

Sports
by Anne Sloan

\ The subject for today is "Sports." I thought, "I'll just write potpourri this time." And then I thought about it again. Why not tell it like it is. When it comes to sports my standard comment is, "I'd rather watch a haircut." After living many years with a near fanatic husband and four sons, one of which is a coach, I always found other activities to pursue.

During one conversation, I remember my husband telling his friend "Once when I was talking about a tight end, Anne wanted to know which one of the players was drunk." What did I know? I thought a linebacker was a product that the telephone company sold.

In later years I did watch the Broncos occasionally and sometimes Notre Dame. But no one could call me a real sports fan. Once in a great while I would try to watch a tennis match or a game of golf with my husband. I found that it produced the same effect as a sleeping pill. I really believe that either I was born without a sports lobe in my brain or it was crossed with a gambling lobe because the one sport that I really do enjoy is what people call the "sport of kings." As late as last Saturday I placed a bet on a "sure thing." I think that horse is still running.

Talking of sports always reminds me of the old days when the fans insisted on a super bowl party. Forty some years was a long time to host parties for something that really didn't interest me. I did it for the crowd. In those days you couldn't walk in the TV room for all the people. I couldn't hear myself think. Twenty some folks yelling and clapping make a lot of noise. I was the chief cook and bottle washer on those days and when I'd run in with a fresh supply of beverages and goodies, I'd stop and watch for a minute, but I didn't care who won. Once I guess my husband thought I was becoming interested and he commented, "Maybe your sports lobe is beginning to bloom." Well, if it was, it got nipped in the bud!

There are thousands of sports fans out there, more power to them. I know from experience that there are people who are glued to the TV whenever whatever is going on in the field of sports. Just let me watch my schmaltzy romantic movies and the game shows on the other set. I must confess, however, there is one sports telecast I never miss. It is on the first Saturday in May every year and it comes from Churchill Downs.