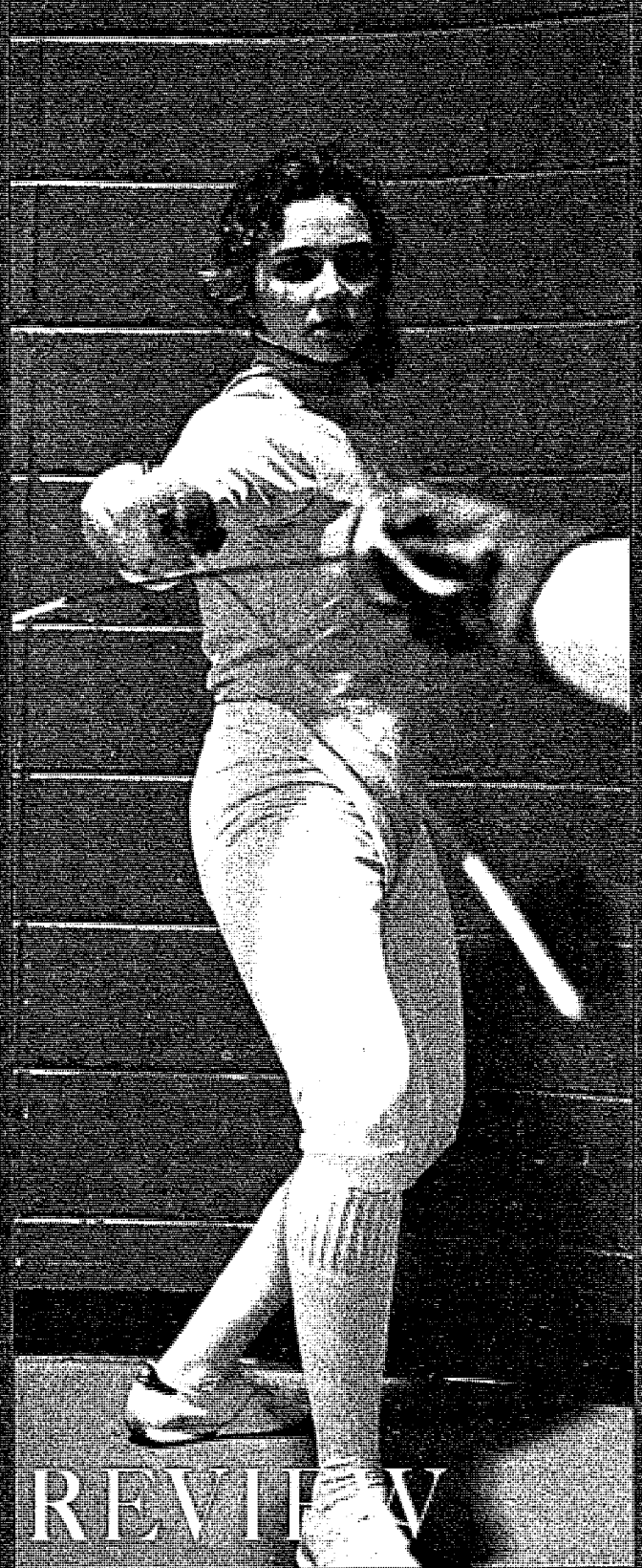
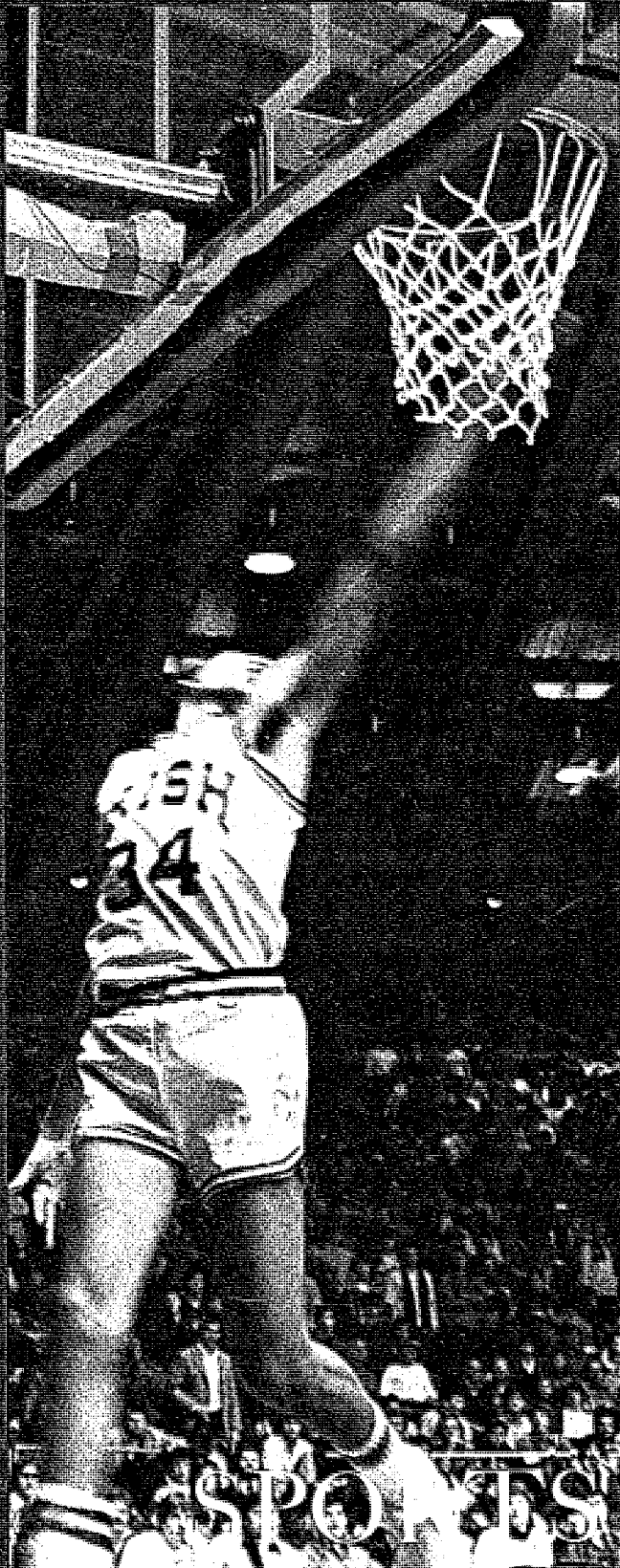


# Scholastic

January, 1982



1981-1982

# Plants and Flowers

Le Mans Hall  
St. Mary's College  
Notre Dame, Indiana 46556

*"Terri's Original Designs"*

Friendly, accommodating service at the lowest possible prices.

14-day student charge accounts available if paid prior to vacation periods.

Discounts on large quantity orders

**Call (219) 284-5891**

- Wire Service
- Corsages
- Gift Items
- Arrangements
- Plants
- Silk Flowers
- Free SMC delivery —  
50c ND delivery
- Centerpieces
- Accessories



**FLORAFAX**

GUARANTEED FRESH / SERVICE WORLDWIDE



ACE IS THE PLACE  
WITH THE HELPFUL HARDWARE MAN

Greenview

**272-7535**

HOURS  
7:30 AM To 5:30 P.M.  
Closed Sunday



FREE PARKING  
FRONT & REAR

219 DIXIE WAY  
NO. IN ROSELAND

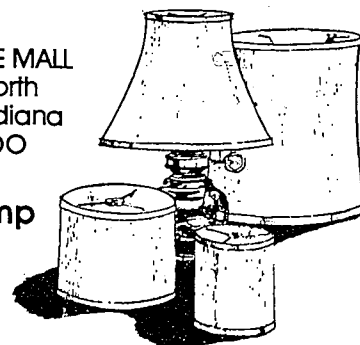
- PAINTS
- TOOLS
- PLUMBING & ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
- GARDEN SUPPLIES
- HOUSEWARES
- HARDWARE
- SPORTING GOODS

LAMP SHADES – LAMP REPAIR – LAMP PARTS  
GLASS PARTS – LAMPS – LIGHTING FIXTURES

## Village Lamp Shoppe

NORTH VILLAGE MALL  
52577 US 31 North  
South Bend, Indiana  
(219) 272-0600

Custom Lamp  
Shades



# SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 123, No. 5, January 1982  
Notre Dame, IN 46556

## FEATURES

- 3 **Notre Dame Football: The Rainy Season**  
*A recap of Faust's first . . .* Mike Dorociak
- 6 **Volleyball: A Decade of Experience**  
*Saint Mary's captain reflects on her athletic career . . .* Theresa Walters
- 8 **An Old Game That Hasn't Changed**  
*Notre Dame Woman take to field hockey . . .* Kathy Ray
- 10 **Jump Ball, Center Court**  
*Notre Dame Women's Basketball: Hail Mary! Let's Go . . .* Jenny Klauke
- 11 **The Rational Athlete**  
*Fencing—the assassin's pax de Deux . . .* Scott Thomas
- 12 **Fellowship of Christian Athletes: Faith on the Playing Field**  
*Seeking to understand Christ and one another . . .* Dale Fronk
- 14 **Notre Dame Women's Tennis**  
*Serving up a successful season . . .* Tina Stephan
- 18 **Notre Dame Volleyball Grows Up**  
*Spiking with a punch . . .* Jan Yurgealitis
- 20 **"I Need Two!"**  
*The competition outside the stadium . . .* Philip Allen
- 22 **1981 Football Statistics**

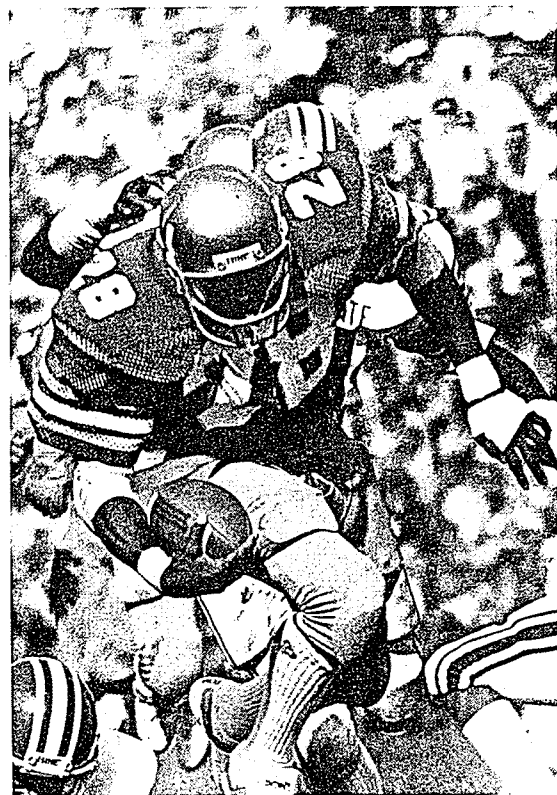
## REGULARS

- 2 **Up Front** Ed Kelly
- 16 **Gallery**
- 24 **Fiction/The Exchange Program** Sheila Beatty
- 25 **Fiction/Getting On** Beth Healy
- 28 **Poetry** Mary Francis DeCelles, Kathleen Johannsen
- 31 **Culture Update**
- 32 **Last Word** Chuck Wood

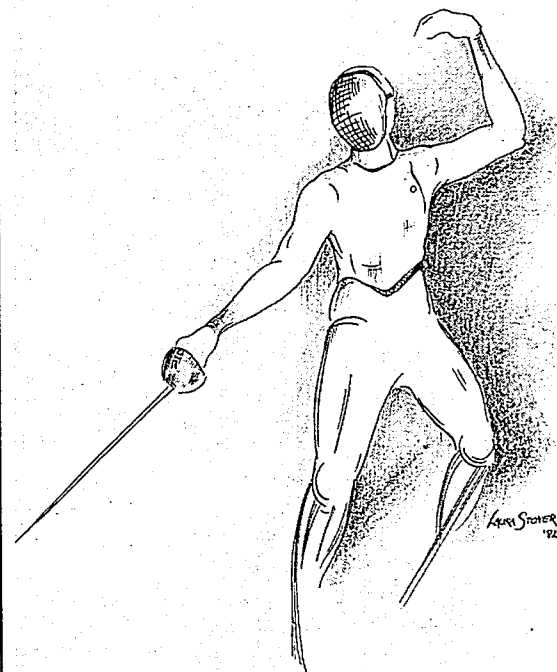
The opinions expressed in **Scholastic** are those of the authors and editors of **Scholastic** and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the entire staff and editorial board of **Scholastic** or the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty, or the student body.

The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services and CASS Student Advertising, Inc. Published monthly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, **Scholastic** is printed at **Ave Maria Press**, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$7.00 a year and back issues are available from **Scholastic**. Please address all manuscripts to **Scholastic**, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of **Scholastic**.  
copyright © 1982 **Scholastic** / all rights reserved / none of the contents may be reproduced without permission.

JANUARY, 1982



page 3



page 11

# Up Front

by Ed Kelly

Ladies and gentlemen (especially ladies), welcome to this year's *Scholastic* "Sports Review." Those of you who have been here before remember, no doubt, the old days when the entire sports issue was a review of football—and those watching closely last year saw a change to the coverage of all sports. Well folks, this year it's all sports again, but there's a new twist, for in the center ring this month are women's sports! (Ladies, please . . . hold the applause.) Is this a mad embracing of Title IX? A desperate attempt to shift the focus away from the unfortunate football team? No; it's an anniversary. After ten years of participation (and little coverage), the spotlight is shared at last by the Notre Dame (and the longer-running Saint Mary's) women, who by now have proven themselves to be no less competitive in the college sports

circuit than the much-lauded men. The women though, operating without the century of tradition to fall back on, have only just begun to fight—and this month they have an audience. . . .

Naturally, however, a sports editor at Notre Dame cannot abandon his football coverage . . . the good ol' football review is still alive and well, albeit in capsulized form. But for the men as well as the women athletes, 1981-82 was and is a year of building and rebuilding, and in such a case it is often best to let the athletes speak for themselves. For the most part, this issue does just that, most of the articles having been written by the participants. . . . Without further delay, therefore, *Scholastic* once again presents — something different in a sports review.



## Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

As a subscriber to *Scholastic* (and a subway alumnus) I find your articles enjoyable, even when they are "off the beaten path."

Now, a little commentary on the Notre Dame Football and Basketball teams' lack of success this year. A temporary detour will not deter Coach Faust or Digger from their winning ways. Those legions of fans have to remember, "No

pain, no gain."

We will all rise to the occasion, I'm sure, and support the players whether they are ranked first or fifty-first. And then we will no longer have to endure the snide remarks from certain journalistic jackals (who shall remain nameless) who revel in our present discomfort.

Sincerely,  
Norm Beznoska, Jr.  
Strongsville, Ohio

## EDITORIAL BOARD 1981-1982

**Sports Review Editor**  
Ed Kelly

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**  
Chuck Wood

**GENERAL MANAGER**  
Clay Malaker

**Culture/Fiction Editor**  
Jane Zwerneman

**St. Mary's Editor**  
Elizabeth Bradley

**Copy Editors**  
Dan McGrath  
Mark Bustamante

**Advertising Manager**  
Brian Graham

**Distribution Manager**  
Randy Raciti

**Business Manager**  
Pat James

**Layout Editor**  
Mike Mulligan

**Art Editor**  
Tamera Mams

### Staff

Beth Healy, Alyson Hritz, Barbara Stevens, Bryan Cashman, Jim Wasilak, Joe Hildener, Karen Trappen, Beth DeSchryver, Duncan Meyers, Jim Rickert, Allen Brenzel, Scott Rappold, Bill Muller, Julie Wodarczyk, Mary Sloan, Greg Bachhuber, Tim Judge, Bill Mans, Bob Vanderheide, Mark Boennighausen, Donna Teevan, Charles Van Ravenswaay, Tom Wrobel, Dan Bell, Michael Meeks, Michael Marz, Daniel Ferris, Philip Allen, Pat Pitz

## CREDITS

### Illustrations:

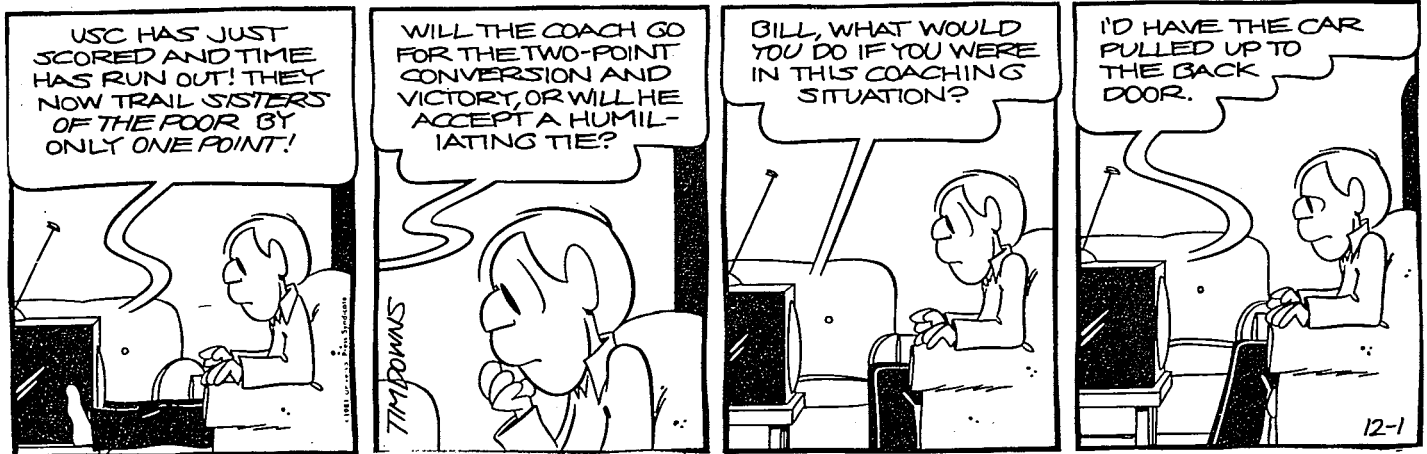
p. 1, Laura Stover; p. 25, Brian McLaughlin; p. 28, 29, Catherine Gunning; advertising, Sven Johnson

### Photos:

p. 1, 4, 5, courtesy of Dome; p. 2, 11, 32, Mike Mulligan; p. 3, 30, Chris Barlock; p. 6, 7, courtesy of Beth Bradley; p. 8, 30, 16, Bob Wade; p. 9, Cheryl Ertelt; p. 11, 13, John Reynolds; p. 14, 15, Dion Rudnicki

### Advisor:

Fr. Mario Pedi, O.S.B.



© Copyright 1981 Universal Press Syndicate. Reprinted with permission. All rights reserved.

# Notre Dame Football: The Rainy Season

by Mike Dorociak

Without a doubt, many fans of college football, including armchair coaches and subway alumni alike, thought Gerry Faust could have used a getaway car of his own to escape many of the situations he found himself in as first-year head coach at Notre Dame. As the football powerhouse of the Midwest, if not the nation, Notre Dame encountered its first losing season since 1963, while much attention focused on the former Moeller mentor. Yet, when we stop to think, the pressure placed on today's football coaches is amazing. All of the traditionally big schools, Notre Dame, U.S.C., Alabama, etc., have established a winning tradition to which their gridiron leaders must adhere. If they do not, then we, as fans, automatically look for someone or something to blame.

As an ardent Notre Dame fan, I too had an explanation for our below par year in football. Somehow I jinxed the whole season. Now this simple explanation was not evident until I realized that as a high school senior, my football team suffered through its only losing season in the school's history with a dismal 2-7 record. After I graduated, the team went on to finish second in the state the following year. Consequently, the way I look at things as a college senior, Notre Dame's losing season was entirely uncharacteristic. As soon as I graduate, the team will be able to go places. Now do not take this for granted. Two years ago, my high school team was ranked #1 in the state. The weekend I went home,

they lost. Similarly, Notre Dame was at one time this year ranked #1 in the country and look what happened. To be honest, I did not think my jinxing ability carried that type of weight. But if I did jinx the football season, just think of the strategy Faust could use. He could send me over to study at U.S.C. for a year or two, that should be enough to help dampen their football program.

Yet, I will have to admit, I have heard more logical explanations as to why Notre Dame had an off year. For instance, many have placed the blame on Faust's inexperience and his complicated offensive system, while others have said that defensively we could not stop the big play. However, I believe that we can sum up the season without any excuses or explanations. Notre Dame is a school that goes far beyond a losing season, a missed field goal, or a ten-yard

penalty. Indeed, losing can be a form of winning if it is treated right.

Notre Dame's season reminds us that to really appreciate the sunshine sometimes we have to experience a little rain. Now I know what many of you are thinking—that the football season brought us a torrential downpour—but who will say that the season was not enjoyable? I for one am thankful I was given the opportunity to root for Notre Dame, win, lose, or draw, and I think most of us are grateful for the same.

The important thing is that we believe in Notre Dame, and that belief is our best insurance for the continuing success in athletics and academics. The next time somebody comes up to you and says, "Hey what happened to Notre Dame last year?" simply tell him, that he must be a nonbeliever. For it is the believers who are true Notre Dame



Blair Kiel calls the shots.



fans, no matter what the outcome. With only 59,075 seats in the Stadium, we do not have any room for the nonbelievers.

Above all, the final score on the scoreboard cannot take away from the memories, experiences, and enjoyment that we have had during the 1981 football season.

In light of this, I would like to offer a brief game-by-game recap of the year, a year that gave us many highlights, but also many disappointments.

It could not have been better conditions for a season opener: excitement was in the air, the weather was friendly (a warm 80 degrees), and Gerry Faust and the rest of the Irish squad were going to experience the thrill of running through the tunnel as they kicked off the beginning of a brand-new season. Facing a young LSU team, the Irish jumped off to a quick start, forcing a fumble on the third play of the game. From there, Blair Kiel connected with Larry Moriarty for N.D.'s first touchdown of the season. It was Kiel's first touchdown pass at Notre Dame and Moriarty's first touchdown of his career. Tim Koegel, who was to share the quarterback spot with Kiel for most of the season, contributed a 6-for-7 passing day, including a touchdown throw to Dave Condeni, his former high school teammate under Faust. The Irish

went on to dominate Louisiana State, earning a sound victory 27-9. The victory made Gerry Faust the 22nd out of 24 Notre Dame head coaches to win his first game at the school. Despite all the excitement generated on the field, Faust still managed to find his wife after the game and give her an all-important victory kiss.

From Notre Dame Stadium, the Irish, now ranked as the number-one team in the nation, traveled to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where they would meet a tough Michigan squad which many preseason predictions held to be the nation's best. The results were less than pleasant for the Irish. A 71-yard scoring strike from Michigan quarterback Steve Smith to speedster Anthony Carter provided the only scoring of the half, as most of us who left the T.V. set at halftime were still confident of an Irish victory. However, the Wolverines took command in the third quarter, and the game was never close after that, as Notre Dame went down in defeat 25-7. Indeed, this was a contest where many Irish fans yearned for some of that old magic that had propelled the Irish past the Wolverines in previous years.

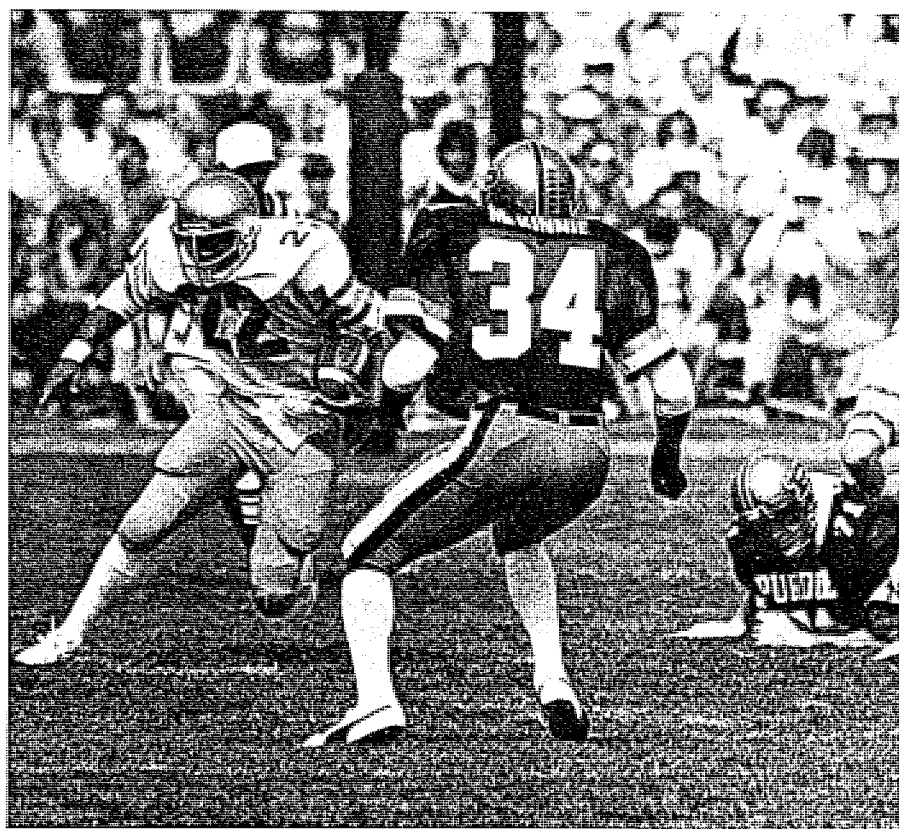
Moving on to face the Purdue Boilermakers at West Lafayette, Notre Dame found themselves overconfident, and as a result, they learned a hard lesson. Strongly favored to win the game, the Irish

finally took the lead in the fourth quarter behind an inspiring 30-yard run by co-captain Phil Carter. The student body, once again glued to their T.V. sets, if not at the game, could sit back and watch the defense go to work with only 2:57 remaining in the game. Yet, Purdue managed to crack the Notre Dame defense, scoring on a 7-yard pass play with only nineteen seconds left. Excitement mounted as Purdue, behind by one point, decided to go for all or nothing by attempting a two-point conversion. It was the same play, run to the other side, and the same result. Purdue pulled off a shocking upset over Notre Dame, 15-14. A dejected Irish ballclub was to return home the next week to face Michigan State.

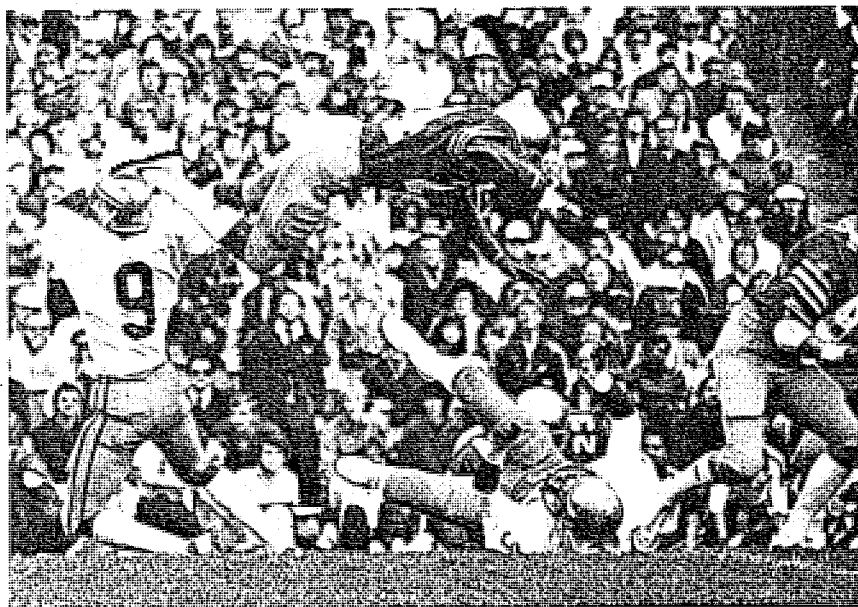
With Phil Carter hurt in the first quarter, Greg Bell came in against the Spartans and did more than his job. In fact, he worked overtime picking up 165 yards in 20 carries, only to leave the game in the fourth quarter with a hip pointer. The defense prohibited Michigan State from earning a single first down in both the first and fourth quarters, and allowed them only 8 first downs the whole day. It was good to be home, as Harry Oliver added his first two field goals of the year to give the Irish a sound 20-7 victory. The only Michigan State scoring strike came on a 63-yard pass play. The big play again hurt Notre Dame, something it would do all season.

Although I could not attend the Florida State game because of a wedding, I did manage to bring a pocket radio to the church. After all, it was the first meeting between the two teams, and I wanted to say that I was a part of it. However the Irish could never get untracked, managing only 38 yards of passing the whole day, and only successful in 1 of 14 third-down conversions. A Notre Dame score in the fourth quarter was not enough, as Florida State rallied to break a 13-13 tie and earn a 19-13 win. In the process, the Seminoles became only the third team since 1943 to win their first game in Notre Dame Stadium, along with Missouri (1972) and Clemson (1979).

After a week off, the Fighting Irish returned to the Stadium to continue their fierce rivalry with the Trojans of Southern California. Although it turned out to be one of N.D.'s best games of the season, the Irish unfortunately came up short, falling to Southern Cal 14-7. It was the first time in the history of the



*An inspiring run by Co-captain Phil Carter*



ND-USC series that the Trojans defeated the Irish four straight times. Notre Dame's last win in the rivalry came in 1977 when Dan Devine's eventual national championship team switched to their green jerseys at halftime. Yet, I will have to admit, this game marked some very good, hard football. Remarked Faust, "Today our team came of age." The game was even at the half, as both teams were unable to score. Even during the third quarter, Notre Dame responded to a U.S.C. score with a 5-yard run by Phil Carter. But the Irish, repeating a problem they faced all year, could not quite match their rivals. U.S.C. broke the tie with a 26-yard touchdown run in the fourth quarter. The game ended when a late scoring drive engineered by Blair Kiel fell short.

If there ever was a cure for Notre Dame's midseason slump this year, it could have been the Midshipmen from Navy. After losing the last two games at home, Notre Dame was able to blank Navy 38-0, making it the third straight shutout the Irish have placed over the Midshipmen. At the forefront of the victory was a new name to many Irish fans—Joe Howard. The talented freshman dazzled the crowd with a reverse touchdown in the first quarter, only to keep the crowd on their feet with a 52-yard touchdown grab from Blair Kiel in the second quarter. All in all, Howard took in 5 passes for 115 yards. Teammate Blair Kiel also enjoyed his finest day at the Irish helm, completing 13 of 23 passes for 225 yards and two touchdowns. Tony Hunter, replacing the unfortunate loss of tight-end Dean Masztak, also caught a 27-yard touchdown pass at tight end.

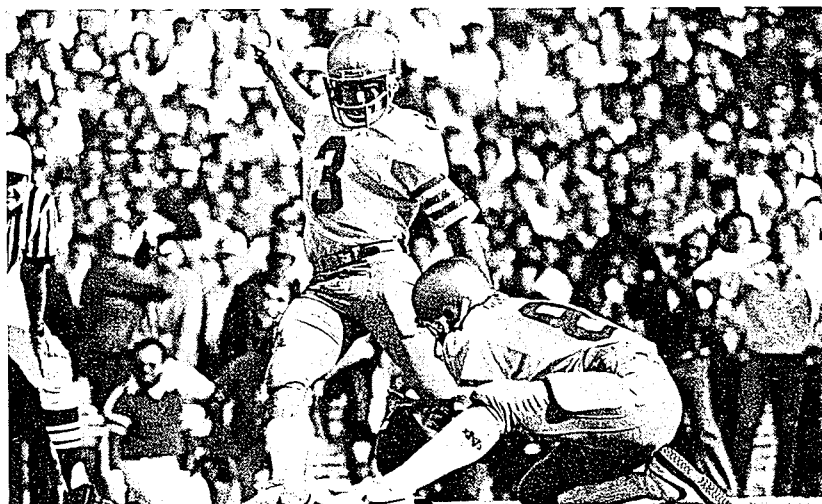
Witnesses of Notre Dame's last 1981 home football game against the Georgia Tech Yellowjackets, were fortunate enough to see the longest touchdown pass in Notre Dame's history—a 96-yard scoring strike from Blair Kiel to Joe Howard. If that was not enough to get the blood pumping, Kiel hit Howard again with a 58-yard pass in the second quarter good for another 6 points. Veteran Tim Koegel came in to replace Kiel and threw two touchdown passes of his own. This was the last game for the senior players and senior fans and of course it brought back many memories gathered throughout their four-year stay here at Notre Dame. In any event, the finale at Notre Dame Stadium left us with a good feeling as the Irish trounced the Yellowjackets 35-3.

Notre Dame then took to the road for its last three games of the season playing Air Force, Penn State, and

Miami. At the Air Force Academy Gerry Faust obtained his last win of the 1981 season, 35-7. The game however proved to be a tough battle for the Irish, much tougher than the score reflected. The contest was a personal milestone for consensus All-American Bob Crable as he eclipsed the old Notre Dame record for most tackles in a career which was formerly held by Bob Golic. Indeed, Crable was a mainstay of the Notre Dame defense all year, wherever the ball was, you had a good bet that he was nearby.

At Beaver Stadium in Pennsylvania, the Irish were about to meet a ranked opponent for the fifth time in ten outings, Penn State. It was going to be a classic matchup—Joe Paterno in his 16th season at Penn State against rookie coach Gerry Faust who had struggled through an unpredictable year under the Dome. Only thirty-one seconds into the contest, Penn State was on the score-

*(cont'd on page 30)*



*Harry Oliver, going for one more*

# VOLLEYBALL

## A Decade of Experience

by Theresa Walters

Have I been playing volleyball for ten years? No wonder my knees are giving out. As my mother says, "Who would ever have thought that shy, skinny-legged, seventh-grader, who didn't even like talking on the phone, would be coaching a girl's middle school volleyball team?" I have learned a great deal by participating in this sport over the years.

Yes, I succumbed to peer pressure. Everyone has heard of the detrimental effects of peer pressure. From taking that first drag of a cigarette to that first drink, peer pressure has always been understood as a pernicious enemy. If peer pressure was of any benefit to me, it was in seventh grade when two of my friends decided to try out for the first-year volleyball team. So, of course, I tried out too. We all made the team and then began the team-learning experience. We were expected to refrain from cigarettes and alcoholic drink and practice during our free time; so, who had time to get into trouble? A strict, gruff, but popular gym teacher took on the challenge of coaching us. We knew what was expected of us, and we learned the basics quickly — forearm pass, set, spike, serve, etc. — so quickly that at the end of our eighth-grade season we were city champs.

What a difference from recreation-gym class volleyball where basketball players slam-dunk the volleyball over the net and call it a spike! TIPVB — This Is Power VolleyBall. This past season, some friends from Saint Mary's and Notre Dame came to watch the SMC-ND volleyball match. Obviously they hadn't seen

volleyball played like that before, and I was delighted at their surprise and enthusiasm. Of course, they especially liked the spikes and dives. However, volleyball is much more than this. If the forearm pass is not to the setter, the setter cannot set the spiker and the play is not effective; it isn't a crowd pleaser. That's what I enjoy and what is so exciting about volleyball: the challenge of playing together like clockwork, the accomplishment of a play well executed.

High school proved to be tough years for volleyball. I learned patience from gathering splinters and from relating to another coach. These years also taught me initiative. Even though I did a lot of bench-sitting, I made sure I sat close to the coach where she could see I was ready to go in anytime.

I have learned that power volleyball is a fun, graceful sport which demands skills, concentration, quick reaction, discipline, and communication. The loss of concentration during a game is less than graceful and is costly. One distraction, causing a loss of eye to ball coordination and therefore a loss of reaction time, can result in an easy point for the opposition. Discipline and self-control is required not only in maintaining concentration but also in the rigorous training. Volleyball is fun, but at times it is just plain hard work and requires endurance. I remember praying on the way to practice many a time asking the Lord to give me the strength, skill, and concentration to survive another practice. Communication with teammates is also important. Signals are needed





Coach Terri in action

to call plays. Words of encouragement, especially to players who are "down" because they made a bad hit, are very important. I will never forget the effect these words have. For such diverse people, coming from dissimilar backgrounds, to obtain a common goal requires communication and the putting aside of all differences to play the game.

Besides teaching me a lot of volleyball skills, my coaches have taught valuable characteristics. How a volleyball player can be strong and intimidating on the court without losing a lady-like countenance is a trick which one can pick up. Persistent firmness in dealing with the administration to get more meal money, better transportation, etc., is also a lesson learned.

I've seen the varsity volleyball program at Saint Mary's develop rapidly. I remember my freshman year being on a very easygoing team which played straightforward volleyball. I look back in surprise to see that we had a winning season. The next year a new coach was hired who had a lot of experience playing volleyball. From this point on there were many new strategies, techniques, and a new coaching philosophy to be learned. Being a member of this team was more demanding than the previous year's team. Then, during the off-season, players had the opportunity to increase their skills and experience by playing a United States Volleyball Association club volleyball team which played in tournaments on the weekends.

The rapid development of varsity volleyball at Saint Mary's can also

be attributed to the new Angela Athletic Facility. Although I have never experienced being short-changed, it is great to be at an all-women's college where the only competition for courts is from other women's sports. The fan support could use a boost, but the varsity volleyball team and sports teams in general give opportunities for students to build character and friendship. This is one of the main objectives of varsity sports at Saint Mary's. Therefore, remaining a Division III team and giving no volleyball scholarships is adequate to achieve this objective. The academic excellence of Saint Mary's draws women with many talents and many with enough athletic talent to insure competitive teams.



The Trinity Eagles heed Terri's words . . .  
"Move! Do not let the ball hit the floor!"

Now I coach a middle school volleyball team. I have experienced many of the joys and frustrations I am sure my former coaches have experienced. Why did my coach cringe when the ball hit our floor once in a game? Why did she roll her eyes when I missed my serve? I listen to myself yell the same things that I heard from my coaches: "You can't get any points unless you get your serve over the net . . . MOVE! DO NOT let the ball hit the floor! . . . Here we go!" The ability to coach at the level of the players and to have the corresponding expectations is a trick in itself without having to unify the varied talents into a winning team. I found myself wanting to teach them all I know about volleyball and realized the many details of the game. There is so much to remember!

One day, while some of the girls were doing drills, I asked a few of the other girls if they had seen the UCLA vs. USC women's volleyball game on television. The girls' eyes lit up and we started to talk excitedly about how thrilling the game was. After a while, I realized that I got so carried away talking about the game that I had forgotten about the girls doing drills. I had to quickly change the drill to relieve them. I can't believe how excited I got when my brother was flipping the channels (like always) right before Christmas Eve Mass and found the match in progress. The match was complete with cheerleaders and a packed sports arena. This showed me that others can find volleyball just as exciting as football. The way the crowds were cheering, you would have thought that they were watching the Comeback Kid throwing a winning touchdown to Kris Haines. People recognize the gracefulness of many football maneuvers (outstanding catches and runs), but not many people realize that volleyball is also a very graceful sport. Someday I'd like to see the excitement and gracefulness of volleyball captured in slow motion like football is. This, I believe, would help people grow in appreciation of the sport and the players. □

*Terri Walters, a senior Biology major, is captain of the Saint Mary's Volleyball Team and coaches the Trinity Academy Girls' Volleyball Team. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.*



Terri Walters

## An Old Game That Hasn't Changed

by Kathy Ray

—What is *that* thing?  
—A field hockey stick.  
—What's field hockey?  
—It's a game similar to ice hockey, but played on a football-size field.  
—Why are you wearing that short skirt?  
—You mean a kilt? Well, it's our uniform.  
—What is this game all about anyway?  
—It's a lot like soccer in its positioning and strategy, with eleven players on each side, and the purpose is to score goals.  
—I've never seen it before, is it new or something? . . .

It seems as if I have that conversation with dozens of people at Notre Dame every field hockey season. When asked why I started playing hockey, I could only answer that it had always been around when I was growing up. Then I began to wonder when and where this mysterious game started and how it became the game it is today.

I was really surprised to learn that experts believe field hockey began in Persia in 2000 B.C. It is supposed that man found an antler with a curved end or broke a limb from a tree and used *them* to hit rocks as hard as he could. This belief was strengthened when, in 1922, a relief dating back to fifth century B.C. was discovered on an ancient wall. The relief portrayed two men holding hooked-shaped sticks playing a type of hockey game.

The name, hockey, describes the hooked form of the stick which is an important characteristic of the game. The English supposedly borrowed the word from the French word, *hoquet*, which means shepherd's crook.

The origin of field hockey is related to the fact that prehistoric man enjoyed many games using a stick

and ball. Sports such as baseball in America, lacrosse in Canada, polo in Persia, and cricket in England all include a common history. They seemed to have developed from the instinctive desire of men and women to strike an object with a stick.

In addition, ball games were thought to be effective as religious ceremonies. Hockey was first played as a serious ritual with vast magical connotations. The course of the ball and the result of a competition were believed to influence nature, the productivity of the fields, and the rising and setting of the sun (which was represented by the hockey ball).

Field hockey was also popular with the American Indians, who played the game initially as part of their ceremonies. One legend of the Vichita Indians states that primitive man created the tools for field hockey from his own body. After others acquired the skill, they split into two groups, which are thought to be the first hockey teams, and played in their first contest.

The field hockey games of the

Indians were dangerous. The players wore no protective clothing and they would block the paths of their opponents with their sticks. The game often became an uncivilized event which resulted in many injuries. After the game was over, however, the participants became friendly again and took part in a feast to celebrate the match.

Present-day field hockey began in England and is similar to games which were often played in the British Isles. In particular, shinty from Scotland and bandy from Wales are ancestors of the game. Hurling though, which is the national game of the Irish, is the true source of field hockey. Hurling was a very rough game in which men would "hurl" or drive the ball as hard and fast as possible.

Many British men quickly became interested in field hockey. Soon government officials feared that the game would interfere with men's skill as archers which was vital to the national defense at the time. The game was banned from Britain and playing would result in a fine and three years of imprisonment. Playing hockey meant so much to these men, however, that even those penalties did not deter them from the game. The ban was repeated until finally the sticks were destroyed. After firearms were invented, archery was no longer a part of the defense and there was no potential harm in playing hockey.

The game continued to be uncontrolled and players were completely uninhibited on the field because there were no rules. The desire to win became stronger and opponents were frequently seen hitting each other with the stick to prevent a pass or a shot on goal.

Many changes in the game gradually took place. Rules were added



Kathy Ray



1981 Notre Dame Field Hockey Team

to better control the game and decrease the number of injuries. Two of the earliest restrictions included a penalty for raising the stick above one's shoulder and the removal of any player who hit another with the stick or the hand.

Field hockey became more popular and clubs began to form all over England. Yet each club played according to its own individual rules. Therefore, the Wimbledon Hockey Club defined a standardized set of rules in 1883. Thereafter the game became one of great accuracy and skill. Furthermore, there was a substantial reduction in the size of the stick which helped to control the roughness and possibility of injury during the game. This change was important in making stickwork an essential feature of the game's precision and speed.

Enthusiasm for the game expanded from England to other countries. Field hockey was first played by women in England in 1887 and thirteen years later in the United States. During these early years, women were required to wear long skirts, tight corsets, and baggy sleeves. As the styles changed, the length of their skirts was slowly shortened to a more comfortable one, enabling women to achieve higher levels of skill.

The Olympic Games included field hockey for the first time in 1908, although the United States did not send a team until 1932. Over the years men's teams in India, Pakistan, and Germany have distinguished themselves as the best field hockey

players in the world. The popularity of the game has grown rapidly in other parts of the world and field hockey is now the second most popular team sport for men with soccer as the leading favorite. In the United States, however, field hockey is believed to be exclusively a woman's sport and has not developed so quickly as a men's game.

The sport of field hockey has definitely undergone many changes since it was first played by primitive men nearly 4,000 years ago. Changing and raising the level of play have been very important goals of hockey associations everywhere.

In particular, I have experienced many changes in the field hockey program over the past three years, which have improved the level of play. An important change is the movement of games from grass to astroturf, making the game faster and requiring new, more controlled skills. In addition, practices now include weight lifting as part of our regular training. The team is now also holding indoor practices during the winter and attending various hockey camps in the summer to prepare for our fall season.

This past year has been our most successful season since field hockey became a varsity sport five years ago. We had a winning season with no seniors on the team making next year look very promising. We played in Division II and found that our only tough competition was against Division I schools which recruit scholarship athletes.

One of the best things about play-

ing field hockey has been making many close friends. When I first arrived as a freshman, I was glad I had something to get involved with right away, because I immediately had a group of friends apart from classes and the dorm. There is a special kind of trust and friendship that grows out of playing on a team with people. When you live together, suffer together, laugh together, and win together, you really get to know a person.

Over the past three years, I have had many opportunities which I would not have had if I were not a member of the field hockey team. Coming from Maine, I had never seen the Midwest. Each year during October break, the team travels and plays a number of games on the road. Freshman year we took a ferry to Mackinac Island, Michigan, and on the way home stopped at Gino's East in Chicago for his famous deep-dish pizza. Sophomore year we visited St. Louis, Missouri, and rode around the Gateway Arch in a tiny elevator.

There is definitely more to field hockey than lifting weights and practicing drills. Most team members must admit that some of the most memorable times of the season were spent on the bus, in the hotel, or out to dinner during trips to away games. This past season was highlighted by two major trips.

The first trip was to a field hockey camp in Sauk Valley, Michigan, where a two-day tournament was

(cont'd on page 19)

# Women's Basketball

## Jump Ball, Center Court

by Jenny Klauke

They pair up randomly. Underneath the boards, Schoothie takes Ruthie and Skippy guards Missy. Up top of the key, Hebbers covers Susan while T.M. takes Janice. Carrie, Jan and Lala stretch out under the basket as they eagerly await their turn. Mary Joan sits at the scorer's table setting the time clock overhead to dot a bright green 3:00. Debbi grips the ball in her hands. As soon as she releases it, the clock runs and each player gives up her individuality to become a teammate, working smoothly with the others. A medley of shoe squeaks and thumps fills the air, frequently pierced by breathy calls of: "Pick right." "I got her." "Rebound." "Outlet." Occasionally, a triumphant yell of "Piece!" or "Ball!" rings out, followed by a sudden race downcourt for a well-executed (or a muffed) fast break.

This action describes one of the many drills that the Notre Dame Women's Basketball Team practices daily. Called the "shell," this drill, like the others, demands concentration, hustle, and teamwork. Success in basketball totally depends on teamwork. All the individual talent in the world is wasted if it is not correctly fused with others. Now, in the middle of our season, we have combined for a successful record of 9-3. A year of Division I experience for the upperclassmen and the additional talent of six freshmen make this a more hopeful season than last year (10-18). This time around we have already beaten such teams as Northern Illinois, University of Pennsylvania, Missouri and Marquette and look forward to the tough competition of Michigan, Ball State, Illinois, South Carolina, DePaul, and Michigan State. Each game must be-

come a step of victory to lead us up to the final goal—the NCAA tournament in March.

Although we have the ability to unite when playing ball, our team encompasses an incredibly wide range of personalities. There are: the boisterous rowdies and the sweet innocents, the quiet reflective types and the joking comedians, the intellectuals and the students who struggle, the "ten and two" drivers and the racetrack maniacs, the Barry Manilow and the Ricky James fans. However, one characteristic that all twelve members share is sensitivity. Perhaps this common trait is the key to our motivation and blending of skills on the court. We all sense a need to improve and feel an inner hurt on days when we just can't "get it together."

Ever-present to snap us out of these sluggish times are coaches Di-Stanislaio, Knapp and Murphy. Their knowledge of the tiny technicalities of the game amazes us all. They will instruct us to adjust our body position on defense, bring our follow through just a little higher when shooting, or pound the ball in when dribbling. Among coaching staffs, this attention to *detail* distinguishes the great from the mediocre. Each coach, like each player, has a unique personality, but all three care deeply and devote themselves fully to their profession: basketball. Like us, their differences crop up away from the court. For example, after preparing a seven-course dinner for "her girls," one coach amuses us and herself with a five-inch-tall rubber gorilla named Walter and the other tells humorous stories about family vacations and eating oysters for the first time, while the third coach

smiles as he devotes his attention to his twenty-three-month-old daughter.

Besides players and coaches, many other people contribute (the entire staff, including managers, trainers, the chaplain, families, Varsity Crowd and fans), and all have become more like friends than mere co-workers.

Experiences on road trips play a big role in uniting a team like ours. So many things happen on a trip. The excitement of leaving: packing nice clothes "real" shoes. Bumpy bus ride: dozing in seats. Airports bustling past porters curious questions, "Are you girls in a choir?" "No, we're cheerleaders." Plane ride: fights for a window seat stewardess imitations ears pop pass out gum landing. Finally in a new city: plush hotel new roommate jokes unpack team meals lots of carbos. Back to hotel room darkness thinking about the game nervous stomach don't forget shoes meet in lobby. Bus ride to arena: huge foreboding building stomach tightens. . .

Locker room, before the game: silence Dianne tapes her ankles pull on the blue and gold walk to the floor bright lights stretch bounce ball feel leather shoot around scrutinize opponents ease nerves. Back to locker Xing and Oing on the blackboard strategy goals gulp water. Jog to gym bigger crowd warm ups drills confidence time flicks down 10:00. Again to the locker room starting matchups pep talk Hall Mary "Let's Go!" burst out together introductions cheers. Our final huddle: "Defense!"

This is it, the moment that everything has built up to. Now is the time to display the result of many combined efforts. Running, early morning weight lifting, one-on-one baseline, "suicides," "truck and trailers," sprints, shooting, defensive drills and even the intense shell drill have each prepared us for this one game.

. . . eyes determined muscles relax hearts beat faster . . . toss up! □

*Jenny Klauke is a sophomore on Notre Dame's team who hails from Glenview, Illinois. She has been unable to play for half the season (sidelined with a stress fracture) and thus had time to write this article.*

Mention the word "fencing" to an average Domer. His immediate images will most likely be those of old pirate movies: swashbuckling swarthies swing scimitars. The imagination turns to Errol Flynn, as Robin Hood, charging up and down staircases in the grand castle, swinging from the chandeliers until the wicked Prince John is ultimately skewered by the hero in green. An alternate picture commonly painted is that of two gentlemen in spotless white uniforms calmly attempting to poke each other, all while gently speaking unintelligible French as befits gentry of their standing. In reality fencing is all this and more. In every bout (between *two* fencers, a match being between two teams) there is more excitement than in any movie, as well as more courtesy, concentration and active mental work than in almost any other sport.

The art of fencing is poetry in motion. Alphons Beitzinger says "Poetry embodies fundamental truths." Fencing also seems to embody a fundamental truth of human existence. This truth is the ultimate dichotomy of human relationships: the most basic instinct of personal survival coupled with the human need to express one's inner self through art. Fencing is chess on your feet: developed from the sword-fighting skills needed (in days of yore), for mere survival. Kill or be killed was the watchword, yet this bloody necessity of *Homo sapiens*

# The Rational Athlete

by Scott Thomas

has transformed itself into a dance-like series of thrusts, lunges, parries and ripostes as graceful as a *pas de deux* from Swan Lake.

For the sake of the layman, a word about the three weapons used. The first is called a foil. This weapon has evolved from the fighting sword of the seventeenth century, similar to those used by the French musketeers. The original object was to kill or mortally wound one's opponent by piercing a vital organ. The idea has been carried through somewhat, as evidenced by the rules for the foil, limiting the area upon which touchés (the term for legally stabbing an opponent) can be scored to the torso, excluding the arms and the head. In

addition, there are rules limiting when touchés can be scored. For example, either fencer may attack first. However, if the attacker misses his target, he can not immediately attack again. In essence, he must *let* the other fencer attack *him*. After defending himself he is then permitted to attack again. These restrictions encourage intense concentration on exactly what is happening during the bout. The situation must be analyzed and a course of action decided upon in a fraction of a second. If the wrong decision is made, the opponent scores . . . 250 years ago he would have died for the same mistake.

As civilization progressed, man turned to a more rational(?) method of solving disagreements: the duel. Although some of these altercations resulted in fatalities, when fighting with swords, the winner was the "gentleman" who drew the first blood. A scratch *anywhere* on an opponent was enough to win. From this chivalric concession evolved the second weapon: slightly longer and heavier than the foil, it is the épée. The rules for this weapon limit neither the location on the body upon which touches may fall nor the time (in terms of attacking and defending oneself) during which they may be scored.

The third and most dangerous weapon is the saber. As the name implies, this has evolved from the sword of the same name used by the cavalry. Unlike the foil and épée, with which a touch may be scored touchés with a saber may be scored with the tip *or* the edge, using either a thrusting or slashing motion. Any part of the body above the waist is a fair target. . . .

(cont'd on page 13)



Jim Thompson parries Twila Kitchen's thrust



## CHRISTIAN ATHLETICS

I believe the Fellowship of Christian Athletes is the most effective group in America for passing along the influence of Christianity.

—Tom Landry,  
Dallas Cowboys Coach

Faith On the  
Playing Field

by Dale Fronk

While some people may dispute Coach Landry's belief, the Fellowship of Christian Athletes (FCA) does exert Christian influence in the field of athletics. The FCA, now in its twenty-eighth year, is a national organization composed of men and women from the athletic community who desire to advance the ministry of Christ in all areas of life. Applying muscle and action to the Christian faith, the FCA strives to strengthen the moral, mental, and spiritual fiber of America's athletes and coaches.

The heart of the FCA is the Huddle/Fellowship/Chapter program. The Huddle, which consists of current high school athletes, and the college Fellowship, which is comprised of current and former athletes, enable their members to openly discuss their concerns, doubts, fears, feelings, and faith. The common bond of sports—the thrills, the disappointments, the sweat, the pain—allows teammates to share fellowship and their commitment to Jesus Christ.

The next level, the Chapter, consists of professional athletes and laypersons. Besides experiencing Christian fellowship, the Chapter provides the guiding force behind all the FCA activities, including banquets, rallies, and Super Bowl breakfasts. Their most significant contribution, however, is assisting in sponsoring the national conferences.

The national conferences exemplify the FCA movement. Through a program of "inspiration and perspiration," athletes, coaches, and family members have the opportunity to compete in their sport, share in "huddle" discussions, and hear top sports figures, such as Roger Staubach, Randy Gradishar, Don Kessinger, and Kyle Rote Jr., witness to their Christian faith. Two members of the Notre Dame FCA have had an opportunity to attend these national conferences.

Rich McLaughlin, a junior, speaks highly of the personal value of attending a national conference. "The best single week in my life was spent at an FCA national conference in Estes Park, Colorado. I really had the feeling of going to the mountain to be with Our Lord. Over three hundred others gathered together to share and grow in their faith. In fact 'Sharing the Victory' was the theme of the conference. In leaving the mountain, our goal was and continues to be to share Jesus' love through our thoughts, words and actions, as He shared His love with the world."

Freshman Michelle Lopez expressed sentiments similar to Rich's. "For the past three summers I have attended an FCA national conference. Each conference has left me with an insight that was spiritually and athletically fulfilling."

In addition to the Huddle/Fellowship/Chapter program, the FCA operates a National Conference Center in western Indiana. Besides hosting conferences, retreats, and seminars, the NCC provides resource material for group meetings. These items include booklets, cassettes, and biographical films. One such film stars former Irish gridder Ty Dickerson, disclosing his personal adjustment to college life.

As evident by the structure of the FCA national organization, the strength and success it displays depend upon the strength and success of each Huddle, Fellowship, or Chapter. Success at each of these levels insures a strong, well-knit organization.

As President of Notre Dame's FCA, I am aware that FCA has enjoyed only moderate success here in the past. When I arrived here two years ago, I reasoned that Notre Dame, because of its strong athletic tradition and Catholic background, would have an impressive Fellowship. But when I attended the first meeting, I discovered the group consisted of two others besides myself. I could not understand why a school of Notre Dame's stature responded poorly to a program which exemplified the very ideals of the University.

Prior to my second year affiliated with the Notre Dame FCA, I discovered why participation had been rather dismal. Time demands imposed on the Notre Dame athlete are great, yielding very little free time. But FCA recognizes this and encourages former athletes as well as current athletes, to become involved with the organization. Regardless if one's desire for collegiate athletics exceeds the talent, FCA caters to the needs of the former as well as the current athlete. By appealing to the former athlete, we have been able to increase participation.

Our FCA organization is advised by faculty member Ken Milani. Ken views his role in the organization as that of a facilitator.

"I set up the situations, then have the students carry out the program. In our speaker's forum, for example, I made the contacts with the coaches, then had the students set up the details."

The speaker's forum referred to by Ken has by far been our most popular program. In an informal atmosphere, Notre Dame coaches discuss their views on the role of Christianity in athletics. The first semester saw football coach Tom Lichtenberg, baseball coach Larry Gallo, and basketball coach Digger Phelps addressing our Fellowship. The second semester features ticket manager Steve Orsini, track coach Ed Kelly, athletic director Gene Corrigan, and hockey coach Lefty Smith.

Each of the speakers has presented us with additional insights concerning the relationship between Christianity and athletics. Coach Lichtenberg stressed the importance of maintaining our individuality. He challenged us to critically evaluate ourselves, and to re-examine our goals and values. He realizes the influence athletes have upon youngsters and urged athletes to dutifully accept this responsibility. "Christian-athletes have an opportunity to show what their Christianity means to the young people who look up to them."

In our bimonthly meetings, the program emphasis is on Bible study, prayer, and discussion. We generally refer to a passage in the Bible, and through a manual provided by the FCA we attempt to relate the reading to our everyday lives. The thought-provoking questions provided by the manual help the mem-

ber to apply his reactions and values to the passage. By sitting down and discussing our beliefs on the selected topic, we are able to reshape our values. Topics which have provided our group with valuable lessons include discipline, temptation, thought life, friendship, and honesty.

The effectiveness of these discussions stems from the fact that FCA members are not hesitant to share their beliefs and views on the given topic. After overcoming the initial period of shyness and anxiety, FCA members realize that their remarks will be confidential. They do not fear exposing their true feelings and experiences and are able to furnish meaningful insights to our group discussions. The absence of mockery and gossip alleviates any reluctance on the part of our members to partake in discussion, and therefore creates a cordial, responsive environment.

A typical meeting of the FCA opens in prayer. After a brief business meeting and calendar of upcoming-events report, the lesson begins. After a half-hour-long discussion on the subject matter, a "popcorn" prayer, in which each member contributes his own little prayer, closes the meeting. Refreshments occasionally follow.

For the remainder of this semester and continuing over to next year, we hope to expand our scope of activities. We plan to include more

fun-filled activities, such as pizza parties, and athletic contests. This April we intend to send some representatives to the annual FCA spring banquet in Chicago. In autumn we would like for our members to attend an FCA retreat sponsored by the Fellowship of Purdue University. Our main objective is to become involved with community service work. We would like to assist area high schools with their FCA program, in addition to visiting the sick, the elderly and lending our services for charity fund-raising drives.

The future for our Fellowship appears promising. Our group is gradually increasing in size, and the response to our speaker's forum has been excellent. We have a fine group of young men and women which gives us a solid foundation to base future growth upon. We have experienced many laughs, shared each individual's troubles, and provided fellowship among one another. While we are far from being ideal Christians, we are striving to incorporate our faith onto the athletic field. After all, getting to know ourselves, other individuals, and Jesus Christ better is what the FCA is all about. □

*Dale Fronk is a sophomore in the College of Engineering. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*

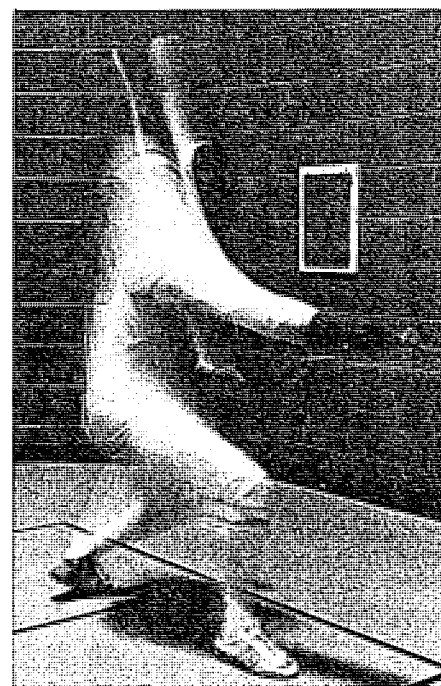
## Fencing

(cont'd from page 11)

The art and beauty inherent in fencing became apparent upon viewing a bout. A foil bout consists of very precise movements of the feet, arms and entire body. These movements, although quick, must be thought out thoroughly if the fencer is to be successful. Mad, thoughtless thrusts simply won't do. An épée bout differs from a foil bout in several ways. Épée fencers generally are taller and have long arms, while their bouts seem to consist of a continuous dancelike series of quick and supple probings for an opening in the opponent's defenses in an attempt to outmaneuver. Saber fighting is the most vivid of the three matches to watch. The two opponents stand at opposite ends of a long narrow strip. Suddenly, without apparent reason they run toward each other, colliding roughly in a massive tangle of arms, legs and sabers, complete with yells and

grunts. Suddenly they disengage and calmly walk to their respective ends of the strip while listening to the president of the bout (an umpire of sorts) decide exactly what happened—who scored and who didn't. It is, despite the sport's chivalric reputation, not uncommon to see the person who lost the touch to bang his saber against the floor while muttering unintelligible expletives to himself. On occasion a saberman will dropkick his mask across the room in anger, although such is frowned upon by the president.

In this age of technology, in which duels may be fought mindlessly with MX missiles, fencing is not simply an esoteric sport for a few impractical, misguided diehards. I prefer to suggest that fencing is a fine-tuned art consisting of an eclectic combination having elements of great diversity—quick calculation, graceful dance, magnanimous chivalry, and the primal instinct of individual self-preservation. If you would like to be poetry in motion, give fencing a try.



When initially asked to write an article about the Women's Tennis Team I welcomed the idea, thinking that while relaxed on the Florida beach over Christmas vacation, creative thoughts would fall into place, making it an easy task. Unfortunately, they never came. As I reflect on my four years as a team member however, I first think of a tournament held in Denver, Colorado, after the completion of my freshman year. . . .

. . . It was 10 p.m. when my match was finally called. A downpour had forced all tournament play indoors to several nearby clubs causing long, restless delays. Since 8 a.m., for 14 endless hours of waiting and watching, one question kept reoccurring in my mind: "What am I doing here?" The match seemed to end before it ever really began. I remember playing on the first court and

Some points were scored for the Irish, but unless most of the team participates in the tournament, it is virtually impossible to earn points for your team and place highly in the tournament.

Last spring, after placing second at the Regional Tournament, the entire team qualified for the AIAW Division II National Tournament (for the first time) and travelled confidently to historical Charleston, South Carolina for a week in June. After regrouping in South Bend for a weekend of practice and preparation, we left O'Hare bound for some unexpected heat and humidity, which proved to be almost unbearable. An advantage to the southern competitors and especially to the host school—College of Charleston—the sweltering (100°) temperatures and uncomfortable stickiness were oppressive to those from northern climates.

Arriving a day early to practice and get settled, we found the climate in Charleston to be unlike anything we had ever experienced before. Because of the intense humidity our clothes were saturated with perspiration. Ideally, to be comfortable, we would have needed a clean, dry set of clothes every time we switched ends of the court. While not playing, most time was spent either running ice-cold water and Gatorade to those on the court or cooling off in the air-conditioned clubhouse. But, leaving the cooled-off buildings to go outside was like walking into a sauna, and we grew attached to the indoors.

Despite the harsh weather conditions the entire team played well. With tough nationwide competition we placed 20th in the tournament results, after a long and rigorous few days. Sophomore Pam Fischette

# Notre Dame Women's Tennis

by Tina Stephan

seeing my coach in the distance, peeking around the green curtain behind the court, probably wishing that it was court #4 that she was watching instead of court #1. Fraught with defeat and discouragement, I stepped off the court thinking not "What am I doing here?" but that there are "only three years left to show this tournament what a Domer really can do!" This being the first time anyone represented Notre Dame at the Small College National Tennis Tournament, I failed to leave behind a very impressive performance.

The following year, Linda Hoyer, competing at the Division III level of AIAW, was our sole participant at the National Tournament in Salisbury, Maryland. Defending the second singles position, Linda earned a first- and second-round victory before finally falling to a California opponent in the third round of play.



Linda Hoyer

advanced the farthest to the quarter-finals, where she was finally defeated by a player from the University of Richmond. With one Division II National Tournament play under our belts, we returned home with newly set goals for the following year.

The Women's Tennis Team has come a long way since its outset as a varsity sport only five years ago. Every year the depth as well as the overall ability of the team improves significantly. With just one graduating senior last May (and one player ineligible because of the four-year maximum eligibility limit), five untried freshmen squeezed their way onto the team roster. The upper-classmen's woes over the "greenness" of the newcomers were quickly alleviated, though, as the freshmen not only helped compile a 10-1 record in dual meets and a state championship, but also easily adjusted to

their new college life. The addition of so many freshmen added intensity and vigor to the team as a whole.

When the number-one singles spot opened up as last year came to a close, it was quickly filled in the fall by Lisa LaFratta, a freshman from Richmond, Virginia. Displaying great strength, agility, and unequaled consistency, she earned the uppermost position on the ladder and retained it throughout the season. A freshman playing number one? What a way to begin her Irish career.

In addition, Notre Dame attracted another freshman from the south, Camille Cooper, number one in the 18-and-under girls' division in her homestate of Louisiana. With a spring trip presently planned for New Orleans, we will have the opportunity to visit and spend a few days at the Cooper home in Shreveport, Louisiana. A rigorous schedule lies ahead for the team during our week in the south, including competition against two schools in our own division and five in Division I, all within seven days. Included on our list are: Louisiana State University, Tulane, Centenary, Louisiana Tech University, Northwestern State University, and New Mexico State. Although most of our time in the New Orleans area will be spent practicing or competing, time will undoubtedly be found for entertainment (in moderation, of course) on the renowned Bourbon Street. After all, our freshmen have yet to be officially initiated.



Lisa LaFratta

Travelling the farthest to play tennis at Notre Dame (and probably get an education too) is Laura Lee, a freshman from Agoura, California.

Standing 5'9", most opponents find it difficult to return the ball beyond her sweeping reach.

Lisa Gleason, a freshman from Oak Brook, Illinois, joined the team this year. After defeating two others in a hard-fought battle for her position, Lisa finally found her niche at sixth singles. Often called "Gleas," Lisa has the ability (and frequently uses it) to entertain the entire team during the long, monotonous rides in the crowded van to away matches.

Rounding up the group of veterans and adding extraordinary depth to the team is Cathy Schnell, from Ballwin, Missouri. With solid strokes and great potential, Cathy and the other freshmen can use their tournament experience in their future endeavors. After a successful fall season the Irish put the rackets down for a while, but returned to the courts in January preparing for a busy spring season and with hopes of winning the Regional Tournament and qualifying the team for the AIAW Division II Nationals once again.

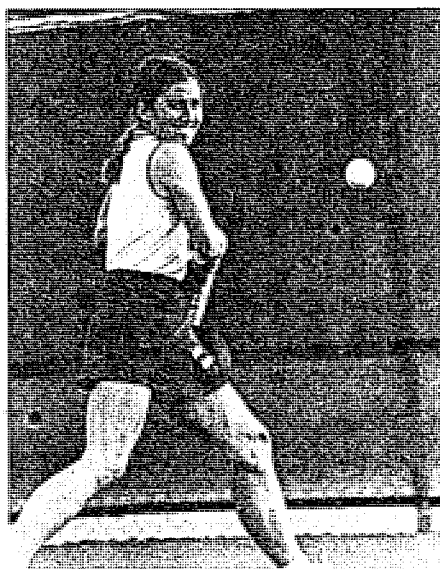
The tennis players returned not only to the subzero temperatures and blizzard conditions of South Bend, but also to a rigid winter schedule which began on the first day of classes. Sharing the three indoor courts in the ACC with over five other sports, the athletes must take full advantage of every minute their space is available. Adding to the fieldhouse distractions are hockey pucks slamming into the side of the rink, music accompanying skaters during public skating, the starting gun at track team practice, and more, all of which create a true test of concentration.

With eight full weeks to prepare for our trip to New Orleans, the team hikes to the ACC about five days a week to improve their strokes and gain confidence in their game. With limited court time assignments, coach Sharon Petro runs an efficient, quickly paced practice session. A unique combination of drills and conditioning exercises keeps each individual continuously active for two solid hours. No one is ever idle. For every free minute there are always sit-ups, push-ups, a few laps, or some other exercise to keep us busy. Placing great stress on conditioning, Petro intends to have her team in top physical shape before going on the road. Judging from my sore muscles, I think she will succeed!

In her fourth year as Irish tennis coach, Petro hopes to fulfill her goal this year of finishing in the top 10 at the national tournament in late May.

Although half the team is young and unfamiliar with college competition, their tournament experience helped make a smooth and successful transition into college play. The other half has been to nationals and knows what it takes to win . . . and knows it is no easy feat! It takes determination, preparation, and confidence in our ability. It requires much time, dedication, and the support of our teammates. But the progress of the past and the ambitions of the future make it all worthwhile.

Returning this year to help Petro reach her goals is sophomore Pam Fischette, from Liverpool, New York. Combining a powerful well-rounded



Peggy Walsh

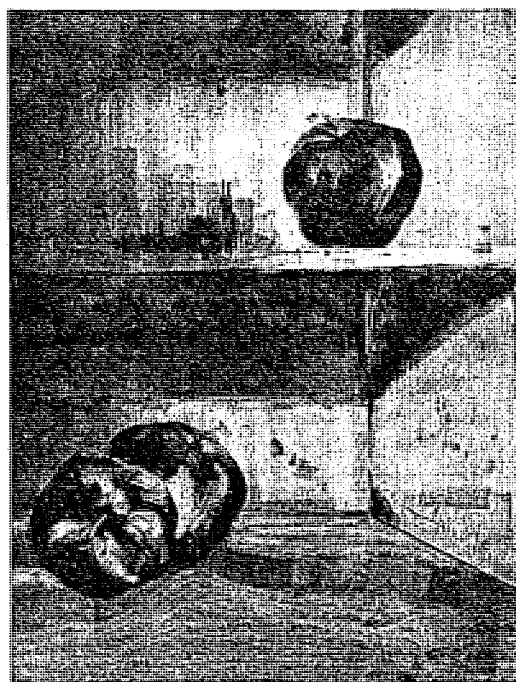
game with pleasant court composure, Pam is strong in both doubles and singles. Junior Linda Hoyer returned to the number-two singles spot, and joined freshman Lisa LaFratta to form a dynamic first doubles team. Also back with us for the fall semester only was senior Peggy Walsh, who graduated in December but remains at Notre Dame to do research. Peggy continues to practice with us and remains a great help to the team.

Seniors and co-captains Carol Shukis and myself also returned to the squad confident in our team and looking forward optimistically toward a trip to the AIAW Division II National Tournament in northern Colorado in late May. Looking at the success and development of the prior years, and the considerable improvement in the team this year, I am convinced that we can lead our team to a victory at the Regional Tournament, a trip to nationals, and place in the top 10. I'd like to go out in style! □

# Gallery

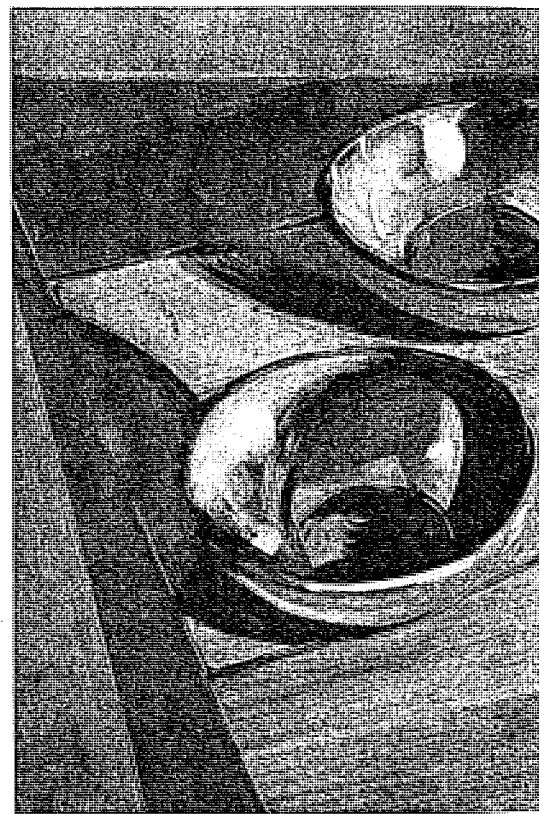


*Kathy is a senior at Notre Dame. She will graduate with her B.F.A. in May.*



**Apples on Shelves;**  
Monotype; 14 × 11 in.; 1981.

## THE A A CLOSE Kathleen



**The Two of Us;** Monotype; 11 × 11 in.; 1981.

My most recent and most successful work has been with the still life art form.

The still life enables me to break down patterns in which my main interest has been continuing along this line, searching for composition through the abstract.

This concept is at the center of my work.



# ARTS: R LOOK

n J. Farr



X 14 in.; 1981.

essful monotypes have dealt

k the objects down into value  
rest lies. My development is  
ching for an overall unity in  
action of form.

of most of my work.



**Sea Shells;**

Monotype; 11 X 14 in.; 1981.



**Six Coffee Cups;**

Monotype; 11 X 14 in.; 1981.

# Up Grows Volleyball

by Jan Yurgealitis

Among women's sports at Notre Dame, volleyball has risen very high—and very fast. As a club sport, they had no coach, no money, and often not even six players who could travel to appear on the court. Yet people like Kathy Dages and Debbie Romo remained dedicated, and in the spring of 1980 women's volleyball was declared a varsity sport as of the 1980-1981 academic year. Sandy Vanslager, who had volunteered her time to help coach the club the year before, was hired as the coach. While women's basketball was moved up to Division I status, given scholarships and became the number-one sport as far as money put into the program, volleyball was declared as Division II and instantly became number two.

The first year of varsity competition is tough for any sport, and our three wins and 19 losses proved this correct. Yet, the first season was one of achievement, both for the players and for the team. After going through a week of tryouts, the team was picked, and three weeks of practice began. Next, seventeen matches, of which only three were at home, and a state tournament were packed into two short months. The campus soon learned that there really was a women's volleyball team, and at our last home game, we had a crowd that filled the pit in the ACC who had fun clapping, cheering and yelling as we served and spiked the ball.

After a long and somewhat frustrating season, it was time to plan for next year. Scholarships were given to the program, and recruiting was done by Coach Vanslager. Tryouts were held, and by March two girls had been awarded scholarships, and four recruits planned to attend Notre Dame in the fall. But the signing of scholarship athletes threatened those of us planning to play next year, even with two girls graduating.

Spring training began after break for those planning to try out. It was very difficult to get "psyched" to go through all the hours of jump training and weight lifting knowing the season didn't start until the middle of September. We did push each other, and once we were back in shape, we vowed we'd stay that way. Dedication was the key element that kept most of us working hard over the summer. We were given assigned workouts that took about two hours a day. Players planning to return, along with the recruits, were to mail in weekly reports of times, number of skills performed, and descriptions of our weight programs. After working eight hours a day, two hours of a volleyball workout in the hot summer was not that easy to get excited about.

The 1981-1982 season began very optimistically. Team members and recruits came back to school five days early to begin three practices a day. Once school began, general tryouts were held and a new team

picked. Five players returned from the first-year team, and seven new additions made up our young team of two seniors, one junior, three sophomores and six freshmen. This new team was much more skilled individually than our first team, and the task of combining individual skills into a team effort was ahead.

Most people have played volleyball at one time and consider it an easy and fun game. Yet those who watch competitive volleyball realize the game involves specific skills of serving, passing, setting and spiking. Many of us who played the first year did not possess all of these skills, and had spent much of the season learning them. But this year the new scholarship players came with skills mastered in high school, while those of us from the first-year team had improved considerably.

Once the season began, all of the hours put in seemed worth it. Our first four matches were played away, and after each one we saw ourselves improving, as we often fought back



Volleyball enthusiast Jan Yurgealitis

from a few points to win a match, or come to lose by only one or two points. What we were looking forward to most was our first home game on September 30. We were going to play a tri-match against Indiana State, a tough Division I school, and St. Joseph's. The two other teams played first and then we got on the court against Indiana State. Everyone on the team was excited, and we were confident that we were going to show everyone how much better we were than last year. We had brand-new uniforms which included "bun huggers" and a brand-new team. Yet somehow this excitement shifted into nerves and we lost to Indiana State 15-0, 15-5. The whole thing was over so fast we couldn't figure out if it was our team out on the court. Most of our fans left after that game, and we then proceeded to beat St. Joseph's and looked impressive. The whole experience made us want to play harder and better, so that we could prove to everyone—most importantly our home fans—that we really were good.

Our chance arrived the following week on a Friday evening. We had a good-sized crowd filling the pit: many were football fans who had come for the Michigan State game the next day. Many of our parents were there, including my own who had never seen me play even though they had devoted many hours helping me with my summer workouts. Also, we were playing Saint Mary's, along with IUPUI, at Notre Dame.

We wanted desperately to beat Saint Mary's; we had lost to them twice our first year, and once already this season. We beat IUPUI and finally looked impressive in front of a home crowd. Against Saint Mary's, however, we did not play well and lost the match in two games. We were extremely disappointed with ourselves, and were upset that we would not get the chance to play them again until next season.

Our playing during the season would go up and down. In one quad-match, during the week of midterms, we arrived late and had only 10 minutes to warm up. Yet, we beat all three teams and swept the match. In other matches we lost when we knew we could have played much better together and individually.

Our season was also highlighted by a trip to upstate New York over October break. We were traveling with the women's field hockey team to play colleges in Syracuse, Rochester and Ithaca. We found the competition in the east to be fairly tough, and came out of the trip with only one win and three losses, again feeling that we hadn't played up to our potential. Our one win did come in Rochester where the Alumni Club came out, in full force, to watch and cheer for us. Another highlight of the trip was a visit to Niagara Falls.

After October break, we looked toward our state tournament November 13-14. It was held in Valparaiso, and the tournament was double elimination. We went with great expectations and hopes of doing well, con-

vinced that we were good. But we did not do well, losing in the first and second brackets. We did not play well, either individually or together as a team, and most frustrating of all, we didn't know why.

Volleyball is very much a team sport; there are no stars, no individual standouts. All six players must work together to execute a play. We were a close team: everyone got along well and remained encouraging throughout the long practices and rough games. Many of us learned that part of being on the team was to sit on the bench and cheer, watch the other team, or realize that you may only be playing the front row and sitting out while someone else played the back row for you.

Varsity sports offer important opportunities for students at Notre Dame. I learned how to lose, see improvement, and win and acknowledge accomplishment. Although we *didn't* accomplish everything we wanted to this past year, we did improve from the year before, and each of us has her own memories and achievements to look back on. Although I won't be back next year, I know those who will be, and women's volleyball at Notre Dame will be something that athletes will want to be a part of, and Notre Dame will be proud of. □

*Jan Yurgealitis is a Senior Finance major from Rochester, New York. She is also a member of the women's varsity volleyball team.*

## Field Hockey

*(cont'd from page 9)*

held. We stayed in barracks and ate in a big dining room with all the other teams, some traveling all the way from Kentucky. The weekend took place early in the season and was an excellent opportunity for us to begin to gel as a team both on and off the field.

The most exciting trip was during October break when we traveled to upstate New York. Playing nationally ranked hockey teams such as Colgate and Syracuse University was very challenging, but we realized the level of play that was attainable with the right individual and team skills. The trip was not all work though. One of the greatest days was spent in Niagara Falls. We rode a boat

near the base of the falls, ate lunch in the tower overlooking the falls, and took hundreds of pictures. That evening, we travelled to Buffalo, New York, where the co-captain's parents had hot lasagna waiting for us. Our spirits were dampened when we had two games, one in the rain and mud and one in the snow, two days in a row. No one seemed to mind, however, even when we found out the showers were cold after the game. We had become a much closer team during the week, everyone understanding one another a little more and just enjoying being together.

Field hockey is still considered primarily an Eastern sport, probably because it was first played in Philadelphia and at small New England colleges. Most of the players on our team are from the East, but each year more women from other parts of the country come to

Notre Dame with their hockey stick in hand. One of the greatest things about playing the game here is that those who do play hockey feel lucky to be in a Midwestern university that offers it. The game is so new to the Midwest that it is exciting to meet someone who knows about the game and who shares the same love for the sport.

The history of field hockey illustrates the many changes that the sport has undergone in the past. Some things never change though, and I can't help thinking that those prehistoric men must have felt the same way I do. For as long as I've played field hockey, I have always experienced the same challenge of competitive athletics, the same pain during practice, the same satisfaction after winning a close game, and the same joy of celebrating a victory with teammates and with friends. □

# "I Need Two!"

by Philip Allen

*Editor's Note: Going into a pep rally last semester, I felt sorry for some guy who was begging pitifully for two tickets. I got a good ragging from my friends when we left the rally, and the same guy was aggressively announcing that he had two tickets for sale. This article is not meant to condone or aid and abet such actions or any scalping activity.*

—C.W.

Football games at Notre Dame are, to say the least, unique events. I doubt many other college campuses have quite the respect and reverence for their football teams as do Notre Dame students and alumni. Such a simple event as coming back to school for a football game becomes the equivalent of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Anyone who has been to a Notre Dame football game will know that ticket scalpers also make the pilgrimage and are as common as pot-bellied alumni and tailgaters. Ticket scalpers are a vital cog in the machinery of Notre Dame football games, peddling their surplus tickets to those who are without. The price the scalpers charge (and the price people are willing to pay) is determined by Notre Dame's opponent, where the tickets are being sold, and at what time the tickets are being sold. The unique factors which the ND environment enforces upon the price of the tickets can also cause some variance in expected economic outcomes. The basic laws of supply and demand apply, however, they create different optimum circumstances for both buyers and sellers.

In order to study this competition going on before the game, I surveyed scalpers in different places, at different times, for all six home football games. I found that prices often varied significantly because of the different set of circumstances involved. (A few times, this empirical research even became profitable as I realized that I could buy a ticket in one spot and sell it in another for a profit.) Having done this, I realized that there were two sets of circumstances that affected the prices for tickets.

The buyer of tickets is obviously concerned with finding out where and when to buy tickets at the lowest possible price. However, the buyer's demand is often inelastic. A buyer has traveled some distance to see a football game, and watching the game on television is not usually an acceptable substitute for being in the stadium.

Scalpers, who would like to sell at high ticket prices, also have a slightly inelastic demand (pressure, that is, to sell their tickets sometime before the game starts). Most scalpers at Notre Dame football games are not professionals, and are not at the games simply to turn a profit for the day; these scalpers will sense a prevailing price and attempt to sell their tickets at this rate or a little above. They do not, however, want to be stuck holding tickets after the game has started. They must try to sell the tickets they have at some safe time before the game, at a reasonable price.

The first factor which enters into the price of a ticket is the opponent being played. A highly ranked opponent, or an old rival of Notre Dame, will make the game more exciting and more desirable to see. Such a raised desire causes an increase in demand for tickets. Of course, those who may think about scalping may find it more valuable to see the game themselves than to sell a ticket for a profit. This causes a low supply of available tickets. This is why the U.S.C. game, a game against a highly ranked rival, commanded such a high price for a g.a. ticket (\$33-\$55). A low-quality opponent, such as Navy, has the opposite effect on ticket prices. The demand for Navy tickets goes down; and, since more people would rather have money than see a boring game, supply goes up, causing a very low ticket price (\$13.50-\$20).

For a determined scalper, such an opponent as U.S.C. presents an opportunity for a large profit to be

#	MORRIS INW			STADIUM			GREEN FIELD		
S.	36	40	22	34	37	21	33	37	20
M.	24	30	20	23	26	18	23	25	18
S.	33.5	37	30	32	34	30	30	32	28
U.	48	55	36	46	51	34	44	48	33
N.	19	20	16	17	17	14	15	17	13.5
G.	20	22	18	18	18	17	16	17	15
	2 hrs	1 hr	GT	2 hrs	1 hr	GT	2 hrs	1 hr	GT

The prices in this graph represent average ticket prices in different places, at different times, for all six home football games (I tried to get the scalper to come down as far as possible before recording his price). Each entry was obtained by surveying five scalpers at a certain place and time, adding these five entries and dividing that number by five.

made. The scalper knows that there aren't many tickets available and that people are excited about seeing the game. He will then jack up the price of his tickets. Buyers come to such games prepared to pay higher prices. They, too, know supply is low and demand high.

The opposite circumstances are present for low-quality games such as Navy; scalpers and buyers both expect low ticket prices. Usually, both buyers and sellers come to the game with a fixed idea of what the price of the ticket should be. A scalper will tell himself that he will not sell his tickets below a certain minimum price, and a buyer will predetermine a maximum price beyond which he will not pay. I call the gap between the scalper's minimum price and the buyer's maximum price the "bargaining zone." The price of the ticket will fall somewhere within this zone.

Whether the price will be closer to the buyer's or the seller's price is determined by whose demand is the greatest. This bargaining zone may shift up or down, depending on who the opponent is. The proximity to the buyer's or seller's price (a movement within the zone) is determined by other factors, such as place and time.

The three usual places where ticket exchanges occur are the Morris Inn, the parking lots, and the stadium itself. While I don't think many scalpers or buyers realize it, the place where the scalping takes place can make a difference in the price. The reason for this is the fact that certain people consistently gather in the same place, game after game. Older alumni, for example, gather mainly at the Morris Inn. They may be staying at the Inn or going there for a few drinks at the bar. Green Field, the large parking lot, is generally occupied by tailgating alumni and visitors, including the younger ND crowd. These two groups combine, obviously, at the stadium, especially immediately before game time.

For a scalper, the Morris Inn offers the best crop of potential high-paying ticket buyers. Most of the alumni and visitors staying at the Morris Inn have traveled a good distance to get to South Bend. This makes their demand for tickets almost completely inelastic. If they need tickets for the game, they will do almost anything to insure their trip is not a failure. Also the scalper is lucky because anyone who would travel a long distance to see a football game

is probably well-off; ticket prices, for buyers at the Inn, are a very insignificant percent of the total amount of money spent on the trip. For these reasons, the price of a g.a. ticket will be closer to the scalper's maximum price, making the Morris Inn a profitable place to sell tickets.

Green Field, on the other hand, is probably the best place for a potential buyer to find low ticket prices. Made up of alumni who live close enough to drive to Notre Dame for the day, the demand for tickets in the parking lot becomes a bit more elastic. Alumni here will feel less obligated to pay exorbitant prices, since this will probably not be the only game they come to this year. Since other people tailgating around them are in similar situations, they are not likely to bid up the asking price for tickets. Prices will fall closer to the buyer's desired level in the bargaining zone. Thus, Green Field is the best place to buy tickets for the game.

Around the stadium the combination of these two groups of alumni and visitors makes the competition between buyers and sellers a bit complex. It seems that most of the Morris Inn crowd does not go to the stadium until just before game time. Usually, the Morris Inn crowd already has their tickets. So while their ability to pay higher prices raises ticket prices some, it does not quite reach the level found at the Morris Inn. The alumni from Green Field help to keep the ticket price down, but not quite as low as the prices in the lot itself. Thus, the stadium is a moderate area for both buyers and sellers, with prices floating closer to the middle of the bargaining zone.

While the place where the ticket is sold is important in determining the price, the time at which it is sold plays an even greater role. The three times I picked for surveying scalpers were: two hours before the game, one hour before the game, and game time. While at individual times, prices varied according to the place at which tickets were being sold (as explained in the previous paragraphs) prices also varied among the different times.

At two hours before the game, both scalpers and buyers are somewhat relaxed. Two hours seems like plenty of time to either buy or sell tickets. While scalpers don't seem to purposely withhold tickets for a more profitable hour, they are not overanxious to sell immediately.



*Philip Allen*

Buyers, while still looking for tickets, are not yet nervous about finding them at a good price (or finding them at all). For this reason, the price of tickets at this time floats closer to the middle of the bargaining zone.

Demand heats up on both sides at about an hour before the game. Scalpers are more anxious about selling their tickets at some profit before it gets too late. Buyers sense the coming of game time, and want to make sure they are not crowded out by other buyers. The scalpers, however, usually have a slightly lower demand since they may feel they can hold out longer. This higher demand on the side of the buyer raised the price of the ticket closer to the seller's price. Obviously, this is the optimum selling time for scalpers.

At game time, the desire of the scalpers to sell increases drastically. Since most scalpers are also fans who are going in to see the game, they want to get rid of their tickets in order to get into the stadium. For good games — such as U.S.C., F.S.U. and L.S.U. — the supply of tickets is low at game time, while the demand on the buyer's side has decreased only slightly. For this reason prices decrease, but only by a small amount. At other games — such as Navy or M.S. — demand has decreased sharply by game time and supply is only lowered by a small amount. The ticket price will again go down. Buyers will find the best prices at game time (providing supply is above zero) for either case.

*(cont'd on page 31)*



# Fighting Irish Stats

## 1981 Football Season

1981 NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL STATISTICS  
(THROUGH 11 GAMES: WON 5, LOST 6)

TEAM STATISTICS			ND	OPP	TEAM SCORING			ND	OPP
TOTAL OFFENSE YARDS			3609	3228	TOTAL POINTS			232	160
TOTAL PLAYS			743	750	AVERAGE			21.1	14.5
YARDS PER PLAY			4.9	4.3	TOUCHDOWNS			31	20
YARDS PER GAME			328.1	293.5	BY RUSHING			17	12
RUSHING YARDS			1985	1829	BY PASSING			12	8
ATTEMPTS			491	507	BY RETURNS			2	0
YARDS PER RUSH			4.0	3.6	BY RECOVERY			0	0
YARDS PER GAME			180.5	166.3	FIELD GOALS (MADE-ATT)			6/13	8/14
PASSING YARDS			1624	1399	SAFETIES			0	0
ATTEMPTS			252	243	PAT-KICK			28/30	14/15
COMPLETIONS			120	114	PAT-RUN			0/0	0/1
HAD INTERCEPTED			15	13	PAT-PASS			0/1	1/4
COMP. PERCENTAGE			.476	.469	RUSHING				
TOUCHDOWN PASSES			12	8	CARTER			10	165
YARDS PER ATTEMPT			6.4	5.8	BELL			11	92
YARDS PER COMP.			13.5	12.3	SWEENEY			10	36
YARDS PER GAME			147.6	127.2	SMITH			7	41
PUNTING YARDS			2958	3329	BROOKS			9	24
NUMBER OF PUNTS			74	84	MORIARTY			10	20
AVERAGE PUNT			40.0	39.6	MOSLEY			9	16
HAD BLOCKED			0	0	HUNTER			11	27
PUNT RETURN YARDS			230	213	KIEL			11	31
NUMBER OF RETURNS			34	36	ADELL			6	10
AVERAGE RETURN			6.8	5.9	SWOBODA			2	4
KICK RETURN YARDS			660	627	MORRIS			1	3
NUMBER OF RETURNS			26	32	HILBERT			2	2
AVERAGE RETURN			25.4	19.6	WILLIAMSON			3	1
INTERCEPTION RETURN YARDS			204	75	HOWARD			10	5
NUMBER OF INTERCEPTIONS			13	15	GROOMS			2	1
AVERAGE RETURN			15.7	5.0	KOEGL			10	14
NUMBER OF PENALTIES			59	51	NOTRE DAME			11	491
PENALTY YARDS			584	473	OPPONENT			11	507
FUMBLES(LOST)			18 (6)	25 (10)	PASSING				
YARDS RETURNED			0	0	KIEL			11	151
TOTAL FIRST DOWNS			177	162	KOEGL			10	92
BY RUSHING			96	100	CONDENI			3	1
BY PASSING			71	48	BELL			11	1
BY PENALTY			10	14	GROOMS			2	3
THIRD DOWN CONVERSIONS			46/158	43/176	HUNTER			11	1
PERCENTAGE			.291	.244	HOWARD			10	1
POSSESSION TIME			333:46	326:14	MOSLEY			9	1
MINUTES PER GAME			30:21	29:39	NOTRE DAME			11	252
SCORE BY QUARTERS					OPPONENT			11	243
NOTRE DAME			72	51	1981 NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL SCOREBOARD ( 5/ 6)				
OPPONENT			31	36	SEP. 12 LOUISIANA STATE			W 27-9	59,075 (C)
					SEP. 19 AT MICHIGAN			L 7-25	105,888 (C)
					SEP. 26 AT PURDUE			L 14-15	70,007 (C)
					OCT. 3 MICHIGAN STATE			W 20-7	59,075 (C)
					OCT. 10 FLORIDA STATE			L 13-19	59,075 (C)
					OCT. 24 SOUTHERN CAL			L 7-14	59,075 (C)
					OCT. 31 NAVY			W 38-0	59,075 (C)
					NOV. 7 GEORGIA TECH			W 35-3	59,075 (C)
					NOV. 14 AT AIR FORCE			W 35-7	36,700
					NOV. 21 AT PENN STATE			L 21-24	84,175 (C)
					NOV. 28 AT MIAMI (FLA)			L 15-37	50,681

SCORING	G	TD	PAT	R-PA	S	FG	TP
OLIVER	11	0	28/30	0/0	0	6/13	46
CARTER	10	6	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	36
BELL	11	5	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	30
HOWARD	10	4	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	24
MORIARTY	10	3	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	18
HUNTER	11	3	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	18
MOSLEY	9	2	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	12
MASZTAK	6	1	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	6
KIEL	11	1	0/0	0/1	0	0/0	6
CONDENI	3	1	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	6
SMITH	7	1	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	6
TRIPP	4	1	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	6
BROOKS	9	1	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	6
SWEENEY	10	1	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	6
DUERSON	11	1	0/0	0/0	0	0/0	6
NOTRE DAME	11	31	28/30	0/1	0	6/13	232
OPPONENT	11	20	14/15	1/5	0	8/14	160

PASS RECEIVING	G	PL	YDS	AVG	TD	LG
HUNTER	11	28	387	13.8	2	35
HOWARD	10	17	463	27.2	3	96
CARTER	10	14	57	4.1	0	14
MASZTAK	6	13	163	12.5	1	33
BELL	11	11	135	12.3	0	24
SWEENEY	10	9	124	13.8	1	38
MOSLEY	9	7	79	11.3	1	15
CONDENI	3	4	49	12.2	1	21
BOUSHKA	5	3	52	17.3	0	25
MORIARTY	10	3	30	10.0	2	20
BROOKS	9	3	20	6.7	0	11
ADELL	6	2	12	6.0	0	10
BUCHANAN	9	2	10	5.0	0	6
KIEL	11	2	-2	-1.0	0	1
MISHLER	7	1	25	25.0	0	25
TRIPP	4	1	10	10.0	1	10
NOTRE DAME	11	120	1614	13.4	12	96
OPPONENT	11	114	1399	12.3	8	71

PUNTING	G	NO	YDS	AVG	LP
KIEL	11	73	2914	39.9	56
WHELAN	2	1	44	44.0	44
NOTRE DAME	11	74	2958	40.0	56
OPPONENT	11	84	3329	39.6	60

PUNT RETURNS	NO	YDS	AVG	TD	LG
DUERSON	32	221	6.9	0	23
KRIMM	1	5	5.0	0	5
SPIELMAKER	1	4	4.0	0	4
NOTRE DAME	34	230	6.8	0	23
OPPONENT	36	213	5.9	0	38

KICKOFF RETURNS	NO	YDS	AVG	TD	LG
BELL	13	371	28.5	1	98
HOWARD	6	162	27.0	0	56
DUERSON	3	75	25.0	0	36
JOHNSON	1	26	26.0	0	26
SWEENEY	1	22	22.0	0	22
KRIMM	2	4	2.0	0	3
NOTRE DAME	26	660	25.4	1	98
OPPONENT	32	627	19.6	0	51

DEFENSIVE STATS	*TM	TL-YDS	PBU	FR	BK
CRABLE	167	16-54	3	2	0
ZAVAGNIN	94	6-21	4	0	0
GRIFFITH	63	6-23	5	3	0
CLASBY	56	4-14	2	0	0
DUERSON	55	3-8	5	0	0
TORAN	54	2-9	4	0	0
MARSHALL	44	9-39	0	1	0
KRIMM	38	0-0	7	0	0
BONE	36	0-0	1	0	0
RUDZINSKI	35	2-13	0	1	0
AUTRY	30	3-30	2	0	0
BELDEN	27	6-36	0	0	0
NAYLOR	26	0-0	0	0	0
JOHNSON	22	0-0	2	2	0
GRAMKE	21	2-13	1	0	0
BROWN	15	0-0	2	0	0
GANN	12	0-0	0	0	0
BOCK	11	0-0	0	0	0
LARKIN	10	1-15	0	1	0
SHIELDS	6	0-0	0	0	0
M. GOLIC	6	0-0	0	0	0
MORIARTY	5	0-0	0	0	0
KRAMER	5	1-2	0	0	0
CARTER	5	3-29	0	0	0
MASINI	5	0-0	0	0	0
CICHY	4	0-0	1	0	1
SCHIRO	3	0-0	1	0	0
LIEBENSTEIN	3	0-0	0	0	0
ADELL	2	0-0	0	0	0
KIERNAN	2	1-2	0	0	0
SPIELMAKER	2	0-0	0	0	0
MURPHY	1	0-0	0	0	0
RICE	1	0-0	0	0	0
FLOOD	1	0-0	0	0	0
MOSLEY	1	0-0	0	0	0
POZDERAC	1	0-0	0	0	0
NOTRE DAME	869	65-308	40	10	1
OPPONENT	904	46-196	29	6	1

\*INCLUDES SOLOS AND ASSISTS

INTERC. RETURNS	NO	YDS	AVG	TD	LG
DUERSON	2	88	44.0	1	88
CRABLE	2	60	30.0	0	33
ZAVAGNIN	3	27	9.0	0	27
KRIMM	2	26	13.0	0	15
TORAN	2	3	1.5	0	3
BROWN	1	0	0.0	0	0
JOHNSON	1	0	0.0	0	0
NOTRE DAME	13	204	15.7	1	88
OPPONENT	15	75	5.0	0	29

# Fiction

## The Exchange Program

by Sheila Beatty

She looked out the back seat window at picket fence whiting by. Above, telephone wires dipped and rose, separated, drew close, snapped together as a pole intervened. Sometimes summer-full oak tops blocked the continuity, so she would climb down their venerable breadths and play running games. She would race at 35 mph the grass strip between road and sidewalk, dodging trunks, post boxes, leaping cars that waited at stop signs in her path. Tiring, she put her chin on the front seat top, plopped elbows on either side.

"Mommy, how long till we get there?"

Mommy turned down Mr. Reinke's morning march-to-school radio program, and inclined her head to the eleven-year-old.

"Bout twenty minutes honey."

"Get over on your side, Sheila," pushed her year-younger brother. She went back to her window. A freckled counterpart with long mousy-blond hair reflected back; vacant blue eyes, in oval setting, round-ended nose, small mouth emerged tentatively from whizzing suburbia. There went Senator Holley's house; Susan Warne lived down that street; the Brothertons and Billy Cartwright lived down this road.

A traffic light stopped the Impala in front of Saint Mary's. Her friends were filling the sandy yard she once played in. Some raced up and down the big kids' slide; she had loved the way it squashed like an aluminum can as she laughed down. They sawed on the toys from which she had swung her legs up high and yelled, "Farmer Brown, let me down, and I'll give you . . . a winged horse, no, a faery wand, no . . . three more wishes!" Beyond, boys stole a forbidden British Bulldog scrimmage (teachers said it was too rough), on the field where she had

galloped, a mustang on open range, and stopped to snuff the air, whinnying high and snorting horse heavy. She owned the wild expanse, head high and eyes wild and ears back, ran free forever, until the recess bell rang.

The Impala smoothed forward again, passing Monte Sano Avenue's gracious lawns and comfortable homes. She took out some loose leaf and penciled her best approximation of wild horses—the Black Stallion reared, Black Minx faced wind on a bluff regally, Flame raced out of control—it was hard to draw with such railroad track bumps. She looked up. They had descended into downtown Augusta. Wong's Food Market dilapidated on one side, some old black man with a lost expression and grey stubble waited outside a window-barred liquor store. They passed a few houses on cinder blocks, chickens scratching underneath, Cadillacs gleaming in front. On one porch a fat black lady in pink foam curlers and overstretched polyester pants stood by a ripped screen door. The Impala pulled into the Georgia Savings and Loan parking lot, across from her new school.

"Well, first big day! Chip, lock the door. Sheila, would you carry my grade book and these workbooks?"

The gutters were littered with soggy pink sno-cone papers, empty wine bottles, cigarette butts, sodden rags, Now-o-Later cellophane wrappers and patches of something like wet toilet paper. A robin soared above, then fell, settling among pigeons picking in the trash. They entered the driveway to young black children yelling, playing chase on the asphalt lot, older ones talking in groups. They walked to the grey two-story facades—

"There's your building, children. I'll see you here at break time, all right?"

"Yes Ma'am" Chip said, and ran off to a group of boys playing soccer with an aluminum can.

"OK." She was going to be brave. Daddy called her his little trooper when she was hurt and refused to cry. She walked the periphery of the lot. One end of the yard was closed by a decaying cinder-block wall with an aluminum shed that reeked of urine or something dead. Beyond the chain-link fence on the adjacent side an overgrown lot gave final resting place for two battered windowless car bodies and assorted junk: a broken umbrella, a naked, idiotically smiling Baby Tender Love that missed a plastic arm and most of its yellow nylon hair, retread strips, iron pipe joints and Coke, Mountain Dew and Shasta Grape cans. Next to it fencing guarded a bare earth yard where a black toddler tricycled around car parts, dog manure and clothesline poles. Perpendicular to the barrier stretched the school buildings, where children were pushing inside—the bell had rung.

Inside, as she sat down along a wall in the back, some black girls filled in her area.

"Oooo, kin I platt 'chor hayer?"

Once she understood, she dared not refuse. Tingles ran over her scalp as cool deft hands with dark knuckles and pink corrugated fingernails gently tugged the soft length into cornrow.

"Leave her hair alone, Valencia. Class, be quiet."

After Mrs. McCloud finally calmed the children, she spent the morning assigning seats, giving out books, bookcovers and learning her students.

At ten everyone rushed out for break. Sheila went to a corner of the yard, where chain link met cinderblock. Looking across to the tricycler's yard, she heard a squeak at her feet. A mangy black kitten mewed in the sodden trash and leaves between the building and a few inches of a space to the fence. She could not reach in to help it; it seemed stuck. Her throat hurt in the back, tightening mercilessly until she cried. She sobbed quietly, hot saltiness ran down her cheeks around to the corner of her mouth so she could taste her sorrow, down her chin, and under.

Her mother was coming. She dried her face on her forearm. Her mother held her, and Sheila buried her face in the refuge's wait.

"Mom, the children!" □

# Getting On

by Beth Healy

*"The son said to him, 'Father, I have sinned against God and against you; I no longer deserve to be called your son.' The father said to his servants: 'Quick! bring out the finest robe and put it on him; put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet. Take the fatted calf and kill it. Let us eat and celebrate because this son of mine was dead and has come back to life. He was lost and is found.' Then the celebration began."*

Luke 16:21-24

Mary Ann Turner watched the toothpaste foam swirl in the white sink. She reached for a paper cup, filled it with water and swished it through her teeth. She spat once again. There, all clean. No leftover lunch anywhere. Her reflection in the mirror said, "You look tired there kiddo. You aren't supposed to look tired today." Her last night at the Center had been restless. She'd tossed all night in the hesitancy and apprehension of today. She wanted more than anything to get out, to go home.

The guard's keys rattled at the door. "Mrs. Butler wants to see you, Miss Turner," said the face in the small wire window. Mary Ann's stomach fell to her toes. She'd only been to see Mrs. Butler once before, when she'd come in. She felt she was being condemned all over again. Her knees shook as she entered the Director's office. A bespectacled, prudish face looked up. "Miss Turner," her croaking voice said, "these past months have not been easy. We hope you have learned something. We don't wish to see you again. Understood?"

"Yes, Mrs. Butler," she replied rubbing her sweaty palms on her skirt. Mary Ann thought back on the lectures, workshops and counseling. "Yes ma'am. I won't be back. Ever."

"Good," Mrs. Butler replied. She opened the file drawer and placed Mary Ann's manila folder in among the others. Mary Ann watched the

steel drawer close. She saw that she would always remain part of the history of this place. As long as her name remained in the drawer, she could never remove herself completely from the Center, or her crime. It would follow her.

"You may go now, Miss Turner. Good luck." Mary Ann closed the office door. Her heart leapt like a puppy just freed from his leash. Yet, as the sounds of her footsteps echoed off the walls, her fear rose again. Beyond these surroundings,



the safeguarded Center, she remained confused and unsure.

What would going home be like? What would happen? Her mother, father, brother? She didn't want to face them. For the past two weeks Mary Ann had planned and rehearsed this first reunion. She'd prepared answers to their "How Come?"s and "How Could You?"s. She'd built up her defense even to the point of blaming them in part for her mistake. If they'd been stricter, enforced curfews and screened her friends, none of it would have happened. She expected and awaited their wrath. It had been building up for two months now and she was ready. She reasoned that once they had fought, cried and screamed, they would be able to start forgiving and eventually, she hoped, forgetting. Then she could really start again. In a large way, she

longed for the freedom their anger would bring. She wanted to clear the air and then get on with the living. Two months was long enough.

Mary Ann returned to her room and put the last of her belongings in the suitcase. The guard's keys rattled again as she leaned against the doorway, waiting. Mary Ann zippered the suitcase and took one more look in the mirror. She smoothed the pleats in her skirt. How nice of her mother to buy her a "coming out" skirt. Mom is ready for a new beginning also—dressing the soiled doll in new clothes. She moved towards the door. The adrenaline pumped through her heart and head. She heard it beating in her ears, "I'm going home." She blew a mocking kiss to the tiny room saying, "Farewell forever!" and brushed past the guard to the hall, her first steps to freedom.

Two months earlier Mary Ann had entered that room, screaming and sobbing as she hit the bed. The door had locked behind her, locking her in in the name of justice. Though she never denied her crime, Mary Ann hated her sentence for what it had done to her family. She could handle her punishment, but not theirs. They had to handle the shame, the stares and rumors. She'd never meant to wrong them. She'd never meant to wrong anyone, it had just happened.

The party had been fun. Beer and pot abounded. Her indulgence had dulled her senses and reasoning. She hadn't even questioned her boyfriend when he'd suggested they "borrow" the neighbors' stereo since they were away for the weekend. He had reassured her that they'd be right back, nibbling at her ear and pulling her out the door into the dark night's chill.

The two had darted across the street to the Bards' backyard where they slit the back screen and unhitched the dining room window. She remembered his kiss as he hoisted her through the opening and then climbed in himself. They crept across the room and there in the corner, spotted the stereo. Unplugging the component, Ken grabbed the turntable and left Mary Ann to take the two speakers. Outside they heard shouts and taunting cries from their friends as engines started. The two crept back to the open window, unaware that the next-door neighbors had called the police to break up the party. Their buddies

now darted to their cars to escape interrogation and breathalyzer tests.

Ken climbed down first and Mary Ann handed out the speakers. He then disappeared around the corner to hide them under the front bush. Suddenly she'd heard, "Hey man, cut it out . . . Stop, I was just. . . ." She craned her neck out the window to hear and was instantly blinded by the crude light which now focused on her face. She was caught. "Stop right there, young lady. You're coming with me." "Ken," she'd pleaded. Her only reply was the following two-month nightmare.

Mary Ann was driven to the station and booked for breaking and entering and burglary. Her parents had shown up an hour later expecting to find some mistake and raving about their *good* daughter. When they realized there was no mistake and that even good girls steal stereos, she remembered how their eyes pierced her in disbelief and their heads shook with shame. Mary Ann was tried, found guilty and sentenced to two months at the Cleveland Juvenile Detention Center. She remembered the judge, a stern, balding man, who pronounced her sentence and then mumbled something about "spoiled brats" that insist on stealing. He too had shaken his head saying, "You've got a tough lesson to learn, young lady."

At the Center she had served her time, undergoing workshops, rehabilitation lectures and counseling. She had limitedly continued her studies and hoped to graduate from Westbridge High in December. Her parents had often come to visit her during the period. They never brought anger or disappointment, although their disbelief still radiated from their eyes. Sometimes Mary Ann wondered if they even realized that it was their daughter confined in the two-story building. They often seemed to look at her as if she was someone they'd met in the supermarket and not their own flesh and blood. They'd talk of such trivial, normal things — the thawing spring, her brother's basketball team. Such conversation seemed to her so abnormal and unreal in that place.

Mary Ann imagined the horrors of admitting to family and friends that their daughter was indeed serving time, was indeed a thief. She'd often seen her grandmother's face as she listened. Yet her parents remained supportive and never shared these horrors. Perhaps they figured she had enough pain and felt they could only remain faithful and count the

days until her return. Somehow it just never seemed right.

Often Mary Ann wished they hated her. She wanted them to release their shame and lash out in anger and disappointment. She had imagined them abandoning her and kicking her out of the house. She would have done it herself. After all, she deserved it. "I guess my due time will come," she'd said to herself, like a rabbit waiting to be hunted down by the pack.

Mary Ann turned the hall corner and moved from her confinement. She realized, as she passed the dining room and workshop areas, that she was also moving towards reestablishing the justice she owed her parents. At last she felt she would receive her punishment, for she would no longer be protected by the Center's walls. Then she would really be free.

*She'd never meant to wrong  
them. She'd never meant to  
wrong anyone, it had just  
happened.*

Heading for the door, she walked through a tunnel, leaving her past behind in the darkness. Miss Alan, her probation officer, met her at the end of the hall. After signing the release documents, the two of them passed through the glass doorway, outside where Miss Alan had asked her mother to wait.

The afternoon sun warmed Mary Ann's cheeks. What a gorgeous day to be going home. She descended the stairs deliberately as if trying to feel the hard stone through her shoe soles. She descended to freedom and the March wind greeted her, brushing the hair from her shoulders. As the door closed behind them, Miss Alan's hand squeezed her shoulder. "Well, lady, this is it. You ready?"

"I guess so," Mary Ann replied. "I couldn't have picked a more beautiful day to do it." She smiled up at the brilliant lemon in the sky. How many times she'd gazed out the small window of her room, longing to feel the sunshine or taste the rain. Even in her most fanciful moments, she'd never imagined the day to be so clear and bright, to smell so clean.

Across the asphalt parking lot a horn trumpeted as if to signal victory. Through the tinted windshield Mary Ann saw her mother's

gleaming smile as she pushed open the car door. She *is* waiting. Miss Alan seemed to read her thoughts and announced, "She's been waiting for an hour and fifteen minutes."

"I am going home," the young woman sighed. "It'll be OK."

"You sure are M.A., and it'll be great. Now take it easy and don't worry. You are one lucky girl."

Mary Ann turned to give Miss Alan a quick hug. Strong hands pushed her back as if to say, "Get along now." Mary Ann grasped her suitcase and turned in a trot to her waiting mother. Knowing Miss Alan stood there watching, she turned and waved. "Thank you and I'll see you on Thursday. Your office. It's going to be alright, I promise." Nearing the car, she stopped.

Her mother moved from the front of the vehicle to welcome her. Mary Ann saw two months of pain brimming in her eyes. Or was it joy? She couldn't tell the difference, just wished it would go away. Her mother had greyed. Has it been that long and hard, she wondered? Embracing her daughter she cried, "Welcome home. I'm so glad to see you." Mary Ann shivered beneath her touch. She'd forgotten how incredibly soft, like rose petals, her mother's skin was and how sweet she smelled. "Hi, Mom," she said timidly. "It's good to see you too." She pulled away from the embrace and looking to the car asked, "Could we please get out of here?"

As they pulled from the parking lot, Mary Ann looked over at her mother. She wore an almost silly smile, like a girl that just got kissed in the schoolyard. She didn't say anything and kept her eyes fixed on the road. Mary Ann imagined her a china doll, painted with a silly smile and posed behind the wheel. She remembered the last time she'd been in a car. The beer-bellied cop had worn a similar smile and had said nothing. At least this car was not separated by a grill and a CB didn't blare signals like foghorns in the silence. Mary Ann's eyes turned also to the road.

"Hey, Mom, how's everything at home?" she asked, just as she'd asked every other time they'd visited.

"Just fine, dear," the smile replied. "Just as you left us. Nothing has changed at all. We're so glad you're coming home."

What do you mean nothing has changed since I left? Do you think I'd believe you've carried on just like before, what with your daughter sitting in a prison? Well, if you



think nothing's changed lady, we'll just see. I'm going to be there now. That'll change things, won't it? Mary Ann felt the blood rising in her cheeks. You lie so, Mother, she raged. You know things have changed. She turned to the window.

"Yes, it's just the same," the smile said again.

Passing the supermarket, Mary Ann began to recognize the neighborhood. A new pizza restaurant stood on the corner, probably where the gang hung out now. The Jonhan's place was up for sale and a few new cars lined the driveways. As her mother pulled to a halt at the stoplight, Mary Ann saw home.

The modest two-story house crowned a small hill. The grass was neatly mowed and tulips bloomed around the maples. Although the paint seemed faded and the basketball net hung in shreds over the garage, it all looked so clean, the windows shimmering in the spring sun. "Wow," she sighed. "It looks so nice."

The engine silenced in the driveway. "Shall we go in?" the smile asked.

Mary Ann looked at the front door with apprehension. "I guess so," she chuckled, trying to act natural. "I don't want to stay cooped up in this car for the rest of my days."

"No, I'd say you've been cooped up long enough now, don't you think?" her mother answered, opening the door and getting out.

Mary Ann shot her a hot, indignant glare. It's true. You *do* hate me. Why even let me come home? Leave me there then. I know I've caused you shame. Don't take me back. Her head spun in anguished confusion. The hour of confrontation approached. She wished she could shrivel up and never have to face them again.

Mary Ann started as the car door opened. "Hey, sis, it's great to see you," a young voice said. An arm reached around her neck and two moist lips touched her cheek. "You look good, Mary Ann. Were they good to you there?" She glared at the twelve-year old. "What did you expect," she wanted to shout. "I wasn't in any concentration camp, dummy." He just stood there, smiling hesitantly.

Mary Ann cleared her throat nervously. "Hey, Timmy, how are you?" She got out and hugged her brother. She hung onto him as if trying to squeeze all the innocence and love out. "It's nice to be home," she whispered. After a few seconds

he wriggled free and grasping her suitcase, took her hand and led her up the walk. "Let's go inside."

Mary Ann walked up the sloping driveway half wanting the concrete to split open and swallow her. Her brother's head bobbed just beneath her chin. Does he remember that I never came home? she wondered. Does he know what happened? Of course he does, it was in the paper. Did his friends tease him about his criminal sister? How had he explained her mistake? It didn't seem to matter much to him now. He seemed happy and yet Mary Ann could not really see why.

She pulled her hand from his as they neared the front door. Don't patronize me, she thought angrily. I'm sure you don't even want to touch me. She stared at him, searching for his hatred. Timmy responded by opening the door for her and smiling.

Mary Ann stepped through the doorway. Her father's huge form filled the hall. He stepped from the shadows into the muted sunlight of the living room. Mary Ann felt extremely small and weak. Her eyes fell to the floor as she mumbled meekly, "Hello, Daddy."

"Hello, Mary Ann," his bass voice resounded. She felt him near and soon his shoe tips squared off against

*Everything was out of order.*

*First came the fight, then the friendship. Where were the arguments? The Anger?*

hers in the limited space of her vision. Two thick hands slipped under her armpits and she felt his muscles flex as he lifted her up against his wide chest. "It's wonderful to have you home, daughter," he said tenderly. "We've missed you." Mary Ann felt her heart beating in her throat and she reached her arms around his barrel-shaped torso. "Oh, I missed you too."

His beard itched her cheek though she dared not move. He just held her there almost determined never to let her go again. Her mother's thin, soft hand reached up and touched her arm. Glancing over her father's shoulder, she saw Timmy by the door, smiling. She felt limp. She'd lost control. The hardened front she'd spent so long trying to build up melted around her. Everything was out of order. First came the fight,

then the friendship. Where were the arguments? The anger?

Mary Ann suddenly felt very silly, like a little girl receiving Christmas presents in July. She wasn't supposed to have all this yet. Her guilt flared again. "Please put me down," she said dryly. The huge arms obeyed. She stood there gazing at them like they were three outer-space creatures she'd never even imagined existed. The silence thickened.

"I've prepared your favorite dinner, Mary Ann. Steaks, baked potatoes, salad and lemon pie, dear." Her mother's words cut the quiet.

"If you want, I'll take you to your new room," suggested Timmy. "We redecorated the whole thing. Hope you like pink and green."

Mary Ann blinked unresponsively. Timmy grabbed her hand and began to lead her up the stairs. She said nothing, looking over her shoulder in total disbelief. Her mother shrugged and turned to the kitchen. Her father's eyes climbed the stairs behind them. They are trying to confuse me, she thought.

Timmy flung open the bedroom door, singing "TA DA. How do you like it?" The setting sun played across the fields of pink and green wildflowers that papered the walls. A carpet of sea-foam green lay at her feet. So nothing has changed, huh?

"Timmy, could I be alone for a bit before dinner?"

He looked at her, not sure she was serious. "But you've been alone so long," she heard his eyes say. He then answered, "OK, if you want. . . . See you soon?" She nodded.

Mary Ann moved to the ruffled bed and flopped face down on the coverlet. She lay there for a long time, trying to sort out her confusion. Nothing has changed? Everything has changed. My room. My house. My family. They have all changed. Why aren't they like I expected them? They aren't even yelling yet. Let's fight. Let's get it over with. Why don't they? A knock interrupted her thoughts. "Come in," she responded, flipping over onto her back. Her father entered.

"Mary Ann, are you about ready to eat?" he asked hesitantly. He shuffled across the sea-foam green towards her bed. Silence bounced off the wildflower walls.

"We are so pleased to have you finally home," he stammered searching for the right words.

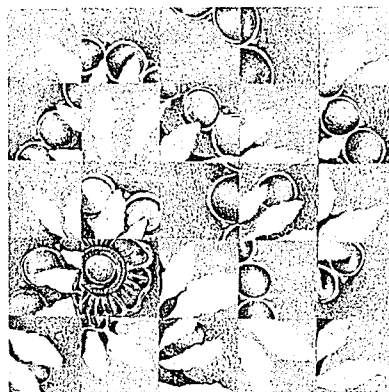
*(cont'd on page 31)*

# Poetry

The premature May morning,  
speckled with secret charms,  
flickers softly.  
Discoveries are found in misty  
shadows.  
Familiar shades dimly penetrate  
dense fog.  
With nowhere to land, misplaced  
songs of delight echo in the  
stillness.  
Streetlight's glow fades into the  
black walls of dawn.  
Eruptive is the aviary of morn.

The dawn of understanding  
materializes as the morning.  
Awakened knowledge perceives  
the distinctions.  
Simplicity uncovers ambiguities  
that obstruct one's path.  
To erase unwarranted ill desires.  
To elucidate unknown destinations.  
Selfish thoughts impudently force  
opinion into the mind's dis-  
course.  
Then unique colors and impres-  
sions unite.  
Anxious stillness becomes  
expectant repose.

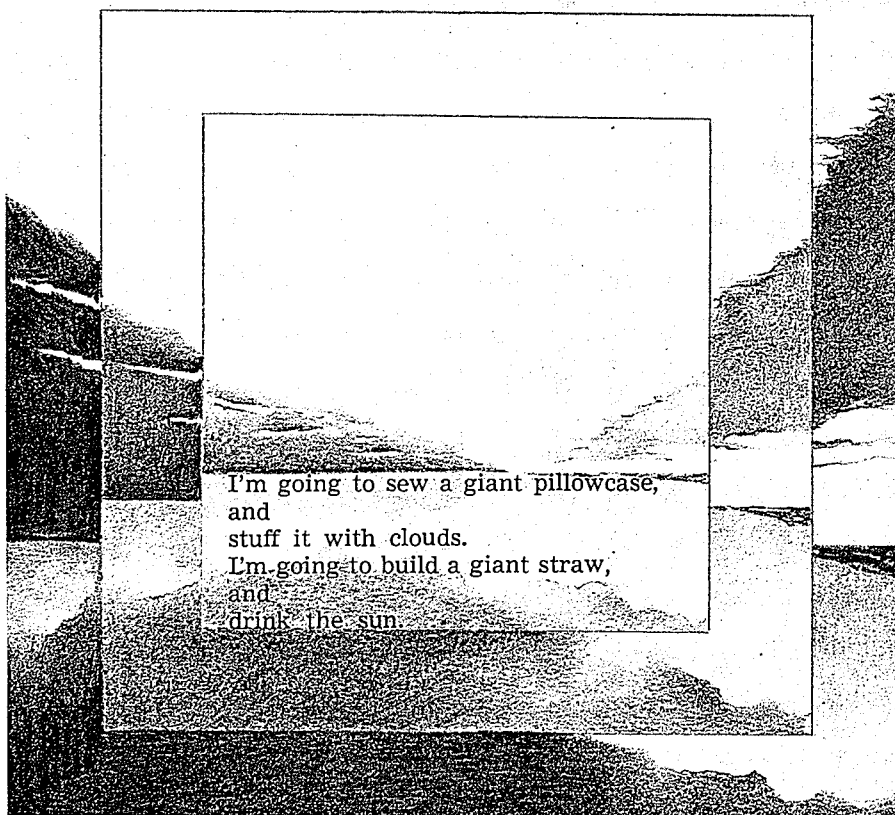
by Mary Frances DeCelles



My heart was stitched to a purple  
haze,  
the tailors said I used the wrong  
thread.  
So I chiseled a laugh from pink  
marble,  
framed it in gold.  
The sculptors sneered that the  
marble was flawed,  
the gold impure.  
My love wound sharps, and flats  
around my greying hairs,  
too much vibrato, cut the singers.  
So my soul cried itself in watercolors  
never for the painters to see.

by Kathleen Johannsen

Day Dream by Kathleen Johannsen



I'm going to sew a giant pillowcase,  
and  
stuff it with clouds.  
I'm going to build a giant straw,  
and  
drink the sun.



Worn bike rubber knew this road.  
 Scuffed Keds, tired Peters, plans—  
     for forts  
 sighed atop those crunching leaves.  
 Dads puffed home: the pedestrian  
     sole knew each speckled slope.  
 The Dead End sign, a welcome  
     diamond,  
 whispered of warm kitchens  
 only to us.  
 A happy bubble, burst now,  
 because my car won't fit in the  
     last driveway  
 on the left.

**The Old Neighborhood** by Kathleen Johannsen

### Passage Through Hell

You fall through a maze of half-  
 recognized fears  
 constructed in childhood's mind—  
 half-formed sentinals with  
 bloodied visages.

Demented features, bodiless, chase  
 you down fiery corridors  
 while hideous gargoyles snicker.  
 Ahead distortions weave in the  
 bloody glare,

grotesque yet somehow familiar,  
 you reach for them and feel only  
 the burning of your skin.

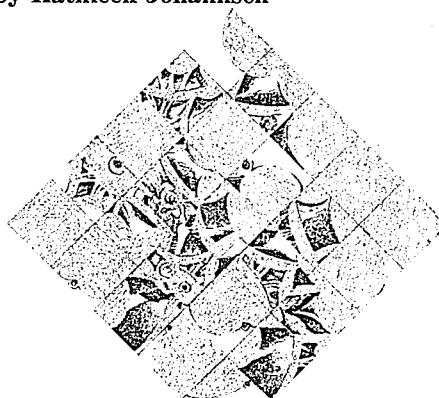
Omnipresent figures with eyes of  
 fire

dance among the hungry flames  
 shrieking, laughing  
 and beckoning;

they begin to circle, enclosing,  
 you strike out at the smirking  
 glossy faces.

Turning to run you see mirrors—  
 the red reflections,  
 and hear the gargoyles laugh  
 as you sink into the fiery pit,  
 God cries.

by Kathleen Johannsen



Hunched over his dirty, old sneakers,  
 a little boy crouches.  
 They are the results of long hours  
 of joyful play in mud and dirt.

His bright, eager eyes look out of  
 his grubby face with sheer  
 determination.

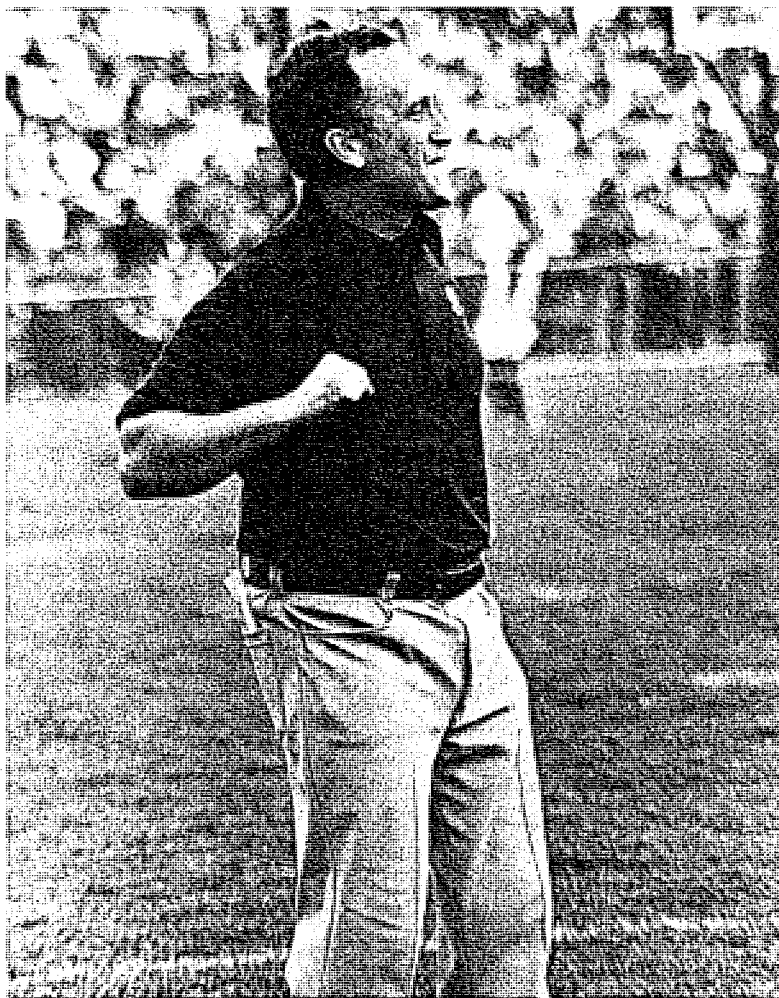
His chubby little fingers are  
 inadequate in his struggle.

He appears to have too many;  
 They stumble over each other;  
 Long laces tangle his efforts.

But he doesn't mind all that much.  
 He hums a simple tune of his own  
 while his fingers slowly work:

Something made-up;  
 Something his own.

by Mary Frances DeCelles



1982, here we come!

board and most Irish supporters were shaking their heads. But the Irish sprung hope into the hearts of its fans. On the very next set of downs the Kiel-Howard connection again went to work, this time a 40-yard pass play to the Penn State 2. Two plays later, Phil Carter ran it in and tied the score. In the third quarter N.D. took the lead for the first time in the game, capitalizing on a key interception by Bob Crable. For most of us, N.D. had clinched the win and were on their way. That is what probably made it so disappointing when Penn State scored in the fourth quarter, covering 82 yards in 9 plays to achieve the final victory 24-21. The loss hit hard and left many of us shocked.

In the last game of the year, the Irish traveled to Miami where they were literally outplayed in every aspect of the game. In the end Miami beat Notre Dame, only the second time in 14 tries, 37-15. A couple of the bright spots for the Irish were Greg Bell's 98-yard kickoff return and Joe Howard's 5 pass receptions for 77 yards. In fact, as Blair Kiel remarked, 'The game typified our season. It was up and down, steady

and disappointing. I really felt bad for the seniors. We wanted to go out and assure them a winning season.'

As a senior, I will have to admit that I too was also a little disappointed. At the start of the season, expectations mounted, hopes flew high and visions of victory molded. At the end of the season these hopes were gone. Granted, victory will come, but unfortunately it will not be a part of our senior year. Yet, what really touched me was what Faust said at the end of the season, something that we as fans should all subscribe to, "... We'll be back. Notre Dame is bigger than any losing season."

I guess we can say the same for us. We will be back. But this time it will be with checkered pants, 20 extra pounds, and an armload of T-shirts from the bookstore. It is sad to think that this time in our lives we will never recapture. It is a thrill to sit in the student section and root for one of America's foremost football teams. Despite the losing season, I will have to admit that I rooted just as hard, applauded just as loudly, and complained just as much as any average Notre Dame student will

during the course of a season. But the most important thing is that I had fun and in a nutshell that is what it is all about. A long time from now I will not remember the losing season as much as the memories the season gave me, and for those memories, I can always be thankful.

I guess that here at Notre Dame, we can also be thankful that our athletes can walk off the field and become students in every sense of the word. With this in mind, we can hear what coach Bobby Bowden of Florida State said about his star linebacker Reggie Herring — "He doesn't know the meaning of the word fear. In fact, I just saw his grades and he doesn't know the meaning of a lot of words." At Notre Dame our players are able to compete on the field and in the classroom. That is one aspect in college athletics which often gets overlooked, but regardless of a winning or losing season, it prevails here at Notre Dame.

Finally, I would like to repeat what Lee Corso, Indiana football coach, said explaining why U.S.C. was on the Hoosier schedule—"When I took this job, I promised our fans I'd show them a Rose Bowl team." Well, this year Faust showed us a Bluebonnet Bowl team (Michigan), a Liberty Bowl team (Navy), and a Fiesta Bowl team (Penn State/U.S.C.), all in one season. But I better stop kidding around, or I am going to be embarrassed when Gerry Faust shows us a National Championship Team here at Notre Dame in the next few years—if not next year. □



Senior ALPP major Mike Dorociak, coming off a four-year retirement as a staff sportswriter, received important editorial aid from St. Mary's senior Shaun Gallagher.

# Culture Update

## MUSIC

### ... at Notre Dame

Feb. 22 — Elsa Charleston, soprano — 8:15 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium — \$2.00

Feb. 16 — Irene Schneidemann, pianist — 8:15 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium — \$2.00

## ART

### ... at the Snite Museum of Art

Until April 11 — Recent Accessions: Drawings and Prints — Print, Drawing, and Photography Gallery

Until April 4 — Aaron Siskind's Harlem Document — O'Shaughnessy Galleries

Feb. 7-March 21 — George Tisten: One Man Exhibition — O'Shaughnessy Galleries

Feb. 14-April 14 — Harmsen's Collection of Navajo Weavings — O'Shaughnessy Galleries

(gallery hours: T-F, 10-4 p.m.; S-S, 1-4 p.m.; Closed M)

### ... at the Isis Gallery

Feb. 1-19 — New West Show  
(gallery hours: M-F, 10-4 p.m.; Closed S-S)

### ... at Saint Mary's

Jan. 29-Feb. 24 — Marilyn Bock-Tobolski Paintings — Hammes Gallery

Jan. 29-Feb. 24 — Hick's Etch Print Exhibition — Moreau Gallery

(gallery hours: M-F, 9:30-12, 1-3; Sun., 1-3; Closed Sat.)

### ... lectures at the Snite

Feb. 3 — Stephen B. Spiro, Curator, Snite Museum of Art — "On Collecting Prints and Drawings" — 8 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium

Feb. 9 — Dr. Dean A. Porter — "English Gothic Art and Architecture: Bishop John Grandisson of Exeter" — 12:15 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium

Feb. 17 — Mr. Jack Sewell, Curator, Oriental Art, Art Institute of Chicago — "Sculptural Monuments of India and Southeast Asia" — 8 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium

## THEATRE

Feb. 12, 13 — A New Play — Directed by: Anne Patterson — 8 p.m. — Saint Mary's Campus — \$1.00

Feb. 18, 19 — Duel of Angels — by: Jean Giraudoux — Directed by: Reginald Bain — 8 p.m. — O'Laughlin Auditorium — \$1.00

## Getting On (Continued)

Mary Ann said nothing. She looked into his eyes, something she had feared doing since her arrival. The setting sun played in his salt-and-pepper beard and softened the wrinkles of his forehead. She focused. There was no longer any disbelief or disappointment in his eyes. His head no longer shook in anger and shame. No, the wrinkles around his features revealed years of laughter.

He sat at the edge of the bed and played with the dust ruffle. "Mary Ann, it's been a long time coming, your freedom. You know, you are not only free from the Center. You are our good daughter."

She sat up and he stretched his hand to her. Mary Ann stared disbelievingly at the long, strong fingers. This is not a fist. There will be no fight. She grabbed his hand and squeezed it tightly. Looking at him, she felt her own piercing gaze melt. Freedom had come, they had all paid. Getting on began now.

"Yes, Daddy, I'm ready for dinner. It's been long enough."

Mary Ann Turner had come home.

## Scalping (Continued)

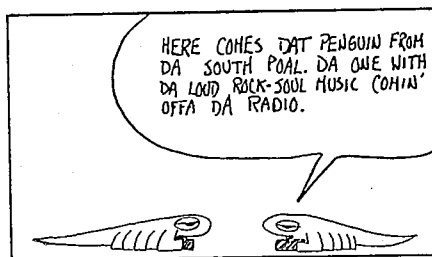
Because of the nature of Notre Dame fans, some of my projected outcomes did not come to pass. When ND began to lose games, I thought the demand for tickets would decrease quite a bit. Since we were ranked #1, I felt those first few losses to Michigan and Purdue would be enough to make some alumni lose interest. This, however, did not happen. While there were some visible signs of displeasure (Oust Faust buttons, etc.) most alumni stood behind their team. This kept the demand for the less exciting games almost up to normal. Thus, ticket prices generally remained at "normal" levels.

Alumni also are in the habit of selective pricing. In other words, tickets sold to students and those sporting Notre Dame embossed clothing are usually priced lower than for a person carrying a U.S.C. banner. Most alumni would rather have fellow ND fans have their tickets even if the "enemy's" fan is willing to pay more.

Philip Allen is from Chicago. After surviving the grueling footwork involved in this research, he has returned for the second semester of his freshman year. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

## Frods

by Sven Johnson





# —The Last Word—

by Chuck Wood

And now, the people who brought you *Battle of the Daytime Drama All-Stars*, *NFL Superstar Bowling*, and *Mud Miniature Golf* with Dan Rather and the entire staff of the *CBS Evening News* introduce a new advance in television Sports Events: *The Celebrity Theologians' Tour*.

Each week, a well known theologian will appear on the show. To make this idea work as a sporting event, the producers of the show will have each theologian demonstrate how their system of belief can be translated to the world of athletic competition. Then there will follow a demonstration of how well the system would work in the real world, as members of a carefully selected professional or college team, a new one each week, try their game with the new rules.

Two of the more important stops on the tour will be the *Phil Donahue Show* and the University of Notre Dame. And one of the first participants in the tour is expected to be Fr. Hans Kung, since he is sure to enjoy a "home court advantage" at the above two stops. With the help of the Notre Dame football team, Fr. Kung will show how easily many of his concepts for reform of the Roman Catholic Church would transfer to the gridiron. This demonstration is likely to be very costly, as the network will have to construct a reasonable facsimile of the Notre Dame stadium, with one major difference: the seats in the new stadium will be entirely on one level. Such a structure will insure that everyone will literally be on equal ground.

In a similar move, Fr. Kung will rid the game of the hierarchy of referees and officials; men who have held these positions will share responsibilities with those who have only theorized about the rules of football. Perhaps the most innovative aspect of this new brand of football will be the way the crowd participates in the game. For even though the former officials and the football theorists can talk about what the violations are and what the penalties may be, they have to take a poll of the crowd before a decision is made. In fact, the ultimate form of the game will entail a survey of the spectators to find out what they think should and should not be considered violations in the first place.

Fr. Kung is expected to point out the close parallels in the area of penalties between his old spiritual stance and his new athletic one. For instance, premarital sex goes along with stepping out of bounds. Abortion and the use of contraceptives are similar to offensive interference. And many other practices which surveys show many Catholics condone or are simply indifferent to, fall under the general category of illegal procedure in sports parlance.

Fr. Kung hopes that the football demonstration will be a success to show that his real reforms will not result in moral and ecclesial chaos but in a Brave New Church.

Rumor has it that the Reverend Jerry Falwell will be the second person to go on the tour. No one is sure which sport the leader of the Moral Majority will

choose, but the structure of the stadium he will request is certain. To suit Falwell's tastes, there will be one section of the stadium where the seats are higher than anyone else's. The people who sit in these seats, Falwell among them, will decide everything about the game.

With the same amount of good intention as Kung, Falwell will take the opposite approach to the game as does the ecumenical theologian. With Falwell's system, the people in the high seats will referee the game from where they sit. But their influence is to go beyond the game itself. They will also tell the coaches how to run their practices and sports camps. And this group of "High Seaters" will also be able to tell the other fans how they should behave — before, during, and after the game.

There will be no polls or surveys in Falwell's game because he assumes that most people agree with his ideas. So the conservative leader feels he is simply forcing people to do what they would want to do anyway.

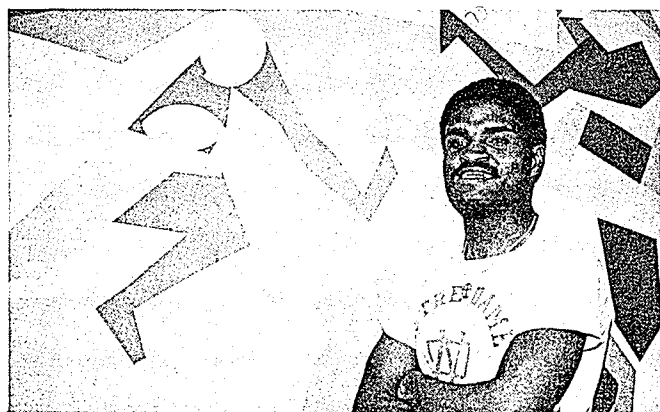
Mr. Falwell hopes the sports demonstration will be a success to show that his real ideas will not result in moral and political tyranny but in a Nice New World.

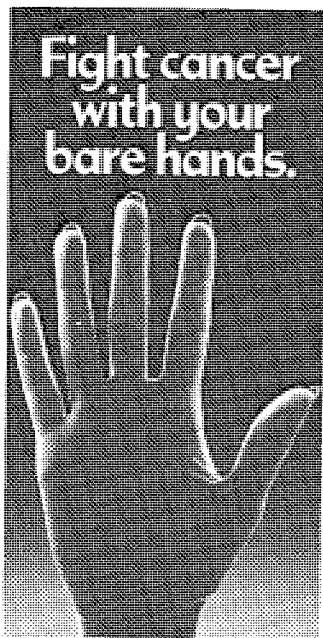
Fr. Kung has said that he will never forget the network because it has enough courage to invite him. A network official has stated privately that most of what the network has is, "a good sense of what makes for great publicity."

Other network officials are hoping that after the fanfare of Kung's and Falwell's appearances, some theologians or religious leaders with more moderate and sensible ideas for change will want to join the tour. These officials note that both Falwell and Kung speak of the need for personal relationships with God. And the two men come at this idea from such opposite directions: Kung wanting to level hierarchy which he feels is unjust, too rigid, and legalistic, while Falwell calls for constructing a rigid moral code through the legal system.

Producers of the tour noted in private that they were not sure how either system, when applied to athletics, would enhance the personal relationships of spectators to the sporting events; how well this reflects each system's value to the real world is up to viewers to decide. However, the producers are sure that both shows will attract huge crowds, because of the extremism and keen sense of how to play up to an audience that both of the stars share.

And that's all the sports news for tonight. □





The best way to guard against breast cancer is right in your hands. It's called breast self-examination. Ask your doctor to teach you how to do it. And while you're at it, ask him about mammography—a low dose breast x-ray.

For more information, call your local ACS office.

 **American  
Cancer Society**

This space contributed as a public service.

## BIG C LUMBER

Your Complete  
HOME IMPROVEMENT CENTER

- Paneling
- Lumber
- Wallpaper
- Shelf Brackets
- Stain
- Paint
- Tools
- Shelving
- Hardware
- Electrical Products

Over 5000 Items in Stock  
Delivery Service Available



### BIG C LUMBER

125 DIXIEWAY NORTH—ROSELAND  
(Business 31 North)  
Just north of the campus  
PHONE 272-6500

## Seven Special Nights To Spend With Friends At Steak And Ale!

**Monday:** 7 PM—Closing  
Pitchers only \$2.00, Shots \$1.00,  
Hotdogs \$.50

**Tuesday:** A Mexican Fiesta With  
Nachos, Margaritas, pitchers,  
Mexican Hotdogs, Chips &  
Salsa Cruda

**Wednesday:** Two For One  
**All Night Long**

**Thursday:** Ladies Night

**Friday:** 10:00 P.M.—1:00 A.M.  
Two For One

**Saturday:** 10:00 P.M.—1:00 A.M.  
Two For One

**Sunday:** Lounge & Dining Room  
Two For One or Mix and Match  
**All Day**

### Lounge Hours

Monday - Thursday—11:30 - midnight

Friday—11:30 - 1 A.M.

Saturday—12:00 - 1 A.M.

Sunday—4:00 - 10:00 P.M.

52554 U.S. 31 North 277-3766



## Sir Richard's Hair Designs

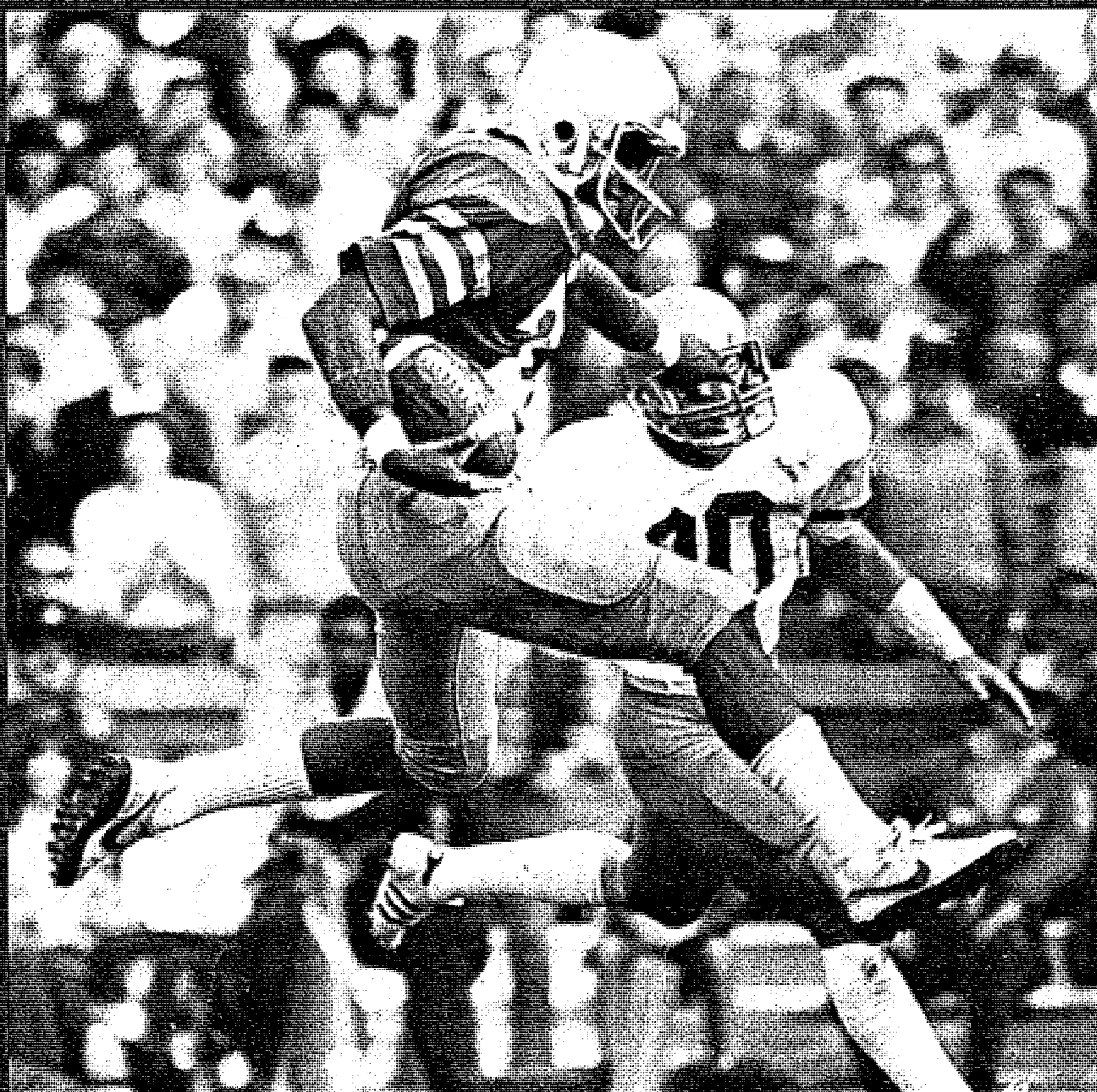
417 Dixieway North

½ mile north of  
campus — Across  
from Wendy's

Girls and Guys

**277-0734**

Walk-in or call for  
an appointment



NON-PROFIT ORG.  
U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
Notre Dame, Indiana  
Permit No. 7