at the All England Club three times, downed fellow American Pam Casale 6-0, 5-7, 6-1.

"I think I played great for the first set and a half," Lloyd said. "Then... her game lifted to another level and she played very well. It took me by surprise a little bit and I played a few sloppy games there for me."

"But in the third set I settled down and I was never really threatened."

Second-seeded Wilander struggled before outlasting Britain's Andrew Castle 4-6, 7-6, 6-7, 6-4, 6-0, and fifth-seeded Ebbeg eventually defeated American Paul Anacone 6-4, 6-7, 4-6, 7-5, 6-0.

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## Lloyd just gets by at Wimbledon

By BOB GREENE  
AP Tennis Writer

WIMBLEDON, England (AP) — Second-seeded Chris Evert Lloyd, along with Mats Wilander and Stefan Edberg of Sweden, were pushed to the limit yesterday before winning their second-round matches in the Wimbledon tennis championship.

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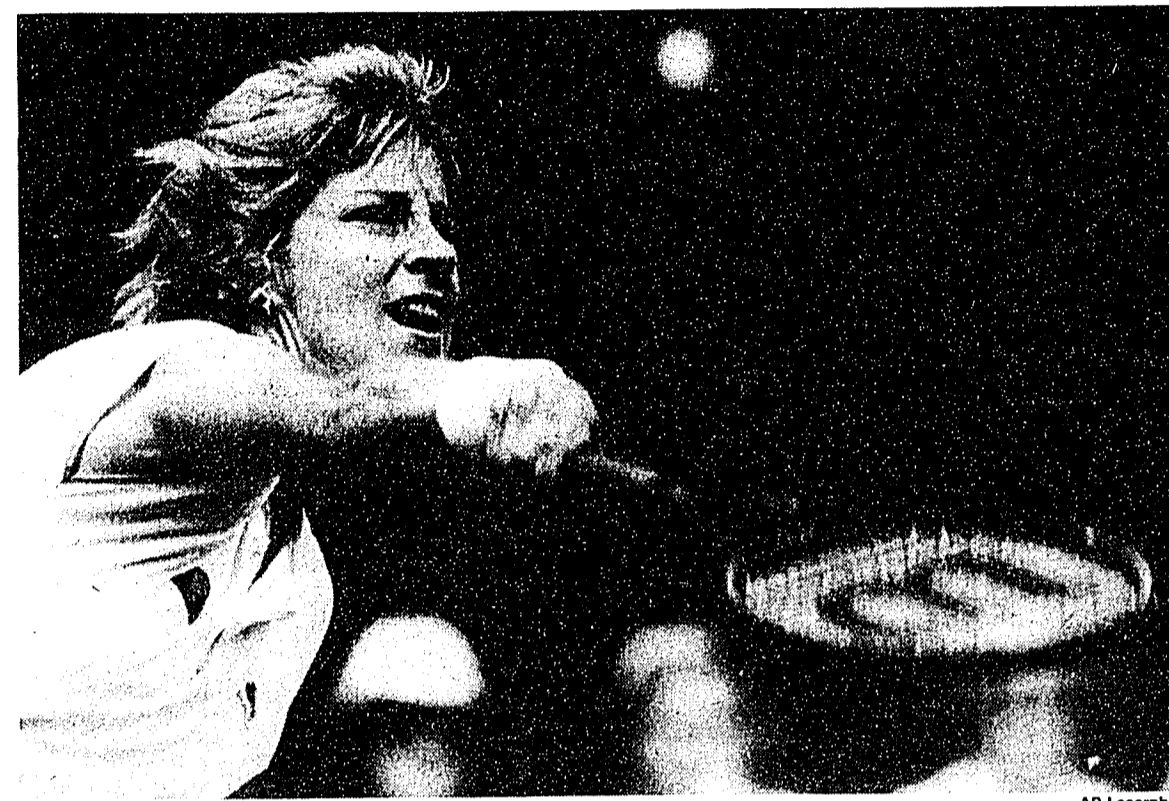
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Chris Evert Lloyd slams a serve to Pam Casale during their match on Centre Court at Wimbledon yesterday. Lloyd overcame a mid-match slump to beat Casale, 6-0; 5-7; 6-1.

round, defeated another American, Lisa Spain-Short, 6-1, 7-6, while "lucky loser" Ronni Reis, who got into the main draw when 13th-seeded Barbara Potter withdrew with a back injury, lost her second-round match to Elise Burgin 6-1, 7-5.

Last year, Wilander, who has won four Grand Slam titles, was upset in the first round at Wimbledon.

This year, he said, he got help from Casale's inexperience. It was the seventh game of the second set, when he broke Casale's serve.

Although he broke Casale in the seventh game of the second set, the Swede lost his own serve at 15 when Casale closed out the 10th game with a smash. Known for his quiet, unassuming way, Wilander, in disgust, threw his racket to the ground.

It was a rare show of emotion, but he managed to do it quietly.

Castle lost two points on his own serve in the ensuing tiebreak, both coming on double-faults. And when Wilander wrapped up the second-set tiebreak 7-3, the match was over.

Castle pulled ahead again by sweeping through the third-set tiebreak 7-0. But Wilander, who has won both the French and Australian opens twice, raced away with the match after Castle had a 2-1 lead in the fourth set.

The Swede won 11 of the next 13 games to advance to the third round.

The Lloyd-Casale match was one of contrasts.

Lloyd breezed through the first set in 28 minutes and had a 4-1 lead in the second.

But Casale broke Lloyd's service in the seventh game as she won three straight games to pull even. She then broke Lloyd in the 11th, helped by three double-faults, during the second three-game streak to take the second set.

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The NFL's defense, on the other hand, is built around its contention that the USFL caused its own

problems, primarily by overspending and by switching to the fall. Attorneys for the established league spent yesterday introducing documents through their first witness, former USFL Commissioner Chet Simmons.

In addition to Taube's letter, they included:

A memo from Don Camera, the league's marketing director, urging that the USFL stay in the spring through 1987 to encourage stability and fan loyalty.

A report after the USFL's first season by John Bassett, the late owner of the Tampa Bay Bandits and chairman of the league executive committee. "We've unleashed a handkerchief to spend ourselves into a hole," Bassett warned. "We have

a structure that is strangling us financially and taking our fans out of our hands."

Minutes of league meetings which indicated that the USFL's major concerns were salary escalation and what the owners considered inadequate revenue from the league's television contracts with ABC and ESPN.

In his testimony, Simmons blamed the problems on what the USFL considers its principal weapon in the trial, a study by a Harvard Business School professor on "How to Conquer the USFL," that was presented to NFL executives in February, 1984. He also cited a memo from Jack Donlan, who was NFL Management Council, entitled "How to Spend the USFL Dollars."

In the course of this trial I've become acquainted with the Harvard Study," Simmons said. "I was wondering why some of these things were happening. Now I've found out," said Simmons.

The NFL, says it discovered that study and that many of its recommendations were ridiculous.

## The Len Bias story: Remembering the best and learning from the worst

A week ago, the suggestion that University of Maryland basketball sensation Len Bias' sudden death may in fact have been caused by drug overdose would have sounded like the twist at the end of a Twilight Zone episode.

Len Bias? A born-again Christian, anti-drug all the way athlete dead of substance abuse? Not in this reality.

By the time the coroner got around to releasing his findings — that Bias' heart attack was indeed caused by cocaine intoxication — the conclusion seemed as inevitable as the period at the end of a sentence.

Since early last Thursday, the rumors had been flying left and right; not just about Bias' drug use, but that he was a cocaine addict as well. And not just about Bias himself, but the entire Maryland team.

No, Len Bias apparently wasn't the all-American we thought he was, off the court at least. He was failing all of his last semester classes and was 20 credits short of getting his degree.

Meanwhile in classic National Enquirer fashion, a homicide investigation was begun to find the individual who may have administered the cocaine to Bias (which reportedly interrupted the electrical activity in his brain and stopped his heart within minutes). Who'll be the winner in the 1986 Cathy Evelyn Smith sweepstakes? My money's on Elvis' ghost.

That's not a joke. The level to which the media have stooped in exploiting Bias over the course of the past week is the stuff of supermarket tabloids. You could tell it was going to get ugly when the cocaine rumors started pouring out of Washington, D.C. From there we were left to draw our own conclusions.

Not that there was any doubt about what sort of conclusions we were supposed to draw. When the reality came, the circumstantial evidence had been piling up too high for it to come as a surprise.

A white powdery substance was found in Bias' car. I don't think anyone held up any hope at that

point that it was granulated sugar. By the time the coroner got around to releasing his findings — that Bias' heart attack was indeed caused by cocaine intoxication — the conclusion seemed as inevitable as the period at the end of a sentence.

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## Carlton walks a straight line out

By RALPH BERNSTEIN  
AP Sports Writer

PHILADELPHIA (AP) — In St. Louis, a young Steve Carlton was going nose-to-nose with one of the most successful businessmen of his day, August Busch.

In Philadelphia, young Rick Wise was discovering first hand what it's like to deal with a general manager who sent Rick Ashburn a contract for a \$3,000 salary cut after Ashburn won the National League batting title.

In both cases, contract negotiations reached a standstill and bitter words were exchanged.

Carlton was adamant. Busch, one of the nation's top brewery executives, was frustrated.

Wise, who had pitched a no-hitter in which he also hit two home runs the year before, wasn't bashful in referring to Phillies General Manager John Quinn as a skunk.

His career ended in 1982 when he was dropped by the San Diego Padres.

The events came to mind Wednesday when the Phillies gave Carlton his unconditional release because they felt the lefthander could not pitch and win anymore in the major leagues.

It serves to illustrate the hard line approach even then developing in the strong-minded Carlton. He walked a straight line, his line. He's still walking that straight line.

In the face of statistics that say he can't pitch, can't win, he declares: "I still can pitch and win."

Carlton was begged by the Phillies to retire gracefully. But he strode that straight line.

Maybe Carlton will sign with another team. Maybe the Phillies are wrong. Maybe he can pitch, win. It's doubtful. He seems determined to follow in the footsteps of Robin Roberts, Willie Mays and Hank Aaron. Play too long. Tarnish his image.

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