It was just the three of us in the middle of small villages and towns, covering what the foreign news office in New York called "the rural vote." Without realizing it, we were walking along high walls of small villages and towns. The air, sliding in from an open window, was cold and unnaturally crisp for Mexico City. I had no idea what to expect. My messenger bag, and headed downstairs to wait for Juan to pick me up.

I sat outside on the curb, enjoying the silence. I had a sudden craving to dig into my bag for the pack of cigarettes. I wasn't the nicotine craved, but the soothing motions of thick gray smoke.

A van flashed in high beams as it swerved closer to the curb. Juan was late again. "We just have to drive to the office and pick up the equipment," he said.

"And Sebastian?" I asked.

"He is waiting for us there."
**Gonzalez**

_Staff Columnist_

_Staff Writer_

**ELECTION continued from page 1**

remove all his campaign posters by 5 p.m. a penalty. Then at 5:30 p.m. in the ASI office, Lewis informed Vann that he was being disqualified for failing to meet the guidelines set aside that morning. A heated argument ensued. And of course, right when things were getting good, I missed it all. My editors had raced up to the office, witnessed the debate and even got photos.

Lewis claimed that Vann had completed three campaign violations, and Vann claimed Lewis had given him impossible deadlines and didn't have proof of his accusations anyway. Much like the Lump Biotc song says, it was all about the he said, she said bullshit.

Apparently, Lewis decided to let the Wednesday morning meeting take place in case the Board of Directors did not agree with his decision to disqualify Vann. But Vann said he was never told that the election was still on, and he was therefore shocked to see the polls open Wednesday. When would the controversy ever end?

That night's Board of Directors meeting was the place to be! I sat in my tiny chair at the large circular table without any incidents. It was as if, after 71 years of dormant nationalism, the spirit of Popocatepetl, the most feared Aztec deity, had erupted in its people a desire for change.

Sebastian and Juan started running amongst the crowd, capturing images on film. We would send them to New York via satellite that same afternoon, and I knew most of what we saw would be lost. The producers wouldn't care.

I stayed further away, taking pictures with my own 35-millimeter camera. No one there was taller than 5 feet 4 inches, a sign of their pure indigenous descent. The women wore流 racy skirts, blouses and long, black braids. The men wore their white blouses, huarache sandals and straw hats; their faces tense and solemn as they watched us intrude into their world. They often mumbled phrases in their dialect, gesturing one thing or another.

My ears were hit by a thick wave of laughter. A wide mouth, dressed in a brown suit, snakeskin hide and a white hat, stood by the door.

He was the Capataz, the overseer of the lands and the person for whom the peasants worked. He greeted everyone as they walked in. They nodded at him with slightly bowed heads, never reaching to shake his hand unless he took the initiative. That's the way it happened before, it was possible that the peasants were being forced to vote for the party the Capataz wanted. But the Capataz was likely there to make sure everything went as planned.

The PRI had been the ruling party for 71 years, using all sorts of tricks to remain in power. In the past, public workers had been threatened with losing their jobs if the party didn't win. Farm workers and peasants had been offered financial aid — half of it before the elections, the other half once the party won. In marginal areas, people had been offered money and food if they assisted government rallies.

This was the first time a candidate for the opposition, Vicente Fox, stood a chance against the dictatorial democracy.

Suddenly Sebastian signaled for me to walk toward him. "I found the woman we need to interview. She's good." He pulled me toward a petite lady, her face scarred by a lifetime of sun, her gray hair down to her lower back.

"Por que se ponen a tanta cosa, si no va terminar por tu tirada?" She swung her arms toward the street in the wake with an indigenous accent.

She told us about the last elections and how days later all of the votes had been found behind a house. They had never reached the counting tables. Everyone around pretended no one had noticed the interview. She went on to tell us she had little hope anything would change, but she wanted a clear conscience. There was no way she would vote again for the party in power.

Either out of fear or lack of interest, no one else wanted to speak to us. Sebastian went on taking different shots with Juan behind him capturing sound. I moved toward a couple of children who sat silently against the foot of a column. Behind them, at a distance, stood the Capataz.

The girl stared at me with distain. She was not more than 6 years old. She smiled at her younger brother, who sat in front of her. Dirt covered their faces, but neither of them was of peasant origin. They were the faces of urban workers.

The Capataz's voice reached me again. He was waving a worker by the shirt, the shoulders, and the Capataz was likely there to make sure everything went as planned.

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set-up as I watched the room overflow with spectators anxious to see if Vann's votes would be counted at all. After running through the agenda's few items, one member of the Board made a motion to skip to the good stuff — the election. Nice move! There was a second to the motion, and the debate was on.

After Vann presented his credentials to the Board about why he shouldn't be disqualified, a huge debate about election issues followed. It seemed to last forever, and my pen could barely keep up.

"Why didn't I bring a tape recorder?" I thought. I was writing so fast I could feel my head cramping.

Eventually, a motion was made to count the ballots. Lewis and others started to count the ballots, and the rest of us sat and waited. The meeting was officially on hold, so some kind of deadline referred to in the formula of the day's start or pass out from nerves.

After two hours, Lewis announced that the members of Information Technology Services who were in charge of tallying the votes had gone home. But wait! Lewis, ASI adviser Pat Herm and a representative from both campaigns had separated the ballots into two stacks: one for Vann and one for Hacker.

I felt like I was at a boxing match and the announcer was going to say, "In this corner, with a stack much higher than her opponent's stack ... Angie Hacker" and then declare the election null and void to declare victory. Although this isn't quite what happened, I had a hard time controlling my laughter at the not-so-technical means by which Hacker was declared the "unofficial winner."

Someone made motion to have the meeting adjourned, so I got up and asked Hacker and Lewis and asked both to the newscast to type. Our photographeux Dan Gonzalez, in his brilliance, thought he should get up the picture of two stacks of ballots. Sure enough, on the cover of the newspaper the next day was a picture of Lewis, standing beside one tall stack and one short stack of balls. It was the perfect picture to conclude the drama.
Sophomore thinks lecture was 'kinda icky'

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — According to sources, Tiffany Davis confided in her friend Jennifer Teal that she thought that bacteria and germs learned about is like, "kinda icky." Davis went on to express her dis­comfort with an "eww." Teal then told the source that her friend really needs to "get over it and move on."

— news.calpolynews.com

Physics professor makes incredible claims for no appar­rent reason

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — For over 25 years students have enjoyed Professor Spatzer's entertaining demonstrations of dropped eggs, smashed fruit and counting入库. But early Monday, the professor confided to an unnamed source that the experi­ments illustrated "at best, the importance of a good strong paper towel."

— news.calpolynews.com

Bookstore to sell drug paraphernalia to 'stay competitive'

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — The Topy Coral bookstore added bongs and black-light posters to its inventory in an effort to stay finan­cially solvent.

"$100" statistics books have such a thin profit margin that we decided to increase our bottom line with the latest in fringe culture products with cool, trippy graphics," said store manager Sue Perstoned.

— news.calpolynews.com

Agriculture department ads 'Dirt 'n Things' class

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. — Beginning next fall the ag depart­ment will begin AG 831, a class designed to examine soil and the com­position of music never heard any­where.

"This is a concept whose time has come," said program director Carver Condie. "There's so much music out there to listen to once. Unfortunately we have to toss the stuff in it. However, detractors designed to examine soil and the com­position of music never heard any­where.

— news.calpolynews.com

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Driving Down Your Cost of Driving...
All the other cats have mysteriously disappeared. Seedy underly of Kal Kal karaoke bars, I jumped had never done it before, but when I got a Who do these karaoke singers think they are? Enon, I would definitely have to test out each would finally get my chance to shine like the si'sig. While reporting on the kanioke phenomenon, 1 knew from the start that I'd love karaoke. I recruiting my friend Br.in to go along with course, when my editors gave me this mustangdaily.calpoly.edu

Exposé on karaoke turns into a love affair

I knew that the start I'd love karaoke. I had never done it before, but when I got a chance to do an undercover expose into the seedy underbelly of local karaoke bars, I jumped at the chance. Of course, when my editors gave me this assignment, I pretended to be disgusted at the thought of uncontrolled and unattractive people a waying in front of a drunken crowd, belting out Garth Brooks and Pat Benatar tunes, all for the sake of misguided attention and adoration. I mean, really, Who do these karaoke singers think they are? Br.ney 'pears! In reality, I was glowing inside, knowing I would finally get my chance to shine like the karaoke goddess I knew I'd be after singing one song. While reporting on the karaoke phenomenon, I would definitely have to test out each microphone, all for the sake of the story, of course. I recruited my friend Brian to go along with me to all the karaoke bars. Reluctantly, he said he'd go, but he swore he'd never sing. Actually, that's a lie. He's an old pro who also secretly loves karaoke, but he didn't have a lack of enthusiasm to avoid ridicule from peers and co-workers who, as we said, "just wouldn't understand." I won't be sure what I'll find at the local karaoke bar scene. Perhaps there'll be wannabe performers still waiting to get discovered, maybe coutageous souls who simply love singing or possibly just drunken fools who can't carry a tune to save their lives. I found out that karaoke bars have all these types of people, all clamoring for their turn at the microphone. Admittedly I was nervous. Only the inside of my car and shower stall had heard me sing, and they didn't seem to mind. But how would the nervous crowd react to my voice, I wondered. Br.ian urged me not to worry too much. "But I don't think I know this song that well," I whined. "That's why the words are on the big-screen TV," he said as he wrote my name and song choice down on a slip of paper. "Here, give this to the DJ." I muttered past an older cowboy-type who was loudly crooning "Mack the Knife" and handed my slip to the DJ, who flashed me a devilish grin.

"Nice choice," he said as he looked at my song list and said, "After a few more people had their turns, the DJ called out my name. This is it, I thought, and grabbed the mic. I looked to Br.ian for an encouraging glance. Instead he mouthed, "You'll be fine." I started singing, and my whole body changed from tense to relaxed as the bar crowd rose to their feet and started dancing. My nervousness began to dissolve into liquid courage that raced through my veins as I gripped the mic and braced myself for the lyrics that graciously appeared on the TV screen in front of me. "When I was a young girl," I belted, "Said, 'put away those young girl ways.'" By now, everybody knew what song I was singing, and they sang along when I got to the chorus. "But so good, come on baby, make it hurt so good," poured into the air as I sang John Cougar Mellencamp's classic like it was my own song. I won a star. Sadly, the song came to an end, but the entire crowd cheered as I accepted high-fives from random people on my way over to Br.ian. "You were awesome!" he exclaimed.

"How can there be anything bad about karaoke? I asked, now worried I wouldn't have anything controversial to report about in my story. "That was cathartic," Br.ian said. "Yeah, you know. it was a release. Everyone should do it at least once." "Exposé on karaoke turns into a love affair," I thought, as he motioned to the next performer who was squawking her way through "I Love Rock and Roll." "Maybe you're right." As weeks went by, karaoke became my obsession. My editors began demanding to read my story. Instead, I kept pushing my deadline, telling them I hadn't quite experienced the true essence of karaoke yet. I needed more time. Truth is, there were just so many more songs I'd yet to try and I couldn't bear the thought of giving up my week long routine of hanging out at karaoke bars. Soon enough, my editors gave up on getting a juicy story about karaoke. "Karaoke is lame anyway," one of my editors said. Well, I think they just don't understand.

Jenifer Hansen is a journalism senior and Mustang Daily staff writer.

"Now I need to find a baseball to light on fire."
Frustrated sports reporter explains why some sports don’t get coverage

I never thought that getting players to talk to the press would be such a difficult task. I mean, doesn’t everyone want to get their story out? That’s right, until you have to go through government abbreviations and extremely long-winded documents of what people familiarly refer to as “bureaucratic bull- -.

I realize this makes me sound like a supreme brat, which I’m not denying, but I’ll have you know I’m an important person to have around. Not many people have the patience to try to understand acronyms, and it takes a certain type of person to be able to sit and listen to administrative officials rattle off acronyms in tongue-tying phrases such as, “Yes, we put out the API on the CSCR's MB1 and TTP report. If you could have the FAD contact the PED, we’ll be A-OK.”

Now, I understand that you have no clue what that said, so I’ll translate it. The phrase above directly translates to, “I got paid a lot more than you do to sit down and come up with acronyms that no human being can understand.”

So? Again, the acronyms are powerful tools of the political world. Luckily, every administrative official now offers Web sites that translate all the acronyms into English that actual human beings can comprehend. Of course, these Web sites translate the above phrase to say “We’re doing very important things with your tax dollars, and keep your taxes and remember me at election time.”

Like Superman, my super power isn’t some- thing that can be taught. I mean, I’ve tried because it’s not easy being the only one who understands bureaucratic... well, you know. Sometimes I like to pretend that I don’t really understand what’s going on, which helps me to suck more information from sources. Playing dumb can sometimes get you further than actually getting your information out there.

As for my split personality, I have pretty good control over her. However, she’s easy to turn off when I get very busy. She’s the one who trips on stairs (not so embarrassing once you get used to it), spills food on her house shirt before an interview, and plays up really well to administrative officials because she really doesn’t know what’s going on. In my quest for the truth about useless acronyms, I stumbled across the ASI Web site. I found some really good ones there. Does any- one know what the purposes of UUAB, CCFP, OSU and YSU are? I especially like how everyone that’s my job and that’s why I’m here. However, it’s now a little after 2 a.m., and I still have class all day tomorrow (if only that could be changed). I’m just trying to get into that now because my superpowers need a rest.

Before I end this, I will say that the best acronyms are the ones that make you laugh (ex: OSCAR), and I hope I’ve accomplished that with everyone who gets creative with SLO. “SLO life.” Ha ha.

So, remember, when reading or speaking in acronyms, remember that there’s something more behind the capital letters. And where there are confusing capital letters that need to be translated that’s where I’ll be.

Dena Horton is a JS with plans to MAD with her EIASP.

Letters to the editor

Our sport deserves coverage
Editor,

My name is Brenda Helga Lou Kamau, and I’m president of the Samoan Women’s Softball team, which is an internationally-renowned softball team. I just want to complain about how we never even make it into the sports page. I mean, just because we haven’t had a home match in the last seven years and there’s only three people in our fan club doesn’t mean that the softball team can be in the paper all the time. It’s not fair that we never have our team on the sports schedule, and I’m not doing the excuse that if you put every sport at Polyclub in the Daily, the schedule wouldn’t fit on the page. After all, we deserve recognition – just as much, and the other people on the team work very hard raising money to go to our Softball Match in Bakenfield every year.

So, I expect to see some coverage really soon.

Brenda Helga Lou Kamau is a seventh-year rec administration supervisor.

Is naked toothbrushing fair?
Editor,

I have a problem with my roommate. I was just wondering if I was exaggerating the situation in my mind or if it really is a problem. Here’s the thing. He bristles his teeth in the nude.

Now, everyone has his or her own habits and strange idiosyncrasies, but this really appropri- ate behavior when you live in a house with three to four other roommates? I’ve talked to some of my other friends about this, and they all agree that this is uncalled for. However, most of my friends who said this are children of hippie par- ents and probably grew up perfectly content to walk around the house naked, unconnected about “superficial” material possessions like clothing.

I need an objective opinion about this. Is it just me, or is it unfair to subject me to the sight of my roommate’s skinny butt dancing to the rhythm of the toothbrush as I walk down the hall past the open bathroom door?

Chuck Mel is a statistics junior.
Distinguished Lecturer Award Nominations

The Cal Poly chapter of the California Faculty Association (CFA) is seeking nominations for the "Distinguished Lecturer Award." The Cal State system is making fewer and fewer permanent tenured-track hires and replacing those positions with "temporary" positions. Though categorized as "temporary," many lecturers have taught at Cal Poly for ten years or more. Lecturers are integral to most teaching, so neither Cal Poly's tenured faculty nor any of its temporary lecturers. We encourage students and faculty to nominate a lecturer they think is deserving of special recognition. This is your chance to make your voice heard. Three $500 awards will be presented at CFA's end-of-the-year banquet in June.

Below is a list of lecturers at Cal Poly. Please take a moment to peruse the list to see if there is someone you’d like to nominate (if you’re a student, it may be that your favorite instructor is a lecturer and you didn’t know it). Then write or e-mail the nominee’s name and reasons supporting your nomination to the address below. The CFA Lecturer Award criteria may include teaching, scholarship, service, and leadership. Thank you.

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Please submit your nomination NO LATER THAN TUESDAY, MAY 3 to: Distinguished Lecturer Award Committee, 113-341, 2013-005, or e-mail your responses to cfa@calpoly.edu.

Include: 1. Name of Educator Nominee, 2. Reasons supporting your nomination (a minimum of 50 words should be considered), 3. Your name, and 4. Your e-mail address.
FINCH continued from page 8

"Coach, where's he?" I gasped.

"Big time, bake," he cackled. "Arta boy, come on now, let's see some H'n'." "What?" "Big time,"

This was growing worse. I wasn't fluent in pidgin baseball coach-speak, and there was nobody in sight to translate.

I needed to talk to Finch. Interview, coach, with the Greek kid. I showed him the burned up ball.

He shook again incomprehensi­
ably and pointed to one of the dugouts, but I didn't find Finch. All he left was a book by Plato, some homemade sandals and a piece of wood the size of a two by four. I had toped back to the office. Finch was gone. I was forced to continue walking practice! I screamed and ran in the ball park, but no one knew me at the stadium.

I stormed through the Sports Complex, taking a disc off the head of some cracked-up ultimate frisbee, found the next best flashlight, and the boss ladies back at the office were busting my ass to get results.

By this time, the rodeo was long over and Mustang Daily photo editor E-mail him at carnis@calpoly.edu

MUTTON continued from page 8

got the car and I got my shoes.

"Then we turned around to discover the meteorite still smoking in a drain."

I steamed through the Sports Complex, looking for "Shut up bitch." The old man was shaking as I walked past him. It's too late, I thought to myself. That triggered vague memories of watching two Polynesian midgets. Baker had a pet! The midgets scared away toward the dorms, and I turned away to find the meteorite still smoking in a drain.

To my surprise, it was no meteorite but a b a s e b a l l , burned up by re-entry into the atmosphere. Finch must be sitting there at myself a little cooler, as did the Cal Poly announcers to my immediate left.

The day went on and we got little coverage on the Cal Poly offense. The team couldn't get their bats going, and they lost, 10-3. I wouldn't have been so out of this loss, but I had a bet going! As I couldn't remember how much money I had put down, I desperately wanted to know if my little Mutton Buster had won.

Four hours later, I found myself at a stand-off with this old guy at the newstand. Finally, the time had come for all those hours spent watching Clint Eastwood movies to pay off. The only question now was what line to use.

Should I use the Josey Wales impression and say, "Dying ain't much of a living!" Or maybe "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly." There's two kinds of people in this world. There's the kind that loaded guns, and those who did." But that wouldn't make any sense in a situa­

tion such as this, and instead, I settled for "Shut up bastard." The old man was shaking as I walked past him.

I put my 50 cents into the metal dispenser, opened the door, and snatched the paper. As I turned around, my new buddy had composied himself and once again was staring blankly at me.

"I'm sorry, I forgot you were there. You may go now," I said and walked back by him.

I stopped, looked, bitch-slapped him and said, "You are a dirt bag for putting your head up."

I was just about to say "I love you." I had him at that point. I then noticed that my ruler hadn't even made it out of the gate.

Whatever money I had laid down was gone. Should I have been smarter then I had given him credit for.

I had been bad. And the lovely blonde girl who had driven me there laughed uncontrollably for a good five minutes.

Aaron Lambert is a journalism junior and Mustang Daily photo editor. E-mail him at alambert@calpoly.edu

Baseball continued from page 8

I bet on baseball. And, being a devoted Cal Poly student/fan, I had bet on the Mustangs to take the third game of this series. My inter­ests were purely economically di­vided: I bet on the Mustangs to come out of the box and earn me a little money. Some of my friends have to go paid to play the game someday, so why can't I make some money off of them now, too.

Ironically enough, it was also the first baseball game I was assigned to cover for the Mustang Daily, Conflict of interest? Maybe, but it isn't like my article being written would depend on whether or not I won my bet, so it was all good.

As I rolled into the parking lot of Baggett Stadium around 12:45 — just in time to mess with the game with the windows down and my stereo blasting some Unwritten Law — I used the last of a perfect parking spot right under a pine-looking tree. Ahh, a shady spot.

I opened my door and felt the cool Sunday afternoon breeze, squinted from the bright sun and took a deep breath. For my money, there's nothing better than the smell of the ballpark — a nice mix of died and fresh-cut grass. It was a good day.

Since this was my first time to cover a game, I contacted my editor Chris Bars made in slip the press box, so I could take everything in and hear what some of the com­mentators were saying on the radio. Well, I think Chris must've really had it in for me.

The cacophonous dwelling that is the Baggett Stadium press box was filled with not one, but two radio station broadcasters, so I was on sensory overload. The baseball radio commentator, who was on the oppo­site end of the press box, made me lose my bet? Hell yeah I did! I wanted to know what was going through their heads when they were on the field. But I can't say that I was exactly tactful, or pro­fessional, for that matter. My mome­r

"He then proceeded to tell me all about who was going to win and how and why and even what sheep the kid was going to be riding.

Then he drove me home."

And took a deep breath. For my first baseball game, I had it in for me. Maybe, but it it really for the day. I wanted to see the game for the Daily." Little did they know that I was becoming poorer, richer than ever.

Here's where the real trouble came: post-game interviews. Did I get the quotes I needed? Did I make me lose my bet? Hell yeah I did! I wanted to know what was going through their heads when they were on the field. But I can't say that I was exactly tactful, or pro­fessional, for that matter. My mome­r

"I make some money off of them now, but I was a hook by Plato, some homemade sandal and a piece of wood the size of a two by four. I had toped back to the office. Finch was gone. I was forced to continue walking practice! I screamed and ran in the ball park, but no one knew me at the stadium.

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Homes For Sale

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or e-mail Steve@sholmes.com
Rumors had been circulating around campus for some time, but I'd chalked it up to Open House lyceria started by Warren Baker's goons in the Foundation. With wartime screwing up the tuition ledgers, I figured they needed a good dose of publicity to meet next year's sports.

Apparently, the baseball team had a hot recruit in town, somebody who made the Natural look like Nancy Reagan. I had received the news from journalism junkie Ron McCormick, who had nabbed the information to me while running to orchestrate a streaking at the dean's office.

"Yeah, the guy's like some kid from overseas," he spit at me, as foam collected around his mouth. "Somebody said he knocks the cover off the ball every time!" I cringed, holding his ear, and dove up the head. "Cal Poly would never support such nonsense." He explained to me how while he was at Bull's Tavern, he overheard that the Mutton Busters' run at the Cal Poly Rodeo was going to be rigged. According to an article in Sports Illustrated, the elder Finch had been creaked throwing a pitch at 168 mph, but disappointed before getting called up to the big leagues.

I called up SI writer George Plimpton, who'd been the man on the Finch story back in '85. He told me legend has it that Sall passed through Corfu after leaving the Mets, and along the way had shocked up with the daughter of a Greek tuna fisherman. He then took off for Tibet the next day, but not before Theo was conceived.

I jumped off my chair and hurried to the Sports Information office to verify the sports information. Bursting through the door, I searched the place to no avail.

"Sullivan, you creep!" I shouted. "I know you sent this fax, so show your face!" I demanded of the lambda of the Mustang Daily on you and reveal your name to me."

There was no answer, but a piece of paper slid out from underneath Sullivan's desk, etching better in my mind. Being a little less than perfect condition of my life, I explained to him how I was in Cal Poly Ag land. He then split for Tibet the next day. And as I hopped out of the Camaro, I must have startled the guy who had just put in his 50 cents, because he dropped the paper out when he could grab his neck. The shock almost knocked the peach fuzz off my chin. Theo Finch was none other the illegitimate son of Sidd Finch, a prospect in the New York Mets' organization in the 1980s!

Fear, mud and mutton combine in Rodeo experience

It was almost 4 a.m. when I finally made it to a newspaper rack. And as I hopped out of the Camaro, I must have startled the guy who had just put in his 50 cents, because he dropped the paper out when he could grab his neck. The shock almost knocked the peach fuzz off my chin. Theo Finch was none other the illegitimate son of Sidd Finch, a prospect in the New York Mets' organization in the 1980s!

According to an article in Sports Illustrated, the elder Finch had been creaked throwing a pitch at 168 mph, but disappointed before getting called up to the big leagues. But it wasn't any ordinary ballgame: Cal Poly was taking on Irvine — the Anteaters. Who ever thought of naming their school mascot after the mighty Anteater? Do they strike fear into the hearts of men and leave little children afraid to look under their beds at night? Anyway, this is all besides the point: it's not the reason why the game was important. The game was the rubber match of the series — Cal Poly had taken the first game and then dropped the second one to Irvine the previous afternoon.

Still, this wasn't that significant. Instead, it was about money. I have joined the ranks of Pete Rose. Yes, I saw the first lesson of Mutton Busting: never bet on Mutton Busting. Second lesson of Mutton Busting: never trust a sheep to do a man's job.