

JRT

Dear Sir:

I send you the enclosed clipping to add to the other "FACTS" you have in "The Whitewater" affair.

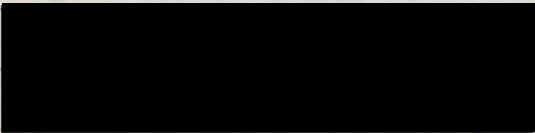
Please advise your fellow "News" reporters that I wish them luck in the headlong rush for "APOLITIZER".

But they must remember that Bot Woodward and Carl Bernstein dug out the facts.

The only thing the Reporters of to-day do is "quote" the statements of others, mostly anti Clinton.

One question I wish you would ask, "Do you think The Clintons have committed a crime, and require

a yes or no answer, not a
typical "Well if some of the
things are true yes"



SYRACUSE NT 13202

SYRACUSE NIT

MISSOURI 98, SYRACUSE 88

SU Fans Think President Shot a Hot Airball

This was the worst moment. President Clinton was on the big screen, no one even hearing what came out of his mouth amid all the catcalls, and finally he gave a jaunty wave to the reporters and walked away from the podium.



It was maybe three minutes after tipoff, and a relieved cheer rose up in Mulrooney's saloon on West Fayette Street.

But Clinton turned around. He

had that "Sure I'll answer the question" kind of twinkle. He went back to the microphone. The whole taproom moaned. Some people put their hands on their heads. Others let loose in more graphic ways.

"I worry about history," said one edgy fan, a man in a suit coat. "Historically, Syracuse does not do well when (it) gets pre-empted. I remember the Big East championship game in 1987, when we missed 20 minutes because of the Celtics and the Pistons. They lost. I remember."

Bob Tracey, a municipal truck driver, massaged the canyons across his worried face. "The game's more important than any-

thing this guy's got to say," Tracey insisted.

Clinton, all the while, was chatting away, a happy talk-a-rama from the nation's pivot man. Long miles from Mulrooney's, Syracuse was well into its Sweet 16 game with Missouri. The tavern was becoming one big Orange ulcer.

A lonesome voice spoke in defense of letting Clinton talk. "Frankly," said Colleen Planty, an accountant and an SU fan, "I think the president is much more important than a basketball game."

Her pained companions didn't even bother to argue her point. They stared at the screen, waiting

for that furry head to simply go away, silently wishing they'd at least crawl the score across the screen.

Pat the bartender knew when he started his shift that the president was on at 7:30 p.m. But the scuttlebutt was that Clinton would be brief. Pat said his customers were pretty cool until, say, 15 minutes before game time.

They began twisting their glasses around in their hands, and shredding little napkins, and offering Clinton specific suggestions.

"Get outta here!" yelled Gerry Vogler, a mortgage banker.

"Last night was the NIT," said Dave Fragale, who brooded in the

flickering light beneath the big screen. "Why not then?"

"I don't think he should be able to cut into anything," Heidi Wilson said. "Not my soaps, and not this game."

Then it ended. Clinton waved and walked off-screen, giving way to Dan Rather. If anything, that square somber head touched off a worse ruckus. The boos turned to cheers when Rather disappeared, and the game, at long last, finally filled the screen.

Pre-empted again. The edgy fan knew what would happen, and where to put the blame.

Sean Kirst is a columnist for The Post-Standard.

SPORTS

BASEBALL

Dismuke Will Go as Far As His Bat Takes Him

■ The former Corcoran High School star hopes to be the Cincinnati Reds' first baseman of the future.

By **MATT MICHAEL**
The Post-Standard

PLANT CITY, Fla. — The reporter from Baseball America called Jamie Dismuke's Syracuse home to talk to him about his all-

Jamie Dismuke

- **Hometown:** Syracuse (Corcoran High School)
- **Position:** First base, Triple-A Indianapolis (Cincinnati Reds)
- **Acquired:** Selected by Reds in 12th round of June 1989 amateur draft
- **Height/weight:** 6-foot-1, 210 pounds

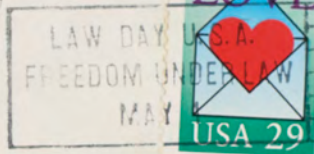
past three years), and he still can't run. When Dismuke had to run all the way across the diamond to chase an errant throw in an inter-squad game Thursday, Double-A manager Pat Kelly jokingly told Dismuke, "Most first basemen would have tracked that ball down, but it kept getting away from you."

But Dismuke has always hit. He has a .281 lifetime average in six professional seasons, and last year he was named Double-A Chattanooga

NFL



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