

## Fishing, studying: an unusual pair

## Robertson signed by S.A. Spurs

Whoever said fishing is exciting must own a trailer and ski while waiting for a bite. Last Sunday I decided the only way I could relax enough to read the monster book I had to read before Monday was to go fishing and read with nature.



Steve Thomas

Nature doesn't like to read. I tossed my pole and ice chest into the back of my truck, put my books and tackle in the cab and headed for the scenic Brazos river, the place I thought was a sure bet for good fishing, great atmosphere and no crowds. I was right about the crowds. I learned five important things that day:

1. Grasshoppers can read minds. On my way to the spot I wanted to

fish from I had to walk through some tall weeds and was bombarded by swarms of audacious grasshoppers. I decided to use them for bait; show their little pompous compound eyes who was boss. After I stumbled to the shore and set my stuff down, I came back with my cup. Nothing moved. It was as if grasshopper rapture had taken place. I caught three after digging through the weeds like I had lost a contact.

2. Fish are like women at the Roxy. They look at me, turn up their noses and wait for something better. I put everything on that hook that could conceivably pass for bait, and not a nibble did I get. The fish obviously knew who they were dealing with.

3. You don't wear sandals when you fish from an inclined bank. I learned as much about skiing Sunday as I did fishing.

4. Never, ever fish without insect repellent. It felt like the bugs were

kamikazes and I was a beached cruiser.

5. You can't read and fish at the same time. Fishing is busy-work that takes all your time and gets nothing done. I suppose the exception is if you know what you are doing.

Since I didn't know anything about river fishing (which is not to say I know anything about any kind of fishing) I figured it couldn't be much different from fishing in a lake. So I baited my hook, put a weight on the end, hooked on a bobber about a foot from the bottom, and sailed the whole rig out about 50 feet.

The current promptly deposited them all — hook, line, sinker and bobber — into the weeds and branches by the bank. It took about 20 minutes to retrieve them intact and about two seconds to take the bobber off.

Later, after I had weighted down my line to keep my bait in place, I

began trying to read, my primary objective. With pole in one hand and book in the other (and bugs everywhere) I set out to conquer my literary foe.

But I couldn't keep my damn eyes off the tip of the pole.

I wanted to catch something, by God, book or no book. And it bothered me that I had been sitting there for almost two and a half minutes and nothing was tugging me toward the water.

For two hours I glanced at the book and stared at the pole, frequently checking my untouched bait, trying different cast lengths, considering possible fish strategies (Now, if I were a fish...?) until I reeled in with disgust, laid the pole aside and spent the next four hours just reading.

It made me feel a little better when I noticed a guy on the other side of the river who was decked out like the Great American Angler and just as empty-handed as I was. He

trudged around the swampy east bank for about three hours with his rubber knee-boots, two fishing poles, tackle box, catch-net, industrial-sized paint bucket (for sittin' and storin'), and, of course, a lure-studded fishing hat. Finally he collected his gear and carted himself and his empty bucket up the hillside, bow-legged, shaking his lowered head.

Almost touching. When I got back that evening, a book my only trophy, a guy in my dorm asked if I had been cat-fishing. I told him I was an equal-opportunity fisherman: anything animal tugging on the line would have been reeled in without discrimination.

The only thing that tugged, though, was the current; the only animal thing I got was smell.

(Steve Thomas is a senior journalism major and a columnist for The Battalion)

**United Press International**  
SAN ANTONIO — The San Antonio Spurs Tuesday signed first-round draft pick Alvin Robertson to a three-year contract that makes him the highest paid rookie in Spurs franchise history, said team owner Angelo Drossos.

Drossos and Robertson's agent, Tom Selakovich, said the contract was signed after 11 hours of intense negotiations.

Tom gave and the Spurs gave. We met on a mutual battlefield," Drossos said. "We are happy. Tom and Alvin are happy. That's the kind of contract you try to reach."

Robertson, a 6-foot, 3-inch guard from the University of Arkansas, was the Spurs' first round draft choice. He was seventh overall in the 1984 draft, representing the Spurs highest pick in any draft.

Robertson is practicing with the United States Olympic basketball team in Los Angeles and was not present for the signing.

"He's not aware that we're signing (at) this moment," Selakovich said. "We're trying to track him down."

Drossos said the contract is guaranteed for three years with an option year and includes a signing bonus.

However, neither Drossos or Selakovich would reveal Robertson's salary, except to say that it makes him the highest paid rookie in Spurs' history.

The two men said the agreement represented 11 hours of hard work.

"We had one common interest," Drossos said, "and that was to have Alvin play for the Spurs."

Spurs Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons said Robertson's size, speed and quickness made him one of the best defensive players in the draft.

"He comes out of a good program at Arkansas and he has shown what he can do with the Olympic team," Fitzsimmons said. "He has been playing the point guard position but he may end up guarding the big scorer in the NBA."

Robertson, a native of Barberton, Ohio, averaged 15.5 points, 5.5 rebounds and 2.7 steals per game in his final year at Arkansas.

## Donley ready to aide Cowboys

**United Press International**

THOUSAND OAKS, Calif. — Doug Donley is now a starting wide receiver for the Dallas Cowboys, but the route he took to get there is not the one he would have chosen.

"The bad news," said Donley, "is that Drew Pearson is not here. Honestly, I wish Drew was here more than anybody. He was always supportive. I miss him."

For the first time in a dozen years Pearson is not in the Dallas Cowboys training camp.

The auto accident which killed Pearson's brother and left Pearson seriously injured forced the retirement of the biggest big-play man the Cowboys have ever had.

Now Donley will take his place. "I'm going to get a chance to prove myself," said Donley soon after arriving at the Cowboys' training camp. "It is going to be a big year in my career. I think I can be a big help to this team."

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He was a second-round draft choice in 1981 and since then has seen only sparse duty. Donley caught just 18 passes in 1983, but he averaged 20.6 yards a catch and scored twice.

But during his three previous years with the Cowboys, Donley was watching and learning from one of the masters.

"When I got here all I knew was just full out speed," said Donley. "Then you watch Drew and you learn to control your speed, you learn the moves, you learn how to be smooth."

"But I learned a lot of things people might not think of. Last year I

tried to throw a block downfield and I leaned into the guy with my side and he wound up kicking me in the ribs.

"Drew said, 'don't do it that way or you will get kicked every time. When you throw that block you lead with your shoulder.'

"Drew wanted to be in the game all the time as much as anybody. But when I got in there he was did everything he could to help me.

"I really didn't think he would retire. I saw him the Monday before he announced it and he looked good, so much better than he did after the accident, and he was talking about being here. Next thing I know he is saying he won't be here."

While at Ohio State Donley

earned the nickname, "white lightning," and the Cowboys will now have their fastest pair of starting receivers in their history.

With Donley on one side and Tony Hill on the other, speculation has immediately started that coach Tom Landry will see to it more deep passes are called this season.

"We always work on deep passes in practice," said Donley. "Then, when we get in the game, it is another matter."

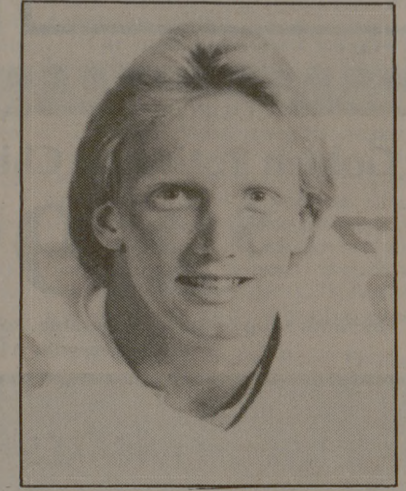
"I don't know how he can ignore it, though. When you have as much speed as we do I think you have to take advantage of it."

"And if Tony gets a lot of double coverage I think I will have a good time."

Donley's short career has been plagued by small but nagging injuries and he has worked hard on the weights this year in hopes of keeping those injuries away.

In addition, he has decided to wear golf gloves on both hands during games and practices throughout the season.

"Last year I ripped my hand open on the artificial turf and it was just



Doug Donley

like a knife ripping off four layers of skin," said Donley.

Those who follow the Cowboys, however, want something else to become second nature to Donley.

They have become quite used to seeing Drew Pearson in the end zone, making the huge catches and winning the big ball games. Now it is Donley's turn and he will be expected to do the same.

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