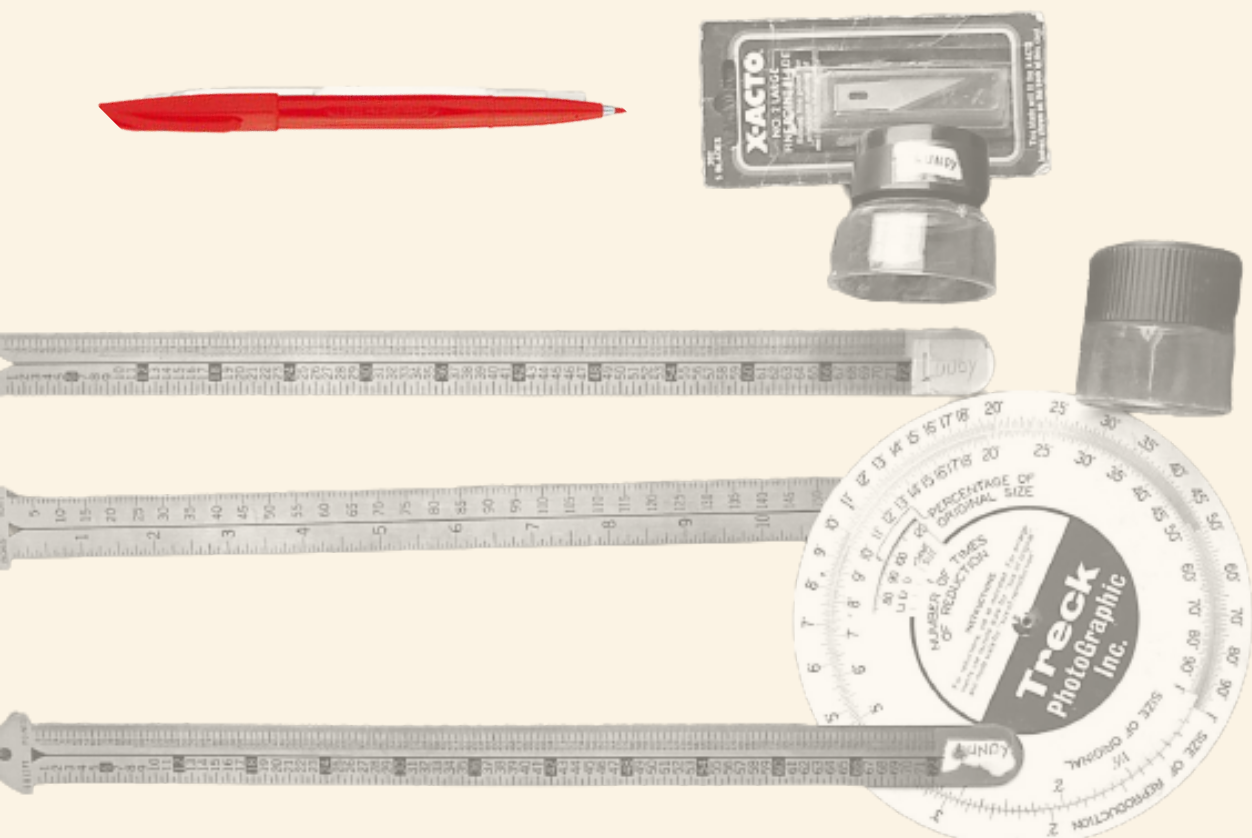


110% of

JAY BERMAN

BY DAILY TITAN ALUMNI



LASORDA PUBLISHING

JAY BERMAN
A LIFE IN PRINT

1926-1941

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH, HE WAS STEEPED IN LORE AND THEN FORGED IN FIRE (AS THEY DID BACK THEN)

Stephen Jay Berman is not a man who stands on ceremony, and in that he has been consistent throughout his life. He started in journalism as a boy long before he had any "qualifications" or "skills".

Jay was refilling paste pots, melting lead ingots as a hot type "foundry boy" and fetching whiskey bottles for editors when other boys his age were in school dipping pigtailed in inkwells.

Jay did eventually get his education, but he was the only boy in 5th grade who did his homework on the back of galley sheets and carried a hip flask to school.



JAY BERMAN

A LIFE IN PRINT

1941-1958

YOU WOULD THINK THAT THIS WOULD BE THE GOOD PART OF THIS STORY

Jay continued in journalism as a reporter for his high school newspaper in Los Angeles. He was the only one with a press card and a telegraph operator's license, and with his prize-winning profile of pitcher Walter Johnson Jay was able to secure a Kiwanis scholarship to attend the University of Southern California (then known as the University of the Territory of California).

It was later revealed that the entire story was faked, as Jay had been barred from the press box because he wasn't wearing a straw boater. No matter. Armed with a pica pole, a rhyming dictionary and a dream, he was in.



JAY BERMAN

A LIFE IN PRINT

1958–Present

LEAVE THE SEMICOLON; TAKE THE CANNOLI

Guys, confession: I only laid out three pages for the bio, so, uh...

- distinguished career
- Kennedy, Beatles
- family, fine son and grandkids
- Irene Machuca
- DT, legendary status as Southern California journalist and editor

George Bernard Shaw* wrote, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." Well, Jay Berman may have become a great teacher and mentor, but he could also do. And do he did, as an accomplished journalist and renowned editor. There are hit men, place kickers and editors to settle feuds when no one else can, and no one can drop a semicolon like Jay Berman.

Jay Berman, on your 83rd birthday, we thank you for your friendship, your kindness, your guidance and all the laughs.

*Not the guy in Jaws. I looked it up. That's called "fact checking."





5002

YEAR OF RABBIT
年兔子
VANCOUVER • 2011

NATIONAL CHAMPIONS
2003
USC TROJANS

JAY IN HIS OWN WORDS

"I'm not trying to take all the fun out of writing. Just the cliches."

A few suggestions from the Who Asked You? copy editor: I spent a half century in journalism as a reporter, editor and university professor. In retirement, I have few outlets for what one friend called my "red pen" comments, but I still value conversational writing. Most of us don't talk about "algorithmic paradigms" in day-to-day speech, so we should avoid it when we write. Here are five words and phrases that show up in print and on TV more than they should.

Sales declined by "a jaw-dropping" 55 percent. Nobody really drops their jaw. Just explain that sales dropped by 55 percent and let people decide if that's jaw-dropping.



(cont'd) “Eye-popping” rent increases are forcing people to move to the suburbs. See “jaw-dropping.” Unless you have a serious medical issue, your eyes don’t pop. And people don’t talk like that.

Airline earnings climbed “a whopping” 62 percent last year. I always told reporters and students just to say what happened, and let the readers decide if it whops. Again, people don’t talk like that.

The attendees were “toting” \$800 Gucci handbags. When was the last time you actually said “toting?” Maybe never. Couldn’t they just carry the bags?

The Oscar nominee was “sporting” a bushy mustache for the role of Wyatt Earp in an upcoming film. See “toting.”

CSUF's losing streak will probably continue

By Steve Ramirez
Daily Titan

The Titans could be in for a long night as the Mustangs (10, 9-6) are one of six PC

The date was Oct. 15, 1985

DYLAN SAID IT BEST: "UCLA IS JUST A FOUR-LETTER WORD."

January 5, 2010 (and pretty much every year)

It's time to think about baseball.

Me (Jesse Reisman): Jay, what's AP style for ... oh.
Never mind. Found it.

Jay: OK, Sorry to have bothered you Jesse.

Some UCLA fans vandalized the USC field by painting "UCLA" on it. Many of the Bruins carried "cheat sheets" to help them remember how to spell "UCLA"

My radio seems to be picking up baseball broadcasts from around 1940. Two comments from tonight's game: (1). "The kid has moxie." (2). "That pitch had some extra mustard on it."

I expected to hear an ad for the new Packards.



OH, YES. THAT'S A GREAT IDEA. PROBABLY WHY I HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT.

MAYBE THE END-OF-THE-WORLD PEOPLE HAVE A POINT: The Baseball Reliquary is pleased to announce it will present "Lasordapalooza," the first major exhibition to survey the life and times of Los Angeles Dodger legend Tommy Lasorda



When I think of Showalter, I remember a story of how he stands at the jetway gate at the airport, making sure all his players have tied their ties. That's it. Wearing ties wins pennants.



Quoting Rex Hudler, one minute ago: "You can't underestimate a team just because they're in last place." OK, thanks, Rex.



Why do the players have to high-five the guy in the ridiculous mascot suit? Ruth and Gehrig never had to do that. The Dodgers, Yankees and Tigers, I believe, don't have a guy in a chicken suit. The Red Sox have one, but he's never on the field. He wanders around in the stands like an idiot. Little kids like it. Like going to see Santa Claus, except Santa is real.

He probably has a felony record. Who else would apply for a job as a mascot? I like to think the players say something like "check in with your parole officer" when they high-five him.

Kim (Svoboda) Antoniou:

Upon coming to Cal State Fullerton in the mid-1980s, I quickly learned the Daily Titan crew was a work-hard, play-hard staff.

The newsroom's atmosphere certainly reflected the latter at times, punctuated by shouts across the room and plenty of laughter, with partially consumed junk food and beverages occasionally littering the tables and all manner of personal belongings — Wiffle balls and bats, textbooks, discarded sweatshirts — taking residence in available space.

Jay, of course, weathered this with his usual smile (see "Jay Berman smile" if you're confused) and tolerance, because he was accustomed to us. However, I recall one time when the Comm Department had been informed of an impending visit from potential donors.

Jay posted a brief note explaining the situation,



(cont'd) requesting that all staffers clean up their acts, their language and their newsroom to present the appearance of a serious, reputable group of student journalists while our guests were on Titan turf.


I seem to recall that final sentence — so typically Jay — stating, "Then you can be yourselves again."

While I could write features and edit copy all day long, hard news never was my forte -- and I don't think that was any secret among my Daily Titan peers. So, upon being assigned a follow-up story on the murder of CSUF graduate Julie Fenton, I was a bit nervous.

First I had talked to Julie's mother and her coworkers, then driven to Orange County Central Jail to interview accused (and later convicted) murderer Andrew McCarter. The only thing equaling my surprise at McCarter's disarming, soft-spoken manner was my dismay at how little he said before noting he should check with his lawyer before speaking further.

Discouraged, I drove back to campus, parking myself at one of the newsroom's IBMs. And sat there, just staring at a blank screen.

A.S. Productions Presents:



PLUS

Jane's Addiction

APRIL 3rd Gen. Ad. \$ 9.00
CSUF Tickets at
Titan Gym TICKETMASTER

CSUF Students \$6.00
at UC INFO DESK

The Times has a story on ski resorts today that points out that "the white stuff" is expected in those areas this week. Most of us have seen rain referred to as "the wet stuff."

Copy editing great Jack Mulkey, in his Daily Breeze days, once pointed out that fires could be referred to as "the red stuff." There was also a "brown stuff" synonym for sewage leaks, but we won't go into that.

(cont'd) It was afternoon, and the newsroom was mostly quiet. At one point, Jay came out of his alcove and asked how it was going. After I shared my frustration at not getting much out of McCarter, Jay asked what he did say. I told him McCarter had asked me to tell Julie's mother that he was "sure sorry about all this mess" and that he was praying for the family. (Yeah, I know; I was too close to it, and too green, to see it then.)

Not unkindly, Jay asked me how many people I thought were given access to an accused murderer. "Use what you have, and put them in the room with you," he said. After that, the lede flew onto the screen — and the rest of the story simply fell into place with little effort.

The next time I hit a mental block when writing, Jay's words came back to me. Through the years, they have helped me craft some of my best news and feature stories.

Thanks, Jay.

Trial date nearing for man charged with CSUF grad's murder

By Kim Svoboda
Daily Titan

The man accused of murdering Cal State Fullerton graduate Julie Marie Fenton moved closer, his voice soft. "Would you do something? If you all talk to Julie's mama, tell her I'm sure sorry about all this mess. I'm praying for them, and I hope it all gets cleared up real soon."

Andrew McCarter tapped his pencil on the counter and looked out through the glass partition of the visitor's booth at Orange County Central Jail. The Texas drifter is charged in the June 1986 strangulation killing of Fenton, who graduated from CSUF in 1985. Jury selection is scheduled to begin Tuesday.

McCarter was a roofer in Anaheim who frequented Elmer's Place, the Fullerton restaurant where 24-year-old Fenton worked as a waitress.

McCarter got up to leave. "I don't have problems with talking about (the case) ... don't mind talking about it at all — but I should speak with my counsel first."

"I stressed to my children, 'Don't go out and hurt anybody else.' This world is for all of us."
— Ginny Medberry, Fenton's mother

Defense investigator Larry Crandall would not allow his client to further discuss the case.

Prosecutor Mel Jensen said the jury probably would be selected within a 10-day period, and the trial would start about a week afterward, unless postponed. The trial has been put off since December.

Because Fenton was raped before she was murdered, McCarter could receive a sentence of life in prison or the death penalty if convicted.

"We don't think he's going to get death row," said Ginny Medberry, Fenton's mother. "That's reserved for what they call 'vicious' killers — people who already have prison records."

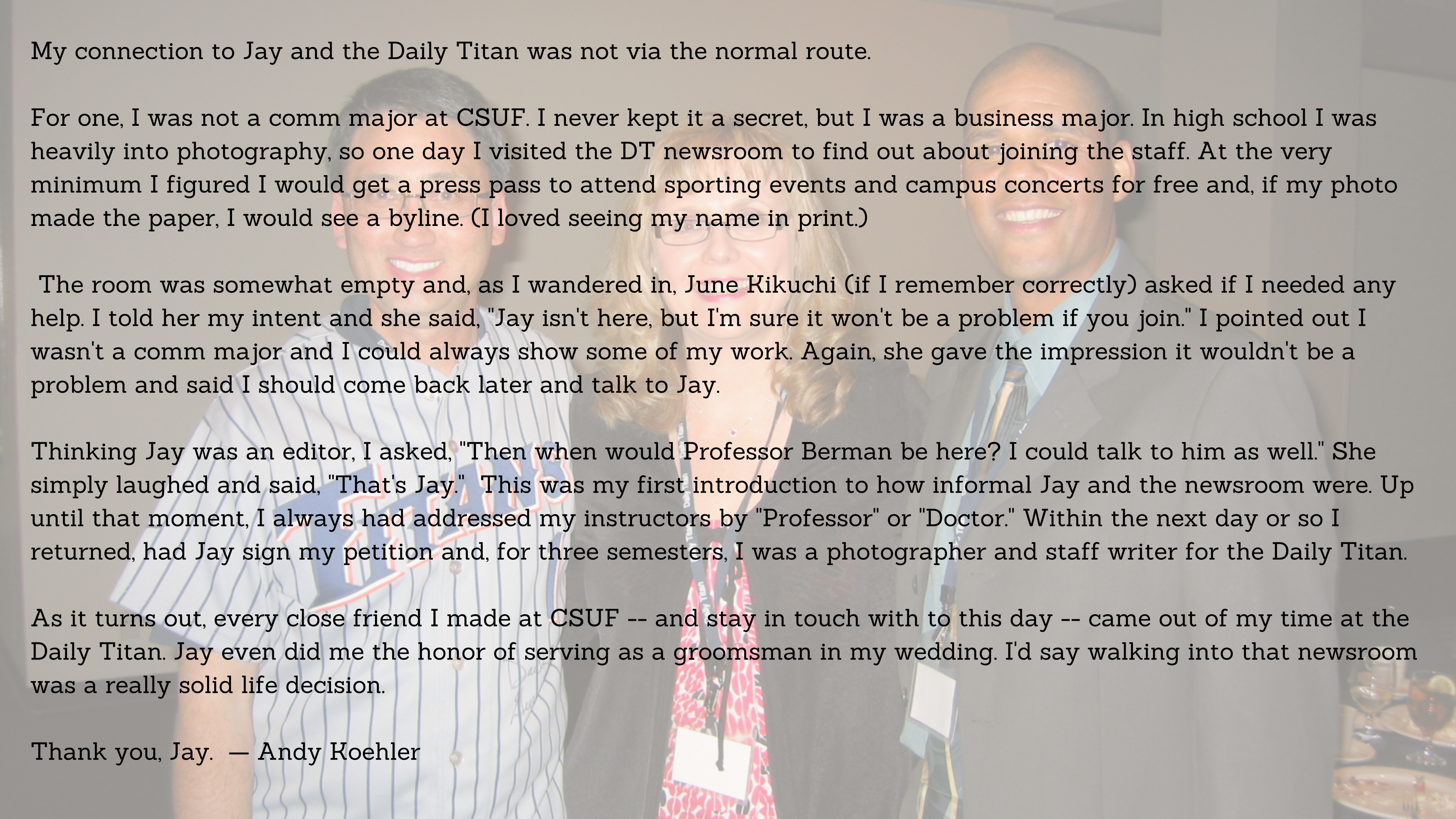
McCarter does not have a criminal record, she said.

"I think he's a very sick person, though," Medberry said. "I think it's very sad that this had to happen. You give your children morals and rules to live by, and someone comes and undoes all that."

"I stressed to my children, 'Don't go out and hurt anybody else,'" she said. "This world is for all of us."

She said she believed people who commit serious crimes against others should not be returned to the mainstream of society.

See FENTON, Page 2



My connection to Jay and the Daily Titan was not via the normal route.

For one, I was not a comm major at CSUF. I never kept it a secret, but I was a business major. In high school I was heavily into photography, so one day I visited the DT newsroom to find out about joining the staff. At the very minimum I figured I would get a press pass to attend sporting events and campus concerts for free and, if my photo made the paper, I would see a byline. (I loved seeing my name in print.)

The room was somewhat empty and, as I wandered in, June Kikuchi (if I remember correctly) asked if I needed any help. I told her my intent and she said, "Jay isn't here, but I'm sure it won't be a problem if you join." I pointed out I wasn't a comm major and I could always show some of my work. Again, she gave the impression it wouldn't be a problem and said I should come back later and talk to Jay.

Thinking Jay was an editor, I asked, "Then when would Professor Berman be here? I could talk to him as well." She simply laughed and said, "That's Jay." This was my first introduction to how informal Jay and the newsroom were. Up until that moment, I always had addressed my instructors by "Professor" or "Doctor." Within the next day or so I returned, had Jay sign my petition and, for three semesters, I was a photographer and staff writer for the Daily Titan.

As it turns out, every close friend I made at CSUF -- and stay in touch with to this day -- came out of my time at the Daily Titan. Jay even did me the honor of serving as a groomsman in my wedding. I'd say walking into that newsroom was a really solid life decision.

Thank you, Jay. — Andy Koehler

Jay's pseudonymous letters,
via Andy Koehler

"LIEUTENANT, HOW DOES THIS GUY GET AWAY WITH IT?!"

What can Angel General Manager Mike Port possibly be thinking? This is the front office (Port and his predecessor, Buzzie Bavasi) that let Nolan Ryan and Don Baylor go elsewhere, without compensation, at the peak of their careers; that traded Tom Brunansky for Doug Corbett, and that pays George Hendrick \$1 million a year.

It also released Doug DeCinces in a public relations move that would have made Moammar Kadafi jealous.

Port has also suggested that Donnie Moore is faking an injury, just before doctors removed a sliver of bone from Moore's spinal cord.

Now Port is alienating Wally Joyner, the first home-grown potential superstar in the team's history.

Wouldn't there be some way to keep the players and send the general manager to the minors?

TERRY AGUANA
— @ullerton

Photos of Rohrabacher a staged media circus

Editor:

What a coincidence that Congressman-elect Dana Rohrabacher happened to have several photographers along on his spontaneous and adventurous trip to Burma and Afghanistan.

And how fortunate, indeed, that the Afghan freedom fighter who appeared with him in a press conference the other day was able to issue such fluent praise of the congressman-elect.

This is all so staged, so phony, so obvious. It must be especially interesting for those who did not know that Burma and Afghanistan were part of a South Bay congressional district.

It will be interesting to see if any jealousies develop between Rohrabacher and fellow media addict and Congressman Bob Dornan, the man who once held a monopoly on this kind of orchestrated media circus.

I can see them rushing to schedule a news conference in the same rice field in Laos or Sri Lanka.

And the press will always show up.
—MICHAEL TORELLO
Hermosa Beach

We're Putting This Feature on the Bench

I would bet a 1997 season ticket to St. Louis Rams games that I am not the only person in town really tired of the weekly "L.A. Benched" and its petulant "0% chance of precipitation and 0% chance of pro football in Los Angeles."

It isn't funny. It isn't witty. It would even be worth having the Seattle Seahawks here if it would keep you from running "Benched" next year.

RAYMOND LUCA
Hermosa Beach

Editor's note: The "L.A. Benched" series has, indeed, run its course. It has a 0% chance of running next season.

Hey, That's the Way the Cookie Crumbles

Those who are voicing criticism over the firing of Cookie Rojas are forgetting the following mistakes the rookie manager made:


—He injured Devon White, Kirk McCaskill, Mark McLemore, Dan Petry and Bryan Harvey, causing each of them to spend significant time on the disabled list.

—He allowed Mike Witt to become a .500 pitcher, instructed Willie Fraser to allow more than 30 home runs, demanded that Chili Davis forget how to play right field and ordered Wally Joyner's home run total to drop by more than 50%.

—He required every starting pitcher on the club to have an earned-run average of at least 4 and, in some cases, 6.

In retrospect, he's lucky that the vigilant and all-knowing Mike Port didn't fire him before he replaced Gene Mauch during spring training.

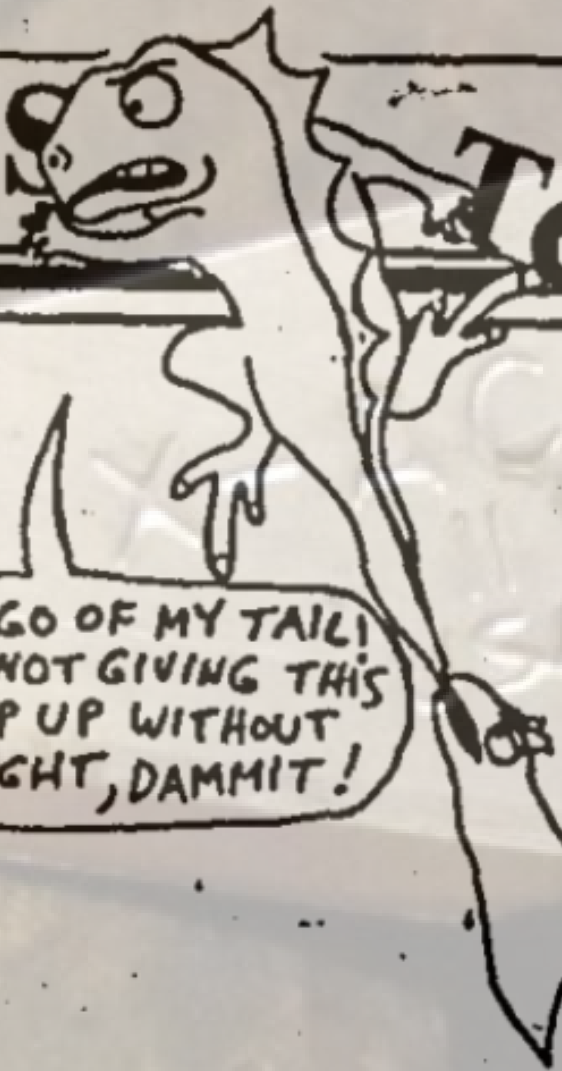
NATE GROSSMAN
Hermosa Beach

A photograph of four men standing outdoors on a patio. They are positioned in a row, smiling at the camera. The man on the far left is wearing glasses and a dark polo shirt with vertical stripes. The second man from the left is wearing a dark polo shirt under a light-colored jacket. The third man is wearing a purple and white checkered shirt and has a goatee. The man on the far right is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt and has his arm around the shoulder of the man next to him. In the background, there are blue patio umbrellas, a view of a town and water, and a sign with the letter 'B' is visible on the right. The text is overlaid on the image in a black, sans-serif font.

I was doing the comic strip Terry the Mighty Iguana. I made a bit of fun of Rosey Grier because he was supposed to make an appearance at the Christian Fellowship Club at CSUF. He cancelled at the last minute. So, I did a week of strips where Terry and Sid the Party Slug have lost their spiritual anchor. The next week, a call comes into the Daily Titan. Dan Trotta answers the phone. It's Rosey Grier. He threatens to sue the paper. Dan and Mr. Berman discuss in Mr. Berman's office. Mr. Berman decides that he can go ahead and sue us as Mr. Grier is a public figure and nothing malicious has been said about him. We never hear from Mr. Grier again. — Rich Nicholls

Sid the Party

By Rich Nicholls



WITHOUT WARNING, TERRY HAS REAPPEARED (WITH OLD LOGO IN HAND) TO RECLAIM WHAT HE FEELS IS RIGHTFULLY HIS.

LET GO OF MY TAIL!
I'M NOT GIVING THIS STRIP UP WITHOUT A FIGHT, DAMMIT!

COME DOWN FROM THERE BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF!
I DON'T WANT BLOOD GETTING ON MY NICE CLEAN LOGO!

WILL THE RENEGADE IGUANA SUCCESSFULLY RECAPTURE HIS CONIC STRIP? OR WILL HE FALL OFF THE PAGE AND DIE A GROSSOME DEATH IN THE SPORTS SECTION?

ALL WILL BE ANSWERED IN TOMORROW'S EXCITING SEMESTER CONCLUSION!

RAI

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Way back in the day, I traveled with Jay up to Sacramento for CIPA. It was fun because we got to know each other better (sharing our love of The Beatles and baseball, even though our teams are quite different).

But the thing that has stuck with me all these years about the trip is how kind Jay was, especially when it came to animals.

Whenever he would spot an animal by the side of the road — even as small as a squirrel — he would pull over and make sure the critter would get to safety, preferably as far away from the freeway as possible.

Many, many squirrels were saved that day

At one point, he apologized because it was taking us longer to get to our destination, but it was so endearing that I didn't mind.

— Désirée Guzzetta



Susan LeFebvre was a pitcher for the softball team and she won some national player of the year award. She was no longer on the team but was attending school one more year so she could graduate and get her degree.

I write up the piece and submit it. Jay got a copy of everything to look over. There was one line that got his attention. The line was: "Giving her a softball is like giving a mass murderer a loaded rifle - stand back and count the bodies as they fall."

OK - so probably not the best line I could have used. I get the printed copy back from Jay and in red ink her circled this line and said, "What do we have here....Jim Murray, Jr.?" I was BLOWN AWAY because for someone like me being compared to the legendary Jim Murray was quite an honor.

— Erik Schuman

Ex-Titan killed them softly

LeFebvre, personable but effective, wins top softball award

By Erik Schuman
Daily Titan

In the late 1800s, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a classic novel about a person with a split personality entitled "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde".

If Stevenson had written the novel in the 1980s, it could have been titled "Dr. Jekyll and Ms. LeFebvre".

The Dr. Jekyll in this novel would be Susan LeFebvre, a 22-year-old senior and a computer science major at Cal State Fullerton. First impressions indicate a basically kind, mild-mannered woman.

But put a softball in LeFebvre's right hand and one is just asking for trouble — giving her a softball is like giving a mass murderer a loaded rifle. Stand back and count the bodies as they fall.

LeFebvre played softball for the Titans from 1983 to 1986, rewriting almost every school pitching record in the process. A partial list of those records include 100 wins, more than 100 complete games and al-

"I'll be the first in my family to complete college...it's more important to (my father) than I realized."

— Susan LeFebvre

...tive numbers in their categories and have not gone unnoticed.

A few weeks ago, LeFebvre was named the softball winner of the Broderick Award, given to the top collegiate athlete in each sport. With the award, she will attempt to become the first softball player to win the Broderick Cup, given to the top collegiate female athlete.

The award caught LeFebvre by surprise.

"At the beginning of the summer, I was told of the nomination," she said. But, then I forgot about it until Kathy (Assistant Coach Van Wyk, a former Broderick winner) told me I won." Judy Garman, CSUF softball coach, said she was glad to see the two-time All-American hon-

...together in her senior year," Garman said. "Thinking about CSUF softball without thinking of Susan is difficult. She's one of the hardest working players we've ever had."

However, Garman no longer "has" LeFebvre.

LeFebvre's four years of athletic eligibility are over, giving her more time to pursue a diploma. She consistently carries between 14 to 16 units and attends class six days a week. She expects to graduate in June, and says when she does, it will excite her father.

"I'll be the first in my family to complete college ... it's more important to him than I realized," she said.

LeFebvre added that when she made the athletic honor roll last spring (a GPA of 3.0 or higher is required), her father posted the notice in the front window of his office, and highlighted it.

She said that playing softball made it tough for her academically, and at times, did not even know if she would "make it through."

"Some teachers will help, and some won't," LeFebvre

From 1960 to 1990, I was the statistician for USC radio broadcasts. The announcers were Tom Kelly and Mike Walden (and even Chick Hearn in 1960). For a few years, I also did stats for USC basketball. One night, Mike Walden and I were driving to Santa Barbara for a game against UCSB. Mike stopped for coffee at a Seven-11. As we walked out of the store, his Styrofoam cup broke into several pieces, covering his hand and arm with scalding coffee. His reaction went something like this: "Darn, heck, shucks, dang." He looked at me and said: "I never swear. I don't want something to happen during a game and have the wrong words go out on the air."

One time Comm Department was having an awards night, and they hired a comedian to do a show. He called Jay up on stage to be the stooge for a mindreading gag. He had Jay put an old-fashioned eggbeater up to his forehead and start cranking, and asked, "Do you believe in ESP?" Jay deadpanned, "I don't even have cable." Biggest laugh of the show.

How expensive was the salmon we bought at Bristol Farms this morning? Enough so that, when I realized what we had paid, I told Irene that -- instead of having it for dinner tonight -- we should put it in water and try to revive it.

Hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk? But nobody ever scrambles eggs on the sidewalk. And what if you want some sausage, or...



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NOW IS THE TIME!

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Dig In!

A small illustration of a person sitting at a table eating a sandwich, located in the bottom right corner of the advertisement.

FROM A TOURISM WEBSITE ON SAVANNAH, GA. "The Historic District has more than 8 styles of architecture." WOULDN'T THAT BE NINE?

So if I understand it correctly, "Zach Galifianakis" is a Greek term for "this year's Jack Black," right?

Dec 3 2009 So if you're driving from Hilton Head Island to Savannah and the radio weather guy says tornadoes are possible in the area, you should stay in which lane?

Asbestos removal from McCarthy Hall delayed

By Patricia Sullivan
Daily Titan

The removal of asbestos in the structure of McCarthy Hall has been postponed twice because power in the building, which houses the Computer Center

building of this size," Stevens said. It may be possible to bring in backup power, he added.

The process requires a five- to six-day power shutdown in the building, Stevens said.

Removal had been scheduled for last summer, but the Com-

ments.

"On Easter break the Computer Center could go down, but five people were heavily involved with research," Tom Whitfield, Cal State Fullerton environmental health and safety officer, said.

would like to see the asbestos cleaned up as soon as possible.

"(The administration is) aware of how serious asbestos is and (has) postponed it two times," McCoy said. "We want it done now.

"We're going to do whatever we have to do," he said. "We will

The Yankees have traded Juan Miranda to Arizona for a young pitcher named Scott Allen. I hope they told him they had the right to do that.

ANOTHER WAY TO HANDLE SINGULAR-PLURAL MODIFIER PROBLEMS: Mets prospect Josh Satin went 3-for-5 ... to help Mesa hand Surprise its their third straight loss.

"Sun-powered solar panels." Yeah, those are still the best ones, aren't they?



“WE SURE ARE MAKING QUITE A FUSS OVER A GUY WHO ONCE BOUGHT MACRAME SHOES.” —PAT DUNNE

Angels' center fielder Mike Trout hit a grand-slam home run today, causing announcer Victor Rojas -- for no valid reason -- to shout "Slama-whama-ding-dong. It's a grand salami for Trout." All I can guess is that the heat got to him.

Some think this is the football or basketball season. Others claim that ice skating game they play with two halftimes. But real sports aficionados know the Arizona Fall League championship baseball game begins at noon today (PST) between the Scottsdale Scorpions and Peoria Javelinas.

I just saw the following headline: "Virginia to Execute Woman for 1st Time in 98 Years" She must have been very young the first time they killed her.

Why do the pitchers and catchers have to report to spring training two weeks before everyone else? They don't get to go home before anyone else.

It says here Boston is getting more of "the white stuff" this weekend. That's good to know.

"Jay, I've tracked down that information you wanted on sentencing guidelines for shooting sheriffs versus shooting deputies."

Let's Get Fresh! **TODAY**

DILLINGER'S 

1/2 Price on Any Sandwich

At Dillinger's, we believe that only the **Freshest** ingredients make the best sandwiches-- that's why we've sold over **4,000,000** sandwiches!

Yorba Linda 

Alpha Beta Center * 

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198 E. Yorba Linda Blvd.
Expires 2/16/87

How to tell that (1) you're a baseball fan two months before spring training begins and (2) your hearing isn't what it once was: A radio ad asks "Do you own the wrong stocks?" but you think for a moment it's asking "Do you own the White Sox?"

I just heard that KC and the Sunshine Band was going to perform in the Rose Parade. Cutting-edge stuff. Is Bob Hope the grand marshal this year?

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LAY OFF COPY EDITORS:

"The win also exercised the demons of 2010, when Mexico upset the American team..." You have to keep those demons in good shape.

Somewhere in the world, there is someone who thinks that going to a football game and holding up a cardboard "D" and a fake fence is actually clever.

BRIAN'S

beer & billiards



Blast claims former instructor

Friend of victim says he fears group may be victim of another attack

By Stuart Dedic
Staff writer

The bombing-death of Alex M. Odeh, regional president of a pro-Arab committee and former Cal State Fullerton Arabic instructor, has caused a close friend to fear for his life.



JDL: Odeh knew early of hijack

By Terry Spencer
Staff writer

A Jewish Defense League spokeswoman Monday claimed former Cal State Fullerton instructor Alex Odeh "could have had prior knowledge of the Achille Lauro hijacking."

deered the Italian cruise ship surrendered to Egyptian authorities. FBI spokesman Lane Bonner Monday confirmed reports that the bureau believes the JDL is responsible for that bombing and two others, including one at the Arab committee's Boston office in August.

pletely, completely untrue." "Our sources tell us that Odeh was in Tunisia shortly before the hijacking," said Shelley Rubin, the JDL's Los Angeles administrative director. Rubin is the wife of JDL President Irv Rubin. "What kind of convoluted logic is that," Baki said. "All that I can say to the charges is no, no, no." "I think the JDL's accusation has no relation to the truth whatsoever," said

a member of the Associated Students Board of Directors. Baki said that Odeh had not been out of the country in the weeks prior to his death, but refused to say when Odeh had last been to the Middle East. Sbaita said that he had been in contact with Odeh at the time of the hijacking, and that Odeh had not left the country since visiting his family in the Israeli-occupied West Bank in August. He also said that to the best of

Lam ordered to stand trial



Judge refuses to lower bail

By Walt Baranger
Staff writer
Cal State Fullerton student Minh Van

VOLUME 40, ISSUE 34

April 12, 1988

Witness: Racial slur began fatal fight

2 football players suspended until probe completed

By David K. Li
Daily Titan

A racial slur started the fight which ultimately resulted in the death of a Marine Corps

two whites inside the restaurant. "I just grabbed two black guys because they were on top," Spadt said. "Then the bouncer got in it and grabbed me off. I told him

REVENGE: Football team allegedly receives threats from Marines.

- Page 3

ATHLETIC FUNDING:

ent picture of the incident than do accounts that have appeared thus far in the news media, but it would be inappropriate for either me or Coach Gene Murphy to engage in speculation. We





424

498

I'M CLEAN

I'M CLEAN

NOW AVAILABLE

Murdoch defeats our integrity



William Chace

Spending much of spring break in Massachusetts, I had many opportunities to examine Rupert Murdoch's tabloid, the Boston Herald. One couldn't escape the paper, as it appeared in as many shops, supermarkets and newsstands as the National Enquirer.

Those familiar with the Herald know the style of jour-

area.

Despite this gotterdammerung of propaganda, the importance of the news could not be underestimated. The U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has made significant provisions in allowing media barons such as Murdoch to own these media outlets, further diluting the FCC's 1985 revision of its cross-ownership ban.

The regulation intended to control the amount of information one could influence in 12 major U.S. cities. Since Murdoch owns the Fox Network, he was given 18 months to sell off the Herald. The same conditions applied to other major markets where Murdoch owned both tele-



Reagan bashes liberals, liberally lauds Bush



Sam Jones / Daily Titan

More than 12,000 on hand for CSUF's first presidential visit

By André C. Meunier
Daily Titan

With exactly one week remaining before the election, President Reagan on Tuesday made the first presidential appearance ever at Cal State Fullerton, further rallying Orange County Republicans' staunch support of candidate George Bush.

The president, arriving amid an entourage of four U.S. Marine helicopters, was welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd of about 8,000 that had gathered on the lawn outside Titan Gym. Marching bands from three local high schools greeted the president, along with thousands of red, white and blue balloons, and scores of supporters waving American flags and banners promoting Bush and running mate Dan Quayle.

Once inside Titan Gym, Reagan addressed another vocal crowd of CSUF students, faculty and staff members and GOP officials for 35 minutes, hailing the



Henry DeKuyper / Daily Titan
President Reagan said Tuesday George Bush is a man of leadership and vision.



Jay and I bonded over the mutual love of baseball and photography. (And not necessarily in that order.) He said that a mentor told him about the game: "The one constant through all the years, Jay, has been baseball. America has rolled by like an army of steamrollers. It has been erased like a blackboard, rebuilt and erased again. But baseball has marked the time." Jay once said about photography: "It reminds of us of all that once was good and it could be again."

— Joe Hayashibara

Here is an early photo of that mentor...

Or did you want me to say something serious like: "His mentorship changed the trajectory of my career...". He just happened to mention that several former Daily Titan staff members were currently working for Road & Track Magazine... and that is where I did my photography internship. Best summer of my life!

(I do my best editing after I hit send...)

I was the photo editor in '88 when that CSUF football play punched and ultimately killed that active duty Marine. After that incident came to light, there was a little huddle of the Editor, Sports Editor, the Photo Editor, and of course Jay. We all looked at each other and then Jay... "Should we send a photographer to the funeral???" Jay just shrugged his shoulders and said: "I'm just the Advisor."

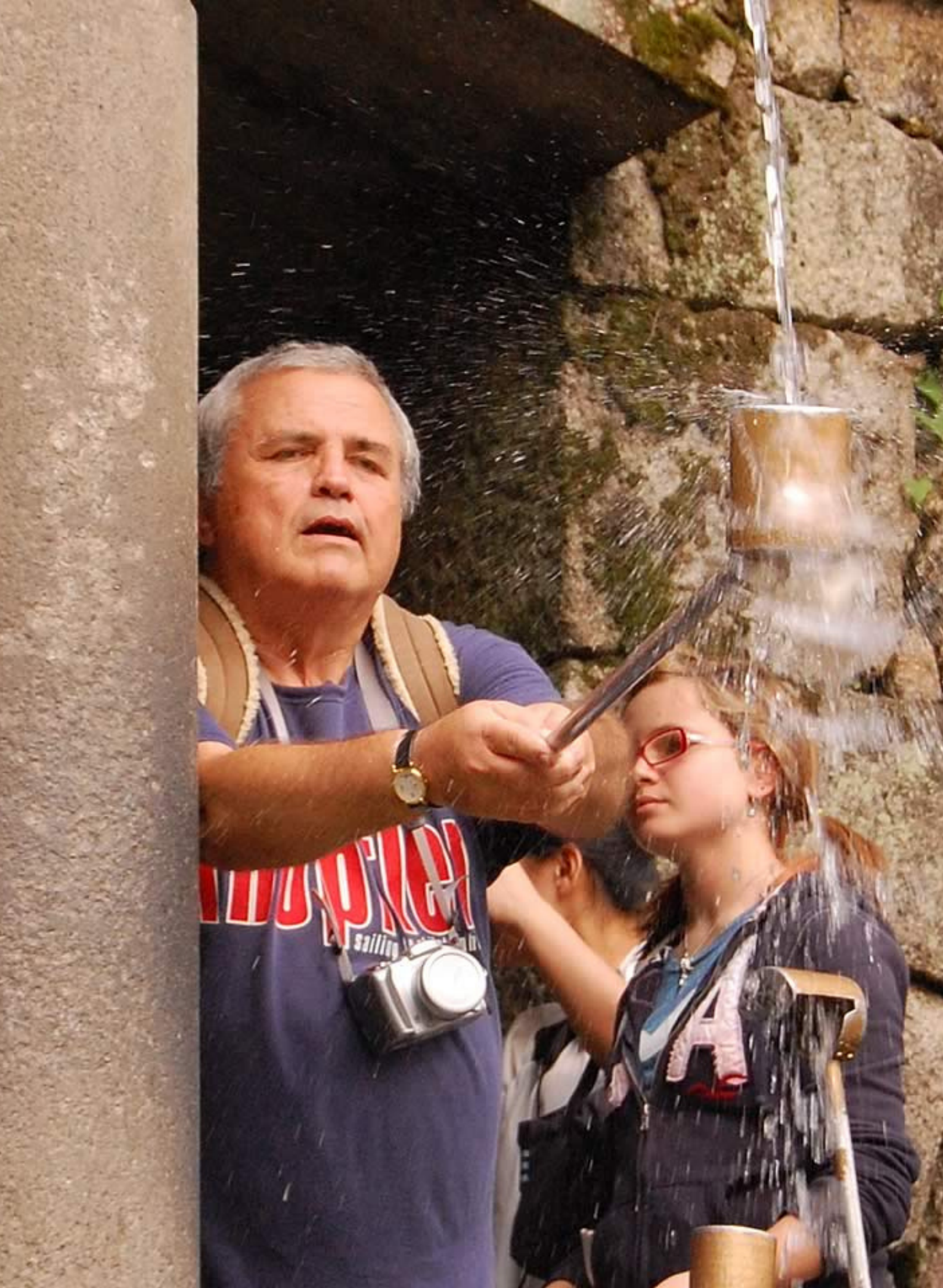


**G. Gordon Liddy
to speak Tuesday**

G. Gordon Liddy; a controver-

Tickets cost \$2.50 for studen

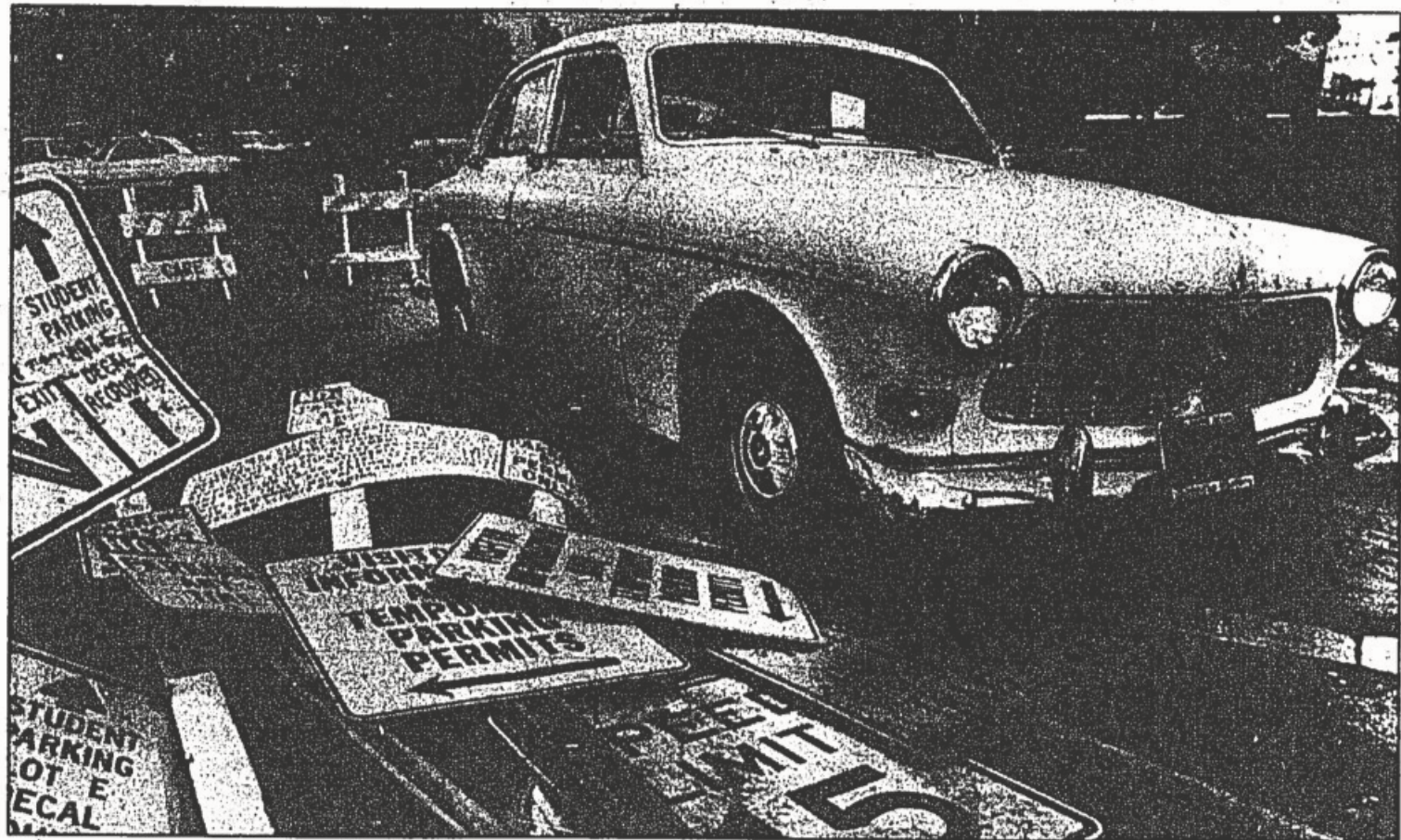




I was leaning against the door of what Andre called "Jay's Penalty Box" talking with Jay about something, and he showed me two framed pictures of Irene. In one, a bird perched delicately on her outstretched hand.

"This is Irene when she was fifteen. This is a couple years ago. Hard to tell the difference, right?"

Braggart. — Nils Ferry



Sam Jones / Daily Titan

Officials say the number of parking citations issued in February increased by 38% because of construction.

Parking violations reflect confusion

38% increase in citations issued result of changes, official says

"I can tell you they're not using the coin lots," he said. "Believe it or not, there are a lot of people out there who don't

and it is mainly interested in Ford Couriers. Byrnes said campus police and the Placentia police department are inves-

Marriott Hotel's sublease reaches halfway mark

By Leticia Perez Dec 2, 2019 0

One of my first memories of Jay was in the debriefing room where Jay gave notes and corrections on each day's DT issue. Someone representing the Marriott had written a letter criticizing the paper's story on the hotel-in-a-parking-lot, but the points raised were very minor ones.

Jay prepared a rebuttal and read it for us, conceding that student writers and editors might indeed make small mistakes like that as they learned to be better journalists. But he also pointed out that it was easy for anyone to make typos, as — for example — the correspondent had "spelled Marriott four different ways in his two-page letter." — Nils Ferry

Arboretum staff shooting rabbits

Jay came in for the DT debriefing and was smiling, saying something like, "Look at this great photo Sam got to go with the parking story." And then someone said, "Uh, Jay, that's Sam's car."

Cue the Jay Berman Excedrin headache pose. — Nils Ferry



The years I spent at CSUF were a blur, mostly because I carried a full load and worked at the Register. But I do have some vivid memories of sitting in Jay's journalism class and listening to him talk about "a litany of misplaced apostrophes." As much as I hated to get back papers riddled with red ink, I looked forward to any paper or article coming back from Jay — his red pen circling a litany of misplaced apostrophes, in some cases. I learned a lot at CSUF, but it was Jay who truly taught me how to become a better writer. He believed in us, in me. Thank you, Jay. — Michael James Rocha



STATE
BATTERIES
ROYAL AUTOMOTIVE

HAPPY HOUR
SIG
SI
WE BARE YOU

This is from AOL.com. It proves you can get all the information you need without traditional news sources: "Kristen Stewart will head back to school as she reportedly registers at University College Los Angeles..."

I've given up my battle against the use of "ramping up," when there are no ramps; "rolling out," when there are no wheels; and "ratcheting up," when there is no ratchet. Maybe I'll have better luck with these: "poster child," unless the person in question really is on a poster; "flying under the radar," unless we're talking about aircraft; and "fighting his inner demons," when what we mean is someone with a drug or alcohol problem. I'm going to ramp up my campaign against all three unless my inner demons won't let me.

Ian Kinsler just made three errors in one inning in the Rangers-Angels game. I've been following the game long enough to guess that probably isn't a record. But it has to be close.

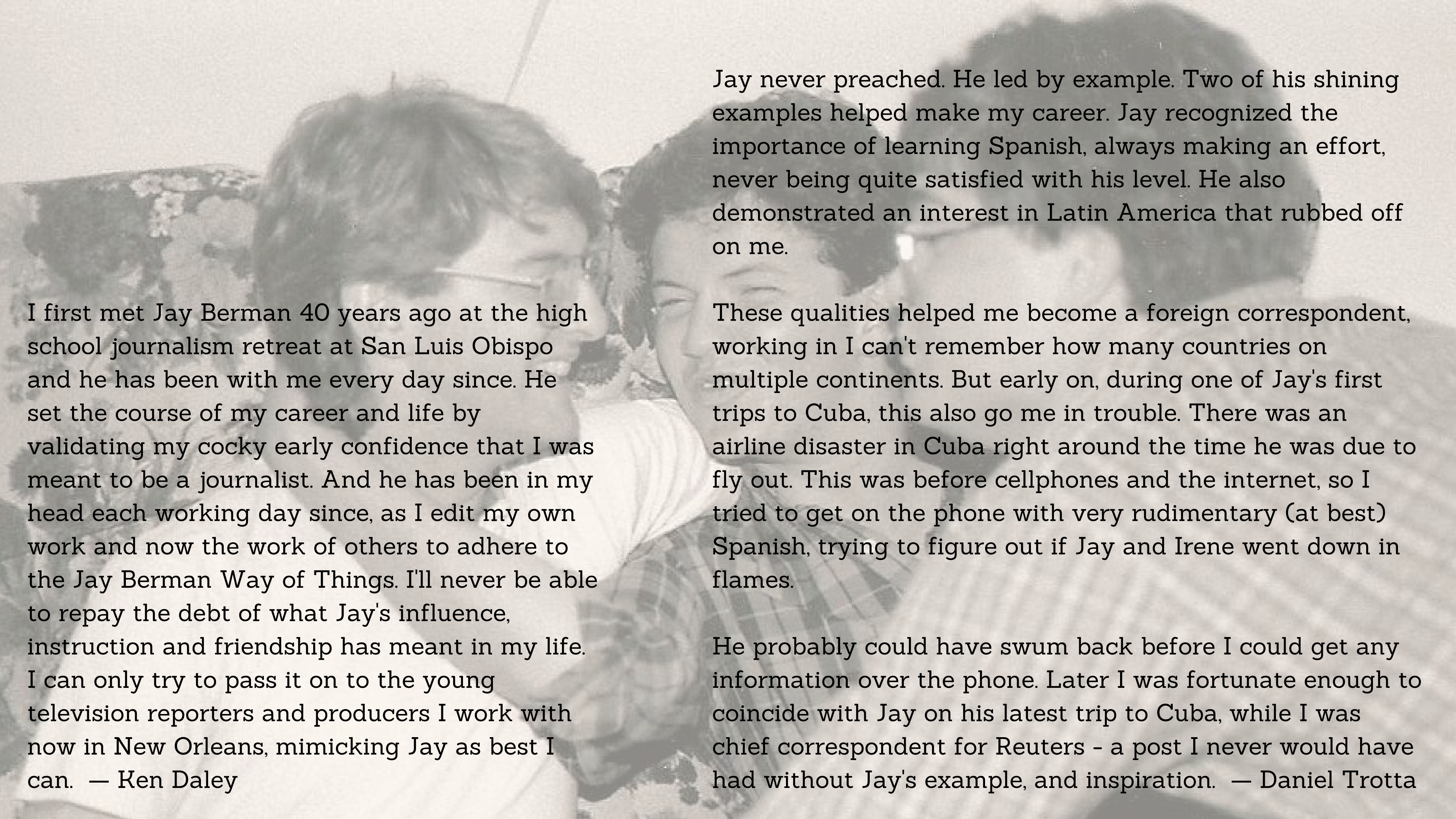
PRESS RELEASE

Because of the remarkable success they've enjoyed for the past two months, the Los Angeles Dodgers are already planning the trip to the White House that is accorded to every World Series champion.

They aren't even worrying about the National League playoffs or their eventual American League opponent. The primary difference from their most recent visit is that, this time, President Harding won't be there to greet them.

Red Sox players, in the dressing room after beating Tampa Bay, are wearing t-shirts that read, on the back, "If you see this your in second." Even t-shirt designers need copy editing.

I'm guessing it's a bad thing when you find a business card that reads "We buy junk cars" under your windshield wiper blade, and no other car on the street appears to have one.

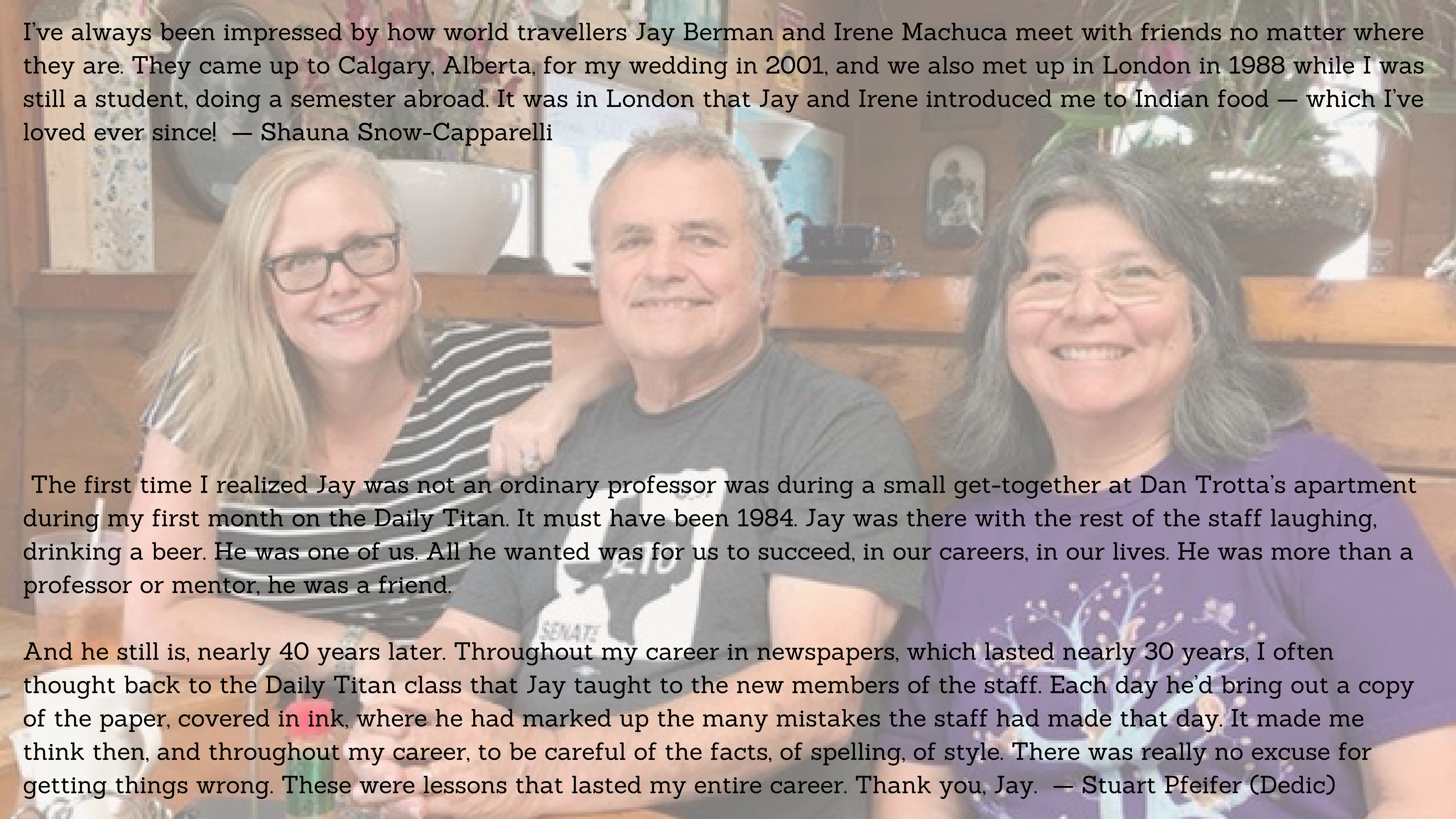


I first met Jay Berman 40 years ago at the high school journalism retreat at San Luis Obispo and he has been with me every day since. He set the course of my career and life by validating my cocky early confidence that I was meant to be a journalist. And he has been in my head each working day since, as I edit my own work and now the work of others to adhere to the Jay Berman Way of Things. I'll never be able to repay the debt of what Jay's influence, instruction and friendship has meant in my life. I can only try to pass it on to the young television reporters and producers I work with now in New Orleans, mimicking Jay as best I can. — Ken Daley

Jay never preached. He led by example. Two of his shining examples helped make my career. Jay recognized the importance of learning Spanish, always making an effort, never being quite satisfied with his level. He also demonstrated an interest in Latin America that rubbed off on me.

These qualities helped me become a foreign correspondent, working in I can't remember how many countries on multiple continents. But early on, during one of Jay's first trips to Cuba, this also got me in trouble. There was an airline disaster in Cuba right around the time he was due to fly out. This was before cellphones and the internet, so I tried to get on the phone with very rudimentary (at best) Spanish, trying to figure out if Jay and Irene went down in flames.

He probably could have swum back before I could get any information over the phone. Later I was fortunate enough to coincide with Jay on his latest trip to Cuba, while I was chief correspondent for Reuters - a post I never would have had without Jay's example, and inspiration. — Daniel Trotta



I've always been impressed by how world travellers Jay Berman and Irene Machuca meet with friends no matter where they are. They came up to Calgary, Alberta, for my wedding in 2001, and we also met up in London in 1988 while I was still a student, doing a semester abroad. It was in London that Jay and Irene introduced me to Indian food — which I've loved ever since! — Shauna Snow-Capparelli

The first time I realized Jay was not an ordinary professor was during a small get-together at Dan Trotta's apartment during my first month on the Daily Titan. It must have been 1984. Jay was there with the rest of the staff laughing, drinking a beer. He was one of us. All he wanted was for us to succeed, in our careers, in our lives. He was more than a professor or mentor, he was a friend.

And he still is, nearly 40 years later. Throughout my career in newspapers, which lasted nearly 30 years, I often thought back to the Daily Titan class that Jay taught to the new members of the staff. Each day he'd bring out a copy of the paper, covered in ink, where he had marked up the many mistakes the staff had made that day. It made me think then, and throughout my career, to be careful of the facts, of spelling, of style. There was really no excuse for getting things wrong. These were lessons that lasted my entire career. Thank you, Jay. — Stuart Pfeifer (Dedic)

Angels' pre-game feature announcer, visiting Babe Ruth's former home in Baltimore: "He was the King of Swing, the Sultan of Swat." I believe Benny Goodman was the king of swing, as long as we're resurrecting such titles.



If you're sending a friend an email that includes the word "Scioscia," spellcheck wonders if you actually want "sciatica." I wonder if there's a deeper meaning here.



You don't usually see this kind of multitasking in baseball: "SAN RAFAEL - Pittsburg owner/manager/starting pitcher Wayne Franklin showed his mettle by gutting out 150 pitches in 6 1/3 innings..."

Scott Nordhues

Took him 6 1/3 to realize no one was coming out to the mound to yank him.



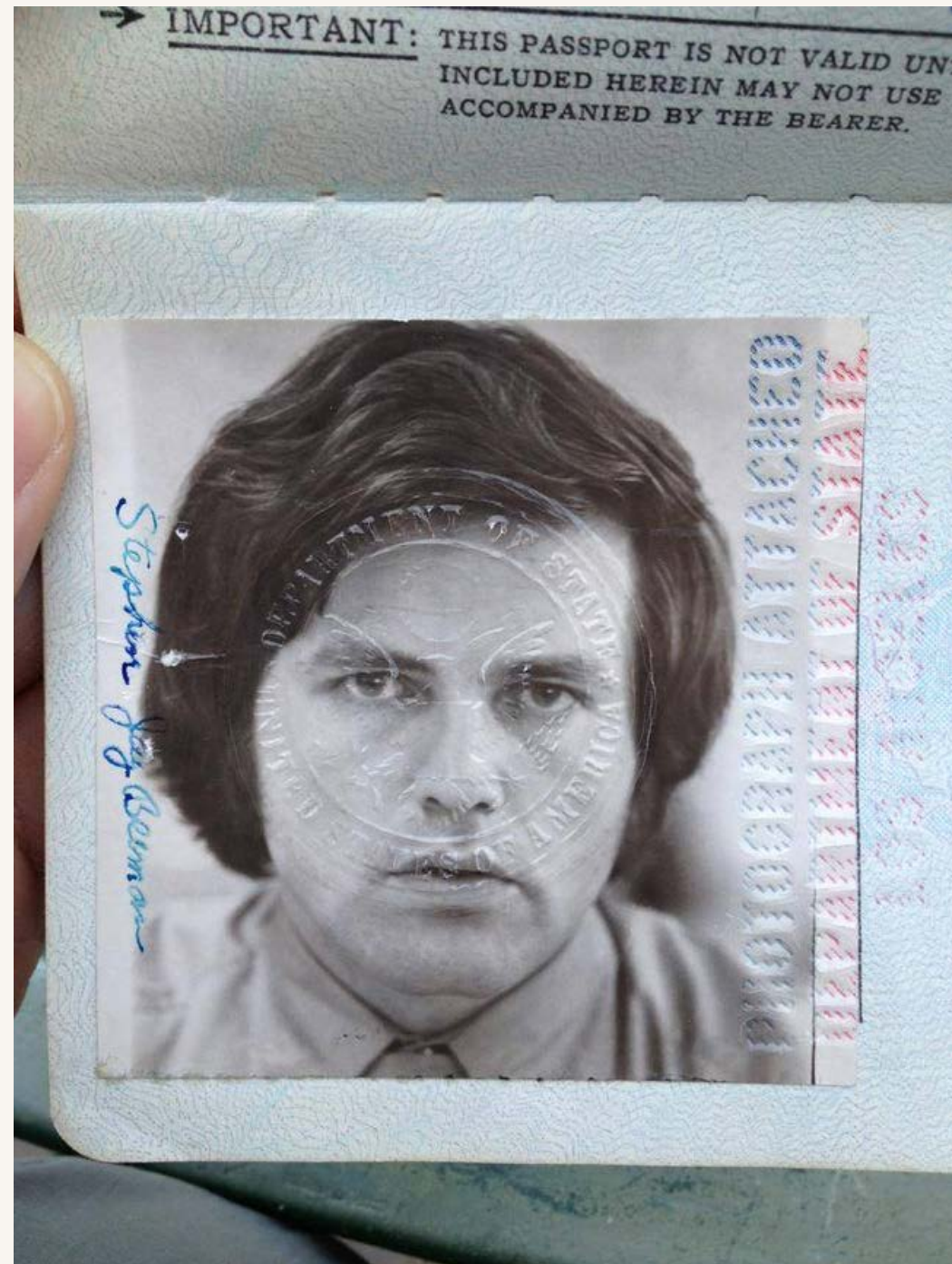
I wanted to see the World Series tonight, but we went to a Greek restaurant in Manhattan Beach that we like. "Would you like a table from which you can see the game?" a server asked. "Yes, please," I said. There was a Buick ad on the screen. When it ended, the Lakers resumed playing whomever the Lakers were playing.



A black dog is looking out of a window. The window has a decorative pattern of blue and white circles. The dog's head is visible in the foreground, looking towards the right. The background shows a green landscape with trees and a person walking in the distance.

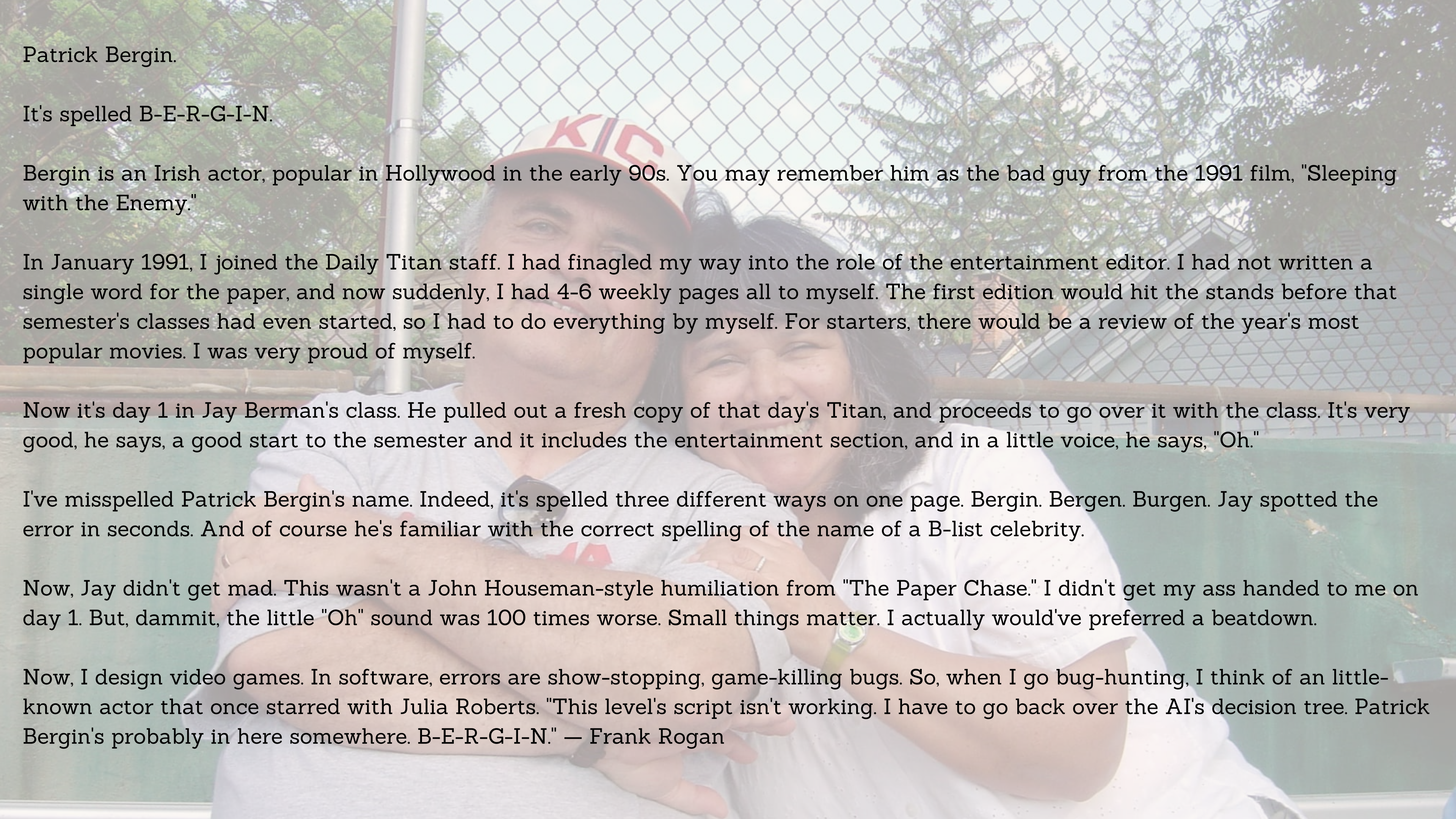
How to train humans:

1. Come to back window and look in.
2. When human comes to window, race to the front of the house.
3. Stand on front porch and take peanuts when human opens door.



My wife's uncle, Pépe Machuca, celebrated his 100th birthday a few days ago. I was sitting next to him at a family event a few years ago, and we were discussing music. I asked him if he liked the Beatles. His response: "I'm not really into that new stuff."





Patrick Bergin.

It's spelled B-E-R-G-I-N.

Bergin is an Irish actor, popular in Hollywood in the early 90s. You may remember him as the bad guy from the 1991 film, "Sleeping with the Enemy."

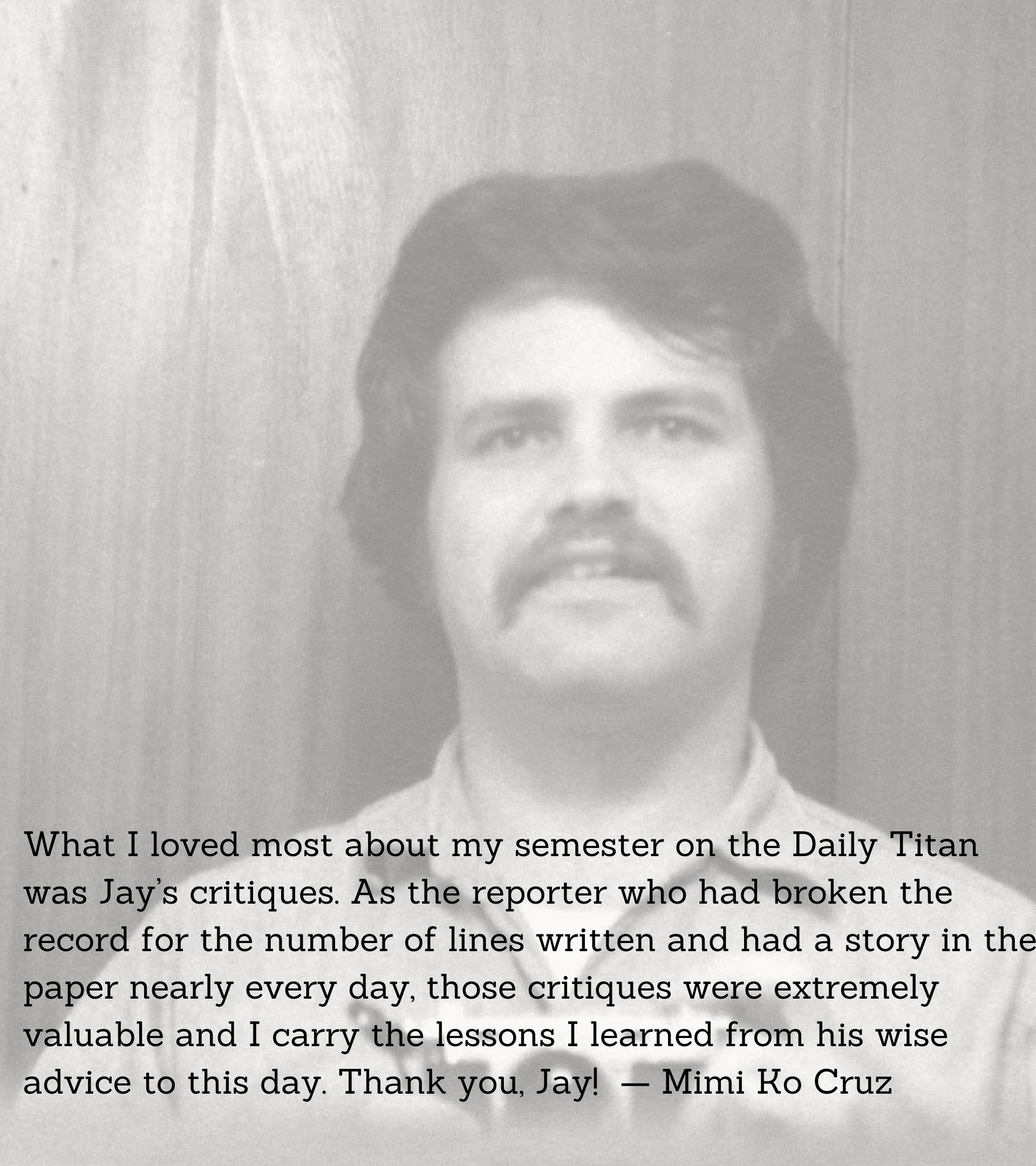
In January 1991, I joined the Daily Titan staff. I had finagled my way into the role of the entertainment editor. I had not written a single word for the paper, and now suddenly, I had 4-6 weekly pages all to myself. The first edition would hit the stands before that semester's classes had even started, so I had to do everything by myself. For starters, there would be a review of the year's most popular movies. I was very proud of myself.

Now it's day 1 in Jay Berman's class. He pulled out a fresh copy of that day's Titan, and proceeds to go over it with the class. It's very good, he says, a good start to the semester and it includes the entertainment section, and in a little voice, he says, "Oh."

I've misspelled Patrick Bergin's name. Indeed, it's spelled three different ways on one page. Bergin. Bergen. Burgen. Jay spotted the error in seconds. And of course he's familiar with the correct spelling of the name of a B-list celebrity.

Now, Jay didn't get mad. This wasn't a John Houseman-style humiliation from "The Paper Chase." I didn't get my ass handed to me on day 1. But, dammit, the little "Oh" sound was 100 times worse. Small things matter. I actually would've preferred a beatdown.

Now, I design video games. In software, errors are show-stopping, game-killing bugs. So, when I go bug-hunting, I think of a little-known actor that once starred with Julia Roberts. "This level's script isn't working. I have to go back over the AI's decision tree. Patrick Bergin's probably in here somewhere. B-E-R-G-I-N." — Frank Rogan



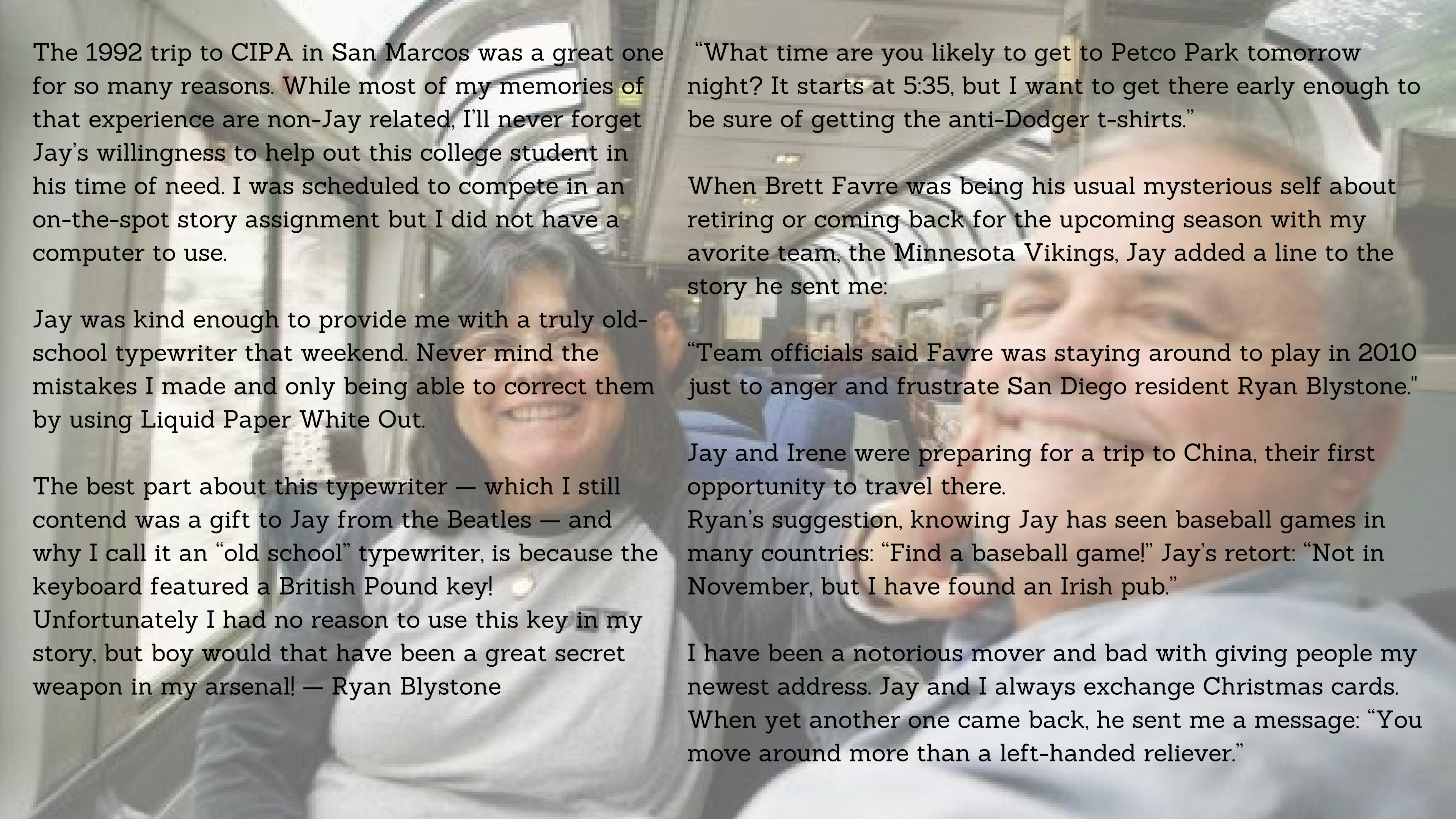
I remember once when I was a Daily Titan writer Jay being critical of the word “aspect” and how it was a nothing word and he didn’t like it. So in my career as an editor, it stuck with me and I’ve always change it when I see it in copy.

Years ago I mentioned it to Jay and he had no recollection and didn’t even think he felt that way about the word. So now I question my entire career.

I also remember mentioning to Jay during the early 90s that back in 1979 when I was 10, I had been at one of Nolan Ryan’s near no-hitters when Reggie Jackson broke it up with one out in the ninth. The game was on Monday Night Baseball and my brother and I had made a banner that said “Murder on the Ryan Express” and it was shown on national TV. The next day Jay comes in with a VHS tape of the game for me to watch (he had taped it and kept it all these years) as I had lamented that I had never been able to see it since this was pre-internet. It was a thrill to relive that childhood memory and I’ll never forget it. — Jim Barrero

What I loved most about my semester on the Daily Titan was Jay’s critiques. As the reporter who had broken the record for the number of lines written and had a story in the paper nearly every day, those critiques were extremely valuable and I carry the lessons I learned from his wise advice to this day. Thank you, Jay! — Mimi Ko Cruz



A woman with glasses and a white shirt is smiling and sitting at a desk. On the desk is a typewriter. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a window or a wall with some architectural details.

The 1992 trip to CIPA in San Marcos was a great one for so many reasons. While most of my memories of that experience are non-Jay related, I'll never forget Jay's willingness to help out this college student in his time of need. I was scheduled to compete in an on-the-spot story assignment but I did not have a computer to use.

Jay was kind enough to provide me with a truly old-school typewriter that weekend. Never mind the mistakes I made and only being able to correct them by using Liquid Paper White Out.

The best part about this typewriter — which I still contend was a gift to Jay from the Beatles — and why I call it an “old school” typewriter, is because the keyboard featured a British Pound key!

Unfortunately I had no reason to use this key in my story, but boy would that have been a great secret weapon in my arsenal! — Ryan Blystone

“What time are you likely to get to Petco Park tomorrow night? It starts at 5:35, but I want to get there early enough to be sure of getting the anti-Dodger t-shirts.”

When Brett Favre was being his usual mysterious self about retiring or coming back for the upcoming season with my favorite team, the Minnesota Vikings, Jay added a line to the story he sent me:

“Team officials said Favre was staying around to play in 2010 just to anger and frustrate San Diego resident Ryan Blystone.”

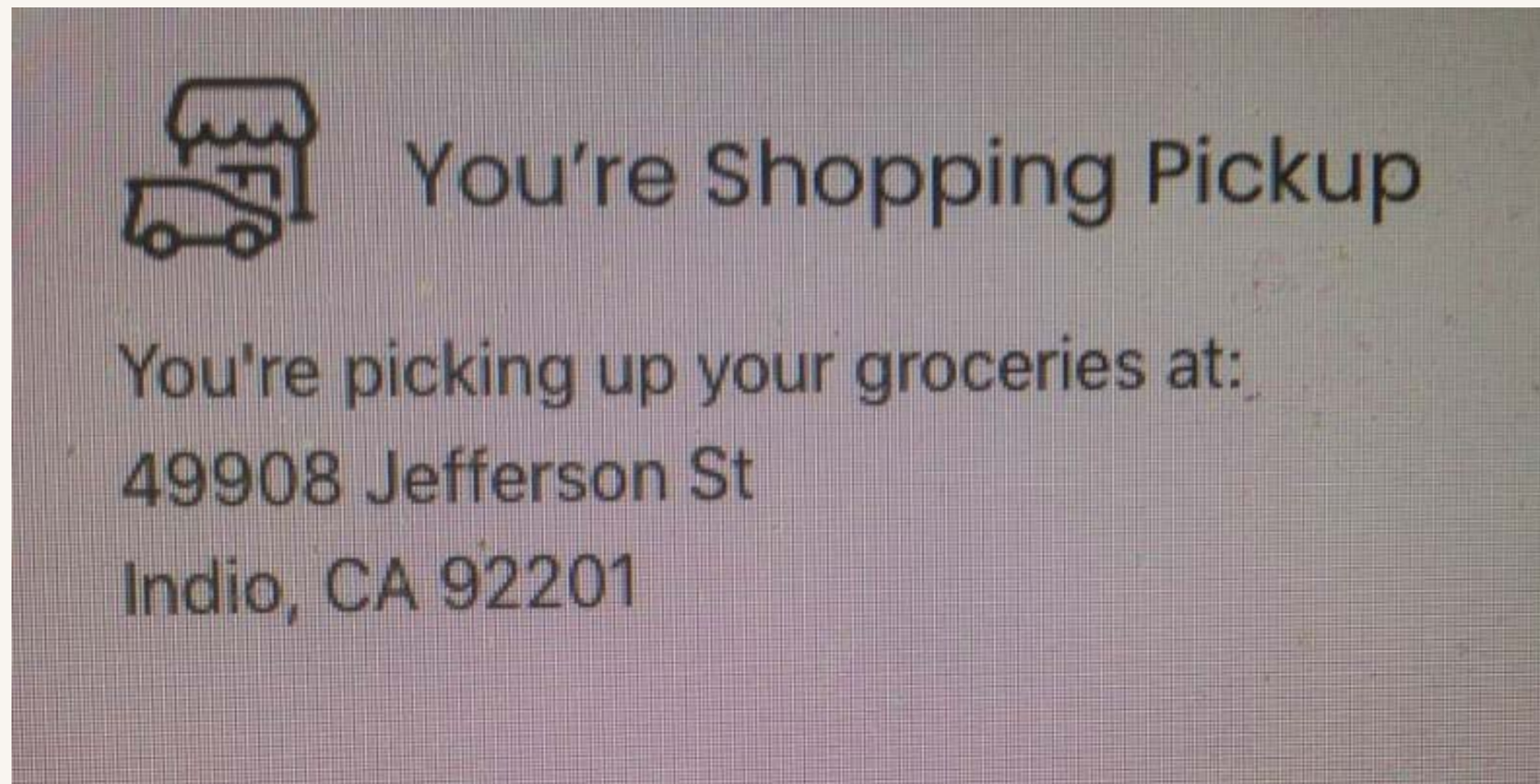
Jay and Irene were preparing for a trip to China, their first opportunity to travel there.

Ryan's suggestion, knowing Jay has seen baseball games in many countries: “Find a baseball game!” Jay's retort: “Not in November, but I have found an Irish pub.”

I have been a notorious mover and bad with giving people my newest address. Jay and I always exchange Christmas cards. When yet another one came back, he sent me a message: “You move around more than a left-handed reliever.”

IN CASE YOU WONDERED, THE POSTGAME SHOW WILL BE AFTER THE GAME TONIGHT.

YOUR/YOU'RE/YORE

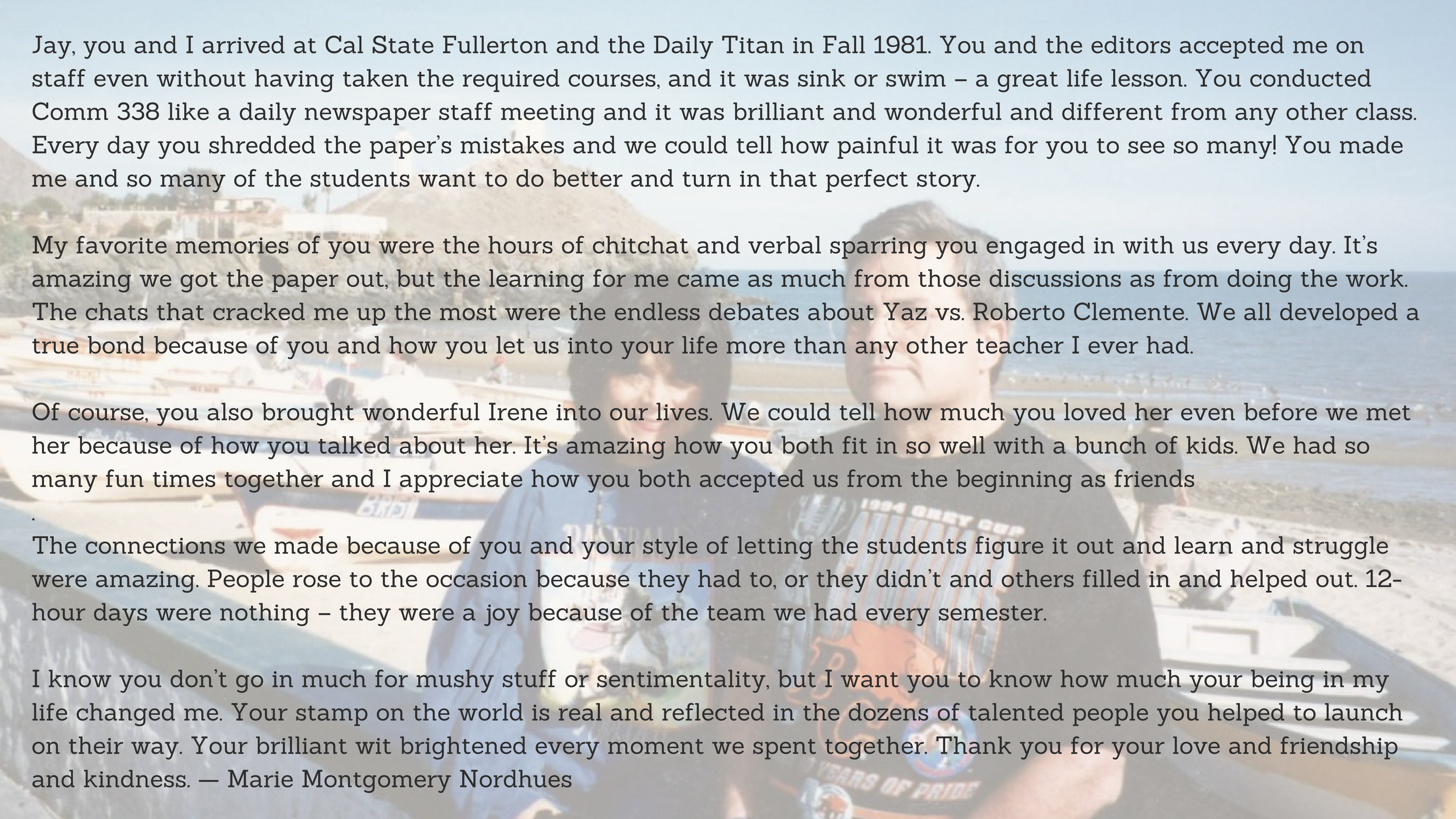


OK, disregard the your/you're debacle, why does a market chain think I want to go 150 miles for groceries? Indio? Is this where we're headed?

LOCATED AT



Los Angeles Times building located at 1st and Spring streets in downtown Los Angeles



Jay, you and I arrived at Cal State Fullerton and the Daily Titan in Fall 1981. You and the editors accepted me on staff even without having taken the required courses, and it was sink or swim – a great life lesson. You conducted Comm 338 like a daily newspaper staff meeting and it was brilliant and wonderful and different from any other class. Every day you shredded the paper's mistakes and we could tell how painful it was for you to see so many! You made me and so many of the students want to do better and turn in that perfect story.

My favorite memories of you were the hours of chitchat and verbal sparring you engaged in with us every day. It's amazing we got the paper out, but the learning for me came as much from those discussions as from doing the work. The chats that cracked me up the most were the endless debates about Yaz vs. Roberto Clemente. We all developed a true bond because of you and how you let us into your life more than any other teacher I ever had.

Of course, you also brought wonderful Irene into our lives. We could tell how much you loved her even before we met her because of how you talked about her. It's amazing how you both fit in so well with a bunch of kids. We had so many fun times together and I appreciate how you both accepted us from the beginning as friends

The connections we made because of you and your style of letting the students figure it out and learn and struggle were amazing. People rose to the occasion because they had to, or they didn't and others filled in and helped out. 12-hour days were nothing – they were a joy because of the team we had every semester.

I know you don't go in much for mushy stuff or sentimentality, but I want you to know how much your being in my life changed me. Your stamp on the world is real and reflected in the dozens of talented people you helped to launch on their way. Your brilliant wit brightened every moment we spent together. Thank you for your love and friendship and kindness. — Marie Montgomery Nordhues

Jay is an important part of my life. I've been in the newspaper business for 30-plus years, including covering some big events as a sportswriter. All that wouldn't have been possible without Jay, who taught me so much along the way.

A key part of covering high school football is compiling your own stats and I learned how to do that from Jay, who used to keep stats for the USC football radio broadcasts. Also, I can't remember when, but sometime during my time on the Daily Titan, Jay learned I'm a Buddy Holly fan (not a common occurrence for someone born 2 years after Holly's death) and it's been our connection. I can remember when he lent his book on Holly's life. I always felt a closer connection to Buddy Holly because Jay knew of him when he was alive.

One quote Jay gave me was in reference to my UCLA fandom, which goes back to when I was a kid. Jay once told me I wasn't a "plastic Bruin" like some UCLA fans he has come to know. Which always made me feel good. I just want people to know that Jay played a big part in my career successes as he did with others, and I just want to say thank you. — Stephen Ramirez

Some people think baseball games take too long. Not Ned Yost, the Kansas City Royals manager. He's changing pitchers with two outs in the ninth inning in a game his team trails by six runs. An extra five-minute bonus for the fans.

Why do the pitchers and catchers have to report to spring training two weeks before everyone else? They don't get to go home before anyone else.

Looking for a pre-game show, I came across an infomercial called "Healing Power of Juicing." No Bonds, no Clemens. It's a lady with a blender.

I hate to hear an announcer say a batter is going to get "a new piece of lumber." It suggests the guy will be batting with a 2 by 4.



I spent most of my college career either in the Daily Titan newsroom, hanging at the Pub, or knocking around a hacky sack with Richard Hill, Norm, and Marley. Yes, I did study sometimes. And through it, all Jay was always a presence.

There was when I was quoted in the LA Times calling the proposed Marriot hotel a bunch of BS. As the editor of the DT, I got in a bit of trouble, but Jay never said I was wrong. He just smiled and said this would pass. Or our many trips to the Pub for a lunchtime meeting that turned into Happy Hour, and our walk back to the DT was always an adventure.

“Jay, please don’t step on the grass. Somebody takes a lot of care keeping it green and looking nice.” That person was me. I had too many campus jobs. He never cut through a path ever again. Jay was there for it all. Late nights at the DT, a ride home because I missed a bus, a goofy picture of us in Sacramento, Happy Hours at Don Jose’s restaurant, DT parties and celebrations, graduations, and beyond. Thanks, Jay, for guiding me through and always being a part of my life. I am honored that you let me join your tremendous journey. — Michael Mahi

I knew everyone had humorous stories about Jay, your adventures and escapades with him and Irene and so forth. But I wanted to point out the class act behind the great teacher, writer and mentor.

Now, when I was at Fullerton, I was never one of Jay's A-listers. I wasn't going to be one of the students he went to lunch with or confided in. I was a decent, but unpolished, writer trying to find my voice and trying to find it while thinking I had all the answers.

Yet, I could tell there was slight grudging respect one day in Comm 201. Jay was making a point about details and how they're important in good writing, but not to the point where you overcook them. Being a baseball fan, he reiterated his point by saying, "You don't have to say who the third baseman was in the Tinker-to Evers-to Chance infield." Being a trivia geek who liked showing off he was a trivia geek, I didn't miss a beat.

"Harry Steinfeldt," I piped up,

Jay's head perked up like the RCA dog. He couldn't believe what he heard. "What was that?" he asked.

"Harry Steinfeldt," I repeated. "The third baseman in the Tinker-to Evers-to Chance infield."

"That's right," he said, the shock still present. "That's right."

So there was that moment that put me on the periphery of Jay's radar. And he liked some of my sports columns, but was critical about most of them. Even though I thought I wrote better than most, I gladly took the criticism, because from the first day I sat in Jay's 201 class, I realized this was someone I could learn a lot from. All I had to do was shut up and listen.

And I did. Jay directly started my journalism career when he mentioned as an aside one day in class that the Riverside Press-Enterprise was looking for stringers to cover high school football. I began there a few weeks later, stayed 4 ½ years and had Jay's lessons riding shotgun the while time. His lessons carried me through my journalism career and into my public relations career. Which is where Jay Berman the A-list Human Being comes in.

Back in 2016, I abruptly lost my PR job I had for the past 13 years when my then-boss called me on 5:15 p.m. the day after that year's Super Bowl and laid me off over the phone. After the shock wore off and everyone's initial expressions

(cont'd) of well-being and “You’ll find something soon” died out, I started hearing from fewer and fewer people.

Jay was one of those people. He couldn’t believe this happened and he wanted to do what he could to fix it. He reached out time and time again with any leads he could find. Every time I’d post a woe-is-me message on Facebook, he’d send a sympathetic message.

“I didn’t want to say this in public, but I can’t imagine the incredibly bad luck you’ve had on the job front. I hope the sub teaching at least provides you with a decent living,” read one message.

“Your bad luck will end. You only need one to go right, and it will,” read another.

“You only need for one to work. It’s like I say in a parking lot. Irene gets frustrated and figures we’ll never find a place. I tell her we just need one. That’s all you need,” read a third.

Every day, I would get emails from jobs Jay would see on one board or another. He’d ask me if it was something I was interested in or could do. Occasionally, Jay would talk to one of his USC contacts or hear from another DT alum and pass that lead over to me. He even got a few job solicitations himself, forwarding those over to me as soon as he got them.

“I’m going to my friend Mike Mahi’s July 4 party. I’ll make a point of strong-arming him a bit while I’m there,” he said, citing his good friend from USC.

But the best one, the one that took me by surprise, was an email he sent to a Canadian friend of his. In between baseball talk (naturally), he pitched me for a job covering cryptocurrency for a fintech start-up.

“The man who comes to mind is Brian Robin, who can cover anything and cover it well,” read Jay’s email. “He was one of our very best writers when I was at Cal State Fullerton, and I was there nearly 12 years, so I saw more than a few.”

When I read this, I nearly broke down. Again, I had no clue I made that kind of impression on Jay. Which was probably a good thing in my case. When you’re 20 and you know everything, it takes you a while to realize knowing someone like Jay Berman means you don’t. It’s not easy, but put aside the editing witticisms we all love for the moment. Stop laughing about his feral hatred of mascots, Tommy Lasorda and clichés. And yes, forget the conga-line of stories on everyone from The Beatles to Argentinian breweries to Mafia Don-esque court-holding sessions at Musso & Frank’s for a second.

Everyone who ever read one of his stories knows Jay is a hell of a journalist. Everyone who ever sat in one of his classes knows he’s a better teacher than he is a journalist. And, most importantly, everyone who ever had the privilege of knowing Jay knows he’s a better human being than teacher. — Brian Robin

When you have the North Dakota State vs. South Dakota State football game on, even in the background, and you don't follow basketball or hockey, you know you're just longing for spring training to start.



USC radio announcer John Jackson: "Arizona is like Heckle and Jeckle this year," meaning the offense is inconsistent. More likely, he meant Robert Louis Stevenson's Jekyll and Hyde. Heckle and Jeckle are cartoon characters. Nice try, though.



Hipster term of the day that I don't like -- and the reason why: I just read a story in today's paper about a man who is described as "fiftysomething." But how old is fiftysomething? That smacks of lazy writing, as though the reporter forgot to ask, even though I know it's supposed to be edgy. It's like saying the Civil War began in "eighteen sixtysomething" or Buddy Holly was killed in "nineteen fiftysomething."

A large (42 point?) headline in a certain Los Angeles newspaper today says the Angels baseball team is making "progress." That's always a good thing.



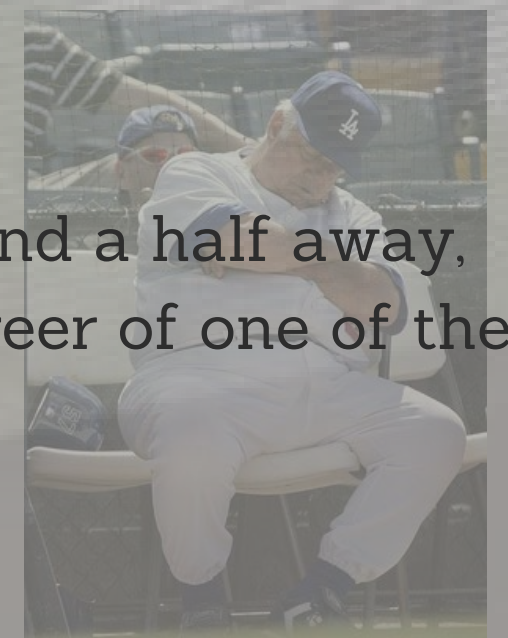
That can be very serious: "About a half-hour later, a fifth man walked into Kings County Hospital, claiming to have been shot in the fracas." -- N.Y. Daily News



If driverless cars become reality, this could become a problem. From a Times headline today: "...lawman was arresting a passenger from a speeding car suspected in burglary."



With the baseball season just a day and a half away, it's time to look back at the iconic career of one of the game's greats.



Daily Titan

Rack Rages

Crimson flames tied through my ears
Rollin' high and mighty traps
Pounced with fire on flaming roads
Using ideas as my maps
"We'll meet on edges, soon," said I
Proud 'neath heated brow
Ah, but I was so much older then
I'm younger than that now.

A self-ordained professor's tongue
Too serious to fool
Spouted out that liberty
Is just equality in school
"Equality," I spoke the word
As if a wedding vow
Ah, but I was so much older then
I'm younger than that now

Yes, my guard stood hard when
abstract threats too noble to neglect
Deceived me into thinking
I had something to protect
Good and bad, I define these terms
Quite clear, no doubt, somehow
Ah, but I was so much older then
I'm younger than that now