



## WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO READ THIS COLUMN?

By Kerry Schmidt      03-30-2008

Why would anyone want to read a column when there is nothing at all really interesting in sports? Yea, I know the NAAA Madness stuff began the “Sweet 16” Thursday, and the semis this weekend and finals Monday night.

Late Monday night. So late, that unless you are a fanatic, you will be asleep before it ends. I will. Anyway, as Forrest Gump would say, “And that’s all I have to say about that.”

Trying to come up with SOMETHING interesting, I perused the net for hours and several papers. Guess what “story” was mentioned the most?

Steroids. Again.

But there were only really a couple of cool stories, one about a about a woman cyclist and the other about college cheerleaders.

But the biker bitch is my favorite.

Former elite cyclist Tammy Thomas is the first athlete to reach trial about lying re roids and other garbage.

Speaking of garbage, that came up at her opening day of trial last week. Her attorneys were seizing on the “dumpster diving” of IRS agent Jeff Nowitzky – I thought he was a basketball player for the Mavericks, who, apparently spent several hours sneaking around BALCO headquarters and searching their garbage for whatever.

Regardless, the case of TT (Tammy Thomas) is pretty funny.

She had denied taking any of the stuff.

But, beside the garbage, there was some evidence that she just may have been using.

Six years ago, Thomas McVay was sent to her house by the US Anti Doping Agency (whatever the hell that is).

McVay reported that when she answered her door, she had shaving cream on one side of her face, and traces on the other. Perhaps this “foreshadowed” her quilt.

Margaret Wierman, and endocrinologist who examined TT reported that she “had hair on her chest and also male-pattern baldness.”

“I did not have sex with that woman...”

You got to love a gal who lies about steroids when she shaves twice a day and looks more like a chimpanzee when she gets undressed.

There were over seven stories re the BALCO investigations and stuff, all of it worthless.

The Senate may form a committee to study why the Senate has formed so many committees.

Saw a small article about steroids and college cheerleaders and so I got on the net.

One Kate Torgovnick has spent the better part of two years exploring the cheerleading connections to steroids, for a book soon to come out titled “CHEERS.” Hey, if someone paid me, I’d follow around pretty women into locker rooms and stuff for two years.

First off, she says, nearly 50% of them are men (actual men, not women made into men), and the rest are real women, and she states, “contrary to some beliefs the vast majority are not gay.

But they do take steroids.

The guys, most of whom weigh 200 pounds or more, of lean muscle, need that to lift and throw the women cheerleaders in some of the many “cheers” they do.

In fact, she says that cheerleading is a year-round thing: Practice over 20 hours a week, spend at least 10 hours a week in the gym and then the games.



# OFF THE WALL SPORTS

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Women take steroids to build strength for the difficult acts they perform, and since it is an unwritten edict that you not weigh over 115 pounds, they are known to take considerable amounts of cocaine, which, I guess, causes a loss of appetite.

And the competition is fierce. Given the tumbling and gymnastics like acts they perform, injuries occur.

Over the last 23 years, 60 female cheerleaders have died from falls, etc during their regimens. In 2006 alone, close to 25,000 cheerleaders have landed in emergency rooms.

There are no records kept of any testing of cheerleaders, because the NCAA says they partake in “activities,” and not a sport. Thus, they get a free pass on roids.

I know one thing. I like to look at the beautiful things during football games, especially when a game sucks. But I do not want to see one with a mustache or hairy boobs.

Speaking of steroids, Alex Buescher was stripped of his German national carom billiards title after testing positive for an EPO masking agent, whatever that is. I wonder if that agent got 10% of the urine sample.

My favorite though was years ago when a chess champion was forced to forfeit his title when he failed a drug test.

Those pawns and rooks must be real heavy.

Well, since March Madness is in full swing, and probably a zillion people are in bracket pools, even the three presidential hopefuls weighed in on their picks.

McCain was 23/32 in first round, 8/16 in round 2 and picks UNC, Kansas, Memphis and UCONN in the final four, with UNC beating UCONN for the title.

Obama’s first round was 22/32, second was 10/16 and his final four are UNC, Kansas, Pitt and UCLA. He then had UNC over UCLA.

Now I love Hillary’s. Her first and second round picks were “not made available.”

She did release her final four, UNC, Georgetown, Memphis and UCLA, but then says either UNC or UCLA will win. Now there is a politician.

She certainly is someone who you can rely on to be forthright and upfront.

God, I just glanced over this column and it sucks.

Last week, after Tiger had his consecutive win streak stopped, there were some whispers about how fans would snap pictures of him during his swing and/or putt. It was a combination of flashbulbs and clicks.

That got me to thinking.

Golf and tennis are the wussiest games around.

I mean, what other sports do not allow cheering, et al at the peak time of action?

When a golfer is about to swing, there must be complete silence from the peanut gallery. Same as with tennis, when the player is ready to serve.

What is with that? Why can’t fans cheer then.

In basketball, watch a guy shooting a free throw at the opponents end. Through the glass backboard, there are fans screaming, waving pom poms and balloons and all sorts of stuff.

Anything to distract the shooter or break his concentration.

But in golf and tennis, they say you must not break their concentration.

Hitting a baseball is said by many to be the hardest thing in sports to do. And the exact moment of contact with the ball requires a huge amount of concentration and hand-eye contact. But they must do this with thousands of people screaming with or against the hitter.

And football games. We all have seen the QB come to the line of scrimmage, especially near the opponent’s goal line, and at the time he must concentrate the most, every expletive, scream, mooning and perhaps even throwing stuff occurs.



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So if football, basketball and baseball have to concentrate to the fullest with a huge number of distractions and noise and whatever, why is it that in golf and tennis, there must be complete silence?

One individual said it was just the decorum of the game. WHAT? What does decorum have to do with a fan cheering at a sporting event.

Make the golfers and tennis freaks swing, serve and putt while the fans are screaming and see how they do.

Speaking of more totally ridiculous and stupid stuff.

Pro wrestling is a joke. Only requirement to be a fan of same is to have an IQ below 50.

Well this weekend, the best pound for pound boxer in the world will “take on” – they do not say if it is boxing, wrestling or whatever – some glandular, genetic defect name of “Big Show”

The guy is 7 feet tall and weighs over 440 pounds. Mayweather is 5/9” and 159. The Frankenstein wannabe has a fist that is 15” around. In a picture of the two, it was almost as big as Mayweather’s head.

To say that this is idiotic is redundant, but what is scary is that it will cost something like \$39.95 to watch on pay-per-view. And, they expect to have over a million viewers. GIVE ME A FRICKIN BREAK.

No wonder the US is becoming a second rate nation.

They say Mayweather is guaranteed \$20 million for this debacle. I can assure you that there are any number of clauses therein that say he cannot be hurt and all and stuff.

At first I thought it might be interesting to speak with someone dumb enough to pay to watch it, and then I quickly decided against that.

What could I possibly get out of talking with a less than human, rectum faced moron?

Reality shows are bad enough, but this does not even qualify as, well, anything!

P/T. Barnum was absolutely correct when he said, “There’s a sucker born every minute.”

Last and definitely least.

Pro soccer is about to begin their season. OH BOY!! I’m there.

I only mention this because we all have to remember last year when the second coming of Christ, David Beckham, came to play here for the L.A. Galaxy. He was going of reinvent soccer here in America and make it as big as the Big 3.

He totally flopped. Injured and well past his prime, after the huge Hollywood Foo-Fa was over, well, nothing. Remember how he and his Spice girl wife were seen with Steven Spielberg, George Lucas, Tom Hanks and all the other A-list muck-a-mucks?

Well now, he only rates three inches of print on the last page. One report said his zillion dollar mansion is for sale and he plans of move back to England.

I guess he gets to keep his \$200 million he got for bombing out here.

As for the idiots who paid him that much, see P.T Barnum above.

Isn’t it amazing how you can write such worthless garbage and still say you came up with a column?

Thank you, world, for having so many stupid, ugly, gullible, moronic mongoloids existing on this planet. Always gives you something to laugh or shake your head over.

Thank God for Single Malt.