

Editorial...

There are many examples of athletes who have died before their time. Who have had their fires extinguished before their talent has been allowed to fully rage. Think about Pelle Lindberg, Jerome Brown and Len Bias to name just a few. Now Cleveland Indians pitchers Steve Olin and Tim Crews have been added to the unfortunately large list of untimely deaths.

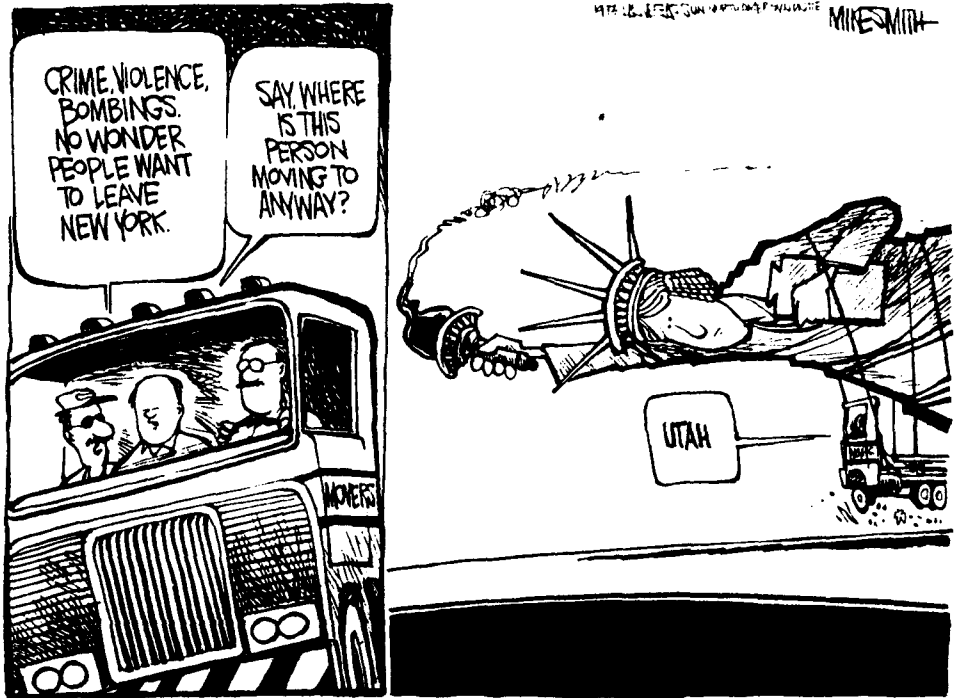
Some died the way they played. Jerome Brown, known for his all-out, "mad-dog" style on the field, died pulling his brand-new sports car out of the car dealership. He played fast and unfortunately drove fast.

Others died experimenting. Len Bias died from a cocaine overdose the night he was chosen by the Boston Celtics as the number one pick in the NBA draft. He had never used drugs before, and consequently never used them again. There were children who may have learned an important lesson about the dangers of drugs through his death, but I am sure that was no consolation for his grieving friends and family.

Pelle Lindberg was known for his remarkable quickness and his catlike reflexes in the net. These talents were of no use however, when he sat behind the wheel with a blood alcohol content that was over 0.15.

Tuesday Olin, Crews and teammate Bob Ojeda went for an evening ride in Crews' boat. They had spent the day at Crews' house having a picnic. Their boat ride was no picnic. The boat crashed into a dock and Olin and Crews died. Alcohol was found in the boat, but so far there has been no proof that they had been drinking.

There is an important lesson to learn from all of these stories: everyone, no matter how physically gifted they may be, is mortal. Life is precious, and we should treat it that way. Don't be afraid to follow a dream, tell someone you love them or just be happy. A brilliant man once said, "life is far too important to be taken too seriously." How true, how true.



From the Hip

by Loretta Russ
 "I only work on *The Collegian* for the money. I really do have a social life."

Hard to believe we're in the home stretch now. Five weeks to go and counting down. Since break, it certainly seems like times slowed down and because we had two days off, we're now all backed up with extra work and 48 hours less to do it in. Feeling stressed? I know I am; two research papers, uncountable essays, multitudes of tests and I am a procrastinator. At the moment I'm more concerned about finding a summer job and having fun with the last few remaining weeks of delayed reality for spring '93.

Although, I've decided my sense of fun has been altered from all the stress I'm under. I've been seen walking around with a stuffed bunny and expecting Terri to read me Berenstain Bears stories so that I can relax. If it's not that, then I'm spending time, (sadly, even my weekends), with the guys on first floor Perry whose best source of entertainment is standing around watching another floor member get his hair cut. Yes, I am telling you this to receive sympathy. I know you all have your own problems, but your life could not have possibly diminished to the state mine is in. I've even lowered myself to telling stories about my drunken brother's antics.

Worst of all, I'm spending excessive time in *The Collegian* office. That is the first sign of mental breakdown. The only reason for me to be here is regarding advertising (money, money, money) but I'm here writing papers, bonding with staff, and strangely enough, having fun doing so. (The Police & Safety guys always stop in to say hi and that's always worth a good laugh). I'm beyond help now.

Of course, you're wondering why I'm babbling on so and making little sense about something you care nothing about... That's because I was forced to write this because no one else had the time or desire to do it themselves. Neither did I, and I didn't have a topic either so I created what you read above. If you've read this far I give you credit, but I wonder if maybe your life is beginning to dwindle to the same state as mine. I'm sorry if it is.

So, if now that you've read *The Collegian* for this week and you have another seven days of desolation, at least I know there is someone worse off than me. If that's the case, you have my sympathy. You should look forward to next week's *Collision*. With that, I'll sign off and get to real work. Things are looking up for me. I just got an invitation to a once in a lifetime revival concert; New Kids on The Block with opening act featuring Menudo. See you there!



The Collegian

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