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GUYS & GALS
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Day students get their news from the Batt.



Paul Arnett

Not all fun and games

See the clouds that drift so far below
Ever changing as they come and go
Makes me wonder why I'm up so high
When really I am down so low.
Clouds—David Gates

It was an early Sunday morning in Mandeville, Ark.

The one-horse town, which boasted a liquor store and a service station, had barely awakened when a maroon and white Ford sailed over the dusty streets.

"I wonder where they're going to in such an all-fired hurry?" Karl said to no one in particular. "I betcha my suspenders those fellers were driving '90."

The words had barely fallen from his lips when old Karl, watching from his service station window, saw the two occupants of the auto come strolling back into town.

"My car quit running," one of the men said to Karl who sat behind a crusty candy counter. "It was driving o.k. when all of a sudden it started making a loud banging sound."

Karl eyed them suspiciously before replying to the man's remarks. "The way you fellers were driving I'm surprised you got this far," Karl said. "Sounds like you threw a rod to me. If that's the case, then you'd

better call a wrecker in Texarkana to come and haul 'er in."

The two Texans weighed the old man's thoughts, talked among themselves, and then headed to the nearest phone.

"Mom, Dad, my car broke down," the blond man said. "Me and Jamie called a wrecker in Texarkana and they're coming to get it. We're gonna catch the first bus out of town after the car is taken care of. See you in Dallas."

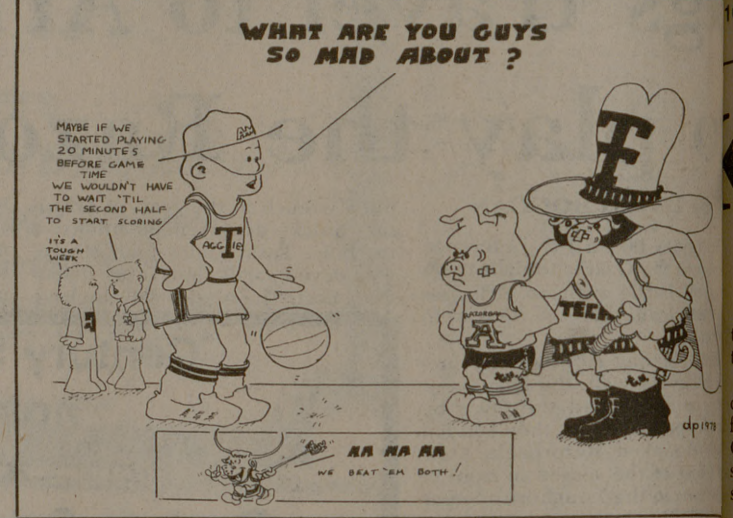
That incident happened to me on the way back from Blacksburg, Va. My self-made assignment was coverage of the Texas A&M-Virginia Tech game. The trip which ensued convinced me that being a sports reporter isn't all fun and games. On the contrary, it may be the hardest job in the journalism profession.

Now before all you armchair quarterbacks start dialing my phone number and telling me how lucky I am, listen to some of these thoughts.

First of all the sports reporter does a lot of traveling. Now this is exciting at first, but being on the road gets old in a hurry.

Some of the travel is by air, but the majority of the trips occur in an automobile. If you don't wear out, the car does. And when it decides it's had enough then you're in trouble.

After the travel, comes the food. Mind you it ain't mom's home cooking. In fact it don't even match dad's. Some of the 'food' I've placed



in my tummy would make a buzzard burp.

One such incident occurred in El Paso. After the Sun Bowl game I had the pleasure of some real live Mexican food. My dreams were filled with visions of tamales dancing in my head.

If the food and travel don't get you, having to cover the game will. While all of you are out kissing your girl friends, the sports reporter is busily jotting down notes about whom is doing what.

When the game is done and everyone is heading to the house, the sports reporter is down in the

dressling room trying to transcribe garbled ideas into elegant quotes.

Next comes the press conference. If you never sit through one of the boring affairs then you're much better off. The same questions are answered in the same manner. I write down what you wrote down last week, get you a drink then back to the motel for a few hours sleep.

You're awakened all too soon, the motel operator who informs you the sun is on the rise. It's another early morning another one-horse town.

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Tickets played hard to get

United Press International

NEW ORLEANS — Visitors from the Philadelphia area went home from their Super Bowl weekend happy, but it took 27 hours of

searching and hundreds of dollars paid to ticket scalpers.

A Pennsylvania tour director said it took four days to find 1,400 extra tickets for visitors who thought their \$489 Super Bowl tour included ad-

mission to the game.

Barry Gerber of Travel Concepts, Inc., of Philadelphia, a usually reliable distributor failed to deliver tickets to Super Bowl game and the tour director had to search for his customers.

"These have been the four most emotional days of my life," Gerber said after his charges were scattered through Superdome gates. "We've been trying to locate tickets since Thursday and a few of us worked for 27 consecutive hours before we finally located enough tickets."

"We found them all locally, worked and worked and worked," Gerber said he and his staff "combed every hotel lobby, every street" to find the tickets which had a face value of \$30.

He admitted he paid scalpers most of the last-minute tickets. "Is David Ben-Gurion Jewish the Pope Catholic? Were scalped," he said.

He blamed the ticket shortage on the National Football League, saying league officials withheld tickets from the east coast in order to ply Denver fans in the west.

An NFL spokesman denied the charge, saying the league did deal with any travel agencies. The marathon ticket search cost \$100,000, Gerber said. He estimated six other travel agencies failed to receive tickets ordered for special Super Bowl tours.

About 490 members of a New York tour had to settle for the Super Bowl on television at their New Orleans hotel.

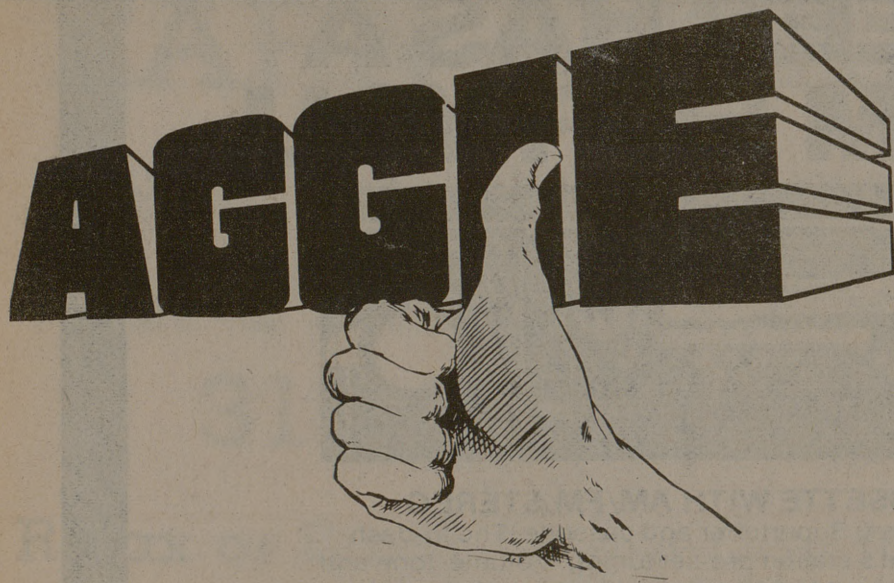


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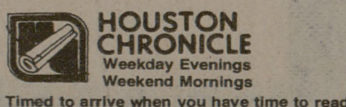
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