



Cam's Challenge: Terry Jordan leads the way

By [Cam Ellis](#)

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On paper, Fred the dog went 6-2 in the Sweet Sixteen rounds. Not bad. Could be worse. I went 4-4. It'd be perfectly normal to think, "gee, I bet Cam's bummed losing this round to his archrival."

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Joke's on Fred, though. Fred, in all his infinite dog wisdom, forgot to pick winners for an entire side of the Final Four. That's not so clutch, Fred. You must have been distracted by a smell or your tail or a squirrel or something of equal importance.

Let the record show that I am smarter, or at least better at filling in brackets, than a cocker spaniel.

Joe Gurley went 4-4 this week. He's a county commissioner, and I asked around the office to see what a county commissioner does so I could think of a joke, and no one could tell me. I don't know what your job is, Joe, but it's seemingly important enough that it's clear you don't have time to watch college basketball. I mean, Maryland over Kentucky?

George Whitfield went 5-3 this week, but he had Georgetown in the Elite Eight which is super funny for us and super embarrassing for him. Stick to baseball, George.

Fred Pierce went 5-3, in part due to the fact that he pulled a Fred-the-Dog and forgot to pick the winner of the Wichita State-Notre Dame game. Fred, you told me when we met that you and Deacon Earl, the puppet who acts as your comedic partner, made the picks together and that "two dummies were better than one." You put the words right in my mouth.

Terry Jordan went 6-2 this week and is leading the pack at 38-18. As the leader, you've bought yourself some protection against my jealousy-fueled ranting.

Parker Jones, our resident ballet dancer, went 3-5. She's the only one of our competitors that struck an original pose for her picture, though, so she's unquestionably my favorite.

Bill Clingan went 4-4. As the resident basketball expert, I'd think you would be at least as good as the Mount Olive basketball team who made it all the way to the Elite 8. This proves you're no ringer.

Last, but certainly not least because I'm confident he has easy access to pretty serious weapons, Fane Greenfield went a respectable 6-2 this week. You rock, Fane. Unrelated, you also have a really sturdy handshake and I left your office feeling noticeably intimidated. And I'm only partly brown-nosing you because we're tied in the standings.

I'd say that's enough bridge-burning for one day. I'll see you all on Monday.