



PROGNOSTICATOR AWARD goes to the fearless forecaster on a local cable station who finally admitted he had no idea what the next day's weather was going to be.

The DONALD TRUMP, LETS MAKE A DEAL AWARD goes to all of the owners of professional sports franchises in the metropolitan New York area and the owners of cable TV systems for their infantile, money-grubbing refusal to air sporting events this season.

The AL UNSER JR. FAILURE TO YIELD AWARD can only go to Little Al while THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE RACING AWARD goes to the Dark Star Rally Team. (No, nothing is sacred!)

The OMAR THE TENTMAKER AWARD goes to the Lands End Direct Merchants who finally offered a decent dress shirt in TH's size at a reasonable price.

The AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH AWARD goes to the NYS Thruway Authority for actually attempting to remove mountains but only succeeding at screwing up traffic patterns for over a year.

The LEONA HELMSLEY CREATIVE ACCOUNTING AWARD goes to the Long Island Lighting Company (LILCO) for trying to pass off the \$3 billion cost overruns at the Shoreham Nuke Plant to their customers and ending up selling the bloody thing to Governor Mario for a buck!

The 1989 DIRTY DANCING AWARD goes to Pete Rose cause no matter how you slice it he's overdue for a dip.

The I'M NOT GOING TO PAY A LOT FOR THIS MUFFLER AWARD goes to the New York City Pothole Patrol for managing to miss most of them.

And, last but not least, the QUID PRO QUO AWARD for 1989 goes to Dan Quayle, the ultimate quid pro quo. But I do agree with him when he says, "A mind is a terrible thing to lose." Res Ipsa Locator.

Illigitimaimi non carborundum.

Since I've never been accused of being the analytical sort, it strikes me as odd that I should be doing so much thinking of late about the decade of the eighties. Some of this can probably be attributed to the fact that there are only six months left before we polish it up for the history books. Other of it is probably a function of being firmly entrenched in my fourth decade (too firmly if you ask me) and time is becoming a pretty hot topic among us baby boomers. But if push came to shove and someone asked me to pinpoint the one thing that was really descriptive of this decade we are leaving, I would have to say it was the perpetual frustrations we have to suffer with the little things in life. You know that pesky minor stuff, those periodic irritations that get under our skin and make us want to scold inanimate objects or worse yet, reprimand the world in general, in full view of the world in general. I'm talking flat tires, windshield wipers that only work on the passengers side, snow plows that come along and plow us into our driveways ten minutes after we have shoveled ourselves out. You can add people that flash their right directional signal and turn left, banks that tell us the check we've just deposited will take the better part of the next millennium to clear, any phone call that is nothing more than a computerized message or sanctimonious traffic cops who really believe it is their sworn duty to instruct us in the proper way to change lanes before they write the ticket.

While modern life seems to be chock full of these little dilemmas there are also those small victories, that rare and wonderful happenstance conducted occasionally by an individual because it's the right thing to do, a teensy solution that solves an enormous problem, a simple act of kindness or generosity that seems all too rare in this decade of "Me first, the rest of the world later." Well, I've elected myself a committee of one to point out these misbehaviors, the insensitive as well as the glorious, the good, the bad and the ugly. Yes indeed, it's that time of year again, the awarding of the Second Annual SUZIE'S.

The SUZIE is the perfect award for the ecologically sensitive eighties, it's biodegradable and recyclable, it requires no dusting so the working woman can feel good about it, it will not adversely affect the ozone and you don't have to put another hole in your wall to hang it up. It's ultimately fair. Everyone I have ever met or heard about or read about is eligible to win, no purchase is required (payola is only briefly considered) and best of all, the categories change every year in response to

the level of outrageousness or endearment of the winning behaviors. So, let's see how who has earned this dubious honor this year.

The ANDRE SIGAL CIVIL ENGINEERS PLANNING AWARD this year goes to the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation for selective road grading on several special stages in the Tiadaghton Forest one day before this year's Divisional Pro.

In the WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD category the hands down winner is Libra Racing. Get's expensive, doesn't it Thumper?

The GREY PANTHERS-ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER AWARD goes to Mama Dorothy (Stone) because she can and she does.

In the KINDER AND GENTLER WORLD category, a thousand points of light are awarded to Dan Thiel and Chris Shalvoy for sportsmanship above and beyond. This is really a double award, these guys also get the CAN YOU HELP ME WITH MY SEAT BELT AWARD for the bravery they demonstrated on Special Stage # 6 at Tiadaghton.

The CAVEAT EMPEROR category has a double winner this year. The first SUZIE is awarded to the attorney for the 4 Letter F Word Motor Company who lied at the Arbitration hearing, the second goes to the Arbiter who believed him and ruled in favor of the manufacturer.

This year's DIRTY HARRY AWARD goes to the Exxon Oil Company for obvious reasons while the BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME AWARD goes to the Mobil Oil Company for raising their gasoline prices the day after the Alaskan spill.

The 1989 RUBE GOLDBERG TROPHY goes to the company that designed the toll receipt machines on the Throgs Neck Bridge that refuse to cough up a receipt on the one day you can get reimbursed for the trip.

The DON IMUS OUTRAGEOUS BEHAVIOR AWARD goes to our illustrious Supreme Court for their recent opinions that provide minorities and the flag with the same treatment, "Burn 'Em."

The WILLARD SCOTT WEATHER