

Scholastic

A black and white photograph of a person reading a book. The person is seen from the side, holding the book open. The background is dark and out of focus. The title 'Scholastic' is written in a large, white, serif font across the top of the image.

February, 1981

Notre Dame Sports Review
1980-1981

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Mt. St. Helens,
Hurricane Allen,
Love Canal.**

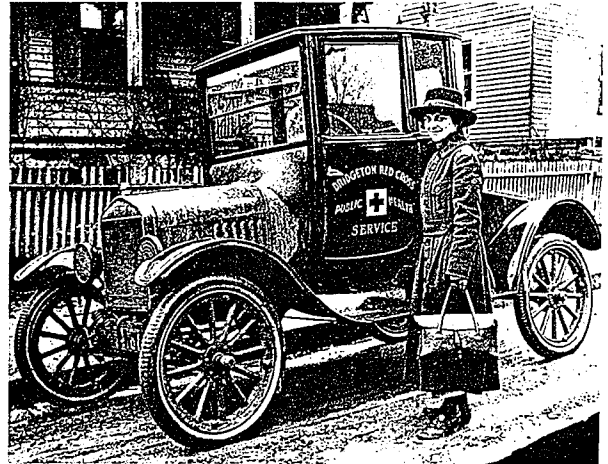
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SCHOLASTIC

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The Good Gastronome

by Tom O'Toole



Thomas O'Toole

I was running and I ran and I sure had run
Began before breakfast, not til dinner was I done
When I finally got my shirt caught on a fencepost rung
Where my body doubled over, and like a wet rag hung
Dripping quite profusely, waiting to be wrung

The first person to pass and perceive my toppled trunk
Was the nearsighted town preacher who thought I was
a drunk

Until he crept closer, and smelled the way I stunk
And instantly he knew it wasn't from alcohol I reeked
As he quickly backed off and scoffed, "just another fit-
ness freak!"

I think that I can comprehend why I incurred this guy's
wrath;

He only saved the souls of those who had first had a
bath

But I didn't get too downhearted, cause the next dude
down the path

Was another jogger! Surely he will intercede
As a brother runner, he'll have to heed my need

Yet though I dangled there like a soaked old sweat
sock, he

Sped by me even faster, maybe crazy or just cocky
Lifting up his arms, as if convinced that he was Rocky

As his feet flew past I felt increasingly forsaken
Having now been left back twice, little hope could I
have taken

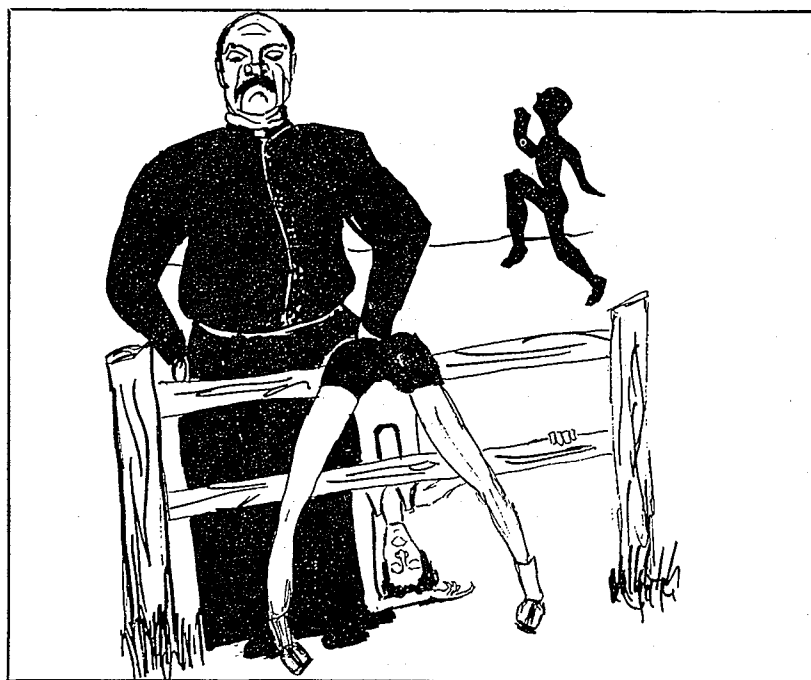
But all of a sudden, I felt the earth had started shakin'
Though what I guessed to be an earthquake, I had
actually mistaken

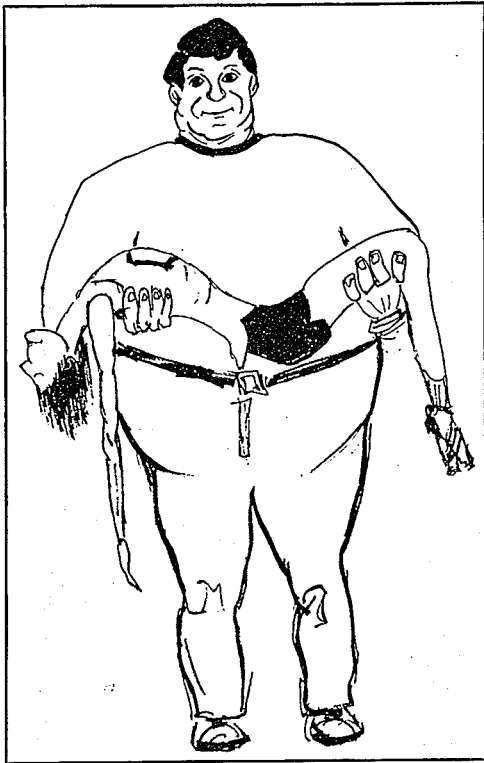
The stomping footsteps made by the monstrous Malcolm
McMutton

A mammoth of a man, a gregarious half-ton glutton
Who could barely see past his stomach, let alone begin
to run

So I sulked, as the chance this hulk'd save me seemed
slim and none

"He'll laugh at my skinny body, then to have a little fun
and sarcastically sob, using me to dry his eyes
He would never sympathize with someone of my size"
But he disproved my prejudice, and showed me other-
wise





For as he caught a glimpse of my features slim and pale
He exclaimed, "Is that you, Thomas, pretending to be a
rail?
Or perhaps you simply got the wind knocked from your
sail"
And he lifted me to his face, squeezing me in his hands,
which
Made me feel I was some kind of giant submarine sand-
wich

While he declared, "The reason your body hasn't flour-
ished,
is because you have never been properly nourished
Still, I would not worry, or even get discourised
I know I'm not a doctor, but in cases of this description
I believe I'm just the man who can fill out your pre-
scription"

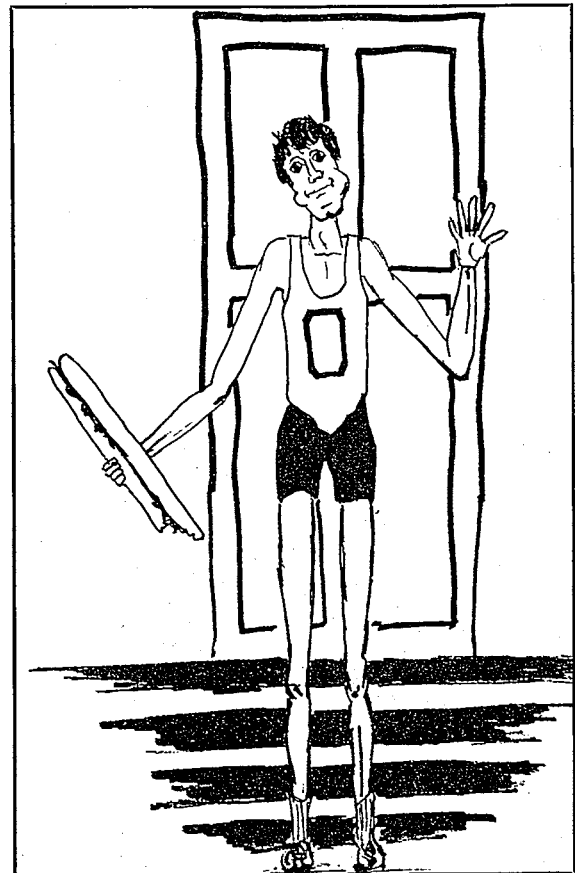
Then he carried me home, and despite the tremors his
steps would make
Balanced me as cautiously as he would his own wedding
cake
And I sank in his supportive arms like a soggy cornflake
Til he brought me in my house, and laid me on the floor
And prepared for me a meal as I had never seen before

"First, we'll quench your thirst," and no sooner had he
spoke
He produced from his pocket a somehow cold Coke
While this seemed rather strange, I really could not
conceive
How he managed to pull out from somewhere up his
sleeve
A "sandwich" of proportions you would never have
believed

This mountain of cold cuts, lettuce, tomatoes, and
spreads, could
Best be described, at very least, as a "Double Dagwood"
If that wasn't enough he then brought out the dessert;
A completely frozen quart of strawberry sherbet
That had me searching for an icebox in his spacious
shirt

But my curiosity soon cooled, and I commenced stuffing
my face
And when I came up for breath, Malcom was gone
without a trace
So I ran out to try to catch him; to express my thanks,
or at least say
"Goodbye," but my mouth was too full of food, and he
too far away
So I silently waved my "mini deli," to await another day

Back when I had begun running, I did it to strengthen
my heart
Though I know it helped, Malcom showed me it's not
the place to start
It helped me physically, but for others, it didn't do
nuttin'
For when both our bodies die, whose soul will be
struttin'
A worn-out lonely-hearted runner's, or the compas-
sionate McMutton's? □



Two For The Bowl...

by Peg Boenheim

The "Super Bowl" for two Notre Dame students, one a fan and the other a football player, was January 1, 1981, when the Notre Dame Fighting Irish met the Georgia Bulldogs in New Orleans' Superdome. Daane Spielmaker and I may have attended rival Grand Rapids high schools. But on New Year's Day, Daane and I were cheering for the same team. I, a West Catholic graduate and senior at Notre Dame, traveled to New Orleans to cheer for the Irish. Spielmaker, a Catholic Central graduate, just completed his first season on Notre Dame's varsity squad. This is our Sugar Bowl story.

It was January 1, 1981, and there were more than 77,000 fans milling about the New Orleans Superdome, all waiting for the opening kickoff. As the final minutes ticked off the clock and the Notre Dame Fighting Irish and Georgia Bulldogs rushed onto the field, anticipation climbed to a peak. Previously, opposing supporters had exchanged shouts and taunts about the game in the bars and on the streets of the French Quarter. For myself, the four days in New Orleans was an experience that I will not forget. Like many of my Notre Dame classmates, I looked forward to the New Orleans trip, and during the final days of exams, the excursion was the sun behind the clouds.

And when we arrived in New Orleans there was plenty of sun. The weatherman could not have ordered better weather. It was perfect weather for touring the French Quarter and snapping pictures of St. Louis Cathedral, Jackson Square, the artists, and the street performers. There was so much activity that no matter what direction I looked, there was a different sight. Standing on a street corner, I could see a pack of Georgians attired in red, yelling, "How 'bout them Dawgs?" To the left, a tourist with his foot atop a wooden box was receiving a 25-cent shoeshine. As a bar door swung open to the right, I caught a glimpse of a scantily dressed girlie dancer swinging her hips. Turning around, I saw two black youths tap-dancing to the sound of a jazz trumpet. Their cap was willingly accepting gratuities.

A bit further ahead there seemed to be a clearing in the street. There were no cars, people, or performers. Why? Notre Dame fans were lined on one side of the street and Georgia supporters arrayed themselves on the other. One pack yells "Go Irish!" The other screams "How about them Dawgs?" A reply booms—"You mean those puppy dogs?" The opposite side shouts—"No, the Georgia Bulldogs!"

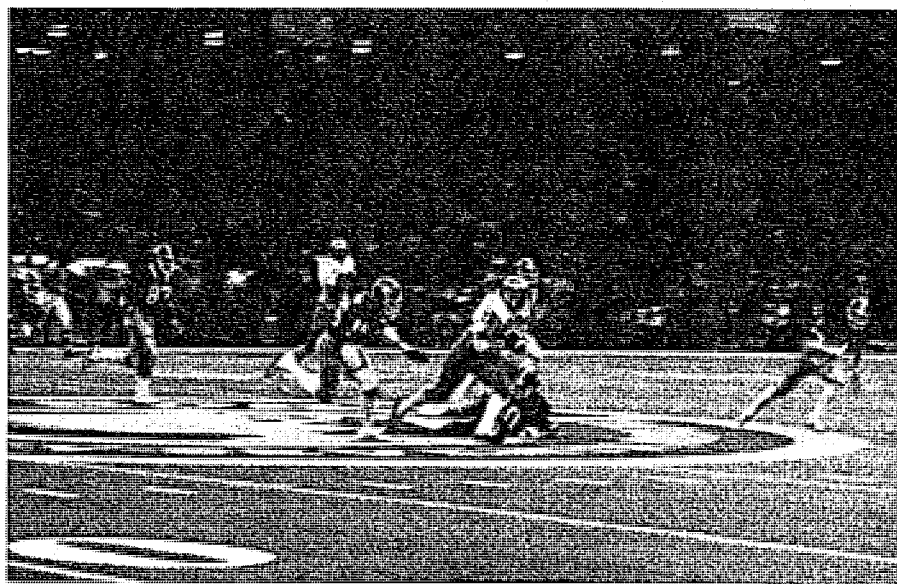
The exchange was unbelievable, and the ultimate sight came when a

man stepped from the red crowd with his fist raised high and a life-size ceramic bulldog tucked under his other arm, while his fellow Georgians barked profusely and taunted the opposing side. The green machine responded by breaking into a chorus of "Cheer, Cheer for old Notre Dame. Wake up the echoes cheering her name."

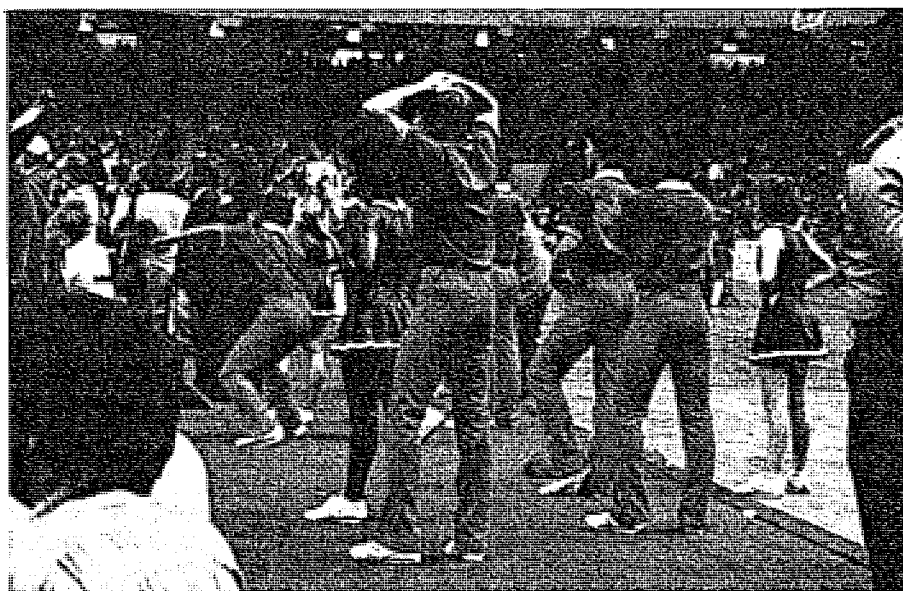
Down the street a little further was Pat O'Brien's. Pat O'Brien's, a well-known bar on St. Peter's Street, was bursting with people, and the beer and liquor flowed freely. (Incidentally, if you are ever in New Orleans, be sure to stop at Pat O'Brien's and order a Hurricane, an interesting mixture of rum and fruit punch.) It was two days before the game and fans, young and old, were relaxing and enjoying themselves. Fellow students bumped into each other and squealed excitedly as they wished each other belated Merry Christmases. In another corner of the bar, two alumni who had not seen each other in years embraced warmly and reminisced about old times. But besides meeting old friends, everyone conversed with unfamiliar faces, both ally and foe. Of course, the conversations were sports talk, but each friendly chat had a common denominator—everyone was confident his team would emerge victorious.

Victory was on the minds of all the fans and New Year's Eve was no exception. In fact, it seemed that the fans grew even more vocal. No cars were allowed to pass through the street of the French Quarter, so the streets were packed with people. Georgians were dressed in red and cowboy hats, and the Fighting Irish fans wore Notre Dame jackets and buttons. Hardly two people passed that did not exchange words. The emotion was high, and the rivalry became very apparent.

At midnight the French Quarter was the center of noise and excitement. The people in the street were body-to-body and when 1981 arrived, people sang "Auld Lang Syne," hugged and kissed friends, danced in the streets, drank another beer, and set off firecrackers. News reports stated that 1981's New Year's Eve bash was very much like New Or-



Sugar Bowl Action



Notre Dame cheerleaders look on

leans' Mardi Gras. The crowds were as large and crazy as those that celebrate the annual French "Fat Tuesday," the last day before Lent.

New Year's Day arrived, the day one team would leave the Superdome the winner of the Sugar Bowl. As the final hours passed before the game, fans became much quieter. It was like the quiet before the storm. The competitive spirit was still there, only it seemed to be hidden behind the active reflection going on in the minds of all the fans. Will we win? Of course, we will! What if we don't? Boy, I hope we win!

Dan Devine, in his last game as Notre Dame's football coach, was also hoping for a win. In the locker room before the game, Devine told his players he wanted them to beat Georgia so they would always remember him with a win, and leave the season with a good feeling.

Daane Spielmaker was in the locker room and heard the words of Coach Devine, as the Irish were preparing to take the field. Spielmaker admitted to some pregame jitters. "I was nervous. I didn't know that much about Georgia. I knew that Herschel Walker was a great player and could gain a lot of yards," Spielmaker said.

When halftime came and the Irish were down by 17-3, it was obvious something had to change. And when the Irish took the field the second half they looked like a different team. "We knew what we had to do. We *had* to do it. We couldn't make any more mistakes. But we just couldn't get the ball in the end zone," said the 6'1", 195-pound football player.

As I watched the game from the

stands, I really thought the Irish were going to pull it out. I asked Spielmaker his thoughts. He also felt the Irish were going to win. "We played well enough to win, but there were those stupid mistakes (two early ND fumbles in their own territory—first, on the one-yard line and second, on the twenty-yard line). Georgia got all the breaks. We didn't get any. We beat them in every category except the scoreboard," Spielmaker said.

But when it comes right down to it, the scoreboard tells the story. When it was all over, the scoreboard read Georgia, 17, Notre Dame, 10. A mass of red ran onto the field, all

were so jubilant. The Notre Dame fans sunk in their padded theater seats, and shook their heads in a bit of disbelief. As I sat in the stands and looked around, the student body just stared at the red-covered field and no one spoke a word to his neighbor. Disappointed and sad, we slowly and quietly filed out of the Superdome.

Spielmaker was upset when it was all over. "The seniors were sad because this was their last chance, and I felt bad for them. I never really realized how much they meant to me and all the freshmen. Later, I knew there was nothing I could do. And after the sadness, I was anxious to get home to Grand Rapids because in six months I had only been home for one day and a night."

So ends the story of Sugar Bowl Week in New Orleans, Louisiana. After the dust had settled, Spielmaker and I agreed, we were fortunate to have the opportunity to experience the excitement of the French Quarter, with its quaint restaurants, crazy bars, and action-packed streets. Being in the Superdome, an enormous architectural feat, and experiencing the intense competition and emotion of a college bowl game were also memorable experiences. Most college students don't have the chance to experience what we did, and for that we are thankful. □

Peg Boheim is a Senior in American Studies.



Dismayed Domers

"Sugar" and Vice and Everything's Not Nice

The Louisiana Lowdown

by Tom O'Toole

New Year's Eve in New Orleans . . . who could ask for more? Well, an Irish win that next day would have been nice—and yet, it proved somewhat unnecessary. "What we had, we gave," the opening line on a plaque the team's seniors dedicated to Coach Devine in commemoration of his service to them, still accurately describes the heart with which Notre Dame played this Sugar Bowl game, as does a famous maxim by an unknown philosopher: "Every Dog has his day," accurately sums up Georgia's success on that Dog-day afternoon.

For when our true Domers found themselves trapped under the neon skies of the man-made monster, the Superdome, they knew they could not shake down the thunder, and their comeback bid was as hopeless as a Christian's in the Colosseum. Minus those forlorn four hours though, Irish Ingenuity easily won over Georgian Gregariousness, and the Domers proved to be more gracious in defeat than the "Dogs" did in victory.

Despite serious doubts that I would never pull the perilous pilgrimage off, I finally did make it to New Orleans, though my survival of the trek, like the Bulldog's survival of the awesome Irish defense, was by anything but a comfortable margin. While it was true I had purchased a student pass, one ticket doth not a Sugar Bowl trip make, and as of December the 29th, I had not sought out one soul to go with me, nor had I obtained transportation, or a place to stay, not to mention money to secure the latter two.

But on that very night, a friend of my father called and offered him two tickets, and suddenly the wheels were in motion. To my dad, an ever devoted Notre Dame alumnus if ever there was one, it was an obvious sign from on high that I should go, and his right hand was swift and sure. Calling my name, he handed to me his Citation (actually, he only HANDED me the keys) and said,

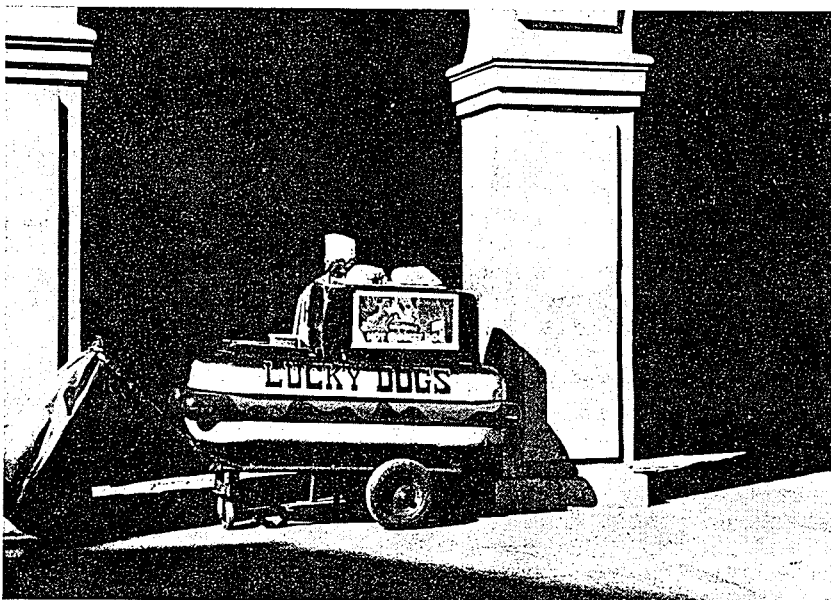
"Go forth in my car into the land of music-making and Hurricanes and preach the Gospel of 'Rock' and the Gipper to all those who will listen. You shall take your brothers James and Lawrence and sister Kathleen to aid you on your journey, for I say unto you, despite all your hardships, you shall have a good time."

And so, with my father's blessing and my own life's savings of \$103.27, I set out the next day with prodigal son (prodigal in the fact that he was the only of the four college-age O'Toole's to decide to attend a school OTHER than Notre Dame), older brother Jim, my younger brother and guard on Grace's interhall football team Larry, and soon-to-be-seventeen (her birthday fittingly falls on New Year's Eve) sister and future Domer Kath, and we began the drive to our Dixieland destination.

Although all told we rolled for over sixteen hours, a few brief stops were enough to provide us with

all-important comic relief. We (my brothers and I) p ed on the side of a barn in Dix, Illinois, to show our displeasure after the town's lone gas station attendant at the town's only gas station refused to let us use the public washroom without buying gas at his singularly outrageous pump price of \$1.50 a gallon. We coffeed (my brothers and I; my sister still sticks to hot chocolate) at an all-night diner in Jackson, Mississippi, where a waitress named Trish wished me luck on our check, and I, never missing an opportunity, wrote her a napkin back.

And in between, we called home from a pay phone in Memphis, Tennessee, to tell our parents that we were stopping here for the night as they had requested. Of course, we were really driving straight through, but a collect call loomed as the least we could do to ease their worried minds, so we dialed to give them a quick, but necessary reassurance. But this time we also allowed Kath



How 'bout them Dogs?

to get in on the act, and much to our dismay, she committed one of the mortal sins a child can commit while talking to her mother long distance. She shivered over the phone.

When we called the dozing Kath to come talk at the unenclosed pay phone, she sleepily forgot her coat in the car, and the cold night breeze soon produced the expected result. The sound of her chattering teeth was unmistakable, and although Kathy was quickly rushed away from the receiver and I tried to cover with "she was only chewing gum" and Jim with "it must have been the bad connection," our spur-of-the-moment excuses did little to alleviate my mother's well-founded fears, and back at the car Larry was making our now-roused little sister meticulously aware of that fact.

"What do you mean by shivering over the phone like that?"

"I didn't know . . ."

"You DON'T know!"

"I DIDN'T know I would shiv—"

"You go out in 30-degree weather without a coat and you don't KNOW you're going to shiver? Don't give me that!"

"But I was sleeping—"

"Okay, sleeping, we'll let you drive the rest of the way and see if THAT wakes you up!"

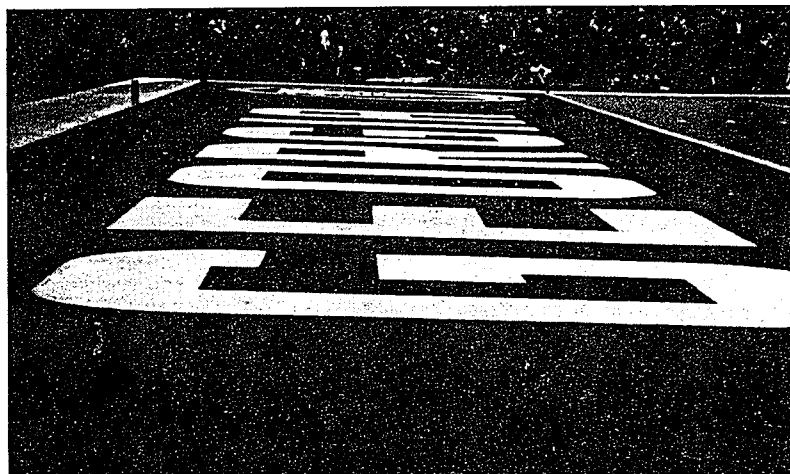
So Kathleen, who just turned seventeen half an hour ago with her head half asleep on my shoulder in the back seat, officially began her birthday behind the wheel of our silver Citation with the optional sunroof, which would not be of any practical value for at least eight hours more.

It was me that almost "zzzed" out after relieving Kath for the last leg of our torrid trip, but we made it into New Orleans with no further scars, stopping at a Denny's where we huddled to determine the next step of our game plan. It was decided that Kath and Jim would stay at the restaurant and try to secure a hotel room within our modest means, while Larry, by far our best stick-shifter, would drive me downtown to pick up my student ticket and press pass, which were being held for me at two different hotels. Both of these seemingly trifling tasks proved easier said than done though, for by the time we had conquered all of the curious Causeways, sketchy directions, narrow one-way streets, and tenacious ticket lines, we were gone for well over three hours, and were seriously wondering if it was all worth it. And yet, for the brief second that I stepped into those two tremendous hotels, I experienced

something similar to what Alice felt when she first fell into Wonderland, or Dorothy did when she first entered Oz.

The Downtown Hilton was a nouveau riche mansion of Gatsby-like splendor, almost overendowed with lush lounges, cozy carpeting, glossy glass elevators, and baby palm trees sprinkled about the hotel for that decisive tropical touch. But the man-made oasis could only momentarily relieve my fatigue, for when I remembered my mission and saw that the 300-plus line of students that loomed before me could be none other than the ticket line, I felt as one who had waited faithfully in the Dining Hall line for half an hour only to be betrayed by a dinner of bizzo burgers. Meanwhile, Larry was

my classmates, many of them seniors just like me, and yet from day one I have never felt quite comfortable among this lot. A glimpse of a few of their uplifted eyebrows and unbearable stares at my grimy jeans and sweaty T-shirt may be enough to suggest why, but to me it always seemed to go deeper than that. They were here because they could afford to be here, and because of it, their talk suggested it was just another day in their lives. The trip for them was a given in more ways than one. For as I heard their bored discussions of their folks' condo parties last night, I feared many would never have the experience of driving eighteen hours straight in a cramped little car, going for each other's throats for silly, fatigue-induced mis-



waiting in front of the hotel, double parked and with the motor running. But one must remember he is only a freshman.

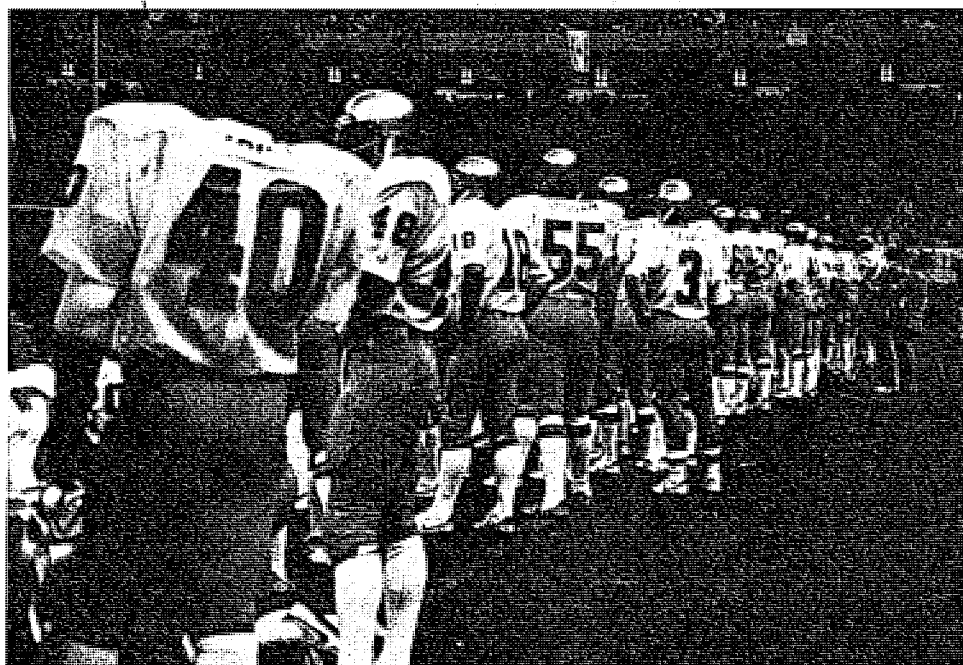
Though waiting in a Sugar Bowl ticket line is really no less excruciating than waiting in any of the other countless lines that the life of a student seems to encompass, the fact that its members seemed a bit more privileged than most gave me ample thought for this time of reflection. This takes nothing away from the fact that the line should have never been needed in the first place; and if I did not voice the students' displeasure at having to wait in line twice for the same ticket (once to pay for it and once to obtain it), I feel I would be seriously shirking my *Scholastic* duties. Yet the line was there, and I felt uncomfortable in it in more ways than one.

For after looking around the sea of classy cashmeres, sensuously slinky slacks, tailor-cut jackets, and pensive polos, I felt as though I should sink out of sight. These were

takes, and arriving at their destination in utter exhaustion only to be forced to find an out-of-town cut-rate hotel and stand in still another line as a nearsighted clerk slow-poked his way while locating our tickets.

It was at this moment, in the midst of my buffeting by those affluent eyelashes, when I knew that somehow it was through this paradoxical pain, that I would be the one who really ENJOYED the trip. The two-dollar bar drinks they sipped were surely quite good, and their \$80.00 rooms undoubtedly convenient and comfortable, but there was nothing like complete fatigue to make sleep sweet, and the day memorable. I was beginning to see what my dad meant.

As we were waiting in line, the players were walking through us, on display in their green and gold sweatsuits. As they passed, a kid near me called out the name of Harry Oliver, and as the man with the golden toe acknowledged and



Players on Parade: A Hard Day for Harry

came our way, I noticed a change in his demeanor from the first time I met him. As the fellow introduced Harry to his friend, "the little kicker that could" flashed a superstar smile that he did not possess but three months before. Though this slick and confident demeanor surely helped Harry get through the constant badgering one in his position gets, it still could not cover up for me the humble inner side of this Mary-made man. For while he was outwardly promising his friends he would get them two tickets, he was probably praying silently to Our Mother that someone would grace his presence with two tickets pretty darn quick.

From the Hilton it was off to the Fairmont for the ol' *Scholastic* press pass. Again, I was smitten with awe as soon as I entered. If the Hilton was new-wave ritzy, the Fairmont was traditional ritz at its finest. With its red silk, glittery gold trim, crystal chandeliers and tons of flat-hatted bellhops bopping about, it was a world that I thought only existed in 1930's musicals now suddenly come to life. Of course part of the charm of such a place is that most of the display is just for show, as I found out by having to ask at least five official-looking persons before I got one who knew where the passes were.

It was a suite up on the twelfth floor, via way of a mirrored elevator with a real elevator boy. Strolling into the suite of stogie-toting men and business-suited women, the initial out-of-place feeling was soon

overwhelmed by one of tremendous gratitude. To be hobnobbing here with these real life sportswriters was like a dream come true . . . and yet, the incredible thing was that with the help of God and a letter from Fr. Hesburgh which complimented me on my other work, I saw that I had really EARNED a spot in the "box," and no cynically questioning glare could take that away from me. With all the self-confidence in the world, I strode up to the table and barked out my name, patiently waited for her to get over the astonishment and finger for my pass. As she was still pulling out the proper envelope I snatched it from her startled hand, thanked her, turned, and, with as much cockiness as a slight, shaggy-haired, sloppy-jeaned, half-asleep kid could muster, exited the room and stepped into the just-opening elevator in perfect stride, pushing the floor button before the startled elevator boy could stop me.

Our ticket trek accomplished, we headed back to the outskirts, and after spotting "the Denny's next to the Holiday Inn," we took the next exit, and circled back to the restaurant—only to find it was a DIFFERENT Denny's next to ANOTHER Holiday Inn. Following a short silence of utter disbelief, we finally loosed our tongues, and, after sufficient cursing of New Orleans Causeway exits, Denny's', Holiday Inns, and the street designer who kept building the two establishments side by side (not to mention all the

people in the cars behind us who were beeping at us in our predicament), we got back on the highway until we sighted the REAL Denny's next to the RIGHT Holiday Inn, and turned off again.

We were quite sure this was the right one, for as soon as we rolled into the parking lot our disturbed brother and sister, who had long ago given up on the idea that we had been mugged and were now firmly convinced we had flat out deserted them, greeted us by hurling rocks and sticks and stray tennis balls (there were courts across the way) and anything else they could lay their hands on at us. When their ammunition was finally exhausted, we stepped out of the car, explaining that we did the best we could, under the circumstances, and asked them if they had found a place for us. "Not just A place, but THE place!"; my brother retorted, and when his sarcastic giggle subsided, we found out that the hotel was located in the town of "La Plaza," fifteen miles outside the city. No sooner than he had spoken, we hopped back in the car, and away we went. At this point, any "plaza" was as good as any other.

Our destination was a little dive called the Troxie Motel. It was located across the street from a snake farm, which, judging from the many signs, was probably the town's chief tourist trap. But despite its deficiencies, the Troxie had a homey touch that the higher-priced resorts just couldn't capture. Though the sinks

tended not to drain and the toilets didn't always feel like flushing, the Southern hospitality of its young doing-her-best innkeeper more than made up for these minor details. When we asked her for extra towels, she gave us enough towels, washcloths, and soap to last a small army (which by this time we probably smelled like) for a week, and when Kathy asked her what time it was, she gave us her personal alarm clock to use in our room. Of course, by this time we were all beat to the max, and everyone settled down to a long winter's nap, while I changed into my shorts for a quick six-mile run.

Now all of you non-runners are probably saying that anyone who goes out to run on no sleep in the last thirty-six hours has got to be crazy, and right now all I can say is that you probably are right. But then I was still too full of caffeine to sleep soundly, and it would have been a sporadic rest at best had it not been for the run. Most runners know that there is nothing better than a brisk jaunt at the end of the day to free one's mind from its frustrations and anxieties, and this run was much better than most. For after an anxious turn past the snake farm and a brisk trot past a mob of mobile homes, I got a good look at some of the ordinary life-styles of lower Louisiana, not to mention the country's beauty.

Breaking out of a bunch of trees, I found myself running past a branch of the great river, where men were at work operating a steam hoist, excavating some unknown substance from the riverbank, as barges floated by in the distance. Chugging it up a hill, I found grazing horses, while down below the trail were backyards where kids were playing in broken-down sandboxes, and swinging on old tire swings hung from tired oak trees, and a forest with millions of paths leading into them, all of which were worth exploring if I had the time to live a Huck Finn existence in their midst someday. On the way back, a few of the horses got into the act and showed me I wasn't that fast after all, but it was all in good fun.

And when I got back to the river, a few young black workers who were sitting around eating lunch whistled at me as I went by. Whether they, like the horses, were signaling that my hoofing wasn't such hot stuff, or they were calling attention to stumpy legs (after all, who wears shorts in December?), or just at the sight of a skinny white running through

their territory (for running is still, for the most part, a rich man's sport) I doubt I'll ever know.

But it was a side of life that the Hiltonites never see, and as I finished my run through the warm sunlight, which in itself was a welcome relief from Chicago's "teen-y" temperatures, I knew it had been the kind of opportunity that one cannot but help thanking God for on the spot, and I know I did my best. And I guess He knew I did too, for as I sprinted back to our motel, I noticed a little button that I hadn't seen before. I turned it over. "I am Loved," it said. I pinned it on my sweaty T-shirt. I was not about to argue.

After my long-awaited, short but sweet sleep, I was rolled out of bed, informed that we were going out to eat, then into town, or to town, as most people on New Year's Eve tend to do. Commencing a quick munch out on Church's Fried Chicken, we were soon on the road to Bourbon Street, looking for action. Which, on Bourbon Street, wasn't hard to find.

For in the French Quarter, they have a habit of partying out in the middle of the street anyway, which makes it easy to find someone, as long as you're not driving a car. Actually, street partying was the only feasible way to accommodate the overflow of fans from both sides, and though I know I speak for all Domers when I say I got a little tired of the Georgia faithful's tireless "How 'bout them Dawgs!" call, I'd have to call it a draw as to which side had the best time. The only CLEAR winner were the New Orleans natives, who exploited the newcomers to the hilt on booze and souvenirs.

Every available street-side shop window had been converted into a Dog-Domer trinket display, and it had not been done all that discreetly at that. Side by side one would see two manikins, identically dressed from their outrageously oversized cowboy hats and pennants to their brightly dyed boots, with the exception that one was dressed all in red and bore a "Go to Hell, Notre Dame" button, and the other was adorned in kelly green and bore a "Go to Hell, Georgia" one. But neither side seemed to notice the incongruity of such side-by-side support, both buying the memorabilia in great numbers, and it was my neutral brother Jim who offered the only rational explanation. "Green and Red? They're Christmas colors," he said.

Another phenomenon of the French Quarter was a Chinese take-out establishment, called, appropriately enough, "Takee Outee." Advertising "30-second service" on their 20-oz., \$1.00 beers, these restaurants (with three sites in the French Quarter alone) did a fine business serving fried any food you wanted, as long as it could be sold on a stick. I myself skipped the food, but their prompt beer dispersal claims (which incidentally, were served in huge coke cups due to a local ordinance) were usually pretty accurate, if you remembered to hold up fingers for the Chinese kids to count if you wished for more than one.

There were three things that stick out in my mind from that memorable eve, and serve to give an overall flavor of the event. The first occurred early on, when we stopped into a corner bar on the way to the

(continued on page 28)



Green and Red

Faust and Notre Dame's Football Future

by Kelly Sullivan



Coach Gerry Faust

He has won their hearts already. He has infected the skeptical masses with his dynamic zest. Though his new team has yet to win their first game, he is being overwhelmingly approved of by his most demanding critics, the student body. He is Gerry Faust, and when he takes his first jaunt into Notre Dame Stadium next September for his coaching debut, he will undoubtedly be met with the same enthusiasm and excitement he is receiving right now in dormitories across campus.

"You people are what makes Notre Dame special," he shouts to a packed crowd in the basement of Pangborn, captivated, almost mesmerized by their newest leader. "The past ten weeks have been the greatest in my life because of you people—we're one big family now."

It's been a long time coming for Gerry Faust, formerly the most successful high school coach in America. He has waited, he has prayed, he has dreamt of belonging to the Notre Dame mystique for literally a lifetime. During his youth, he idolized Johnny Lujack and Leon Hart. As a quarterback at Chaminade in Dayton, he had aspirations of playing football for the Irish. They didn't want him in the 1950s. But Notre

Dame seldom makes the same mistake twice. More than twenty years later the powers beneath the dome tapped Gerry Faust to fill the cleats of Rockne, Leahy, Parseghian.

"When Fr. Joyce called and offered me the job, I said yes right away, and hung up before he could change his mind," he laughs.

How Faust ascended to the pinnacle of gridiron greatness without climbing the steps of collegiate experience beforehand is a mystery to many. How he beat out a field that included major university head coaches is a question some non-believers have been asking since November 24, the day Fr. Joyce confirmed what a lot of people had suspected for some time.

"Why do I think I, as a high school coach, could be successful at a major university such as Notre Dame? The same reason a governor can be president of the United States," Faust once explained. The rationale that his philosophy of coaching would succeed for him at other levels is supported by many. No one could really argue against the fact that fundamentals—detail, discipline, organization, efficiency—that have worked for Faust at Cincinnati Moeller hold true in the col-

legiate and professional as well as the prep ranks. And if you put your faith in statistics, Faust's numbers stand alone.

In his eighteen years at Moeller, Faust compiled a 174-17-2 mark, losing only one game in the last six years. His Crusaders have nabbed three national championships, five state titles in the last six years, and 12 Greater Cincinnati League championships in the last sixteen years. Moeller has also ventured beyond state competition, throwing its weight around other parts of the nation as well. Over the past several years, the men from Moeller have thrashed Monsignor Farrell (New York state champs) 30-0; Dallas Jesuit (Texas state champs), 37-7; Brother Rice (Michigan state champs), 33-13; Penn Hills (Pennsylvania state champs), 30-13; and DeMatha (the top team from the District of Columbia area), 34-0.

But the impeccable success Faust has achieved over the years extends beyond just rolling up big scores on the football field. He has acquired the reputation for developing individuals of the finest caliber.

"I'll guarantee you one thing—we'll have excellence on and off the field. The players will give 120 per cent on

that field, I guarantee it, but I also promise you they'll be quality young men off that field."

It is this aspect of his coaching philosophy that caught Fr. Joyce's eye. Faust produces winners in the true sense of the word, the real mark of a good football program. Joyce himself admitted that the Moeller players whom Faust has sent to Notre Dame were his best letters of recommendation. "We were very much attracted by the quality-type individuals who played for Gerry," noted the University's executive vice-president. Six Moeller grads are currently listed on the Irish roster—receivers Dave Condeni and Tony Hunter, quarterback Tim Koegel, placekicker Harry Oliver, and linebackers Rich Naylor and Bob Crable. All are anxiously awaiting the reunion with Faust.

"His enthusiasm and love for the athletes have made him such a success," offers Naylor. "Next year's team will see a lot more enthusiasm and hustle than they're used to. Coach will run out on the field and jump up and down just like one of the players."

There's no hiding the rah-rah in Faust's personality. He is as different from his predecessor as two coaches can be. His knack for extracting exuberance from his audience is extraordinary. He draws a standing ovation from the crowd at Pangborn, who are deliriously excited amidst Faust's promises, "You'll see a lot of passing next year!" His perpetually hoarse, boom-

ing voice naturally commands respect, and the students freely give it. He is their Rock of Gibraltar. He senses their craving for a forceful, aggressive, and charismatic field general. He has come to fill a void that has existed for some time.

Faust's only drawback is his inexperience at the college level. In spite of all his winning streaks and championships, he has yet to square off against a John Robinson—or Bear Bryant-coached squad. He is well aware of the comparisons some make between himself and Terry Brennan, the only other Irish coach called straight from the prep ranks, who struggled through five seasons before being dismissed with a 32-18 mark.

"Age was a big factor with Terry Brennan," explains Faust. "He was only 25—I'm 45. The years of experience make a big difference. I'm sure if Terry would have taken the job at 45, he'd have been coach for as long as he wanted to be."

While no new Notre Dame coach may ever be fully prepared for the pressure cooker that awaits him in South Bend, Faust has been in the limelight as much as any high school coach in America the past several years.

"You have to understand, Moeller's not your typical high school," offers Crable, a standout for both the Crusaders and the Irish. "People don't realize the national exposure it's gotten, and the program there is comparable to a small college."

Maybe superior. Consider its 210-

man roster, a coaching staff of 15 assistants, 17 student managers, 7 team doctors, and a wide open offense that runs from at least eight different formations. Moeller is definitely not your ordinary high school football program.

But in the midst of coverage by ABC, NBC, *The New York Times*, and *Life* magazine, Faust kept doing what he does best, namely winning. And he maintains the same humble, sincere profile that has earned him the admiration of countless fans.

"He's still the same down-to-earth man he was at Moeller," admits one of his former players now at Notre Dame. "He hasn't changed a bit. He'll still do anything for anyone."

"I'm going to be myself," insists Faust. "If it doesn't work, I'll quit, but I owe the kids sincerity."

The football offices have been redecorated. There's talk of the team going back to the traditional blue jerseys next season. But beyond that, there's little else Faust wants to change at Notre Dame.

"There's so much great tradition here that I just want to add to it, not take anything away."

Though rarely at a loss for words, Faust is a bit tongue-tied on describing just how he feels about his new home.

"This is just one phenomenal place—I don't know how to express myself as to what it means to be a part of Notre Dame. I just can't explain it."

Give him time. □



A Gimmick

For Gerry

by Cathy Chopp

Dear Mr. Gerry Faust,

Congratulations upon your new head coaching position here at the University of Notre Dame. You are now faced with the task of maintaining the fine tradition of Notre Dame football, and I wish you much success. I would like to offer you a hint for the next season. We all know of your great coaching career at Cincinnati Moeller High School and of your incredible coaching ability; however, to succeed at Notre Dame, you cannot break tradition. You've got to get a gimmick. Everyone's got a gimmick. Devine had his kelly green jerseys and Rockne urged the

team to "win one for the Gipper." As Notre Dame awaits the 1981-82 football season to experience the style of Gerry Faust, may I offer you a suggestion for a gimmick?

Picture this: the students form a human tunnel on the playing field for the team to go through at the opening home game. The sky is a brilliant blue and the American flag flutters in the autumn breeze. Touch-down Jesus looms in the background. Excitement ripples through the crowd as they catch sight of the familiar gold helmets and green jerseys. But what's this? Who is that new player who stands about 5'3"? He seems to be a midget in comparison to the other gigantic players. The crowd hushes as the tiny player runs to center field and whips off his helmet. Why it's Notre Dame's first female varsity football player!! The crowd goes wild and begins to chant your name Gerry Faust, after being overwhelmed by the cleverness of your gimmick.

Now you're probably wondering. Where do I find this girl? Well, I volunteer myself. I am quite willing to help the team "shake down the thunder." But I'm not just a gimmick! I am also qualified to play after gaining invaluable experience on my hall's intramural flag football team. (If you have seen the ferocity of play at these games, you know what I mean.) ND's been coed for nine years now, so when is varsity football going coed too?

Not only will this new addition fire up the fans and team, but also it will psych out the opponent. Of course, I don't expect to play the whole game. I merely want to be a surprise element that would demor-



alize the other team, comparable to seeing Joe Montana appear as quarterback late in the game. How about reinstating the center sneak? I could play center and just run through the opponents' legs. (I played center on flag football.) This could be a terrific morale booster and possibly change our current streak of bad luck (i.e., the USC and Sugar Bowl games). Please consider this suggestion. Face it Ger—you need me!

Sincerely yours,
Cathy Chopp

P.S. What's this about blue and gold jerseys? The school colors are green and gold. Just ask the seniors. . . . □

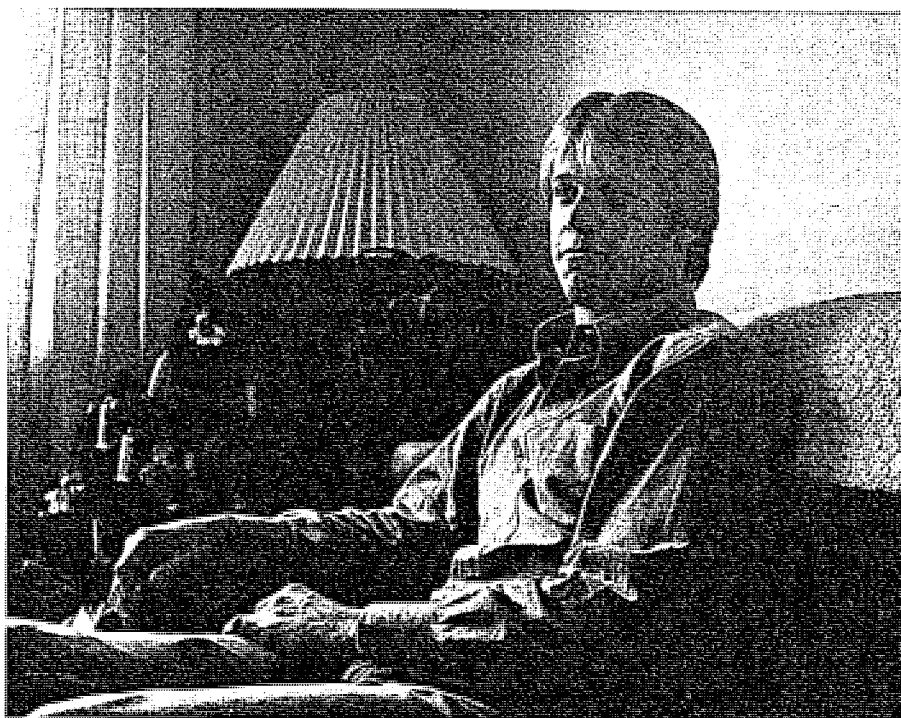


Saturday's Fallen Heroes- Who Remembers Mark Czaja?

by Tom O'Toole

About a month ago, I somehow managed to severely strain a muscle in my leg. No big thing, at least for most people. But in this case at least, I was not most people. For out of perseverance more than anything else, I had made myself into a runner, and for the last three years I have been in the habit of steppin' out from work and studies to the tune of anywhere from four to twelve miles of roadwork a day. But with this nagging injury plaguing me, my favorite respite from writing was taken away, and when I did manage to hobble out of habit, running was no longer a "flying" high, but a plodding pain. "It will go away in a week," urged a friend who had had a similar injury, but time proved him wrong. The weeks and my wobbly legs dragged on, offering little improvement in either department, and I began to despair of my walk with life. "I have as strong legs as anyone, I stretch them every day, and yet I'm the one who gets hit with this bum strain," I pettily argued. "Why me?" I pitied myself. "Why me?" And I continued my petty pitying, until I remembered Mark Czaja.

Although in his playing days Mark bore a cast that was known



Mark Czaja

by thousands, the story behind his grid "mark" is a tale that is usually told in hushed tones behind closed doors, if it is told at all. But living on his floor in Flanner the past two years, and being his suitemate during the last, I learned a little more about this story, which in itself was so tragic, I didn't even want to guess about the rest. For Mark's was more than a story of a natural athlete with a sad twist. Mark came to Notre Dame with a body and soul that were made for football, only to have them systematically and inexplicably destroyed by the game that seemed to court him, the game that

he had grown to love. The men who used to stare in wonder at his promise can promise him little anymore, and it is Mark who is left to wonder, not whether he'll PLAY, but whether he'll walk, not WHAT went wrong, but why. Why me?

Mark was always a strong kid despite his long and lanky build, and enjoyed dominating games of sandlot football (as well as baseball, basketball, and hockey) from an early age. And yet, unlike most dads with promising lads, Mr. Czaja played little part in his son's early progress. He discouraged Mark from playing organized football then, for he felt his son was still at an age where broken bones and Vince Lombardi-type coaches could cause a kid permanent physical or psychological damage. Mr. Czaja also rarely ventured out to teach his son the sport, but this was not because he feared his son had no potential. It was because he feared Mark DID.

Walt Czaja was no stranger to football, or its hazards. The elder Czaja was also an end for the Irish,

having played two years here during Leahy's reign. That is, ALMOST two years. Midway through his sophomore year, Walt, who played in an era when face masks had not come into "style," suffered a severe head injury, and although the coaching staff assured him it would be all right by next season, Walt forsook their advice and his scholarship, and finished up his career at St. Bonaventure. It was not until Mark entered high school that his father told him the reason for his transfer, but by then it was too late. Mark's athletic body had already been "made," and his mind was already made up. Mark was a football player, and he WOULD play football.

When the time came where he could no longer hold Mark back, Mr. Czaja encouraged his son to follow in his own football footsteps. As soon as Mark began playing high school ball at Lewiston Porter (located north of Buffalo) Walt started taking his son on his pilgrimages to South Bend, so the upstart could experience the mania of Irish football weekends for himself. Mr. Czaja was a personal friend of Coach Kelly, and Mark would love it when they would kid him about starting here in four years. And yet, by Mark's junior year at Porter, such talk was no longer a joke. Mark had already begun to get scholarship offers which eventually would come in from every major football college in the country. But Mark waited, and waited, until the ride he was waiting for came through. He would play the game at Notre Dame, or he would not play it at all.

Actually, the football tragedy of Mark Czaja began before he left home for the Dome, while on the court of another sport. During the summer before his first year here, Mark was playing tennis and chasing down a shot near the net when he suddenly collided with the pole, shattering his wrist. The broken bone was bad enough, but the worst part of it was that the injury was originally misdiagnosed as a sprain, and Mark went around for a month before the mistake was realized, and his hand and lower arm were enclosed in his famous bent-arm cast. So Mark came to school already equipped with his signature, but

even his albatross did not dampen his enthusiasm. He still yearned to play as badly as ever, so when the coaches gave him the option of playing with the bulky cast or sitting out to let it heal, it was really no choice at all. Despite his setback, Mark made the traveling squad and saw action in six games his freshman year, and his prospects for '77, when he would have no injuries to hold him back, were exceedingly bright. But after aggravating his hand all year, he knew he would have to undergo the knife before he would again go out on the field.

His first bone graft operation was successful, and although it forced him to miss spring practice (which he would end up missing every season), by April 30 his strong left hand was again his own. He spent all that summer working it back into shape, and two weeks before the opening game against Pitt, Mark won the job of second tight end in the two-tight-end formation. In the first two games, Mark managed to catch only one pass for four yards in the shadow of the great Ken MacAfee, but as modest an accomplishment as it was, it was the only pass he would ever get a chance to catch. For in the third game against Purdue, he injured his hand again. Although he returned the very next week with a facsimile of his old cast, a cast he would abandon for but three months in his first three seasons, his pass-catching days were over. Mark recalls how when the ball used to hit his "plaster blaster," it used to ricochet twenty or thirty feet in the air, which, although perhaps perfect for volleyball, was not the kind of action one wanted on the football field. So Mark became a decoy, a kind of "third tackle," but accepted his new role well. He made key blocks all season, including the Cotton Bowl, where three of the Irish's six touchdowns were sweeps around his side. After that championship season, the forecasters had high hopes for Mark's junior year. As Ray O'Brien said in the *Scholastic*, "The receiving corps will be hard hit with the loss of the dependable MacAfee. While filling the shoes of this All-American is impossible, the top candidate for the job is Mark Czaja." Little did they

know that the receiving corps would be hit by the loss of Czaja also.

For after that season when Mark's injury was examined again, it was determined that if Mark were ever to have the use of his hand again, he would have to sit out until it had a chance to heal completely. So he underwent his second bone graft operation, and after that, rehabilitation and periodical checkups. The hand healed steadily, if slowly. VERY slowly. "It was like waiting in a doctor's reception room," Mark said. "You are told he will see you shortly, and you believe them. Fifteen minutes later, you are told the same thing. You accept that, but fifteen more minutes pass and then they say it will be another fifteen, and finally you get discouraged. I was able to accept my injury, but I never got used to it. All I ever wanted then was a clean bill of health."

Mark had to wait a whole year for that, redshirting his junior year, while hitting only his books and building up his legs. After the year of running and studying, Mark was in perhaps his best shape both physically and academically. Yet by the time his cast finally came off prior to his senior season, a kid named Masztak had already shown himself to be quite a "catch" and Mark's still-delicate hand left him no hope of snatching the tight end job away from the established "Dean." So Mark was suddenly switched to defensive end. Though such a drastic change would faze most players, it couldn't stop Mark. Especially now, when he not only had his determination, but his health. For health was all Mark ever needed.

His desire was certainly not lost on Coach Yonto, who spent many long hard hours with Mark after practice accustoming Czaja to his new position. Though used sparingly in the first two games against Michigan and Purdue, his natural talent soon came through, and he quickly became a regular. Going into the Southern Cal game, both Mark and the team had been playing well, still, with a 4-1 record, they knew they must win here to make any kind of run for the National Championship. Instead, the game was not only to mark the beginning of our

disastrous season, but the end of Mark's career.

"We needed to play a perfect game with a lot of emotion," emphasized Devine after the game. "We played with emotion but we had a few breakdowns." Though unbeknown to Coach or anyone else at the time, the biggest "breakdown" took place inside the knee and heart of Mark Czaja. While covering a roll-out in the second quarter, Mark was blocked off balance by the Cal full-back. Mark's right foot planted itself in the ground, as he fell over his knee. For forty seconds, Mark experienced a pain such as he had never felt before, and which indeed is experienced by few outside the realm of the gridiron. As they carried the body from the field, I shielded my eyes as I stood in the stands exclaiming, "That's NOT Czaja again!" But my roommate, perhaps the only one in the crowd who realized I was sober, began to slowly nod his head, and I was silenced.

Monday morning, Mark underwent a five-hour operation for torn cartilage in his knee. It was termed successful, and the doctors told him he could begin the long road to rehabilitation in nine weeks. But six months later, the knee had still not responded, and Mark was reexamined. What was found, in laymen's terms, was that the knee had collapsed. The joint had worn out the lining of his knee, and the knee had become so loose that it could no longer support Mark's weight, even though he had lost thirty pounds since the time of the operation. He was told that not only would he never play again, but that a new kind of reconstructive knee surgery was perhaps the only hope that he would ever walk. Czaja accepted his fate, and this past May he underwent the knife again. The results are still in doubt.

"All I ever wanted was to get through a full season healthy," sighed Czaja, again recalling the dream that would never be. "But everyone has personal hardships. It's easy to give yourself self-pity." Especially when one is alone. Fortunately, Mark was not alone, or never so very often.

First, there was Kathy. Now Mark's wife, for four years she was

Mark's steady companion, ready to take the edge of Mark's edginess. And then there was "Robo." Robo, for those who don't know, was the nickname of Mark's redheaded and half-deaf roommate Tom Wroblewski. Also a football player that never quite "made it" Robo was an easy-going person who was always there to share in the time of Mark's frustrations. Although Mark admittedly took advantage of his best friend sometimes by yelling strange things into Robo's deaf ear, the two were practically inseparable. And Mark's father, who perhaps foresaw Mark's fate and could have pitied him easier than anyone, instead persuaded his son to persevere, telling Mark there is always someone worse off than himself. And despite Mark's constant setbacks, he did not have much trouble finding that "someone," in the person of Pat Boggs. For though Boggs showed just as much potential as Czaja did when he came here, a broken hand, and then torn ligaments in first his right and then his left knee prevented Pat from seeing action in even one varsity game. While they suffered through four years of similar injuries, the two never gave up even when there was but a slim glimmer of hope, convinced that they would someday beat this rap, if the rap could be beaten. So in this way, Mark was able to accept his injuries, and at the same time fight to never get used to them.

Accepting injuries is one thing. PROFITING by them is quite another. Did Mark ever come to see his injuries as a blessing in disguise? "No," chuckled Mark, "but my mom did. And in some ways she's right. When I used to walk around campus, my cast became my signature, and many came to know or remember me because of it. I now have a beautiful wife, who at present is supporting me while I complete my education. And through her I have a father-in-law (Jack McCarthy), who has become one of my very good friends. We have a relationship that I wish everyone could have. As it turns out, when my football career was ended, he offered me a great job in the sales division of Cox Broadcasting in Pittsburgh. So now we're anxious to move there, as

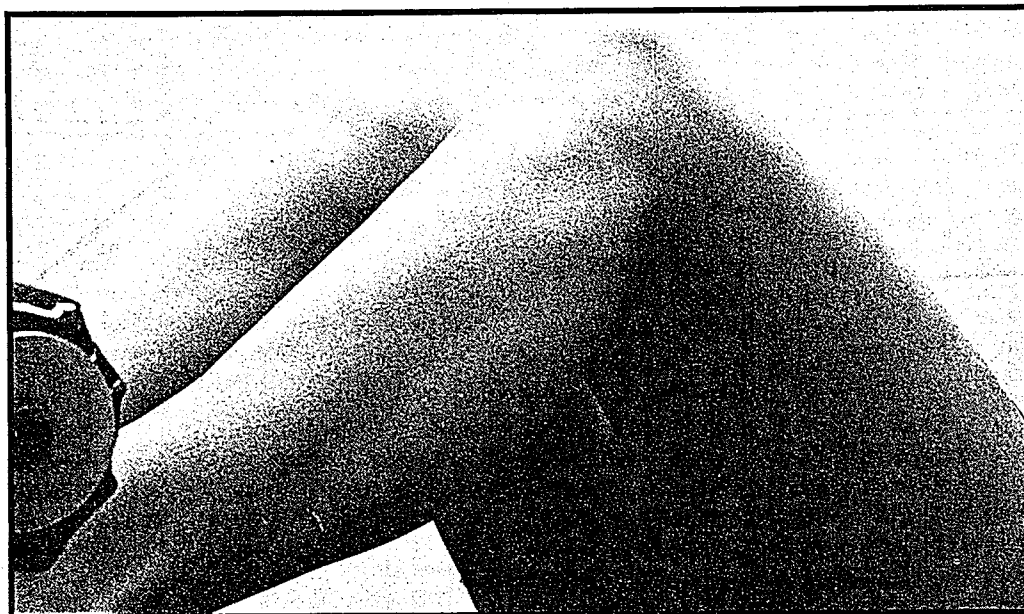
soon as I graduate." And as soon as his knee heals.

Though the knee is supposed to be ready to walk on by January, Mark knows that because of the radical newness of this type of surgery, there is the chance that his knee will be worse off than before. While his last injury certainly cost him a shot at pro football (where Mark admits that, "most of the players don't last five years, and half of them are bald") or allow him to run as I do to release my mind, Mark anxiously looks forward to the day he will be able to ride his bike again. "I started riding seriously ever since I had problems with my knee," he says. "It's great fun and great exercise. I'm not sure what bicycle racing entails, but maybe I could even get into that in the future. . . ."

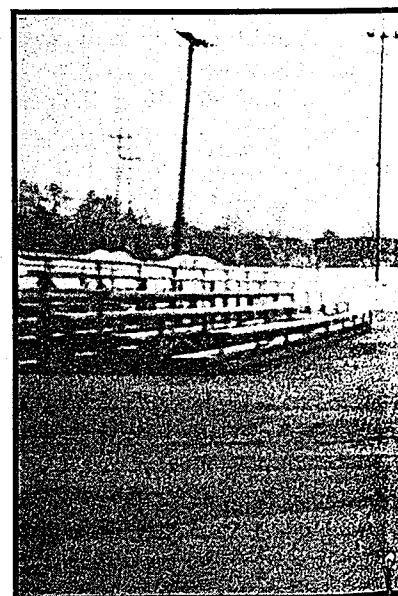
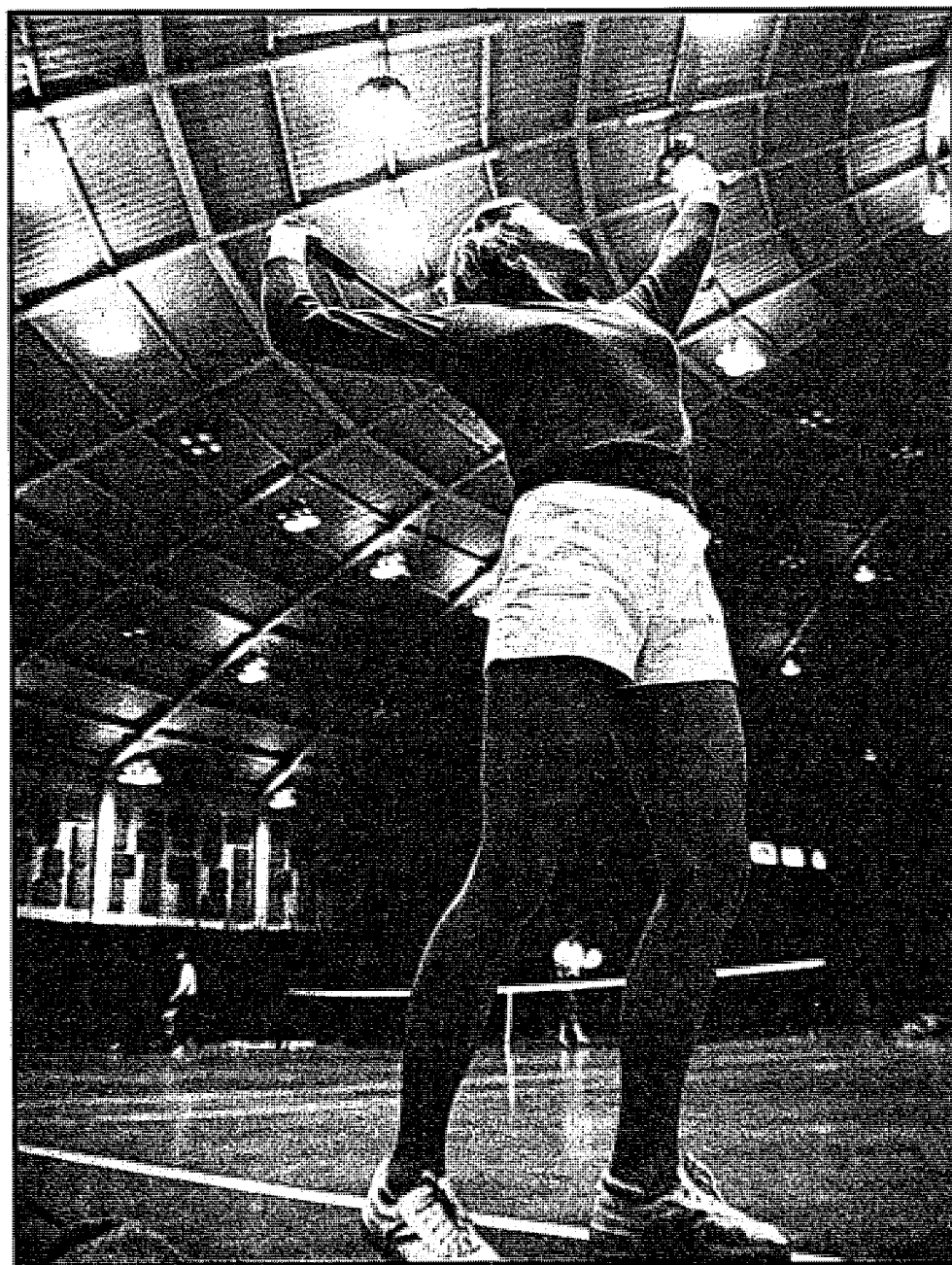
So even though his new life seems well provided for, the natural dreams of a natural athlete never really end. Like Job, Mark appears to have twice as many friends and twice as much of a future than before his injuries. But unlike his Biblical counterpart, Mark was also robbed of his youth, and that, especially when it was a prized youth, is a thing that sometimes can never be replaced. In this light, I asked Mark if his trials have brought him closer to God.

"For me, our relationship was not greater after than before," he explained. "During the seasons, when I was alone, I'd talk things over with myself, although I guess you could say I was really talking to Him. Basically, though, all I ever wanted was to get healthy. If I ever asked for anything, it was to be able to start every game of a season healthy. . . ."

The interview is over, but the story surely continues. Now that we have finally heard his account, perhaps it is time to pray that Mark will accept his ten children and thousands of cattle (or some modest and modern equivalent of Job's reward) in the future as compensation for his lost youth. Or perhaps we, like him, should also cling to the miraculous hopes that Mark will find his lost youth yet. This I do not know. All I know is that my leg no longer hurts me. □



CAROL



It takes Love To Play

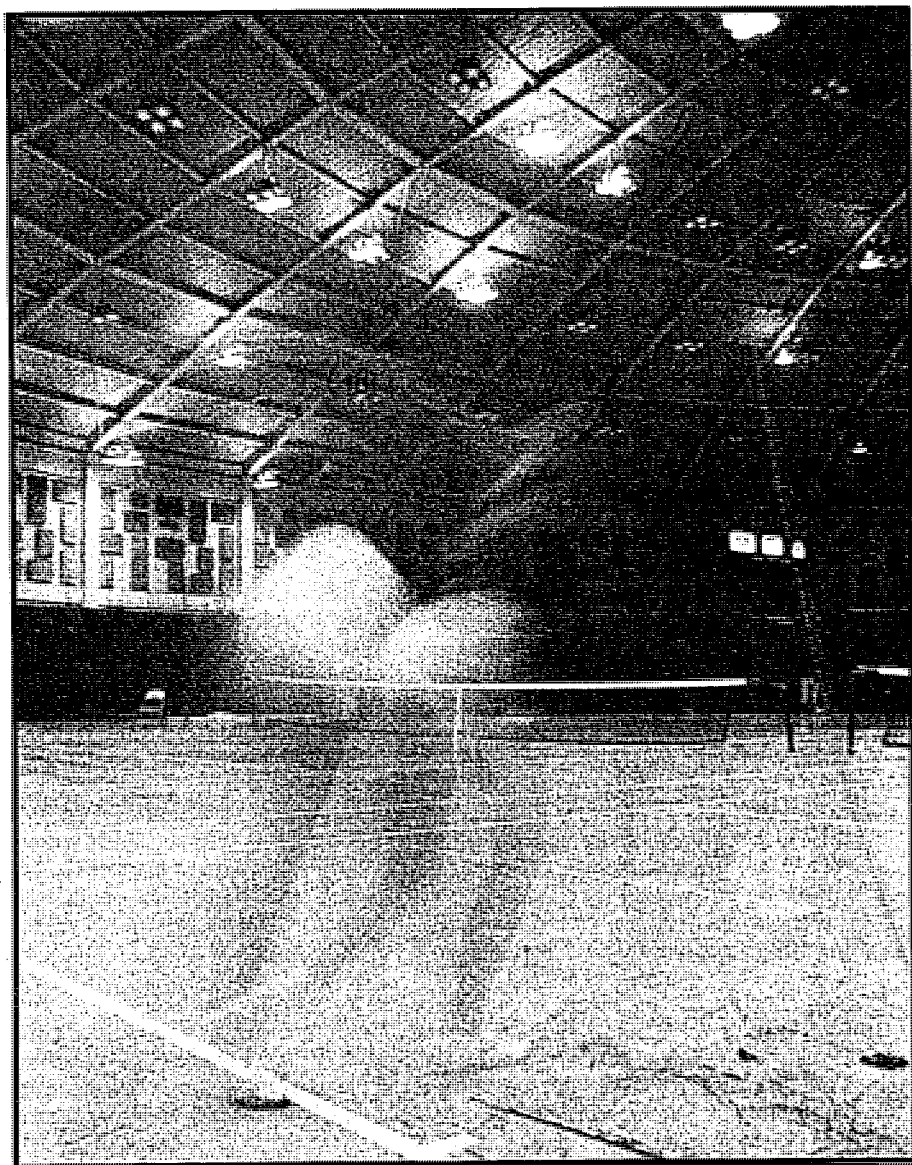
photos by C

SHUKIS:



love and Guts
y for N.D.

Christine McCrory



Can We Count on Corrigan Now that Moose is Loose?

by Michael Ortman

One big question floating around Notre Dame's athletic department for the past few years has been, "Who could (ever) replace Moose Krause?" Everyone knew that his retirement was nearing, but the athletic director at the most famous athletic institution in the world was almost irreplaceable. After all, the man has been involved with Fighting Irish athletics since Herbert Hoover was in the White House and Knute Rockne was Notre Dame's football coach.

The question was answered in early October 1980, when a rash of news leaks and an ensuing statement told the world that fifty-two-year-old Eugene F. Corrigan would be leaving the beautiful Shenandoah Valley in Virginia and heading for the frozen tundra of South Bend. And frozen it would be. "I got here on January 3," he said, "and it snowed for the next nine days. Then I went to the Rockne dinner in Chicago for a couple of days, and when we got back, it was snowing again—ten straight days for me."

Corrigan has lived along the eastern seaboard all his life, and never has had any direct ties to Notre Dame. Yet he's wanted to be at Notre Dame since he was an altar boy in Baltimore, Maryland. Growing up in a (very) Irish Catholic family, Corrigan remembers listening to Notre Dame football with his mother. "She was a big Notre Dame fan," Corrigan recalls.

"We didn't have television, you know. We listened to the radio. You listened to Bill Stern," he says, remembering that around his house, that was *the* thing to do on fall Saturday afternoons. "I don't remember if it was Mutual or what it was, but they did Notre Dame football every Saturday."

"I can remember a backfield of Sitko, Saggua, Zontini, and Piepul. See, I remember that as a kid. Why would I remember that?"

Perhaps Corrigan was just made for Notre Dame, or vice versa. Nonetheless, his recollections of Notre Dame football are in stark contrast to those echoed by his predecessor, or by the so-called "old-timers." Their memories are of the Four Horsemen — Jim Crowley, Elmer

Layden, Don Miller, and Harry Stuhldreher.

When those four were winning games for Rockne in 1923 and '24, Corrigan was but a twinkle in his father's eye. His Notre Dame backfield memories focus on the late 1930's—Steve Sitko (QB), Bob Saggua (LH), Lou Zontini (RH), and Milt Piepul (FB) — a generation after the Four Horsemen; a group coached by one of them, Elmer Layden.

Corrigan did not venture westward for college. Instead he went south to Duke University where he earned a liberal arts degree in 1952. From there, Corrigan made his first stop at Virginia serving as the university's soccer, lacrosse, and basketball coach at one time or another, as well as the sports information director. After that nine-year stint at Yooveeay (that's U.Va.), Corrigan became the Assistant Commissioner of the Atlantic Coast Conference in Greensboro, N.C., before becoming athletic director at Washington & Lee, a private university in northern Virginia.

Finally he returned to Charlottesville in 1971 to fill the post he held until coming to Notre Dame in early January. During his nine years as athletic director, Corrigan took a struggling athletic department and made it one of the finest in the nation.

"Always respected for its academic excellence," reads the Cavaliers' football media guide, "the University of Virginia now boasts athletic excellence as well. Progressive thinking, expansion, and financial commitment have been important, but it has been the people that have made the program successful. Gene Corrigan has surrounded himself with the outstanding dedicated people who share his philosophy of athletics."

A school's press material always tries to paint a pretty picture of its administrators, but everything the guide says is very true. Corrigan guided the Virginia athletic program onward and upward during the '70s, while most other schools were struggling with economic pressures.

Since 1971, there has been growth in all phases of the program. When

Corrigan arrived, the school was just beginning to admit women. There are now ten varsity programs for the Cavalier ladies. During the same span, the men's program has grown from thirteen to twenty-three sports. In contrast, Notre Dame, a school of roughly half the enrollment of Virginia, offers thirteen varsity sports for men and five for women.

Also during Corrigan's tenure, the school has added a new baseball stadium, a tartan-surfaced track, expanded tennis facilities and a new Intramural/Recreation complex — much like Notre Dame's Rockne Memorial. The most impressive physical change was the most recent one—a multimillion-dollar expansion and renovation of Scott Stadium—which made it perhaps the finest stadium in the conference and increased capacity by 12,000 to 42,073.

Many people feel that one of Corrigan's major responsibilities at Notre Dame will be athletic fund raising, something the University announced last spring it would venture into for the first time, and something Corrigan has done quite well at Virginia. After all, those facilities didn't pay for themselves.

"When I came here, the Student Aid Foundation (a major fund-raising organization crucial to athletic expansion) was about \$300,000 in debt to the University, was only raising about \$180,000 a year, and spending maybe \$280,000 a year. So the first thing I had to do was to go to these people and say, 'Hey, that's not enough money; that's not even close. Not only that, we have to pay all that money back.'"

Which they did in about three and a half years, and it was only then that the athletic program began its climb to respectability and excellence.

Janet Sketchley, Corrigan's secretary at Virginia for the last five years, cried when she learned of her boss' move. "I could write a book about the man," she says. "I could lose him on the way to the parking lot. Four people would stop him and he'd have time for every one of them."

And as the office calls from well-

wishers increased in frequency, her standard response to them became more and more sincere.

"Our loss is Notre Dame's gain."

There is no doubt that Gene Corrigan was made for intercollegiate athletics. Or perhaps in God's master plan, He made intercollegiate athletics for Gene Corrigan. The two go together like Aunt Jemima's pancakes and her syrup.

Corrigan doesn't overemphasize the moneymaking sports like football and basketball, although he realizes that few athletic programs could survive without their revenue. He loves all sports equally.

"I think a total program is really important," he says, with a record to prove he means it. "I believe in athletics, at whatever level—it really doesn't make any difference—and I think intercollegiate athletics are great. If it's tennis, if it's soccer—it doesn't make any difference what it is. It's a great experience.

"I think it's a 'we' activity in a surrounding where there aren't a whole lot of 'we' activities. I just think it's very important to do that.

"The other thing is that the institution has to want to do it. If the institution wants to do it—they want to have a reasonably broad program—then they've just got to find a way to fund it."

Ah hah—funding! Sports like tennis, swimming, lacrosse, and volleyball just aren't going to pay for themselves, and football and basketball can't be counted on to support them forever. That is what many suspect drew Notre Dame to Gene Corrigan—his ability to raise money for athletics without cutting into an institution's academic excellence.

Where funds are focused for the nonrevenue sports can be a major factor, especially when the money is limited. It seems that Corrigan would rather spend the money on the essentials of having a team—the coaching, facilities, equipment, etc.—than the essentials of having a great team—namely scholarships. Yet if you can afford excellence, then why not have it?

"We were at the point at Virginia, along with some other schools in our conference, where we're going to have to start pulling back on the scholarships part," Corrigan says. "That gets so expensive that you start saying, 'Well, I'm going to drop sports.' Now wait a minute—before you drop sports, drop scholarships. Don't take away the opportunity to compete. To me, that makes a whole lot more sense than trying to sustain an attitude of, 'If we can't be



Gene Corrigan

great, we're not going to have it.'

"As long as the interest is there—as long as it's a viable team—as long as there's interest in people being part of that team—the worst thing you can do is drop it."

To try to put all of this into perspective, Notre Dame's football and basketball teams obviously make more than enough money to support themselves. In the past, they have produced enough revenue to take care of the rest of the school's athletic programs. Yet in the last year or so, the University, like many others, has been confronted with considerable economic pressures. Last spring, a moratorium was placed on future scholarships to non-profit sports, which included some forty scholarships in six men's sports.

When the smoke had cleared, hockey had been reduced from twenty to eighteen grants-in-aid, the other twenty remained, and Notre Dame began to comply with Title IX, offering its first scholarships in women's basketball. Yet there is really no permanent solution to the problems which arose last spring, and many hope that Corrigan will be able to do for Notre Dame what he did at Virginia—help the athletic department grow in the face of spiraling costs.

A consideration of Corrigan's athletic philosophy wouldn't be complete without discussing the way a school like Notre Dame, or even Virginia for that matter, integrates academic and athletic excellence.

"I really didn't have a great perception of Notre Dame at all," he recalls of the days before he had any affiliation with the school. "In fact, I had almost none. I got mad because they were on television all the time . . . and won." But he added with a grin, "I wanted to get my

school on.

"But I guess that the greatest thing that happened to me (to give me an impression of Notre Dame) was the trip out there (for the Purdue football game) and the chance to talk to some people about Notre Dame's feeling for athletics. It's just a proper one. That's what sold me completely—more than anything, because I really believe that the worst thing you can do to an athlete is pamper him.

"You have to keep athletics in focus, and who keeps it in focus better than Notre Dame? Really nobody—nobody does—and that's a great thing."

Corrigan will be working at Notre Dame during a very dynamic and transitional time in the school's history. There has just been a change in the head coaching position and the athletic directorship. The President, Fr. Hesburgh, and his Executive Vice President, Fr. Joyce, will be retiring in the not-too-distant future. Somehow, this man who never has had any direct affiliation with the University before must fit into the picture.

"I hope I'm fitting in in order to sustain what's there, particularly the perspective on athletics because I think that's important at Notre Dame. I sensed that that's important to the student body and the alumni. Because of the great tradition, they can continue to be good.

"The other thing is sustaining a program during a time when costs are just . . . , well you know what it's like driving a car and everything else. It's just real tough. Coming up with ways to do that without interfering with Notre Dame itself—academically or any other way; those are the things we'll be talking about and addressing during my first few months in the job." □

Women's Athletics Grows Up

by Denise Woznicki



Denise Woznicki

Women athletes were non-entities at the University of Notre Dame until the fall of 1972 when the women were finally allowed to join the ranks of the Fighting Irish. In the beginning, the only sporting event open to female competitors was fencing. But since that time, four additional women's sports have been born at the University—basketball, volleyball, field hockey, and tennis. The first step out of their infancy has been the granting of varsity status to each of these teams by the University.

The women's tennis team became varsity in 1976, basketball in 1977, and field hockey in 1978. Volleyball is the youngest of the foursome; it has only had its varsity "walking shoes" since the beginning of this past season. When women's basketball became a varsity sport, Athletic Director Moose Krause said, "Elevating women's basketball to the varsity level is in keeping with our desire to build a great athletic program for our female students."

Another indication that a women's team is growing up is that it finally receives an allowance. It is on scholarship money, or lack thereof, that the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women bases its division placement. Division I teams must employ up to 100 per cent of AIAW maximum permissible aid, Division II calls for up to 50 per cent of the allowable aid, and Division III is up to 10 per cent. Tennis, volleyball, and field hockey are all Division II teams at Notre Dame, while the women's basketball team is now enjoying, yet being challenged by, its first year in the Division I competition.

With the coming of age, the women's teams have been getting more qualified teachers. The only real Notre Dame veteran is Sharon Petro, who is in her fourth year as an Irish women's coach. Petro was the women's basketball coach for the previous three seasons, and this year she returned to her duties as tennis coach after a year's absence. In 1978, Petro led the women's tennis squad to the Indiana AIAW Division III Championship, and she helped

the basketball team secure the championship of the same name in the 1979-80 season.

Mary DiStanislaio, the new women's basketball coach, came to Notre Dame with a reputation as one of the nation's most successful coaches in her five seasons at Northwestern. Her previous 89-27 career record included two Big Ten championships, a pair of AIAW Division I regional titles, and quarterfinal berths in the last two AIAW Division I national tournaments.

Although a newcomer to Notre Dame and college coaching, women's field hockey coach Jan Galen brought with her both playing experience and enthusiasm. She served as co-captain of the field hockey team at Ursinus College, has officiated field hockey matches, and has coached at various sports camps.

Sandy Vanslager's first term as volleyball coach coincided with the team's first year in varsity status. The native "Bender"'s coaching experience centers around her three years at Stanley Clark School as girls' athletic director and coach of several squads.

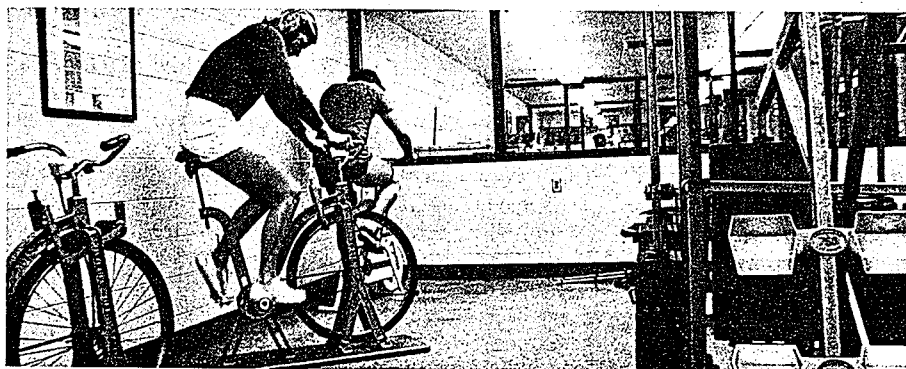
As women's athletics mature, the women are allowed bigger and better playgrounds. All of the female athletes are allowed to work out in the weight room in the Athletic and Convocation Center. The volleyball team practices and conducts its home matches in the ACC Pit. Field hockey practices on both the grass and Astroturf, but home games are usually played on the Astroturf of Cartier Field. The women netters use the twenty-four available Courtney Courts and the three indoor tennis

courts in the ACC. The women's basketball team practices in the Pit, but is allowed on the ACC's main court to play its home games.

And speaking of the women basketball players . . . they have even grown up enough to play with the boys! (Well, sort of!) Not only do they use the same court, but their schedule includes some games played immediately before or after a men's game, creating a doubleheader bill. As a matter of fact, the women have even been known to travel with the men when their games take them to the same destination.

The Fighting Irish females have only just begun to make their presence known on the playing field, and women's athletics at Notre Dame is still growing and developing. But someday, the women's team will stand equal to the men's, and the slow and sometimes painful growing process will be forgotten. Women's Athletic Director Astrid Hotvedt said, "Our athletic heritage is one of pride, and full of challenges. Our coaches and players compete against top-caliber teams to seek out our best efforts. Athletics is athletics whether the players are women or men." □

Denise Woznicki, a senior American Studies major, works for Sports Information.



John Paxson: A "Point" of Great Return

by Beth Huffman

John Paxson has always had big shoes to fill.

As a player for Archbishop Alter High School, he followed a tough act—Big Brother Jim, a two-time All-American for the Dayton Flyers and 1979 first-round draft choice of the NBA Portland Trailblazers.

John more than adequately stepped in, leading the Alter Knights to the Ohio AA state title in his junior season. The 6'2", 180-pound point guard finished prep play as a consensus All-American and set career record totals of 1,081 points with a 15.4 average for the Kettering-based school.

"Never!" emphasizes John when asked if he resents comparison to his older brother. "Being compared to Jim is kind of neat, he's been as much an idol to me as anyone."

Shunning hometown University Dayton, alma mater for not only Jim, but both his parents, John selected to play for Digger Phelps.

During a successful rookie campaign at Notre Dame he served as Phelps' supersub, logging more playing time than any other reserve, and finishing second behind Rich Branning with sixty-two assists. But Paxson is most remembered for his ice-man performance last year against Larry Brown's UCLA, when as a freshman he stepped to the line and calmly sank four free throws in the closing seconds to topple the Bruins 77-74.

As a sophomore, he succeeded Branning as the quarterback for the Irish basketball team—and no one can dispute his contributions thus far. Averaging more playing time than any other Irish player, business major Paxson continually makes his presence known on the court.

"He's proven he can play against guards like (Rod) Foster and (Isiah) Thomas," praises Phelps. "In order for us to do well in the play-offs, he's got to be a leader on the floor in key situations."

Paxson certainly shone in particular against Indiana's All-American Thomas as the Irish clubbed

Bobby Knight's team 68-64. The Pangborn Hall resident logged thirty-nine minutes against the Hoosiers, contributing eighteen points and two assists while fighting Thomas one-on-one during the majority of the contest.

"John Paxson showed tonight that he can play basketball with any guard in the country," said Phelps after the Paxson-Thomas show. "If you were out there as a spectator tonight you saw two very good basketball players. That's what college basketball is all about."

So impressive was Paxson's performance against Indiana that it led Marquette assistant coach Rich Majerus to say in *Sports Illustrated*, "If Isiah Thomas is the number-one guard in the nation, then John Paxson is certainly number-two."

"I'm pretty pleased with the way I've been playing, but a win makes it especially nice," said Paxson, referring to his stellar performance against UCLA's Rod Foster (twenty-one points) and his desire to revenge Notre Dame's recent loss to the Bruins on the coast.

What worries Paxson is what he calls his "inconsistent" play, what does not worry Phelps is that "inconsistent" play. The twenty-year-old who wears number twenty-three for the Irish is bothered by his ability to score in double figures one game and relatively few points in the next.

"John is creative with or without the ball," says Phelps who has nothing but praise for the second-year man who not only led the Irish in scoring against perennial powers UCLA and Indiana, but also finished second behind All-American Kelly Tripucka with fourteen points in the losing effort against the Warriors of Marquette.

Paxson's flashy passes and alley-oop lobbs to Orlando Woolridge have excited crowds and aroused enthusiasm, but the young Ohio native's talents are not only limited to scoring and shoveling the ball where it's needed.

"I relay to the other guys on the court what the coaches have to say," says the mediator Paxson. "I also relate to the coaches what I see and what offenses I feel are working."

"I also try to control the game tempo," adds Paxson, who admits Notre Dame's lack of speed gets the Irish into trouble sometimes.

Phelps has not been hesitant to shun his liberal substitution policy when it comes to the point position. Paxson has been constantly on the floor for the Irish and has little



complaint about the heavy duty he has seen.

"I really don't get too tired and if I do I'll say something to a coach and I'll sit out for a minute or two," says Paxson.

A minute or two. Not too much to ask from the Irish playmaker.

John Paxson's success has taken hard work and is what he considers "just another step in what I want to accomplish."

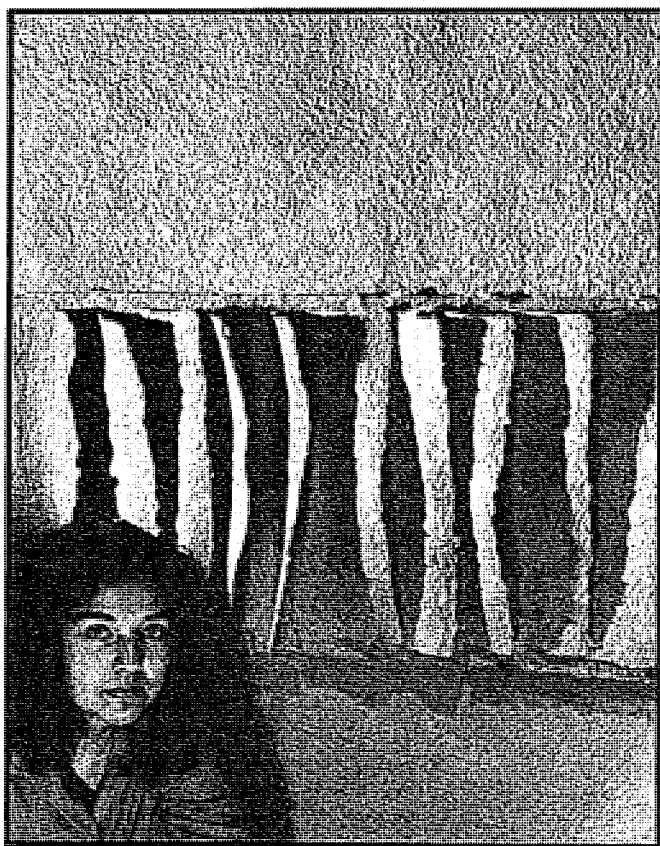
But what is it that Paxson wants to accomplish? All-American status? Not ultimately. A pro contract? Not ultimately. A reputation as another Irish great? Not ultimately.

"I hope by the time I get out of here we'll win a national championship," says Paxson. And for the sake of this year's seniors John hopes the title comes in 1981.

"We're really close this year," continues Paxson, "there's not a guy on this team that's not a friend of mine."

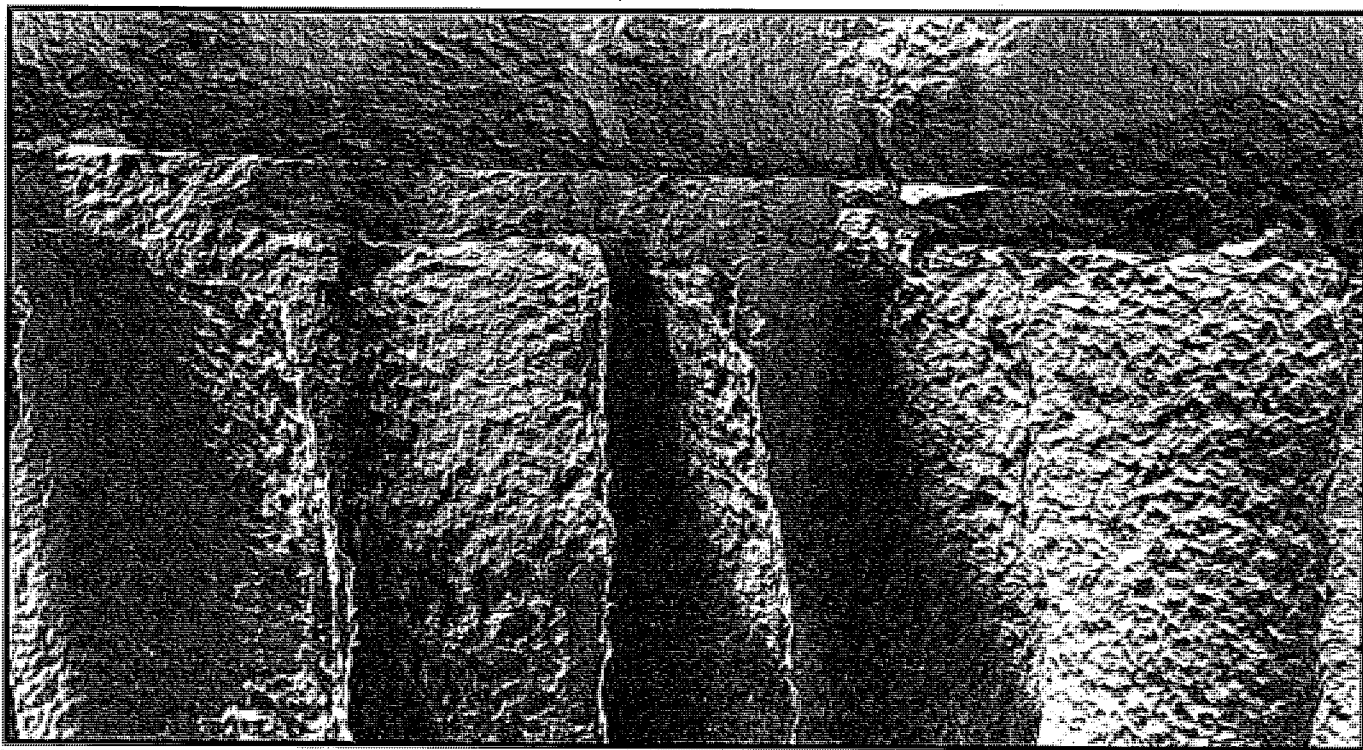
Despite his unselfish attitude, John Paxson has already made his mark as an individual basketball star at Notre Dame—and he has already begun to mold big shoes to leave behind. □

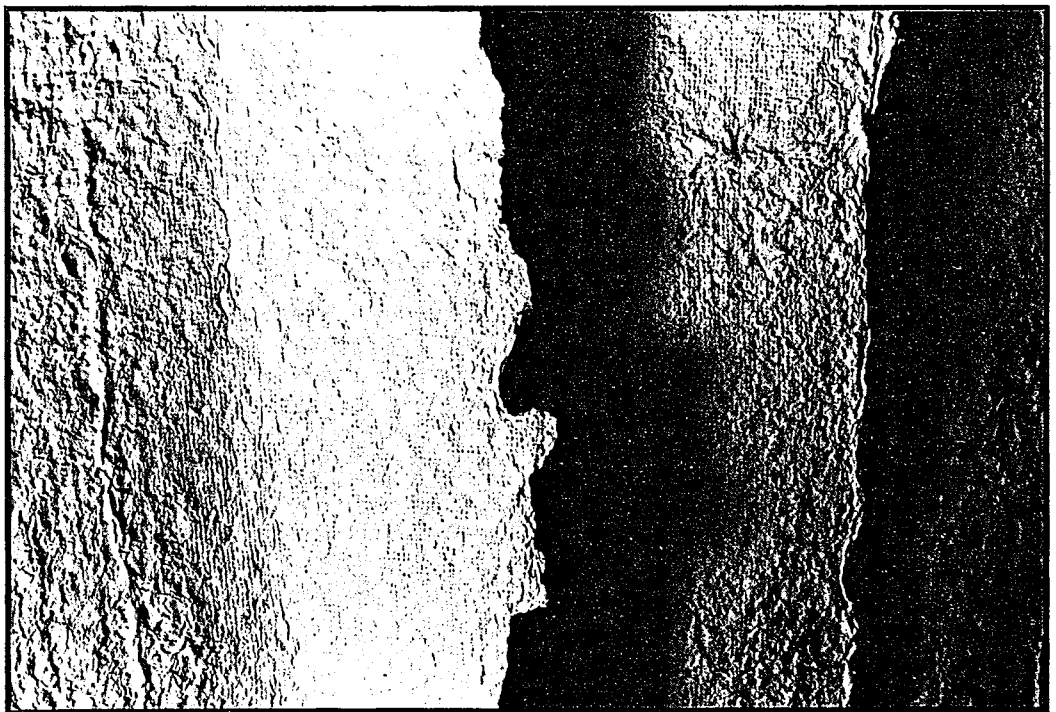
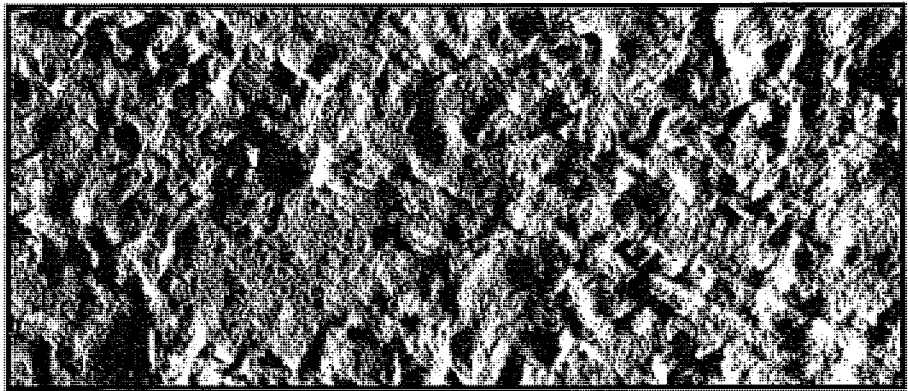
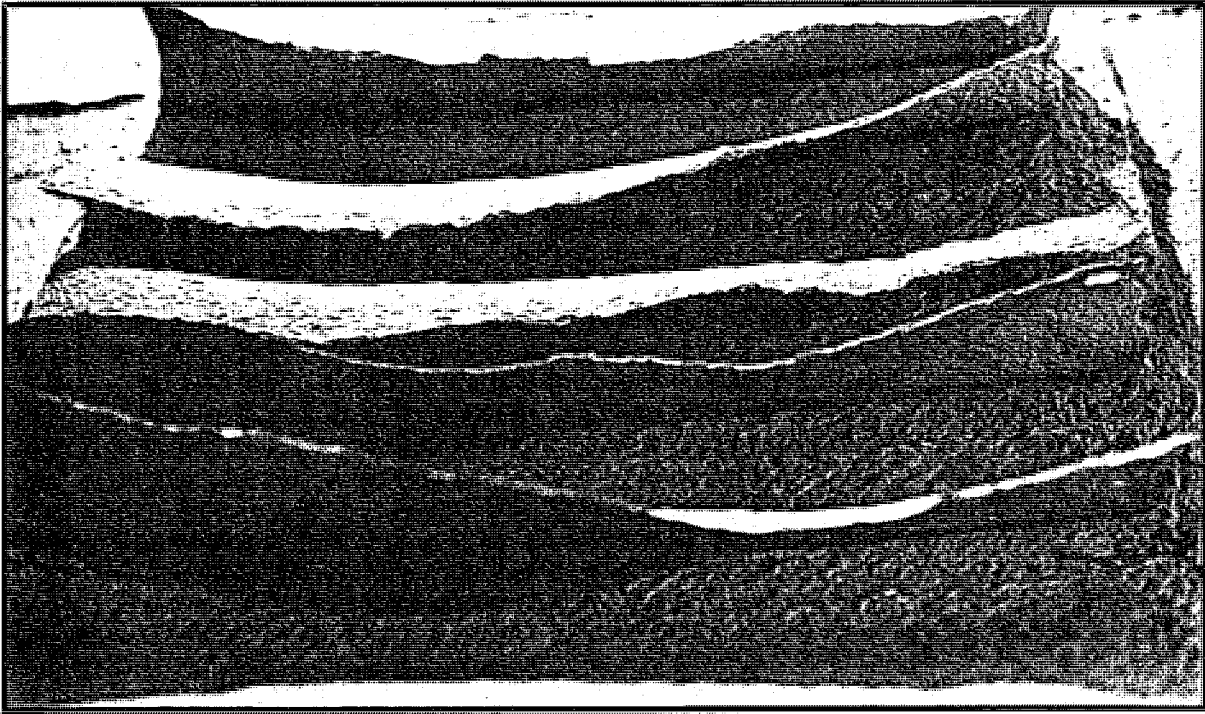
CARMEN SAMORA



The art making process began with weaving. The basic elements of the process, the repetitious gestures in preparation of the loom, the weaving of the web, the intrinsic grid system in the structure of the woven cloth, and the conceal/reveal aspect of each thread in the cloth are repeated in the making of the paper pieces.

The handmade paper pieces are abstract and recall the landscape of northern New Mexico through only the use of color, the textured surface, and spatial arrangements of the individual units.





The only tribute to Jack Brownschidle that can be found around campus is an average-sized picture that resides in the North dome of the Athletic & Convocation Center. It is tucked back by the concession stands in the Northwest wall of the facility and provides a brief summary of Jack's major accomplishments while here at Notre Dame. It almost seems to be an afterthought rather than a tribute to someone

profession, because he earns his money playing defense for the St. Louis Blues of the National Hockey League.

Many domers will no doubt recognize Jack Brownschidle's last name because younger brother Jeff is a standout defenseman with the current Irish hockey team. Since Jack graduated four years ago, though, he may represent a bit of a mystery and few probably know how out-

Michigan Tech, and Minnesota were interested in me." In the end, however, he opted for Notre Dame. "I had visited Notre Dame as a sophomore and I really liked the place. Minnesota and Michigan Tech were too far away and the Eastern schools based grant-in-aids on the basis of need. My parents also liked the image of Notre Dame."

So Notre Dame it was and Jack made his presence felt immediately,

In Defense of Notre Dame Hockey...

A Talk With Jack

Brownschidle

by Mike McManns



Jack Brownschidle

who has excelled like no one else in his field from Notre Dame.

Jack Brownschidle, you see, is not your average Notre Dame alumnus. He's not an accountant, or a lawyer, or even a professional football player. In fact, Jack has never worn a three-piece suit to work and he definitely doesn't own a pair of those bright green pants that so many alumni enjoy parading around in on a football weekend. You might say that, at the tender age of twenty-five, Jack Brownschidle has risen to the top of his chosen pro-

standing a player he really was and is. A little background on Jack Brownschidle would seem to be in order.

Jack came to Notre Dame as a freshman in the fall of 1973 as one of the most highly touted hockey players in the country. He had enjoyed an outstanding high school career and the bidding for his college services was highly competitive. "While I was being recruited I was playing junior hockey in Canada," the East Amherst native recalls. "Schools like Brown, Clarkson,

playing regularly in every game his freshman year and impressing both friend and foe with both his offensive and defensive abilities. Jack accounted for twenty-five points that year, which is a pretty decent amount considering all the problems a freshman defenseman faces on a team that produces 14-20-2 record.

The next year proved to be a very eventful one for Jack Brownschidle. Although the team posted only a 13-22-3 mark, Jack really came into his own as a college defenseman. He repeated his previous year's scoring

performance, which represented the sixth best total on the team and established himself as one of the league's best defensemen. He was so impressive as a sophomore, in fact, that the St. Louis Blues of the National Hockey League and the Cleveland Crusaders of the old World Hockey Association both drafted him in their respective spring drafts of that year. He therefore became the property of the two clubs but retained the option of finishing school. "I didn't consider signing then, because I wanted my degree. Getting a degree is an important thing among the hockey players at Notre Dame." A wise decision, considering all the players who spend years kicking around small towns and minor league franchises in the hopes of getting a shot at the big time.

Jack also was selected to play with the United States National team in the Spring of his sophomore year. The US team played eighteen games against the best teams of Europe, including the Russians and Jack played so well that he was named the defensive MVP of the team. That national team was considered a stepping-stone to the U.S. Olympic team for the 1976 Olympics and as it's defensive MVP, Jack Brownschidle was one coveted item. So Jack went on to fame and glory as an Olympian, right? Wrong. Jack decided to RSVP his invitation to join the U.S. team in Austria and stay in South Bend to finish his college career. Jack wanted to finish his education with his class instead of taking a whole year off to play in the Olympics. In addition the 1976 Olympic team was not quite as good as its 1980 counterpart. "I vividly recall how good the Russians were and they proved it by what they did against the NHL teams this past winter. Against that type of competition I couldn't see the U.S. Olympic team finishing higher than fourth," he said at the time.

After all the success Brownschidle met with in his sophomore year, it might seem that whatever he did in his junior and senior years must have been anticlimactic. Not so, for he enjoyed another banner year in his junior season. His point production increased and he was named the team's MVP. Most impressive, though, was the fact that Jack was

named a first-team All-American. To be named an All-American in hockey is a tremendous achievement because only six players in the country are chosen for the honor as opposed to football, for example, where twenty-two players make first-team All-American.

For his senior season, Jack was accorded the additional honor of serving as one of Notre Dame's two team captains. He had another great year and the Irish enjoyed the best season in recent Notre Dame hockey history, sporting a gaudy 22-13-3 record. Brownschidle was named All-American for a second straight time, a rare feat that no other Notre Dame hockey player has accomplished. His career statistics provide a clue as to how valuable he had been to the Irish over four years; 31 goals, 78 assists for a total of 109 points. He held records for both assists and points in a season and career by a blueliner. An impressive portfolio, to be sure.

After graduating, Brownschidle decided to pursue a professional career with the St. Louis Blues. He attended the Blues 1977 training camp and surprised uninformed observers by winning a spot with the Blue. Not too many players are able to go directly from college hockey to the NHL, so Jack was stepping into deep water. Blues scout Leo Boivan recalled, "I scouted him two years earlier and could he ever skate, but his defensive play was weak. I couldn't believe how much he had improved when I saw him at training camp." Of his early NHL days, Brownschidle recalls, "The first couple of exhibition games I was nervous. I didn't want to handle the puck. Now I enjoy handling it, moving it ahead to our wingers."

His first two seasons were mainly a learning experience, as he found that some things he got away with in college wouldn't get him very far in the pros. "Everything here happens so much quicker. In college I did a lot of poke-checking, just using my stick to check a forward as he came into our zone. If you do that up here, he'll go right around you."

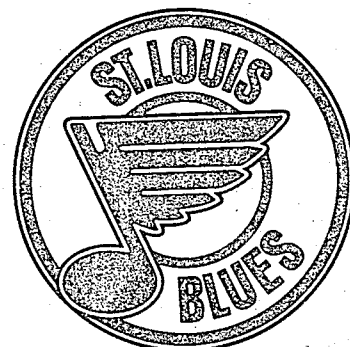
Jack must have learned his lessons well, though, because last season he blossomed into an excellent defenseman, both offensively and defensively. He found the net 12 times and assisted on 32 more goals giving

him 44 points which led the Blues' defensemen in scoring. Defensively, Jack was very impressive, turning in a steady, smart performance night after night that greatly helped the Blues become the most improved team in the NHL.

This season, the Blues have set a sizzling pace from the start and the emergence of several high scorers on the team has allowed Brownschidle the luxury of concentrating on his defensive abilities and puck-carrying. "My main objective is to prevent goals and get the puck moving the other way," he contends. He has become a very smooth player, one who quietly carries out his assignments successfully. He is an all around player who mans the point on St. Louis power plays, kills time when the Blues are shorthanded and takes his regular shift on defense. When carrying the puck, he seems to glide up ice, eluding enemy fore-checkers and the impression an on-looker receives is of fluid motion and no wasted energy.

The excellent play of the Blues thus far has propelled them to a comfortable first-place lead in their division and second place in the overall standings behind the defending Stanley Cup champion New York Islanders. Crowds of 19,000 and more have become the norm for Blues games and Jack Brownschidle, for one, is really enjoying playing before the big crowds. "At Notre Dame everyone went to the football games. With hockey, the people came out when we were winning but when we lost, they didn't stay with us much because they didn't really have the background in hockey to just enjoy the sport."

The future looks bright for Jack Brownschidle, he's playing good hockey for a good team and their fans are really behind them. Come April, Jack and his teammates may have the rest of the NHL singing the Blues. □



A Soccer Commentary

by Frank LaGrotta

Statistically speaking, twenty wins and seven losses is not a bad way to wind up a season. Hey, that's 75 percent—equivalent to a pro baseball team with 122 victories or a 12-4 record in the NFL. And a 20-7 record is more than enough to get you an NCAA playoff invitation (if your first name is Digger and your last name is Phelps).

Yet, for Rich Hunter and the 1980 Notre Dame soccer team, 20-7 was a bit of a disappointment. Not so much because of fan disenchantment, threats of a budget cut or even that missed trip to the NCAA finals in Florida. Hunter's concern was of deeper failings.

"We let ourselves down," he said frankly after his team defeated Valparaiso, 4-2, in the season finale. "That's the bitterest pill to swallow. We came into this season with such high hopes but we fell short on many occasions."

Still, the tone of his voice was not one of criticism but one of genuine remorse.

"I don't think you can blame anyone because I know that we gave everything we had . . ." he sighed. "It's just unreasonable for us to expect to defeat teams like St. Louis or Indiana, teams with a roster full of All-Americans, because talent-wise, we just don't match up."

In four short years, the soccer program at Notre Dame has fashioned an impressive record of seventy-eight wins, twenty-one losses and three ties. The year 1980 saw the Irish kickers compile their third consecutive twenty-win campaign.

There were big wins and exciting moments . . . victories against Western Michigan, Bowling Green and Loyola of Chicago highlighted the season because these were teams that had defeated Notre Dame in the past. It marked a sign of progress, of improvement, of promise for the future.

However, like a car running without a full tank of gas, there was only so far the team could go before it stalled.

St. Louis . . . perennial soccer power . . . national champions on many occasions . . . big budget . . .

many scholarships.

Indiana . . . big name . . . big talent . . . 1980 national runners-up . . . lots of money . . . lots of scholarships.

Enough said . . .

But we'll say more about it later. Because the most important thing that can be said about this 1980 Notre Dame soccer team is that they tried. Back in August when most Notre Dame students were soaking up the final days of a summer break that almost broke under the most intense heat wave felt by the mid-west in years, the Notre Dame soccer players were practicing three times a day in South Bend.

Three-a-days . . . 80 degrees at ten in the morning and it's gonna get hotter, you can bet your life . . .

Three-a-days . . . but run a few miles around the lake before you eat breakfast and after you eat dinner and don't go to sleep until you say your prayers and wait, what's that? Dick Addis says it's gonna be hotter tomorrow but, aw, forget it. Dick Addis is never right.

Three-a-days . . . and guess what? Dick Addis was right!

This was the last year for many players who were here for the first year of Notre Dame's soccer's varsity exploits. Steve Miller, who mixed soccer with law school and still found time to be an R.A. and you know, Steve Miller never missed a game. Hell, he hardly ever missed a practice.

And Dan McCurrie who returned to Notre Dame for a fifth year because he had a year of eligibility remaining and he wanted to play soccer at Notre Dame.

And Steve Burgoon, who didn't get much playing time but wanted to contribute. So Hunter appointed him coach of the freshmen players and contribute he did.

And Kevin Lovejoy, discovered by Hunter in an interhall game. He agreed to play varsity soccer and did nothing but lead the team in scoring all three years.

And captains, Joe Ciuni and Oliver Franklin, who worked and worked and made themselves the best players they could be. Better, perhaps,

than they ever thought they could be.

And Bob Ritger, Bill Hickey and Bob Van Hoomissen, three back-up goalies who did whatever they were asked to do and offered the benefits of age to younger players who perhaps had more talent but much less experience.

And Bill Murphy and Mike Mai who played as hard as they could, but were constant reminders that "we're playing a game here fellas, and c'mon, it won't hurt to crack a smile."

And Pat Mather, their manager. The kid didn't know what he was getting into but he wound up loving every minute of it.

So here we are . . . 20-7 with a team full of players who can't help wondering what the hell they can do that they haven't already done to improve those numbers. It's nice to talk in lofty phrases but those "Hey guys, we'll get 'em next year" or "We're almost there, just a little more work," catch phrases don't fool the realists.

Rich Hunter has taken this team as far as it can go, maybe farther than it should have ever gone, without increased financial support from the University of Notre Dame. They have defeated teams with big budgets and full scholarships with their own miniscule budget and not one scholarship. Not a player on the 1980 Notre Dame soccer team received a cent of financial help from the University through the soccer program.

Not one player.

In light of that fact alone, it is almost ludicrous to expect victories over Indiana or St. Louis. It would be comparable, and this is no exaggeration, to the Mishawaka High School Cavemen attempting to play Notre Dame on the football field.

But then there's the contention that Notre Dame shouldn't even schedule these powerhouses.

But then there's the response, voiced by Father Hesburgh, I believe, that the University of Notre Dame doesn't want to be second place in anything. . . . □

Baseball's Jamieson-

The Captain and Team's Feelings

by Craig Chval

This, I suppose, is a sportswriter's dream. In the David Israel Age of journalistic muckraking, style has become so very much more important than substance.

It's not a question of who won yesterday's tennis match, but whom he escorted the previous night. We're no longer as concerned with how many jump shots a player makes as we are with how many pills he takes before the game. We may not remember that Pete Rose hit safely in 44 consecutive games, but we all know that he hit safely in forty-four consecutive cities.

Because the public wants to know these things, journalists feel compelled to write about things that don't have the slightest connection to the game.

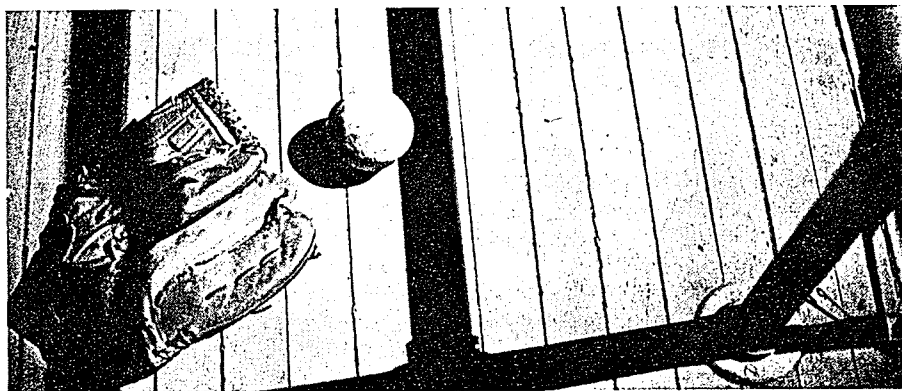
So what if Steve Garvey hit .300, the public wants to know why he can't get along with Cindy. Who cares if Bruce Jenner won the decathlon, why can't he say as many good things about his ex-wife as he does about Wheaties?

With all this in mind, I sit here thinking that I have before me the greatest journalistic opportunity of my life. Because for nearly two years now, I have roomed with one of the greatest hitters in Notre Dame baseball history. That's tantamount to Bob Woodward sharing an apartment with Deep Throat.

Instead of using lifeless quotes from boring coaches, I finally have the chance to write what the people want to read. I can tell all—how he drinks until all hours the night before a game, how other people do his class assignments for him and how girls line up outside our door, just waiting to proposition him.

There's just one problem—I'm a sportswriter, not a novelist.

You see, Mike Jamieson doesn't do those things, he just minds his own business, which is hitting a baseball. As a result, he enters his



final season as Notre Dame's all-time leading hitter with a .357 average.

It wouldn't be accurate to say that Jamieson was boring, or that he didn't enjoy a good time. But it's safe to say that if he ever makes a Lite beer commercial, it won't be of the Paul Hornung variety. Fortunately, there are some people who still think that on-the-field accomplishments of Jamieson's magnitude are worth talking about.

One of them is his coach, Larry Gallo, whom many players gave a lion's share of the credit for turning Notre Dame's baseball fortunes around as a first-year assistant last spring. When Dr. Thomas Kelly stepped down as skipper, Gallo was an overwhelmingly popular choice for the job.

"I remember going down the roster, trying to figure out who might be a good choice for captain," says Gallo, "and despite all of his accomplishments here, Mike's name never even occurred to me. But after the kids had voted, the first thing that came into my mind was that they couldn't have made a better choice."

Jamieson hardly fits the stereotype of a captain, especially in baseball, where "bench jockeys" are a dime a dozen. Gallo is the first to agree but he sees it as a positive factor.

"I've seen so many captains who

were real rah-rahs and tried to be another coach," Gallo says. "Mike doesn't think he's any different from anybody else because he's the captain. The kids have tremendous respect for him, and I think that's a big reason why."

Although Jamieson tends to let his bat do his talking he is far from negligent in his duties as captain.

"He may not say much, but he knows what to do when," Gallo praises. "Mike's not constantly harping at the kids, always telling them they're doing something wrong, and I think they appreciate that. But if somebody is screwing up, he'll tell him."

"Mike's a very common-sense kind of guy. He'll get a lot of suggestions and ideas from the kids, but he realizes that there's an entire team involved, and we can't always please everybody. He's very good at knowing what to discuss with the coaching staff and what to handle by himself."

"Being in my first year as head coach, I feel very fortunate to have Mike as our captain."

So much for the sensational inside story. But if things keep going in this direction, it won't be long before people like Mike Jamieson are the exception rather than the rule.

Then I'll really have a story. . . . □

1981 Sugar Bowl

(continued from page 9)

French Quarter to pick up a six-pack. As we entered, we were immediately overwhelmed by stale cigar smoke—not just OLD cigar smoke, but AGED cigar smoke, which one assumed had, like its collection of stagnant occupants, not been cleared out in years. The patrons themselves seemed to have been borne out of another era, only to have slowly decayed into the present one. Like a scene out of *The Iceman Cometh* they sat, on the edge of despair and their chairs, waiting for some savior who would tell them their tomorrows will come true. The barmaid didn't appear to be in much better shape, and when I asked her for a six-pack of "Jax," a big beer there judging from the billboards, she said she had never heard of it. Changing my request to "Dixie," an old house favorite, I tried to make conversation with her. I told her I was from Notre Dame.

"Notre Dame? . . .," she looked puzzled, so I tried to help her out.

"It's in Indiana," I offered.

"I'm FROM Indiana! You mean you're a Hoosier too?" she grew excited.

"No . . . you see, Notre Dame's just a school . . ."

"Notre Dame . . ." she weighed the name again in her mind. "Yeah, I heard about them from somewhere . . ."

"We're here for the GAME," I cut in.

"Oh, the GAME," she said, while eyeing me intently. "Who won?" she questioned, withholding the beer until I answered.

This, finally, was something that they could all relate to, for at the mere suggestion of it the rivalries already began forming in their eyes, and they seemed ready to strike out at each other or me, depending upon what team had triumphed. Fortunately, I had the easy answer.

"The game's tomorrow," I stated, and with the mention of their favorite word I once again pushed the threatening present into the always idyllic future, and we left, their pipe dreams still undisturbed.

Well into the evening there was a time where I again had to stop to relieve myself, and my older brother suggested a john he had scouted out in one of the street-side hotels. I followed him up to the second floor, and afterwards he suggested we go out onto the hotel's balcony to get a

bird's-eye view of the revelers below.

He was already looking out on the ledge when a lady, none too shabby but none too sober either, leaned over from her balcony table and hypnotically demanded I buy her a drink. Whether it was her luring look or my happy-go-lucky state of mind at the time that made me say "okay" is incidental, the fact was that because of my infrequent presence in bars since I turned legal, it was the first bona fide "Buy me a drink" request I had ever gotten, and I was intrigued as heck to see what would happen.

But as I waited in line in the crowded hotel bar (the Takee Outee down the street would have been quicker) my older brother who had not only seen the present scene but numerous similes on countless previous occasions, urged that we exit the hotel down the back steps.

"But I have to buy a drink for this lady," I informed him.

"Forget it," he said, pushing on.

"You don't understand! This LADY asked ME specifically—"

"Because you look like the type who would DO it. Come on."

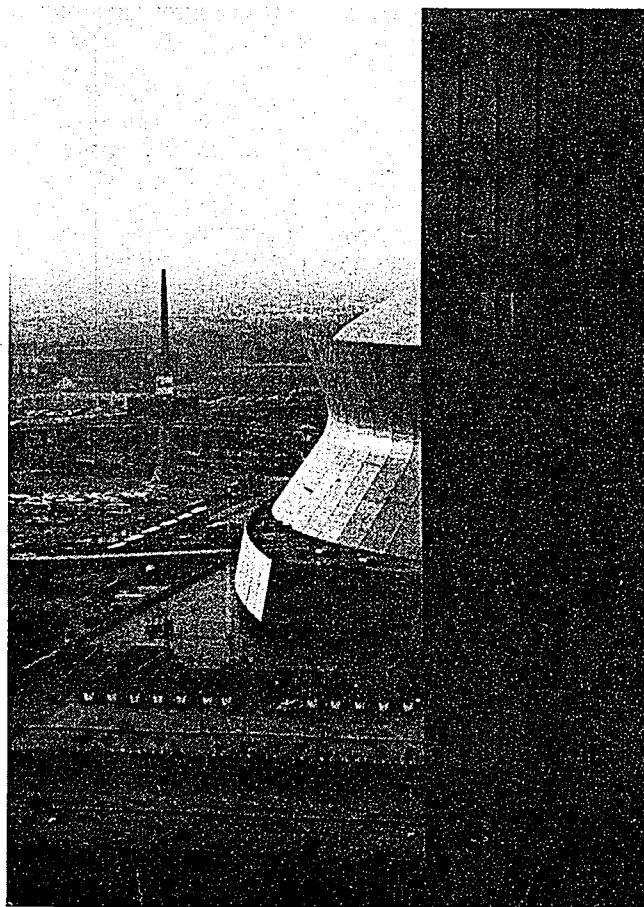
"But she asked me REAL NICE." He wasn't getting through.

"Tom, she's a DOG!"

"She wasn't THAT ugly—"

"A DAWG, you dummy! A BULL-DOG!" he repeated, letting it sink in, and while I was still reluctant, I finally followed him, realizing the chances of a drunk Dawg and a Duped Domer having a nice casual conversation at this time were very slim indeed. And yet, though he probably saved me from a punching out by her boyfriend, I could not help thinking, like "The Little Prince," that one never knows.

The third was the dawn of the new day (and year) itself. I, like everyone else in the parish, was again down on Bourbon Street, which was packed worse than the proverbial can of sardines. And though the only other time I was so mob-mushed I was fearing for my life in a stampede through the gate for a combined Journey, REO Speedwagon, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Ted Nugent super-concert back in my wayward youth, the feeling was totally different. For this group was not going anywhere, at least nowhere in particular, but simply going where



Will it take off?



No need for a replay . . .

the flow of bodies and beers leads them.

For that brief moment everyone was in the same boat, as Dogs and Domers and Townies rejoiced in one voice. But the best thing about it was that for those sacred five minutes or so, I don't remember hearing one "How 'bout them Dawgs," and I remember thinking that even if I were crushed by the crowd, I would have died happy.

But the game itself was perhaps the biggest "dog" of all, and the thing that impressed me most was the stadium it was played in. From the outside, the superdome resembled the buildings one used to see on the old "Jetsons" cartoons or like one of those flying saucers that always land in the middle of a 50's Sci-Fi Flick, and I kept half-expecting the place to take off into outer space. But inside, it was more complex than any spaceship could have been, and after weaving my way through its five levels and locating my seat in its 500-plus press box, I knew from the sound of the crowd that I had already missed the opening kickoff. Having not eaten all day, I quickly rushed into the press lunch room and pulled out with a plate of this chicken-beans and rice something-or-other in time to see our opening drive stall and Harry characteristically salvage it with a

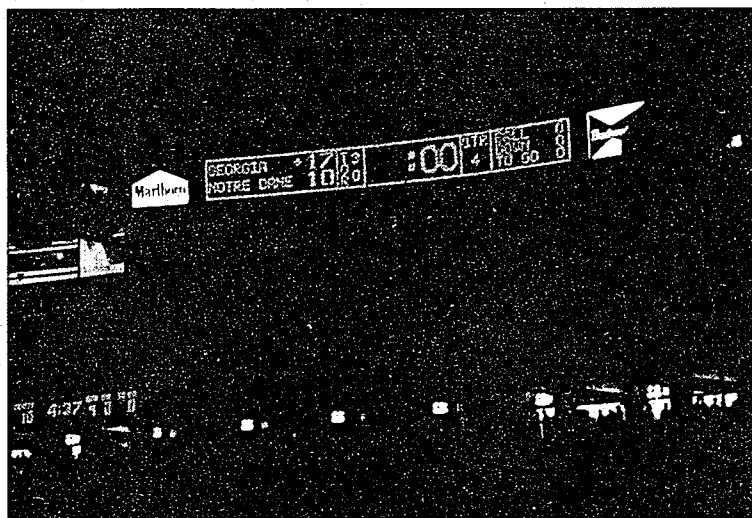
formidable fifty-yarder. I chuckled through my chicken to all the Dog fans around me, but it was to be my last laugh. A few seconds later I choked, and the team soon followed suit.

Though the reasons for our failure are many, the average fan must always have a scapegoat, and in this respect I am often no better than the rest. The armchair quarterback most commonly picks on his on-the-field counterpart, and I too feel the urge, however unfair, to start in on

the performance of Blair Kiel. For if there was one thing I agreed upon all season with Keith Jackson about was that Courey was the better quarterback. Though neither of them had the accuracy (or protection) on long passes to really utilize the speed of the team's most versatile athlete Tony Hunter as Lisch did the year before, Mike was a capable short thrower, and perhaps one of the best running QB's in the business. Yet it was a question that was made academic in the Sugar Bowl when Courey hurt his hand, and once again it was up to the pressured freshman to lead us back. And he couldn't.

For the success that Blair has enjoyed this season was really symbolized by only two plays. The first was his incredible lame duck "alley-oops" pass late in the Michigan game that Hunter somehow got a pass interference call out of, and which got us in position for the kick that was heard round the college football world. This one play alone assured him a starting role, and his next great feat, his eighty-yard gallop on a fake fourth-down punt that demoralized the Sun Devils, seemed to many significant enough to assure him the role for the next four years.

These plays immediately became big in Coach Devine's cap as well, for they bore out his theory that you don't have to throw picture-perfect passes to be a great quarterback, and this kid Kiel "has so many ways he can beat you." One must admit that Blair did fit perfectly into Devine's patented conservative offense, for with Blair in he no longer had to run a draw play every third and long situation, but he could go into the shotgun and feign pass as



. . . the scoreboard tells all

Kiel quick-kicked it past the opposition. Yet one cannot quick-kick a team to victory very often, and Blair, along with myself, was a little unsure if he could lead us through a whole season. I was hard put to believe that a kid, who had completed less than half of his passes in high school, could direct a major passing power like Notre Dame, and his final .387 completion percentage for the regular season suggests the story has remained the same.

And while I had admired Blair for his honesty when he said after a game that his passing performance had stunk, I also admit I had to agree with him. For without a passing quarterback, it is nearly impossible for a team to come back when fate and fumbles put them in the hole, and no matter how strong the rest of the Irish squad is, with our ever-demanding schedules, our team will always remain, as Bob Verdi of the *Chicago Tribune* assessed us before the start of this season, one year and one player away from glory.

This is not to say Blair might not develop into a strong passer: Vince Evans of the Chicago Bears is a classic case of a strong but an erratic thrower for most of his college career who has blossomed into a very dependable passer in the pro ranks. But we cannot say that Blair is there now. But many things bloom in spring, even in Notre Dame's cold "first season" practices, and here's hoping one of our bumper crop of young quarterbacks grows a seasoned throwing arm so we can harvest a National Championship despite the tough fall that lies ahead.

"Wasn't your kicker supposed to be good or something?" the innocent writer beside me inquired.

"Oh, he only led the nation in field goal percentage before this game," I answered sarcastically.

After the game, waiting outside the stadium, I saw Harry Oliver appear in the runway. The brief conversation that occurred after his third missed field goal came crashing back to mind, and I felt similar to Peter after the cock crowd. For if there was any one player who epitomized the team's deep devotion to Our Lady it was he, and I now felt my crack in the press box was somewhat close to blasphemy. For the man who stood before me was not "Harry the Hero" I had glimpsed at the Hilton, but a beaten prophet who had been thrown into a den of dogs and now longed to be back in the holy hollow of the Grotto, safely

in his Mother's arms. And yet, when another man, presumably Harry's father, came up and put his arm around his son's shoulder, Harry straightened once again with the strength one has when he knows he no longer is forsaken. And I knew then that if his kick that never should have made it had added to his faith, then the two that should have made it that day would bring him all the more closer to the Lord. For when one has such forgiving arms to fall back on, there's an "extra point" to coming back.

New Year's night inside the French Quarter proved much more subdued, and maybe even sort of back to normal. Judging from the numbers, the Irish fans didn't exactly go into mourning though few of them smaller in stature than brother Larry now wore any outward sign of their affiliation. Even the Georgia fans were pretty quiet, for by now most of them were so drunk on victory and the frozen daiquiris that were sold in the Superdome that they were having pretty much trouble holding their heads up, let alone holding them high. In any event, the waiting lines for Pat O'Brien's pub were still quite long, but I decided to brave them anyway, not so much for the pleasure of being blown away by the "Hurricane," the native fruit "punch" that the locals bragged about so much, but for the "kick" one Patricia O'Brien I knew back home might get when she received the souvenir glass bearing her name.

Though it claims to be the bar that does the greatest volume of business in the world, and has been the site of numerous cinematic scenes, including one in *Private Benjamin*, in one respect Pat O'Brien's was no different than any other bar I have ever been in. For despite the massive crowds that kept pouring in and Louisiana's drinking age of eighteen, I was not allowed to enter until I produced several ID's. My seventeen-year-old sister had gotten in undetected, but justice was served when an observant bartender served her a "Mint Julep" that was too strong to drink, and was forced to relinquish the whiskey to Larry, who was presently engaged in conversation with one of the opposition. The Dog was asking Larry if Catholics smoked dope. Remembering the "Sarduchi" connection, Larry stared him in the eye and said SOME of us do, and moved on.

Out in the streets, the city's would-be artists and ever-present bums were still plying the out-of-towners for what they could, which

today wasn't much. Whereas an energetic youth in only a T-shirt sang, strummed, and shivered for the crowd for dollar bills and more yesterday, a suit-coated guitarist was having trouble getting enough discarded beers to get drunk on tonight, and the Dogs were REALLY making the overweight tap dancer dance, throwing nickles and dimes under his feet instead of in the box provided. Later, when sitting on the steps in front of Jackson Park, a nearsighted and stuffy-nosed drunk asked us for a toke on our joint when all we were really passing around was a bag of Doritos. As we were leaving I was at a loss when a man came up to us and asked, "Can any of you boys spare a quarter for an old man?" For although judging from his rags he needed it as much as any other, I knew by his still unwrinkled face he was not much older than me.

Yet, despite the loss of a game and perhaps a little innocence, the Irish fans can surely not go away feeling too distressed. The truly distressed people should be the University of Georgia's administrators, and the state of Georgia itself. Not only were they lacking in any amount of originality, running that dreaded phrase, "How 'bout them Dawgs" into the ground until all one could do was raise his arms and cry out, "HUSH, puppies!", their physical imitation of their favorite animal became pretty gross indeed. Granted, it was the school's first National Championship, and thus a little foolishness should be expected, but

(continued on page 31)



Poetry

by Katie Willson

A Toast

Let us not
and say yes
we did

Breaking
like splintered
pieces
left

To the unlucky one
a toast
we drink

On high seas
sailing
on high notes

A tone
less of time
a golden

Chain
a glitter
a dime store
piece

A shivered glass
in mint
green

Sunday
one day
we were green

And fell
like stones
in a silent

Pond of ducks
cloven white
on a wire fence

The heavy wind
has wound
its way

The silent
with blue
cat eyes

On Sunday
green
it lay

The copper
washed away
a mine
a mint

Of fresh Sunday green

It takes so long

When we find it
let us say
yes we did

And leave
in the morning
no trace
no scent

The kisses
stain

Bloody red
like war
our lips

The poppies
billow honesty
a mist

An opium haze
let us say
we did

and go away

Another Day

Some ways
have been considered
less perilous
the pinks and violets
still melt
together every evening
lovers of other colors
racing for the shore
for the fishing boats
dark in the deep violet
shade
of forbidden nights
nights grown morning
today is to die
under a striped awning
fearlessly the painter
washes pinks
and violets
a sunset scene
and tapes it to the window.

*Katie Willson, a senior majoring in
English Literature at Saint Mary's,
is from South Bend.*

(continued from page 30)

when, as Bob Verdi reported, upon their return to Georgia there were hundreds of "Bulldog freaks cavorting along main streets, barking and biting each other," one has to wonder about the mentality of such creatures. For although even Notre Dame fans' perspectives may stray a little in their effort to honor the almighty touchdown, they rarely get downright idolatrous about it. Dr. Bernard F. Sigler, president of Florida State University, perhaps puts this dilemma in perspective best when he said, "For a college to win too long or too often can be detrimental." It is all true, but the key word to me is "can."

Though Notre Dame HAS flour-

ished long in football, this success has been a boom to its academic rating, and I would be inclined to say its spiritual growth as well. Now there are those who maintain that God made Notre Dame, like the ancient Israelites, #1. I myself am not exactly in that camp, but I do tend to think that God HAS made Notre Dame #1 only when they have returned the favor. In any event, we pray and win more National Championships than any other major college, so I'm pretty satisfied on those accounts.

But why the Georgia win? As far as that goes, my dad, who knows a lot about God and Notre Dame, if not so much about the sport itself (he told me someday I would be a

professional football player), seems to think that everyone had more to gain by seeing what happens when a school like Georgia wins the National Championship than to see Notre Dame squeak by to a victory with no title at stake for them. For if Georgia maintains its attitude as the Babylon of college football, we all know they'll sink back into obscurity before very long. Every dog MAY have his day here on earth, but the reason ole Notre Dame will win over all is because it knows that a DOG is NOT man's best friend. Just turn the word around Georgia, and see for yourself.

His uplifted arms aren't raised over Notre Dame Stadium for nothing. □

The Last Word

by Chuck Wood

I have an open invitation for anyone reading this magazine. It is fitting for me to make this invitation in the Sports Review since it combines teamwork and competition. Your job, should you choose to accept it, is to drag out the athlete in me. In return, I would try to call forth more of the intellectual in you.

That doesn't sound too hard, but I should warn you that two friends in Pangborn have tried on separate occasions to take up the challenge, with various degrees of nonsuccess. But here's the job description for those who may be interested. First, the teamwork: our goal is to be well-rounded young men with that lean and artsy look. Second, the competition: the challenge is to see who can be quicker in developing which characteristics in whom.

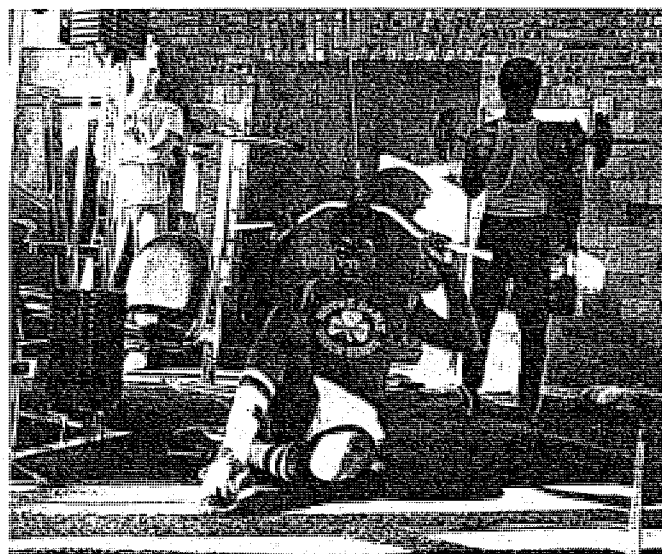
Because Pangborn is so close to the Rock and the lakes, and the campus culture centers are on the other side of the Quad, you would think my friends had a clear advantage. But mere physical proximity was not enough to overcome one fundamental aspect of my psyche; I have a low tolerance for pain. It's not that I can't withstand a little discomfort. It's simply that pain annoys me easily. So, for instance, I don't mind a run around the lakes as long as I don't run into the legendary wall of pain.



Now I do not want to discourage anyone from taking up the invitation. There is an athlete within me . . . somewhere. His history goes back to fourth grade and CYO Basketball. The CYO philosophy was great since no one who tried out for a team could be cut. This gave a certain comfort to those who were always the "Last to Be Picked." It would have been terrible to be the "Not Picked at All." I remember how the coach pushed us and churned us through drills and patterns and exercises. It was all valuable preparation for me . . . and the total of eight or nine minutes that I played during two seasons. You think that's a little ridiculous? Well, O.K., maybe it was *fifteen* minutes.

Anyway, no matter how few minutes it was, there was one moment among them that I won't forget. Our team was losing, and it was just before the half. For some strange reason, the coach put me in as a sub. We were scrambling toward our basket, somebody called my name, and suddenly there was this round, orange thing sitting in my hands.

Here was a setup for sports-drama if there ever was one. The seconds passed. No time to pass the ball to anyone else. If I made the shot, we would be tied at the half. All that I saw in that gym were the ball, the



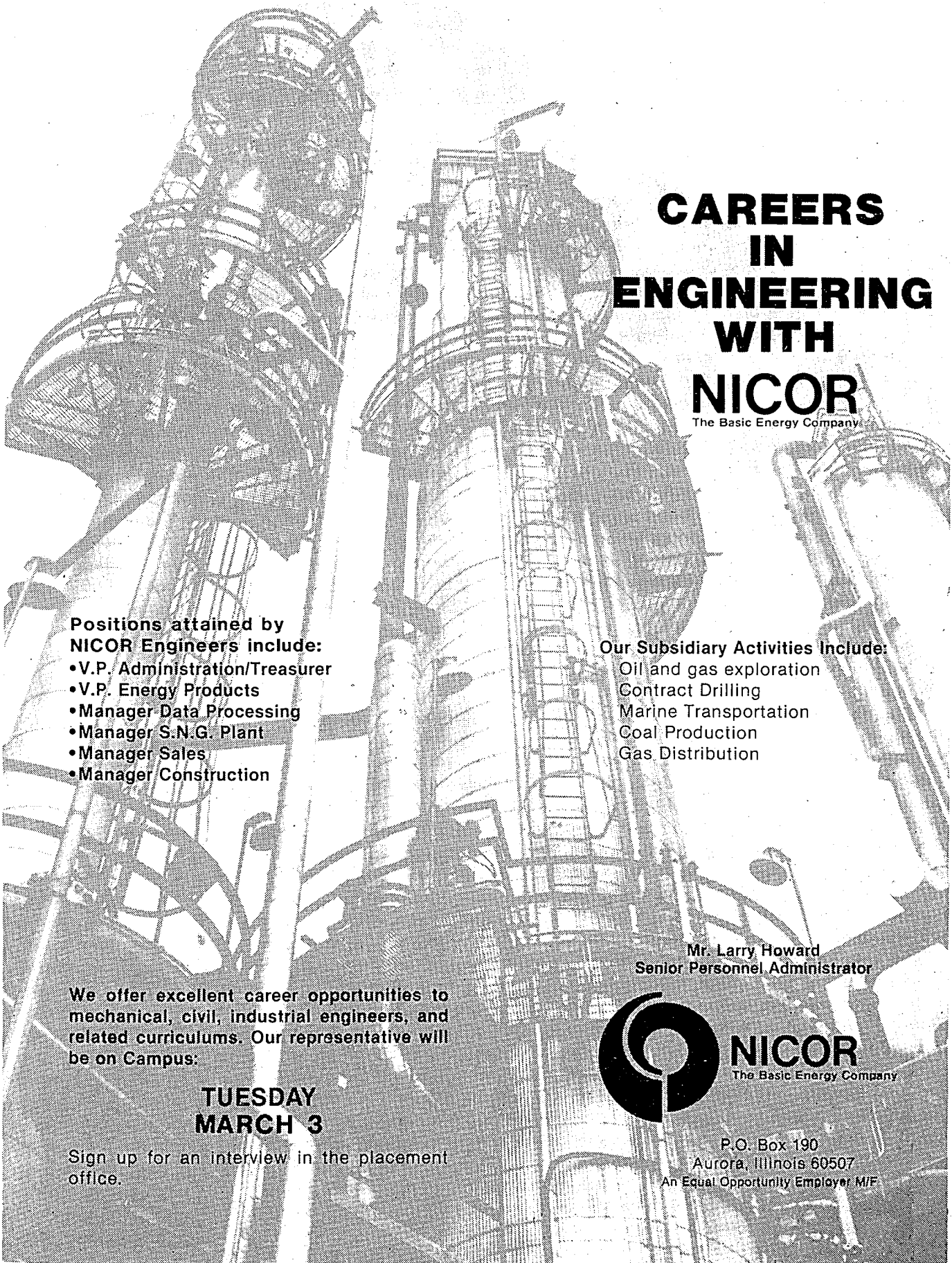
basket, the coach, and my dad. But I heard all the shouting directed at me. I took the shot. The buzzer blasted. The crowd cried out. And the ball glided to the floor, exorbitantly short of the basket.

Ever since then, the athlete in me has shifted between avoiding situations that might end as that one did, and craving another chance to make that shot. So, I want to get involved in good workouts, but I usually have to find a friend who will make me do it. Or the incentive of being in a race to get the other person a little more interested in the arts could be enough to combat my inertia.

Notre Dame sure is a good place for the athletic life. And it's supposed to be a training camp for the life of the mind, as well. These two lives are not mutually exclusive, and anyone who takes up the invitation I have made will contribute to the pursuit of the most noble, ideal synthesis of the athletic and intellectual personae: the Philosopher-Jock. Interested? Meet me in the Snite or at the Rock. □



The Editor would like to express sincere thanks to Mr. Michael Chiasson, who served as Athletic Consultant for the Photo/weight lifting session.



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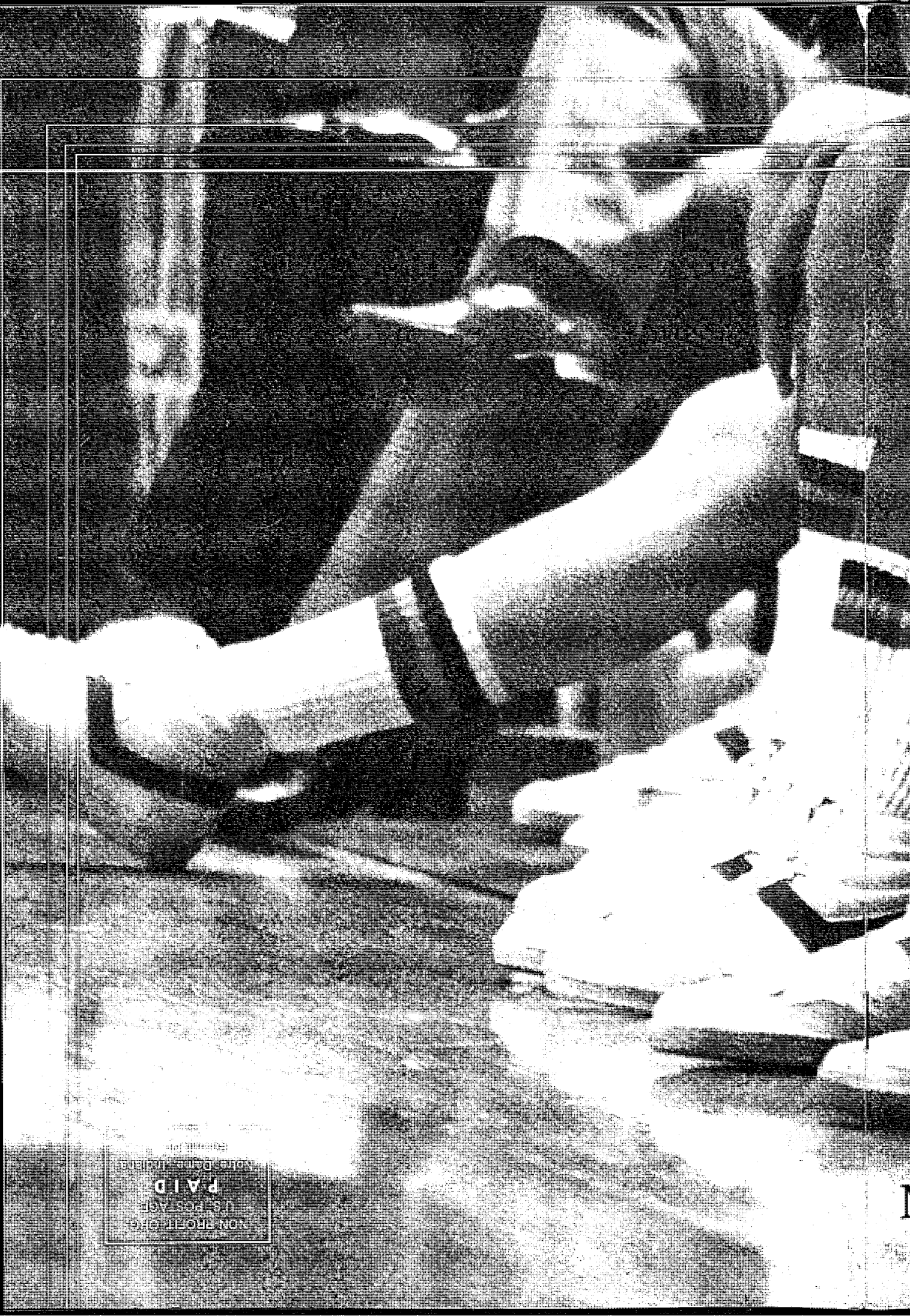
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