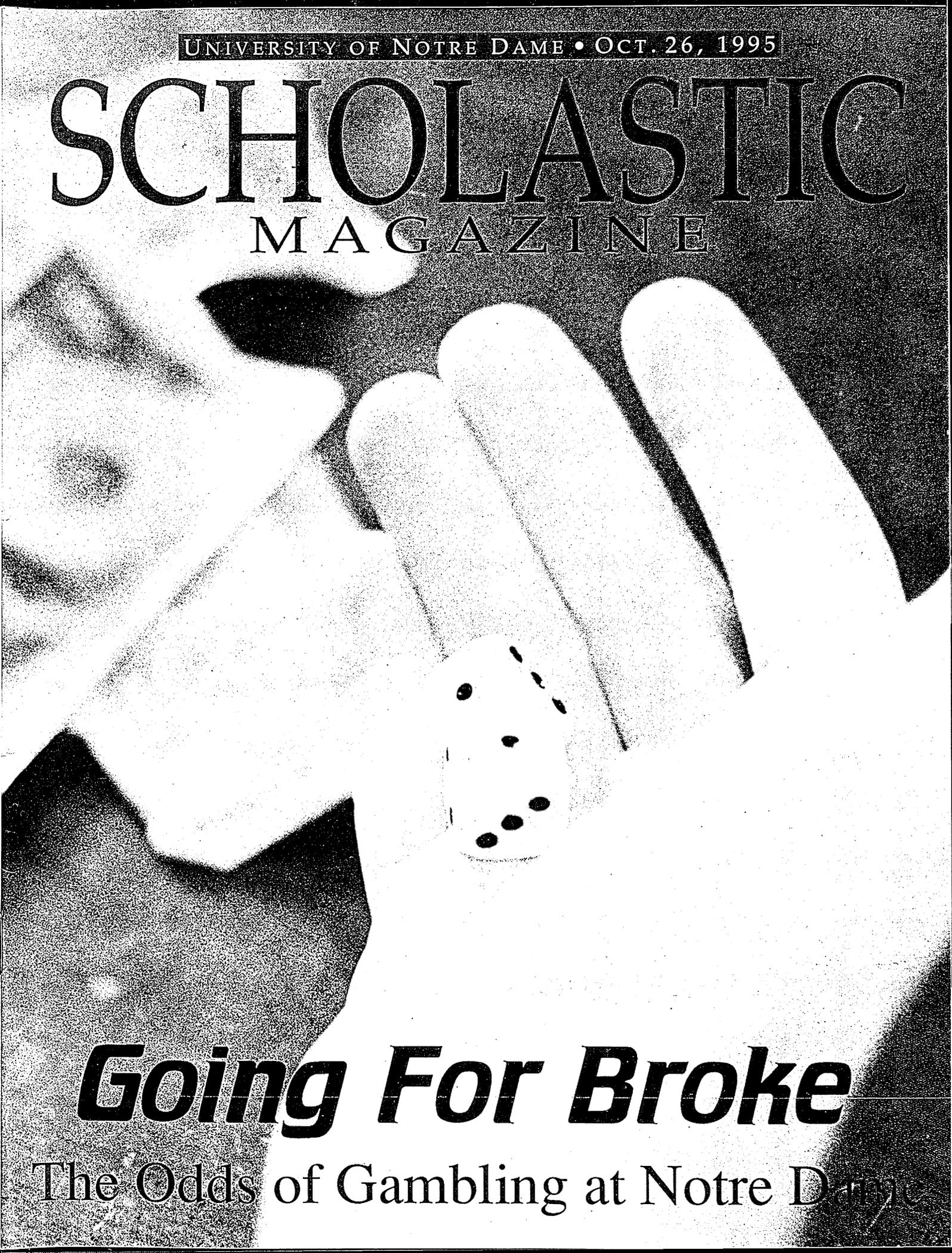


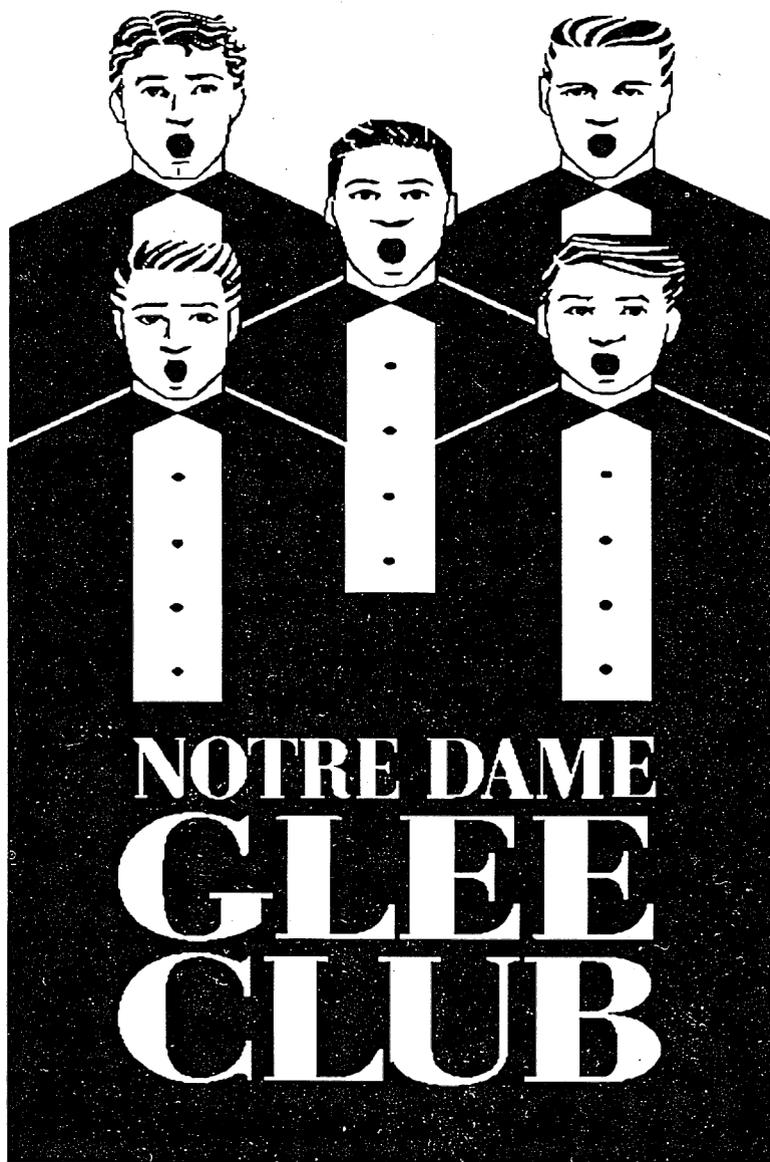
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME • OCT. 26, 1995

# SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE



## ***Going For Broke***

The Odds of Gambling at Notre Dame



## **FALL CONCERT**

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*Friday, October 27*  
*8:00 P.M., Washington Hall*  
*Free Admission*

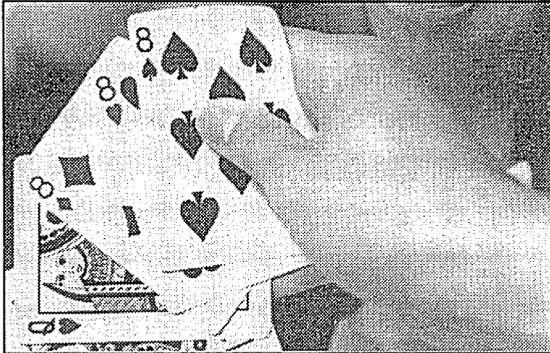
# SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE

VOLUME 137, NUMBER 7

FOUNDED 1867

OCTOBER 26, 1995

## COVER STORY



## Covering the Spread

From the students who stay up all night playing euchre to those who participate in the NCAA Finals basketball pools, there is no doubt that gambling occurs at Notre Dame. For some students, though, gambling becomes not just a pastime, but a way of life.

.....page 12

## Get With The Program



"PROOGRAMS! Get your prooograms!" Seventh-grader Michael Clements has become an intrinsic part of every Notre Dame football weekend.  
.....page 8

## Weekend at Rockne's



From the marching band's Saturday morning concert to the painting of the players' helmets, here's a portrait of the Texas football weekend in pictures.  
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**More Than Just A Game**

I love going to sporting events. I may not know what a down is, and I may have trouble differentiating between the offense and the defense, but I continue to attend these events for their fun and excitement.

Although people have tried to teach me the basics of various games countless numbers of times, each attempt has proved unsuccessful. I have simply learned to live with (and quite honestly enjoy) the fact that for me, attending an athletic game is comparable to attending a large-scale social gathering.

That is why it is so hard for me to imagine why anyone would be willing to bet hundreds of dollars on a game. But it happens. And according to many Notre Dame students, it occurs right here on this campus. News writer Corrine Burnick takes a look at this undercover phenomenon on page 12.

**In Memoriam**

The staff of *Scholastic* would like to offer their condolences to the family and friends of senior Rob Adams, who lost his life in a car accident on the morning of October 13.

Theresa M. Hennessey  
*Managing Editor*

Cover photo by Stan Evans

**15 Years Ago...**

Fifteen years ago, in the May 2, 1980, issue, *Scholastic* ran the following ad on the inside front cover of the magazine. What four words could be used to sum up Notre Dame in this day and age?

**Welcome Students**

**This is  
 NOTRE DAME**

**SCHOLASTIC  
 MAGAZINE**

*Volume 137, Number 7  
 October 26, 1995*

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*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus  
 Vive Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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## GLND/SMC still unrecognized

Dear Editor:

Richard Hunt's letter (Scholastic, September 28) mentions his surprise, upon returning to Notre Dame after a five-year absence, at finding a somewhat more open discussion of gay and lesbian issues on campus. I believe he is correct in his observation but wrong in wanting to credit the president and administration of the university with any improvement in the climate.

GLND/SMC is still forbidden by official administration policy from posting notices, from advertising in the *Observer*, from reserving a meeting room or from organizing events on campus. Flyers posted by GLND/SMC have in the past been systematically torn down by watchdogs of the Office of Student Affairs. The occasional survival of GLND/SMC postings does not reflect a change of official university policy. The GLND/SMC booth at activities night appeared without official sanction and was eventually shut down by the authorities.

What has actually begun to produce some small changes in the acceptance of gays and lesbians here are the concerted efforts of gay and lesbian students themselves along with significant support from many other students, dedicated faculty, gay and lesbian alumni and key campus organizations. The university administration and the Office of Student Affairs, which only eight months ago made a special point of ejecting GLND/SMC from the one place on campus where it had tacitly been allowed to meet, have so far made no change in their policy. With regard to meeting space, the official policy has actually become more repressive.

Thomas O'Neil's September 21 article correctly pointed out the strange silence on this important issue on the part of the university president. Since Father Malloy is presumed to be an expert on the subject of homosexuality, having dedicated his doctoral dissertation to the matter, the silence is all the more stunning. But he has been of no help here.

Is it too much to hope that the country's leading Catholic university and its president might begin to lead the Church toward a more positive resolution of an issue that so deeply affects the life of the university, the wider Catholic Church and its leadership, and our society as a whole, not to mention the lives of the many gay and lesbian students here?

James N. Lodwick  
Graduate Student

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# Outgrowing LaFortune

*With the number of student organizations on the rise, there's just not enough office space to go around*

**CLOSE QUARTERS.** Formerly a multicultural student lounge, nine ethnic organizations now must share this cramped office space.



Eric Paredes

BY LAURA MERRITT

What has four walls, a floor, a ceiling, a desk, a phone, a filing cabinet and a door? While most people would correctly guess an office, some Notre Dame students could not rely on personal experience to solve the riddle.

LaFortune stands as the official student center on campus, and one of its primary functions is to house Notre Dame's clubs and organizations. It has become increasingly apparent, however, that it cannot serve every group's needs.

Mary Edgington, Student Activities assistant director in charge of facilities, outlines the dilemma at hand. In 1986, she explains, LaFortune was expanded and refurbished with the aim of accommodating all of Notre Dame's student organizations, then totaling 40. Since this augmentation, the number of clubs has risen to 200, yet there has been no concurrent expansion to meet the growing needs of such groups.

Katie Lawler, Student Union Board manager, perceives the situation at hand as a sort of phenomenon. For a school with about 8,000 students, she indicates that the existence of 200 organizations is absolutely remarkable. "We have a very active student body," she says. "But without adequate office space, how do we keep that going?" A number of other student leaders, both those with and without offices, share her concerns.

The struggles and reasons for desiring office space are as diverse as Notre Dame's organizations themselves. The Women's Resource Center, for instance, has fought an uphill battle for the space it presently holds. Chairperson Erin Trahan explains that the Center was first granted its space, which is a conference room in the Student Government Office, in the fall of 1993, and has had to overcome subsequent conflicts to keep it.

Trahan is thankful for the fact that the Center occupies an office, especially within the "high accessibility" of LaFortune, but is displeased with the fact that anyone who wants to visit the Center must walk through the Student Government Office. "Our issues are sensitive," she explains, "so the situation is very awkward." More specifically, privacy is an absolute necessity, so the location "is a total detriment to the services we want to offer."

Ethnic organizations, run through the Multicultural Student Affairs Office in LaFortune, likewise represent clubs which have had to struggle for space. Director Iris Outlaw explains that in spring of 1991, a group of Notre Dame students known as Students United For Respect (SUFR) united in an attempt to achieve mutual respect between the administration and its ethnic students. One of the demands was for a multicultural center that would provide office space, an auditorium, congregational

space, library space, lounge space and study rooms. While SUFR never saw this demand entirely fulfilled, they were given a room within the Multicultural Student Affairs Office known as the Coalition Lounge. It was used primarily as social and study space, and a few ethnic organizations were able to hold meetings there.

As the need for regular office space has skyrocketed, however, the lounge has been revamped into an office. Outlaw reports that nine ethnic organizations now operate out of the room, which can fit only four desks, a file cabinet, and a telephone that everyone must share. Meanwhile, approximately 10 other ethnic groups are waiting for a home-base of their own. "We have outgrown LaFortune," Outlaw declares, "not just ethnic groups, but everyone."

Jose Gonzales, assistant director of Multicultural Student Affairs, concurs. He states, "Office space is necessary to feel like we're a part of Notre Dame, but it is cramped, crowded and not conducive to privacy. All groups suffer from this," he asserts.

The benefits of having an established office are plentiful, as voiced by student leaders themselves. As Kevin Minbirole, co-president of Foodshare, explains, "Office space, first and foremost, provides basic tools of organization, including necessities such as a telephone, computer and desk." Minbirole's organization shares a small space with a handful of other groups,

but he is satisfied that he has an option other than working out of his own room.

Kevin Kuwik, senior class president, agrees. "You have to have one," he states, "not only as a site at which to store files and class merchandise, but as a place to hold office hours." The class and its officers get good use of the office, he explains, because individuals are able to stop by knowing that there will always be someone around who can answer questions and address concerns.

Mike Gaglia, president of College Democrats, says his organization does not have office space, but would like to have some simply as a general resource place. "It would be a good location to keep current congressional material so that club members could easily access it," he explains.

Dave Lykins, president of Tau Beta Pi, echoes Gaglia's wish. After applying for space last spring and not receiving it, Lykins must now store the club's supplies in his dorm room.

While not every organization finds a designated office space necessary, a general meeting place proves essential to each club's functioning. Lawler remarks that LaFortune, along with Stepan Center, are the only sites on campus that student organizations may reserve free of cost for meetings and other functions.

Sharon Einloth, coordinator of the Club Coordination Council, explains that each spring as many as 100 organizations request LaFortune office space for the ensuing school year. With only 40 viable spaces in LaFortune, simple arithmetic indicates that a significant number of clubs walk away empty-handed.

Einloth, who works in coordination with Edgington, must read all the space allocation requests and then present Student Activities with written recommendations for the groups that she finds most deserving of offices. This proves a difficult task, because, she admits, there is just "not a whole lot of space to be had," and "you want to be able to give it to everyone."

Edgington agrees that the process is challenging. While there is no established policy for deciding who receives office space, she and the Club Coordination Council attempt

to remain consistent from year to year in their general guidelines. For example, they first analyze exactly what type of space each club requests. Secondly, the implications of each group for the student body are discussed. Finally, if the organization is actually allocated space, Student Activities must then decide which particular office it should be assigned.

Edgington stresses that of these factors, one is not more important than another. Instead, she and the Club Coordination Council compile all the components, as well as speak with club heads themselves so that they are able, as Einloth states, to get "a feel for their needs." Yet even after the whole process is completed and "every nook and cranny" is in use, says Edgington, "we just don't have enough space to allocate."

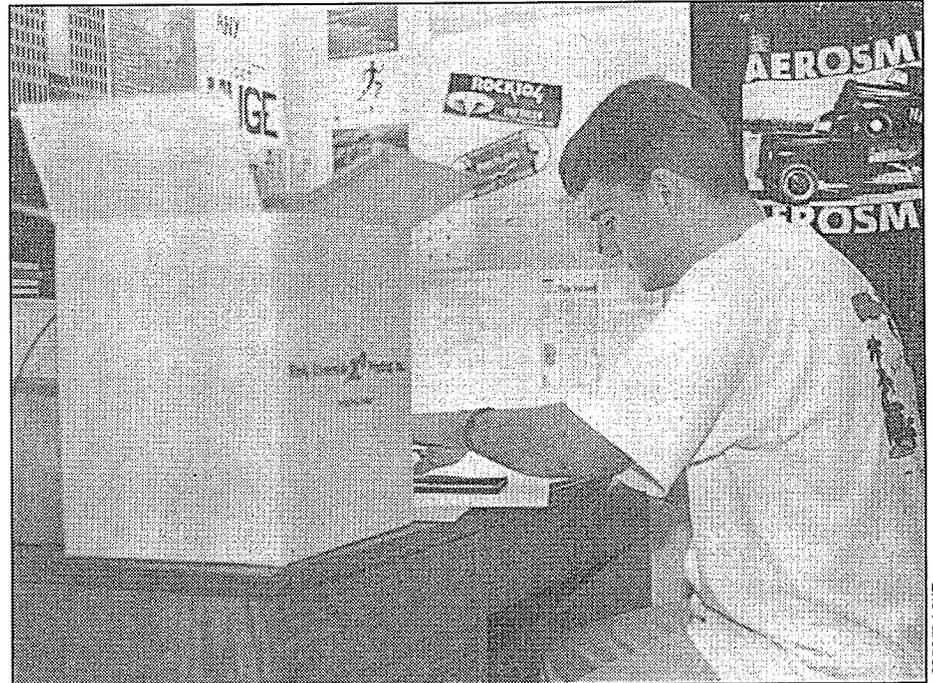
The recent erection of the College of Business Administration has proved somewhat valuable for some organizations in

opment, have been able to move from LaFortune to the new building, opening up office space for others.

As students continue their involvement in a number of organizations, the question becomes where those groups will actually find more space to organize. Even with the towers preparing for conversion to administrative and faculty office space, Mike Smith, director of Facilities Engineering, reports that there is no plan at this time to include student office space in either of those buildings.

Smith does say, though, that "there is a possibility for expanded student space on the developing quads." Indeed, the *Colloquy 2000* recommends that "the university should seriously consider a plan to create additional social space for students in a centralized location." Perhaps a part of that project should include the allotment of space for student offices.

While Edgington acknowledges that there



Eric Perales

**HOMEWORK.** Without an office, Dave Lykins, president of Tau Beta Pi, is forced to work out of his dorm room.

that it included student office space in its blueprints. Consequently, a few student groups, including the Marketing Club, the Entrepreneur Club and the Notre Dame Council on International Business Devel-

has been "no official word that we're going to get more student space," she maintains that the issue stands as "something everyone needs to look at." "You pay tuition," Gonzales asserts. "Speak up and be heard." □

***"We have a very active student body. But without adequate office space, how do we keep that going?" — Katie Lawler***

# About Last Night

*From fires to bad music, students recount their experiences after a wild weekend of dances*

BY WHITNEY WISHON

Sophomore Rene Rimelspach took a last glance in the mirror, and anxiously clutched a plastic pumpkin filled with candy. She had just spent a chaotic afternoon shopping for gifts at Meijer's, and then proceeded to move furniture and all breakable items out of her room so she and her roommates could prepare for their party later that evening. Finally, after hours of decorating, primping and sharing a drink with friends, she was ready to brave the chilly weather and pick up her date.

Like many Notre Dame students on the weekend of October 6, Rimelspach was going to attend one of the numerous dances on campus. With good tales and bad, Notre Dame students recall their interesting experiences from that weekend, start to finish.

**Decorating.** Many students spend hours converting their sections into fantasy worlds for a dance. Some dorm sections are especially competitive about the ritual decorating. "Sections get vicious when their decorating ideas are not met with approval," joked sophomore Marty Harris. Her section in Breen-Phillips rebelled when told that they couldn't use "Miniature Golf" as their section's theme. They hung styrofoam golf balls from the ceiling, cloaked the walls in green and even built a golf cart out of recycled cardboard boxes.

One group of Pangborn girls added a special touch to their room that night. "We decided to make our dance memorable for our dates," said sophomore Megan Massucci. "So we rented a cotton candy machine."

**Getting Ready.** Though many people planned the evening far in advance, some were still getting ready at the last minute.

"Some of my friends and I got lost in South Bend looking for gifts that evening," said freshman Doug Gottlieb. "Finally we found a place that sold teddy bears. We bought more than we needed and came back and auctioned them off to our friends."

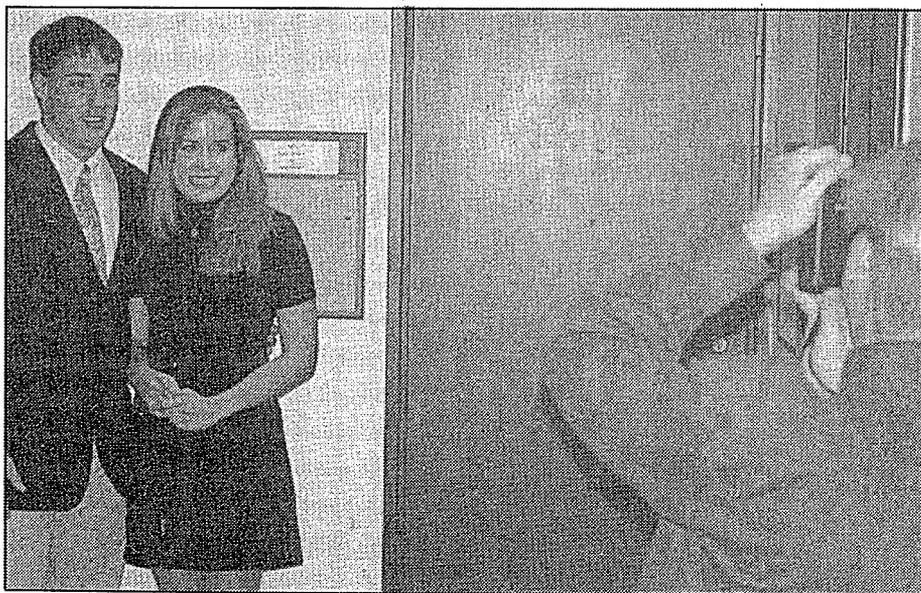
While some dance-goers were still perfecting their hair or makeup when their dates walked in, others did allow enough time for those unfortunate mishaps that occasionally occur. "I have short hair and I sprayed a lot of hair spray on my hair and then put in my curlers," said freshman Ginny Wilbert. "When I took the curlers out, I had an afro. I had to take a shower and start over."

The girls in Badin also had a surprising mishap. "When we were getting ready, the fire alarm went off. A lot of people were in their

robes and curlers. Everyone was half ready as we stood outside the dorm," said freshman Peggy Wolf.

**Meeting the Date.** As the time came to get their dates, several students found themselves making last-minute alterations to their agendas. "We were supposed to go and get our dates [from Saint Mary's] at 9:45 p.m.," said seniors Tom Dehmer and Tim McGovern. "We were late, so we called them up and asked them to meet us half way. Obviously, they were really mad at us."

Another dance-goer had an unusual situation. "There is nothing more bizarre than going to a dance with your roommate's boyfriend," said junior Rebecca White. Her roommate was out of town for the weekend, so she played the part of the substitute girlfriend.



**SAY CHEESE.** Cameras go into overdrive on dance nights as eager students try to photograph everyone at their best.

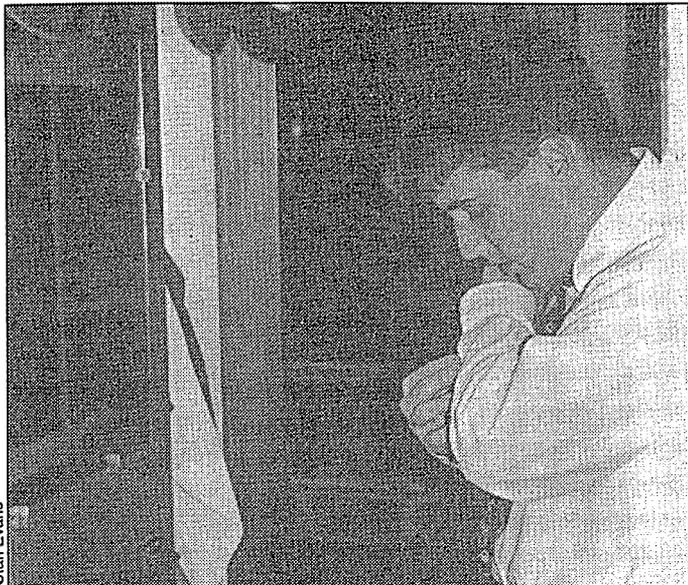
**Exchanging Gifts.** Once the dates united, many took part in the ritual gift exchange. In an effort to impress their dates, many students exchanged not-so-ordinary gifts. Some got in the holiday mood. "One of my friends gave his date a pretty good-sized pumpkin," said freshman Ken Stalzer.

Others gave their dates gifts with a companionship theme. "One of the guys in my group got a five-foot blow up doll," said Massucci.

Along those same lines, freshman Dan Prince received a bottle of "Suddenly Stud" pills to "bring out the stud in him."

**Dining.** While dining can be an impressive way to begin an evening, several students discovered that such high-class plans can

Sian Evans



**DRESSED TO KILL.** Students often spend hours preening and priming for the big event.

backfire. "We went to Colorado Steak House, and they completely messed up the order. It took two hours," said Gottlieb. "We missed the bus and had to find another way home."

Others didn't eat out, but did eat together. Senior Yvette Castro of Pangborn went to her date's apartment for dinner. As they were dining, his pet iguana and his pet hedgehog wandered freely around the room.

**Partying.** While their friends dined out, many Notre Dame students opted to socialize in their rooms before the dance began. "We had a cocktail party," said Stalzer. "It was more sophisticated than usual, not wild and out-of-control."

Others were not quite under control. After having several drinks, senior Ann Olek remembered with embarrassment, "I tried to stand on my head in the middle of the room with my dress on."

One Flanner resident prepared Flaming Dr. Peppers for his date. As he made the drink, the flame caught on his arms and spread. He quickly put it out with his hands.

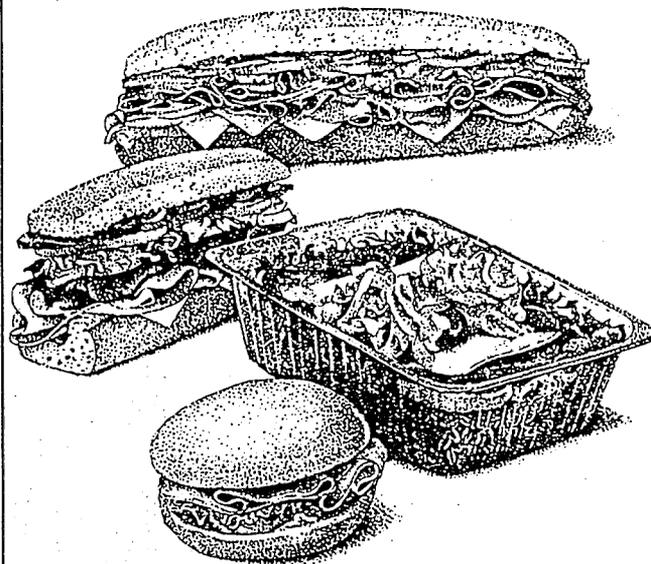
**Dancing.** For some students, the actual dance was their least favorite part of the evening. Several had complaints about the musical selections. Some dorms had bands rather than the usual DJs. "George and the Freeks didn't play music that you could dance to," said Prince. "It's good to sit around and groove to, but for a dance, a lot of the guys and I would have preferred a DJ."

But most students had a good time. "My roommate Andy taught me every possible dance. He made them up and gave them names, like the shopping cart, the lawn mower, stir the spaghetti, the alligator and the sprinkler," recounted senior Paul Berrettini.

**Saying Goodnight.** Though most people said goodnight at the witching hour of 2 a.m., some couples ended their dates early. "Thinking it was already 2 a.m., Colin walked me home at 12:30," commented White. "But I didn't really care, because there's only so much you can do with your roommate's boyfriend anyway."

Overall, the dances were successful social events for those who attended. For a few students, however, the night was one they would rather forget. "After my friend dropped off his date," one Flanner resident said, "he went to pray at the Grotto that his next date would be better." □

# SOMETHING TO FIT ANY SIZE APPETITE



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*Twelve-year-old Michael Clements shows Notre Dame what it takes to*

# Get With The Program

BY BRIDGET BRADBURN

Most people love him, but some mock, insult and harass him. He has regular friendly customers who know him by name, and he has had apple cores thrown at him while he works. He has been offered tips for his ambitious sales technique, and he has been offered money to abandon this technique. He has been asked for his autograph, and he has been asked to shut up. He has been on the 6 p.m. news, and he has been immortalized in the annual Keenan Revue comedy show.

He is 12-year-old Michael Clements, more easily recognized by his voice, which never fails to rise above the chatter and cheers of excited fans, above the crackling of leaves on crisp football mornings and even above the marching band's most rousing rendition of "The Notre Dame Victory March." His trademark call of "PROOOOGRAMS! Get your proooograms!" has become as well-known to Notre Dame students, alumni and football fans as the leprechaun and the Irish Guard. Without fail, Clements makes him-

self an intrinsic part of the Notre Dame weekend ritual by selling football programs before pep rallies and home games.

Clements began selling Notre Dame football programs at the age of nine, even though he had wanted to start when he was only eight. "My mom's friend's son sold programs, and I always wanted a job," Clements says. "But my mom wanted me to wait until

has constantly been asking when he could get a job. He used to make things and grow vegetables in our garden to sell in the neighborhood."

"He bugged me about this," she continues. "He was adamant about it. So I told him I would call and inquire." When she was told by Director of Program Sales Paul Hessling that he usually does not hire any-

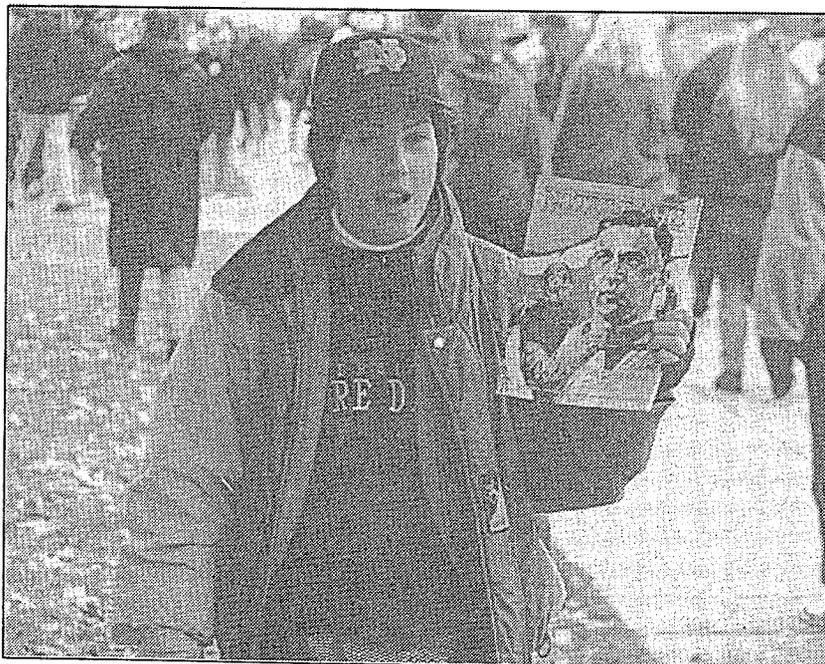
one under the age of 12, Mrs. Clements asked if her son could have a box of 25 programs to sell on a trial basis. Kessling agreed on the condition that Clements' father would accompany him when he sold the programs in the event that a problem arose.

"But my dad lets me do it," says Clements proudly. "He's just there because I have to handle a lot of money, and I also have a tag that gets me into the games [that could get stolen]."

"Michael's father stays to the side, or in the background," explains Mrs. Clements. "We understand that it's his job, his

responsibility."

On his first day at the job, Clements not only sold his trial box of 25 programs, but he kept going back for more boxes, selling a total of 125 programs. So far this year, he



Aaron Shalicky

**EXTRA!** 12-year-old Michael Clements makes his trademark cry "Prooograms! Get your Programs!" before every home football game and pep rally.

I was at least nine."

"This was all his idea," says Deborah Clements, Michael's mother. "He has always been one to look for more jobs, for more money. Since he was four or five, he

has sold over 500 programs each weekend.

Program vendors keep 10 percent of the five dollars charged for each program. And in Clements' case, he also keeps the tips he occasionally receives from alumni and other regular visitors. It all adds up to quite a healthy salary for the 10 or 12 hours of work in one weekend. The first year that he worked, Clements used his money to buy a Super Nintendo set for himself. Now, however, he usually keeps \$20 for spending money and saves the rest for his future college years which he hopes will be spent at Notre Dame.

Right now, though, Clements is a 7th grade honors student at the Montessori School in Mishawaka, a goalie on his soccer team, a drum player in his school band and "a great big brother to his brother Christian, who is five and his sister Catherine, who is almost two," says Mrs. Clements with typical motherly pride.

Clements' bedroom is cluttered with Notre Dame memorabilia and souvenirs. Fighting Irish blankets cover his bed, and his walls are decked with a framed note from Lou Holtz, Tim Ruddy's autograph, the 1993 series of Notre Dame collector's cards and a program from virtually every home game in the past four years. "I've only missed one game," says Clements. "It was the Florida State game in 1993. They start selling programs at 3 p.m. I got there at 3:30 p.m., right after school, and they were already out."

"He takes this job very seriously," says Mrs. Clements. "He is out there in the rain and snow when no one else is out there."

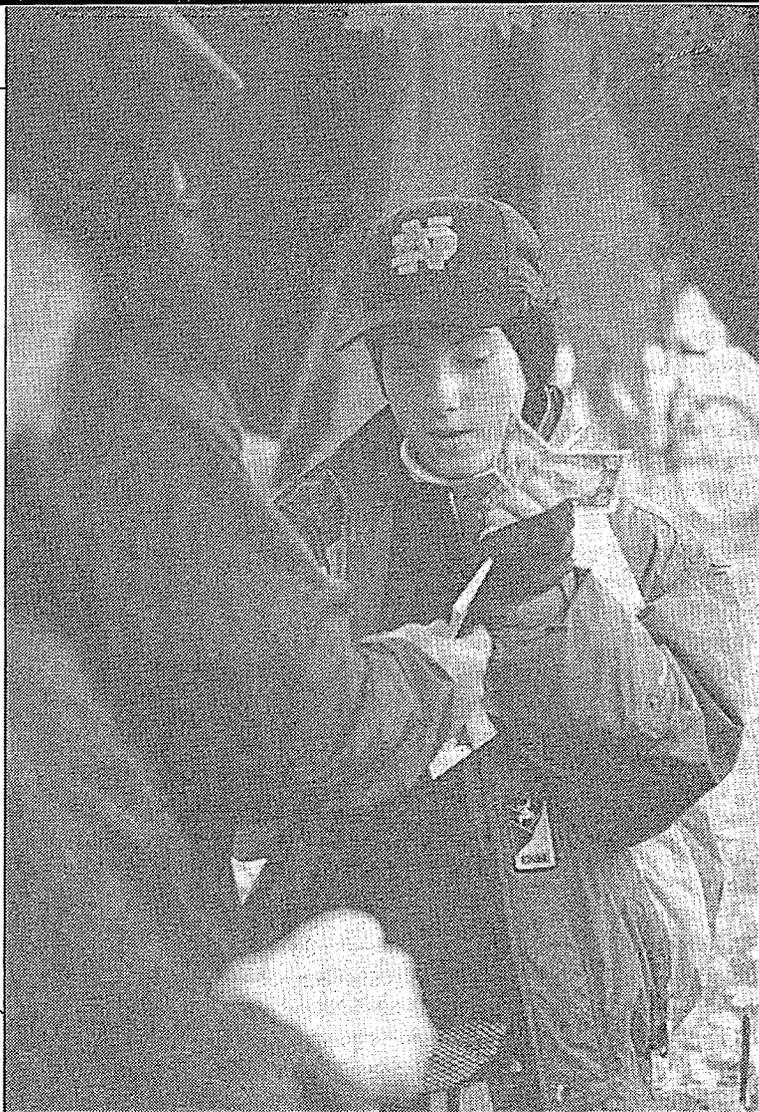
Clements admits that the frequent bad

ended up walking off with his coffee instead of giving him a program."

In another incident, Clements noticed several kids his own age imitating him while he was selling programs during the first year he worked. Several years later, he moved into a new neighborhood, and at the same time that his friends realized he was the program boy, Clements realized that they were the ones who had mocked him. They had a good laugh about the situation, says Clements. "And now my friends think it's cool [that I sell programs]."

Despite these minor embarrassments, though, Clements believes that he has built a good rapport with the football crowds. "My customers are usually out-of-towners and alumni," observes Clements. "Students usually don't have any money."

Clements finds the Notre Dame student



Aaron Skelley

**MAKING A LIVING.** Clements keeps 10 percent of every program he sells, plus the occasional tips he receives. He says he is saving the money for college.

For someone who has gone to more consecutive home games than the students themselves, Clements still believes that the best part of his job is being in the middle of the spirited crowd in the stadium. "My dad and

## "PROOGRAMS! GET YOUR PROGRAMS!"

weather in South Bend is the worst part of the job, but it has worked to his advantage at least once. "Last year at the Purdue game, it was raining and a lady came up to me and asked to buy my hat," Clements recalls. She offered me \$15, but I told her it wasn't for sale. Then she offered me \$30, so I accepted it. When I told my dad, he turned around and bought me a new one for \$15 at a stand just a few feet away."

Sometimes the moments of humor in Clements' job are at his own expense, though. "A guy once asked me to hold his coffee so he could get his money," remembers Clements with a sheepish grin. "I

body friendly for the most part, and he doesn't let the occasional apple cores and bribes stop him from selling programs. In fact, Clements believes he sells more programs than anyone else each weekend. "Paul Hessling has told me that Michael is one of the best salesmen and that he's glad to have him back every year," Mrs. Clements adds.

But Clements claims that there is little competition between the vendors. "We respect each other. There are no assigned territories," he says. "On game mornings, we approach the cars as they come in. If someone wants to buy a program, whoever is closest will sell it to them."

I get in for free, and we walk up and down the aisles," says Clements, smiling from underneath the brim of his favorite Notre Dame baseball cap. "When Notre Dame scores a touchdown, the people go crazy jumping up and down."

According to Mrs. Clements, by selling programs, "Michael really feels like he is a part of the Notre Dame spirit and tradition." And he certainly has a legitimate claim to this spirit and tradition. After all, not many students can imagine a pep rally or a football game without hearing the unmistakable cry of "PROOGRAMS!" "at least once during the weekend." □

*Dorm life is not all fun and games.  
Sometimes, life with a roommate  
can become*

# Too Close for Comfort



BY ARIANNE WESTBY

Mike McNally stumbled back to his room in Stanford Hall. He had enjoyed a wild night on the town while his roommates, Steve Weger and Jason Prescott, stayed home to study for the exams they had the following morning. McNally threw open the door and announced his return by spitting on both of his sleeping roommates. He proceeded to punch Weger in the face, and then get sick on the floor. Unfortunately for his roommates, the show didn't stop there. McNally wiped up the mess with Prescott's towel and topped off the incident by whipping him repeatedly with it.

If you're like most students at Notre Dame, you have a few roommate stories of your own, even if Mike McNally doesn't live with you. With students residing in such close quarters, there are plenty of opportunities for entertaining roommate situations to arise.

It can be rather amusing to take advantage of a roommate's habit of talking in his sleep. Weger related, "With a little prompting, [junior] Brian Cloud can carry on an entire conversation." One weekend night, Cloud was sound asleep in his loft when his friend asked him if he had "hooked up." "Yeah, yeah," he breathed excitedly from under the blankets. Entertained by the evolving conversation, Weger probed further, "Does she like you?" "What's not to like?" he responded, still in a deep sleep.

Junior Maria Freiburger also knows how it feels to wonder if too much information was revealed while sleep talking. She once startled her unsuspecting roommate by screaming, "Oh my God, there's a man in the closet!" in the middle of the night.

Some of the most memorable roommate events happen when practical jokes take on a life of their own. Prescott and Cloud, for example, once doused McNally's room with shaving cream. It was everywhere — in the phone, under the sheets and in all his drawers. They then left a message about the fiasco from Weger's phone, making an innocent party bear the brunt of their prank.

McNally sought revenge by filling every space in Weger's room with shredded paper. But McNally soon discovered that Prescott was behind the prank, so he and Weger decided to move Prescott's room to the study lounge. All of his belongings — the stereo, the bed, desk, lamp, posters — were moved to prove that they weren't

about to let anyone get away such an egregious prank. Luckily, this string of events eventually blew over without any hard feelings.

For some reason these practical jokes seem to take place in male dorms more frequently than in female dorms, as juniors Joe Cruz and Jack Rusina would agree. Last year, Cruz promised a friend that he would be at a party she was having by 10 p.m. He wanted to take a quick nap first, so he asked his roommate to wake him up at 9:30 p.m.

While he was sleeping, Rusina set all the clocks in the room ahead so that they read 2 a.m. and arranged to have the host of the party call Cruz and act hurt that he had never shown up. When Cruz woke up to the phone ringing and realized that his roommate had "forgotten" to wake him up, he saw red. "Jen did a good job of convincing me that she was hurt that I didn't come to her party like I promised to," said Cruz. "I felt so bad about it that I took it all out on Jack. I threw the phone across the room at him." But despite the broken phone, their friendship remained intact, and Cruz made it to the party after all.

Often, rooming together can bring out personality quirks in people that were once not so noticeable. For example, three roommates from North Quad were sitting around one afternoon when a section mate came in with his fingernail almost fallen off. This roommate offered to add it to his nail collection, much to the shock and disgust of his other roommates. One of his beleaguered roommates commented, "We thought we were rooming with a normal guy."

Another student had a fetish for conserving energy. While her roommates agreed that it was important to be aware of energy conservation, she took it to the extreme. Eventually they got fed up and decided to spend the evening just sitting in the dark rather than argue against her notion that it took too much energy to use the stereo, TV, or even to have the lights on. As one of the roommates explained, "I almost had to get a perm because she wouldn't let me plug in my curling iron in the morning."

Good and bad, the memories made with a roommate last a lifetime. So even if your roommate took the "Screw your Roommate" concept a little too literally or thought it would be funny to paint your face with peanut butter while you were sleeping, try to take it all in stride. This is the stuff college memories are made of. □

# Campus Watch

BY THE GIPPER

## Attitude, Allegations and Innuendo

*Oedipus, put your mother down. You'll poke your eyes out. — from Mystery Science Theater 3000*

### COLOR ME YELLOW

For those of you who have been complaining about how the Notre Dame football team isn't perfect, or those of you who leave the game after the first quarter because you can't refrain from drinking for four entire quarters, enjoy the football games while you can. After you graduate, tickets will probably cost you a minimum of \$20,000 in alumni contributions per annum. However, if you are like the Gipp and owe everything, including your firstborn son, to banks and student loans, consider becoming an employee of Notre Dame as a stadium usher. Rumor has it that alumni of this highly selective profession get a "gold card" which allows them entry to any and all home football games, after only 10 years post-retirement. Albeit unfair, that's not a bad employee benefit, if you ask the Gipp. Do veteran security officers get unrestricted permission to drive on campus? How about veteran dining hall workers? Do they get a "golden ID" which gives them unlimited dining hall meals? The Gipp thinks that Notre Dame students are getting the short end of the stick here.

### 100 PERCENT PURE CLASS

If you want fleshy stimulation in the form of high-quality interactive cinema and don't have the \$6.50 to go see *Showgirls*, just follow the USC football team. Confused? A few Gipp fans were stuck in bumper-to-bumper traffic on US 31 after the game on Saturday, and they happened to drive up next to the charter buses hauling away the thoroughly embarrassed USC football team. As the students rolled up to one of the buses,

instead of seeing the expected sullen and distraught faces of a team disgraced, they saw a busload of rowdy, cheering, happy Trojans. Why, you may ask? Playing on the overhead TV/VCRs in the bus was not recent game footage, but rather a licentious display of carnal pleasure (i.e. a porno flick). If that's what they watched after the game, what did they watch before the game, *Ishtar*? No wonder they couldn't score.

### HOOKED ON PHONICS

The Gipp was perusing through the Notre Dame media guide the other day (as he often does considering his non-existent social life) and he came across a rather amusing, yet practical, sidebar. The media guide has a little section listing the hard-to-pronounce names of players and how to pronounce them phonetically. The Gipp thinks this is a great idea. Here are a few of the hard names, with the correct pronunciation, followed by popular mispronunciations:

#### Paul Grasmanis:

Pawl Grass-MAN-iss  
Pawl GRAB-some-ass  
Pawl Graish-MAN-ish (Lou Holtz rendition)

#### Pete Chryplewicz:

Peet Crip-PLEV-itch  
Peet Chip-wich  
ge-ZOONT-heit (popular reaction when hearing name pronounced wrong)

#### Derrick Mayes:

DER-ick Mayz  
Tim BROWN  
GOD (Ron Powlus rendition)



### DRUNKS AND VAMPIRES

Perhaps this is a little outdated, but *Scholastic* did not have an issue planned for Alcohol Awareness Week, and the Gipp can't let anything amusing go unmentioned. The Gipp supports the efforts of the Office of Drug and Alcohol Education to promote safe drinking, but he could not help feeling a little befuddled by the last event listed on their table tents. The Gipp is not referring to the Disoriented Domer Dash, but the viewing of the movie *Dracula* followed by a discussion likening alcoholism to vampirism. The Gipp's respect for the whole week were washed right down the proverbial porcelain god with that event. If that event was the best idea they had, the Gipp can only speculate as to what the competition was:

- A viewing of *Strange Brew* followed by a discussion of how excessive drinking makes you say stupid things, slur your speech and end all sentences with 'eh.'

- A two-hour session of listening to country music followed by a discussion of how drinking leads to losing your wife, your job, your dog, your truck...

- A viewing of *Aliens* followed by a discussion of how binge drinking is like having an alien in your stomach — you never know when you'll burst.

Good-bye, Gipp fans. Keep your tips rolling in and remember: just because you may drink more than three beers in one sitting doesn't mean you are a vampire. A werewolf, maybe, but not a vampire. Think about it. Most men wake up on Sundays with a really hairy, unshaven face. Dismissed as coincidence ... □

# Covering the Spread

## The "line" on student gambling at Notre Dame

BY CORRINE BURNICK

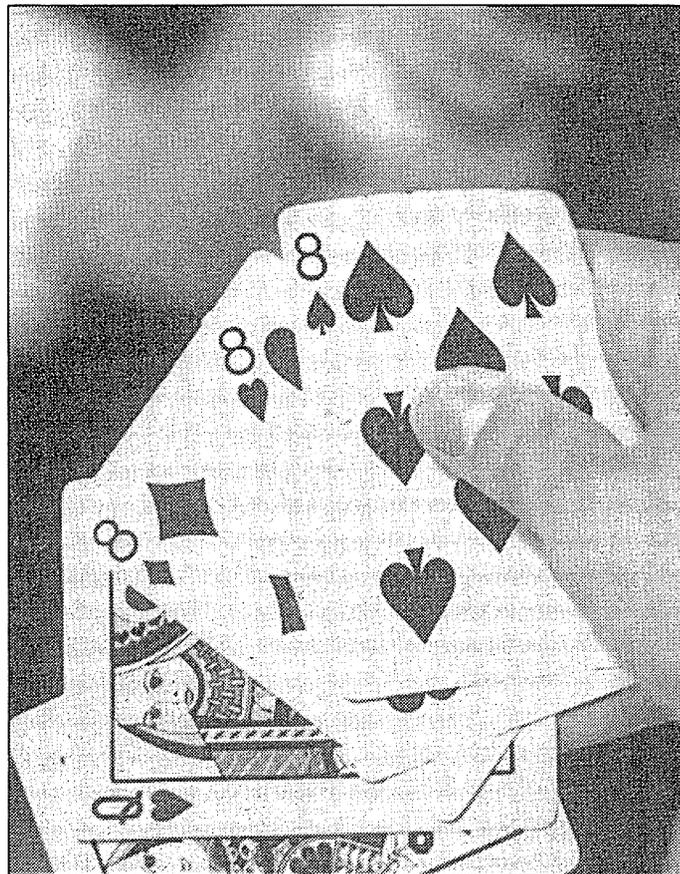
**L**ines, point spreads, over-unders, bookies ... Words unfamiliar to many, but the odds are that some Notre Dame students are quite familiar with such gambling jargon. As more and more people in the United States feel the allure of gambling, college students have gotten into the game. A three-part series in *Sports Illustrated* last year contends that "gambling — in particular sports gambling — is the dirty little secret of college life in America, rampant and thriving."

In some circles of Notre Dame students, gambling is indeed a thriving pastime. And while some believe that gambling is a very popular pastime on campus, others say that relatively few students participate and it is not a problem.

Sports gambling seems to be the most popular form of gambling at Notre Dame. Kevin\*, who estimates that one-third of his friends gamble regularly, suggests that most people gamble to spark interest in a game. "I only bet on professional football because it is not as exciting as other sports — putting a few dollars on a game makes it more interesting," he says. But the "few" dollars he spends on gambling actually amounts to \$40 to \$100 a weekend.

Chris\*, who typically bets similar amounts, agrees. "I guess I'm what you'd call a social gambler. It's just something to do while you're hanging out, helps pass the time. It makes the sport more interesting," he explains. Mike\*, who usually bets \$100 per game, says, "The size of the bet doesn't matter. Knowing there's money riding on a game, no matter how much or how little, makes it so much more interesting."

Some of these students place their bets through a bookie, either on campus or from home. "You call them up and they give you a line from Vegas on the odds. Some will let you bet more money



than others. Some want payment every week, and some will keep a running tab," explains Kevin, who uses a bookie on campus.

Mike often acts as one of these on-campus bookies. Fifteen people bet with him, and he only takes bets from people he knows fairly well. "I take bets on Saturday mornings. It's kind of a pain that I can't go out and tailgate, but it's worth it when I turn a profit," he says. And he does seem to turn a profit; Mike reports that he makes \$40 to \$50 each week without risk when he takes a 10 percent commission. "Over the long haul, it's impossible for someone like me to lose," he says.

For some bookies, though, it's just not worth it. Last year, Chris served as a bookie on campus, but he has since quit. "It was a lot of time and effort and just not worth it for the profit I was turning," he says. For him, taking bets from 15 to 20 people was not enough.

**"Knowing there's money riding on a game, no matter how much or how little, makes it so much more interesting."**

"You need a larger clientele in order to take bets," he says. "Ideally you want someone to bet on both sides. It's hard if you don't have many people."

Tom\* and Adam\*, two bettors who are frustrated because they can't find a bookie on campus, use bookies from home. "It's hard when you have to wait to get your money from out of state; it takes so much longer," says Adam.

Greg\*, who gambles about \$2000 during football season and at tournament time, also uses an out-of-state bookie, whom he has used since his freshman year in high school.

The amount of money spent on gambling varies. Senior Tutku Perkin, who does not participate but watches many of his friends gamble, estimates that bets on sporting events range from \$10 to \$1000.

Scott\*, who bets on football, baseball and horse racing, says that what started as a couple of dollars a week has evolved into \$20 to \$30. Steve\* typically bets \$200 every weekend on football, while the most he's ever bet on one game is \$500. While amounts of individual bets vary, many of these student gamblers follow the golden rule of gambling: "Don't bet more than you can afford to lose."

Unfortunately, not everyone follows this maxim. Just like gamblers in the general population, students are subject to the downside of gambling. *Sports Illustrated* reports that "for every college kid who derives nothing but entertainment from his betting, there is another who cons his parents to get money to cover his gambling losses, another who becomes so consumed with betting that he tosses away an education and another who plunges into gambling addiction."

Brian\* became aware of the dangers inherent in gambling by watching others run into trouble. Three of his friends from home are currently down \$800. They began by putting down \$20 on a game, lost, and felt they should put down another \$20 to cover their losses. Thus began a cycle of desperation betting that eventually led them into major debt. Brian vows never to follow in his friends' footsteps.

Junior Larry Mohs, whose New Jersey high school was mentioned in the *Sports Illustrated* article, has also witnessed some severe gambling problems. "Everyone in my high school, both students and teachers, gambled," he recalls. One student he knew was physically threatened when he found himself \$5000 in debt. Another friend had to move out of state with his family because he was so far in debt and couldn't pay it off.

There may be other more subtle problems associated with gambling in addition to financial hardship. One gambler says that he doesn't know anyone who has gotten into financial trouble, but he believes that "gambling can be a problem if you let it get out of

# Wildcards

While sports betting may be the most popular mode of gambling on campus, it is not the only one. Many student gamblers put their money on cards and other games. Others take their chances in casinos and at the track.

In dorm rooms all over campus, cards offer an evening's entertainment. And for those who put a few dollars on each hand, the excitement and the money quickly add up. Card games may be organized and scheduled, or they may be pick-up rounds designed as a break from studying.

Greg\* plays poker with the same group of 5 to 12 friends every other week. They play with cash on the table, and each player puts in \$10 to \$20 a hand. "We end up going through

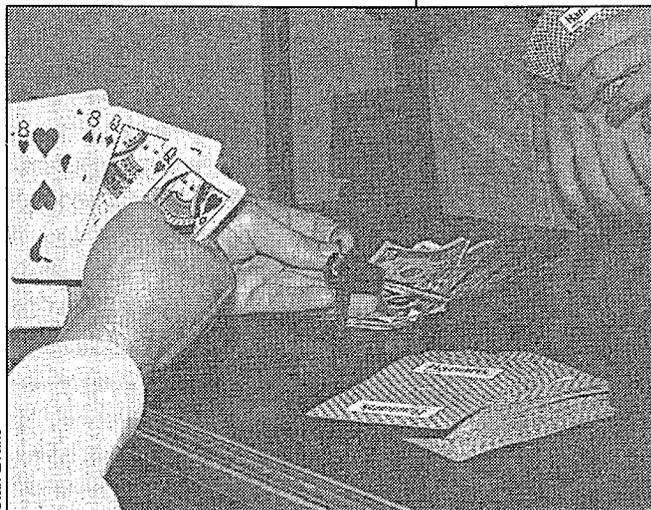
a couple of \$200 pots a night," he says. Adam recalls one poker game last year in which the limit on bets was set at five dollars. Somehow, the ceiling was raised to \$20, and by the end of the night there was \$300 in the pot. Chris has also found playing cards to be quite profitable. He says he has won over \$1000 playing euchre at Notre Dame.

Betting is not limited to the card table, however. Ken, who says he plays darts as well as cards, reveals, "The most I'd wager on one throw of a dart or cut of the deck is \$20 to \$25." The golf course can also be a place to play the green. Steve bets on golf "to make it more exciting." His favorite way to wager on the game is to have each member of the group put \$5 cash on each hole, and the leader on that hole collects the money.

Some students travel farther than the golf course to gamble. Many, especially those who live near gambling centers, go out to gamble while on breaks. Steve is from New Jersey, and while at home, he frequents casinos, race tracks and riverboats. He reports that when he goes to the horse track, he generally puts \$5 to \$10 on each race and typically leaves the evening plus or minus \$50 to \$100. Steve prefers, however, to gamble at a casino or on a riverboat. That's where he finds his favorite game—blackjack. "I play blackjack because if you know enough about the game, you have the best odds of winning at that table," he says. But he hasn't quite mastered the game yet. Steve usually puts down \$15 a hand and typically loses about \$200 a night. But the way he looks at it, "It's fun, and I have a good time there. You always spend money on doing something entertaining."

And for a few students, gambling is the perfect form of entertainment. As Ken says, "You name it, I'll gamble on it." Apparently just about anything can be turned into a wager. Money comes and money goes... it's just the roll of the dice. □

— by Corrine Burnick



Slain Evans  
**UPPING THE ANTE.** For some students, the stakes for card games can reach as high as \$200.

hand and it affects other parts of your life." Right now, Steve says that every Saturday, Sunday and Monday he is consumed by football and the bets he places on the games. During basketball season, when more games are played more often, he expects that betting on and watching games will be a daily activity and he will do very little studying.

Of course, it is also possible that a student may run into problems with the law. In most states, including Indiana, sports betting is illegal, and straight sports bookmaking is legal only in Nevada. It is a federal crime for five or more individuals to operate a gambling business that is illegal under state law. And many college gamblers may be affected by the law that forbids the use of a means of interstate communication, such as a telephone, to place illegal bets.

Most student gamblers, however, appear unconcerned with the legal issues of gambling. Many believe that betting is generally condoned by the public and do not understand why it is illegal. "I'm not causing anyone any harm. I'm not damaging anything. I'm just having fun," says Steve.

Apparently, many authorities do not concern themselves with the illegal actions of college gamblers, either. According to the *Sports Illustrated* article, "Law enforcement is usually loath to chase student bookmakers. The requirements for conviction are stringent (typically a bust requires the

actual passage of money between a client and a bookmaker), and when the bookie is a first-time student offender, the penalties are generally small."

But some students do allow the law to dictate their decisions. Perkin, who grew up in Europe where gambling is legal, does not

**"Betting is growing in popularity here, but it is nowhere near as bad as other schools."**

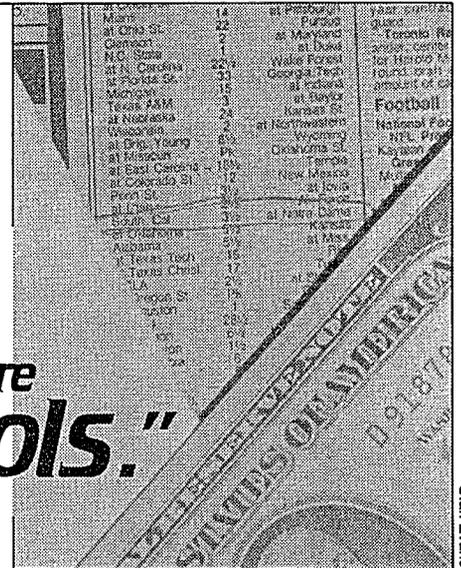
think there is anything wrong with betting, but he does not gamble here because it is illegal. "I don't think gambling should be a problem if you can afford it," he says. "How can someone else tell you how you should or should not spend your money? But the legal issues in this country make gambling very complex."

Notre Dame rules and regulations on gambling, however, are not complex. *Du Lac* does not include any reference to gambling or gambling. Laurie Mauer of the Office of Residence Life explains that there is nothing specific on the subject because "gambling on campus is not a big concern at this point."

She says that there may have been a few isolated incidents in which rectors have come to Residence Life asking them to become involved in a particular situation, but there has never been an instance where

any great disciplinary measures have been applied. But she does not preclude the possibility that gambling could be a problem in the future. She explains, "A college campus is a microcosm of society. Whatever problem is out there, Student Affairs will eventually have to deal with."

*Sports Illustrated* reports that "bettors do tend to have some things in common: a degree of sports-obsessiveness (often an athletic past cut short



**PICK 'EM.** Students use point spreads like this one published in the *Chicago Tribune* when making their bets.

in college by a lack of talent), a community in which to share their betting tales (usually a fraternity house or dormitory) and a little resourcefulness. They are bright, if often naive ... These kids are young and often affluent and always vulnerable." This portrait seems to fit very well into the character of the typical Notre Dame student, and may predict that this campus is indeed home to a number of people with active betting habits.

Perhaps gambling is not a problem at Notre Dame, though. "Whenever my friends and I talk about how the whole gambling system works here, surprisingly enough, many people are oblivious," says Chris.

And Mike points out that "betting is growing in popularity here, but it is nowhere near as bad as some other schools. Compared to other universities, gambling at Notre Dame is definitely not a problem."

Perhaps as more people become aware of gambling and as society starts to accept the practice, even more students will become involved. Tom indicates that when students in his dorm learn that he has a bookie at home, they often ask him to place bets for them.

Ultimately, it is for the individual to determine whether the fun and excitement of gambling is worth the risk of losing. As Kevin says, "You win some, and you lose some. Everything catches up with you in the end."

You can bet on it. □

\* Names have been changed.



Stan Evans

**OFF-CAMPUS OFF-TRACK.** While on breaks, some students visit off-track betting establishments like this one in the Chicago area. Off-track establishments broadcast races live via satellite, allowing customers to place bets until post time.

# SPLINTERS FROM THE PRESS BOX

A roundup of the week in sports

October 17 to October 24

edited by Shannan Ball

## Volleyball Drops Four Games

Fall break was rough for the volleyball team, which faced three top-25 teams in a row. The Irish lost to 25th-ranked Georgia Tech, 11th-ranked Texas, fourth-ranked Stanford and Long Beach State. As a result, the Irish fell to 14th in the polls.

Notre Dame stopped the skid with 3-0 victories at home over both Syracuse and Pittsburgh. Those wins kept the Irish in first place in the Big East, a position they share with Connecticut.

In the coming week Notre Dame will take on Rutgers and Seton Hall. The Rutgers Lady Knights are last place in the conference and the game should be a confidence booster for the Irish, as they try to return to their previous form.

## Men's Soccer Continues to Struggle

Notre Dame dropped three Big East road games this week, losing to St. John's, West Virginia and Pittsburgh.

St. John's shut out the Irish 6-0. The six goals are the most Notre Dame has given up in six years. The Irish fell 2-1 to the Mountaineers and 3-0 to Pittsburgh.

The team hopes to end the slide with victories against Western Michigan and Connecticut.

**We are ND:** The Ireland Trophy, which will go to the winner of the ND-BC game annually, will be presented at halftime to BC. That should give them about two hours to savor last year's victory before Notre Dame takes it back after the game.

**Quote of the Week:** "The USC game was a great win for our players. But I expected to wake up Sunday morning and see it was worth three or four wins, and it wasn't. It was only worth one, and we have to do it again next week." — Lou Holtz

**Schaller's Schot:** If the Irish were playing a team other than BC with talent equal to the Eagles, I would say Notre Dame would blow them out. But it will be none other than the National Championship-destroyers coming in to South Bend this weekend, so their curse plays a part. Also playing a part is a possible Notre Dame letdown after the huge win over USC. But Holtz has not lost to the same team three years in a row since joining the Irish in 1986, and he does not start this week. Despite not playing their best, the Irish offense has its way with the Eagles, piling up 400-plus yards. Powlusz throws for three scores, and the defense returns an interception for a touchdown. Notre Dame 31 Boston College 14.

## Irish Prepare for Big East Meet

The Notre Dame men's cross country squad, ranked 15th in the nation, placed sixth last weekend in the Iowa State Classic. The team was led by Derek Seiling, who finished 18th overall.

The women's team struggled for the second week in a row, as the Irish managed to register a 17th place finish as a team. Co-captain Maureen Kelly finished 21st overall and was the only Irish runner to finish in the top 50.

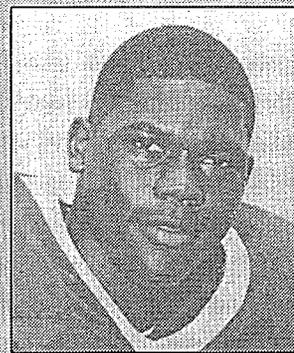
The squads are now preparing for the Big East Championships on Saturday.

## Women's Soccer Falls

The women's soccer team traveled to Texas over break for the Houston Cup Challenge, a tournament featuring some of the best teams in the country. Notre Dame first faced Duke, who took advantage of a slow Irish start and managed a 2-2 tie.

The Irish then faced top-ranked North Carolina, the defending national champions. The Tar Heels shut down the Irish offense and went on to a 2-0 win.

The remainder of regular season play is this week. The Irish are pitted against Xavier, Boston College and Butler, all of which are home games.



## Bert Berry

The junior outside linebacker broke up a pass and led the Irish with eight tackles against USC. He anchored a defensive attack that allowed USC only 101 yards on the ground. On the season, he is second on the team with 57 tackles, 42 of which have been solo.

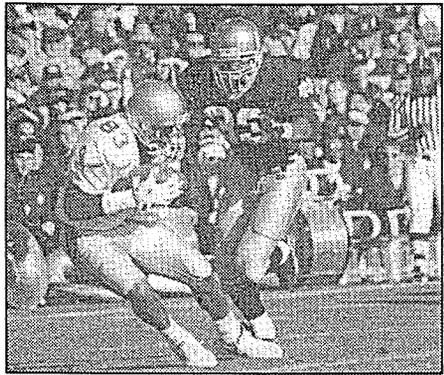
## ATHLETES OF THE WEEK

## Angie Harris

The All-America candidate leads the Big East conference in both service aces and kills. She broke her own school record with nine serving aces against Syracuse and is averaging over four kills per game. In just two seasons, Harris has moved into ninth place on the Irish all-time list with 764 career kills.



1993

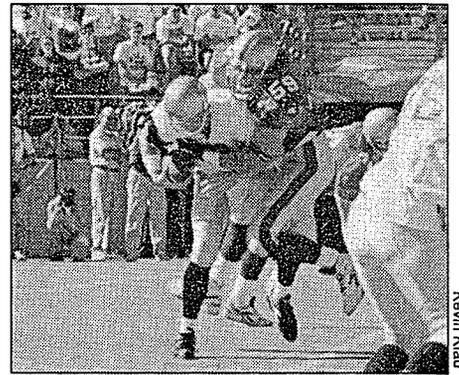


BC 41 ND 39

Brent Tadsen

*After two heart-breaking defeats, can the Irish finally deal the Eagles...*

1994



BC 30 ND 11

Kevin Klu

## The Big Payback?

BY BRIAN HIRO

If you look strictly at its win-loss record, the Boston College football program appears to be regressing under second-year Head Coach Dan Henning. After all, in his debut campaign with the Eagles, Henning followed up former coach Tom Coughlin's 17-6-1 mark over the 1992-93 seasons with a disappointing 7-4-1 record. This year, great expectations around Chestnut Hill have been replaced by greater disappointment as BC has gone just 2-5, likely ending its streak of three consecutive bowl appearances. The going doesn't get any easier either, as the Eagles have yet to play Notre Dame, Miami and Syracuse.

But then, maybe a matchup with Notre Dame is just what the grounded Eagles need right now. A funny thing has happened over the past few years, much to Irish fans' dismay. While BC's overall record has gotten progressively worse, the team's performance in the annual Notre Dame game has gotten progressively better. In a short two-year span, the Eagles went from a 54-7 humiliation at the hands of the Irish in 1992 to a 30-11 humiliation of the Irish in '94. In between, of course, was the 41-39 victory that has already gone down as one of

the greatest games in Notre Dame Stadium history. A third straight win over the Irish would go a long way toward salvaging Boston College's '95 season, one which started off with so much promise.

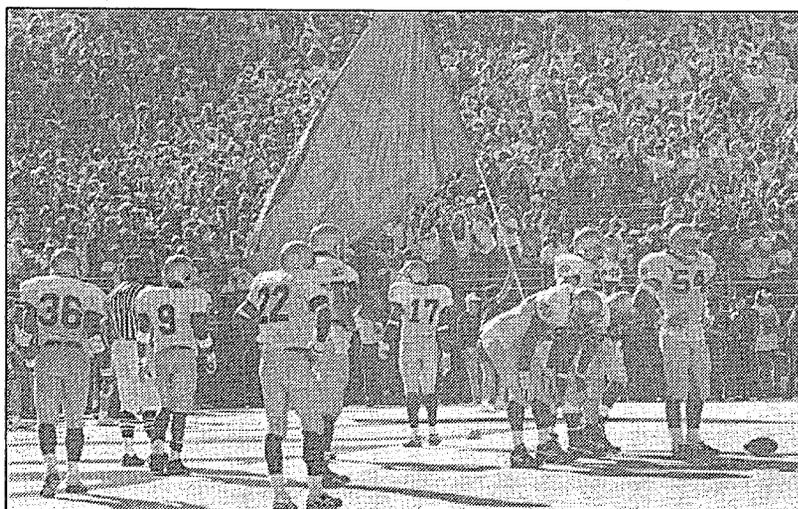
This year's game marks the debut of the Ireland Trophy as the prize that will go to the victor. Instituted by Notre Dame Student Government to create a friendly rivalry between the schools, the trophy will be presented to BC before Saturday's game and will change hands depending on the game's outcome. It follows in the tradition of the Shillelagh, which goes to the yearly winner of the Notre Dame-Purdue game, and the Victory Bell, which passes between cross-town rivals USC and UCLA.

If the Eagles are to gain possession of the

Ireland Trophy until next year, it will require an inspired effort of '93 proportions. The Irish are brimming with confidence after their 38-10 thrashing of previously unbeaten USC while BC will limp into Notre Dame Stadium coming off a 49-7 loss to Army, a team it hadn't fallen to since 1985.

The Eagles have been plagued all season by an inconsistent offense that has yet to tally more than 21 points in any game. They rank near the bottom of the NCAA with an average of just 270 yards a game. The main culprit has been junior quarterback Mark Hartsell, a player Notre Dame ardently pursued coming out of high school. After an impressive sophomore campaign which placed him near the top echelon of

college quarterbacks, Hartsell has struggled this year, completing just 52 percent of his passes and tossing four more interceptions than touchdowns. The running game has done little to help his cause though, as the Eagles average just over 100 yards per game on the ground, which Notre Dame would consider subpar for one half. Senior tailback Justice Smith, who Irish fans might remember by his



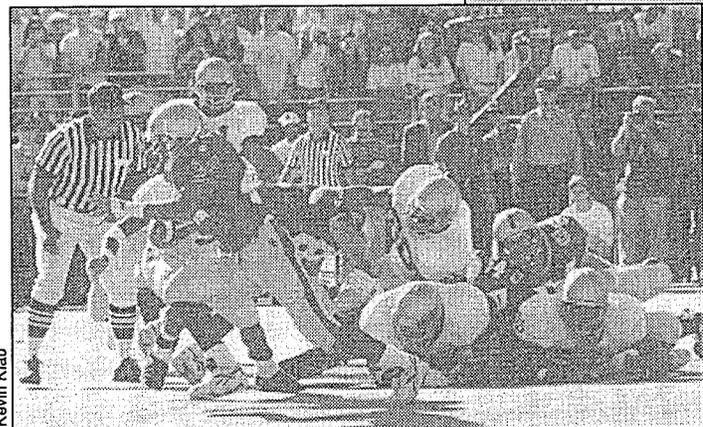
**RED HOT.** BC has gained 827 yards of offense over the past two years against the Irish.

Kevin Klu

144 yards and two touchdowns in last year's game, ran for just three yards a carry before injuring his knee against Michigan on September 16. Omaki Walker has filled in admirably, posting two 100-yard games. Wideout Steve Everson and tight end Todd Pollack lead the receivers with just 16 catches apiece.

The early defection of Irish-killer Mike Mamula to the NFL and a season-ending injury to starting middle linebacker Brian Maye have crippled the defense, which last year ranked among the best in the nation. Without the outside pass rush provided by Mamula, the Eagles have recorded only two sacks all season. Against Army, BC made the Irish defense look like the "Steel Curtain," surrendering almost 450 rushing yards and 42 first-half points to the Cadets. The standouts on the unit are senior defensive tackles Chris Sullivan and Tim Morabito, junior linebacker Matt Haf and senior strong safety Rob Clifford, who has picked off three passes.

The Irish coaches and players will try to downplay the revenge factor, but in the back of their minds it will be there. They



Kevin Klau

**ON HIS WAY TO PAYDIRT.** Justice Smith ran through the Irish for 144 yards and two touchdowns last year.

realize they are facing a team that is not exactly sure of itself in the aftermath of the Army loss. A convincing win over the Eagles, while it could never erase the pain of the last two losses, would give Notre Dame bragging rights, as well as possession of the Ireland Trophy, for the next year.

"This game is really important to us," says junior offensive tackle Chris Clevenger. "There's no doubt that they [the Eagles] have hurt our pride a little bit over the past two years. In '93 they ruined our chance at the national championship and last year they beat us badly. I think this year it's our turn." □

## ■ Sports Commentary

# RIVALRY

**I**t took two heartbreaking defeats and dashed national championship hopes, but it appears Notre Dame has finally learned its lesson:

The Boston College Eagles are a team that should not be taken lightly.

On the college football ladder, Boston College used to occupy a rung just above the service academies and the doormats of the Big Ten. Sure, the Eagles strung together a few good seasons in the mid-80s, but that was when a pocket-sized passer named Doug Flutie was putting up numbers never before seen this side of BYU. For the rest of the decade, Boston College was a program lacking in both athletes and ambition.

But something strange happened in 1992. Boston College had the gall to march into

Notre Dame Stadium, in its first meeting with the Irish since 1987, armed with an undefeated record and a top-ten national ranking. The swagger displayed by the Eagles in the days leading up to the game suggested that Notre Dame had a challenge on its hands. As it turned out, though,

the only challenge the Irish faced was how to avoid running up the score. Notre Dame crushed Boston College 54-7 in a game that was every bit as lopsided as the score would indicate. It was as if the Irish were reminding their counterparts, "We're Notre Dame. You're Boston College. Don't forget it."

In 1993, most Irish fans agreed, Boston College should not have even bothered to show up for the game. After all, Notre Dame had just beaten the Team of the Century, which apparently made the Irish so good that they would have to go back to the 1800s to find some good competition. Boston College would simply be a tiny

speed bump on the way to Lou Holtz's second national championship. Unfortunately, someone forgot to tell the Eagles this. Only with a dramatic fourth-quarter comeback could the Irish make a game of it before Eagles' kicker David Gordon permanently etched his name in the minds of the Irish faithful with a last-second field goal.

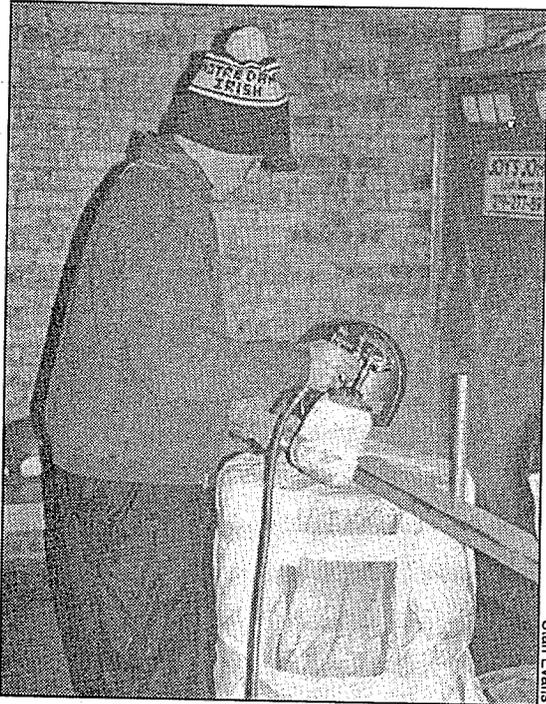
The loss to Boston College ended Notre Dame's national title dreams, but it did not end the Irish arrogance towards the Eagles. Surely the '93 setback was just a fluke, reasoned Irish fans. Surely the 1994 squad would invade Boston College's expanded Alumni Field and put the home team back in its place. Notre Dame would not just win: it would dominate. And domination is a good word for how the game progressed — except that in a startling role reversal from 1992, the Irish were the victims. Boston College put on a defensive clinic, limiting Notre Dame to only 210 total yards in the 30-11 trouncing. The Irish went on to post their worst record since 1986, Holtz's first year at the school.

If Boston College woke the Irish up in 1993, last year they knocked them out. Boston College may still be Notre Dame's little brother, but it has proved it will take no more bullying. With each win over Notre Dame, the Eagles will gain more and more national exposure and reel in better and better prep players. Former Head Coach Tom Coughlin, now with the Jacksonville Jaguars, and current coach Dan Henning have built Boston College into a program that annually plays one of the toughest schedules in the nation and competes in every game. So this year, Irish fans, make no assumptions, BC's 2-5 record notwithstanding. As in '93, Notre Dame is coming off a huge victory over a highly-rated foe. And if the Irish aren't careful, an unknown kicker named Dan McGuire could do his best David Gordon impression, leaving Notre Dame Stadium in stunned silence once again. □

—by Brian Hiro

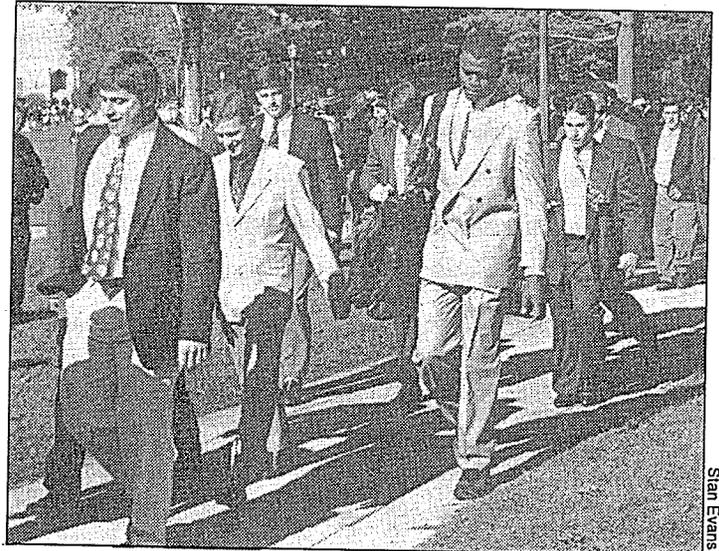
# Weekend at Rockne's

*A photo essay of the Texas football weekend at Notre Dame*



Sean Evans

**FINAL PREPARATIONS.** A football manager sprays gold paint on an Irish helmet. Legend has it that the paint is laced with specks of real gold.



Sean Evans

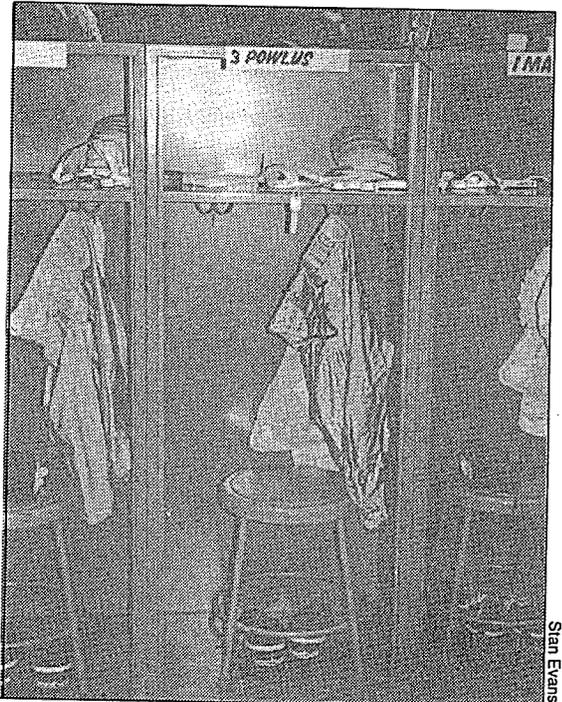
**HELP FROM ABOVE.** The Irish make their walk from Sacred Heart Basilica following pre-game mass.

**FUELING UP.** Members of the Notre Dame Marching Band eat an early breakfast before heading to the Administration Building steps for their concert and step-off.

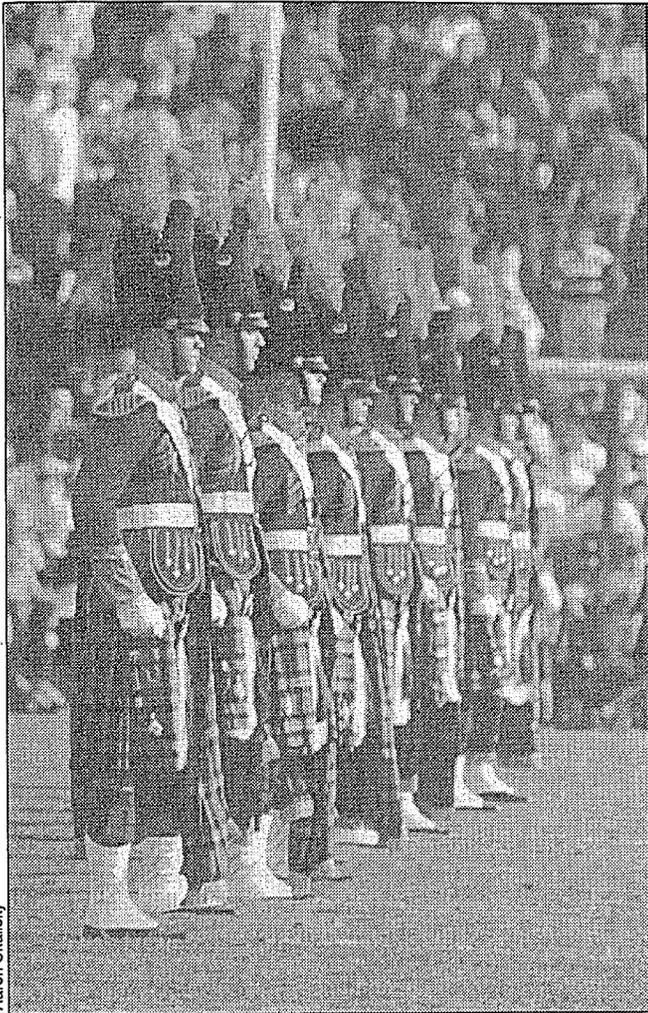


Sean Evans

**THE OTHER MESSIAH.** Quarterback Ron Powlus' locker is ready for pregame. Nearby is a plaque containing George Gipp's famous "Win one for the Gipper" speech.



Sean Evans



Aaron Skalicky

**ATTENTION.** Notre Dame's Irish Guard looks sharp, but they must be hot. Each member of the guard is wearing 25 pounds of wool on this sunny, warm day.



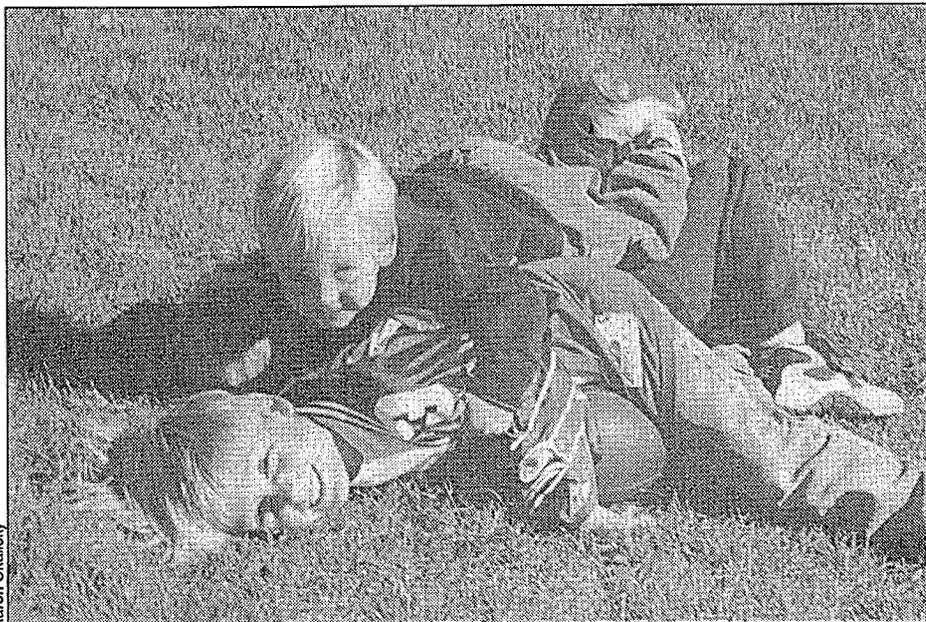
Stan Evans

**THEY KEEP GOING AND GOING AND ...** The Notre Dame Marching Band plays their concert on the steps of the Administration Building before marching to the stadium. Notre Dame's band is the oldest collegiate band in the country.



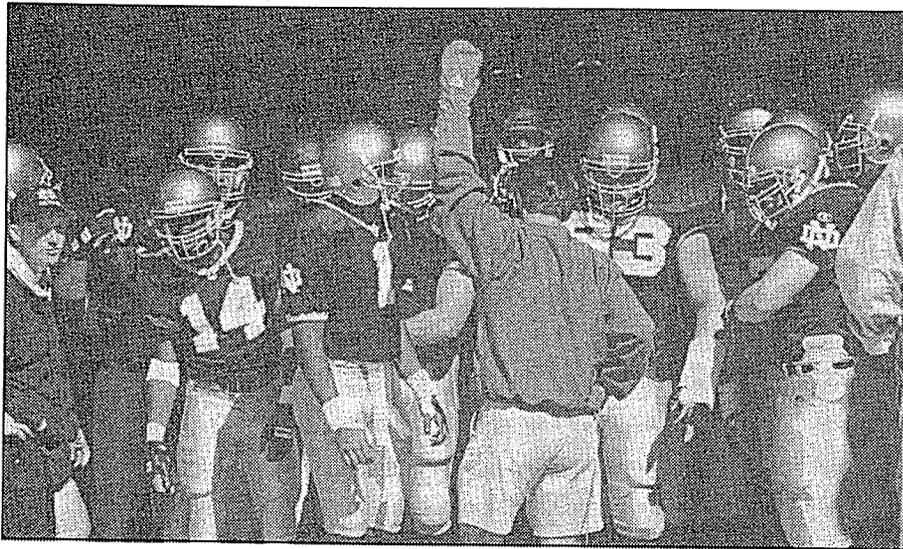
Eric Parodes

**OH, IT'S YOU.** Two Texas Cowboys flash the "Hook 'em Horns" signal while walking across campus.



Aaron Skalicky

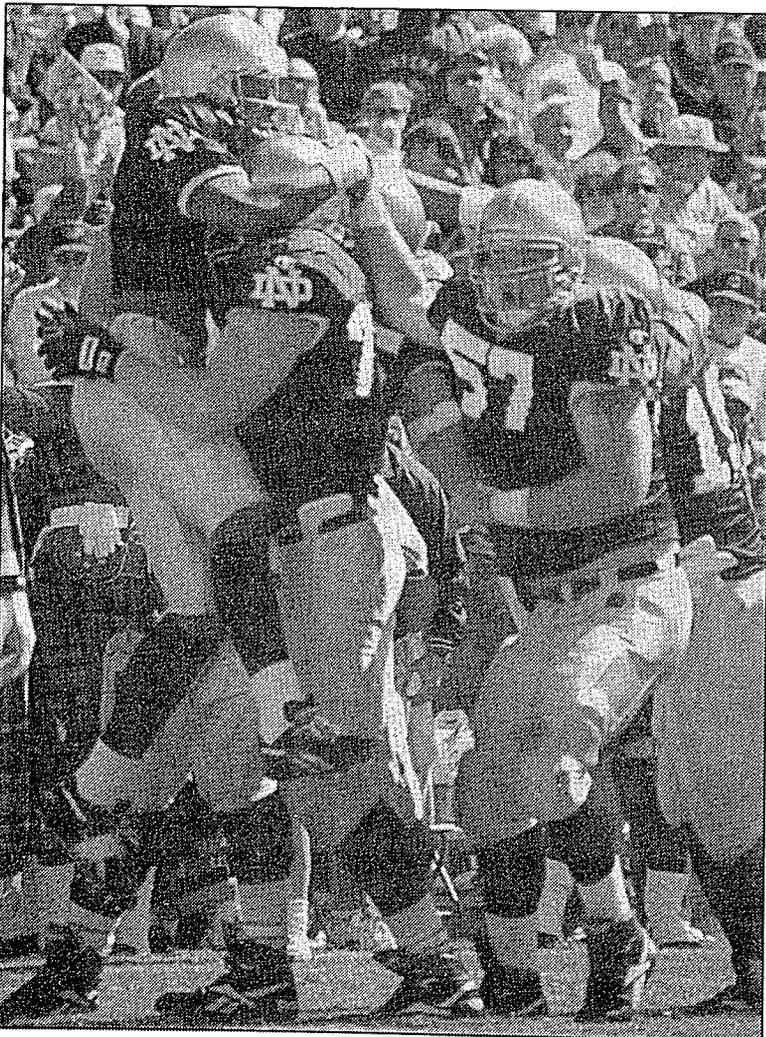
**FUTURE FIGHTIN' IRISH STARS?** Three young Irish fans practice their tackling skills in hopes of one day running through the tunnel and playing in Notre Dame stadium.



**LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!** Even Notre Dame has to wait occasionally. Before bursting onto the field, the Irish wait for the NBC cameras.

Aaron Skalicky

**CELEBRATION.** Derrick Mayes receives a victory ride, courtesy of Irish offensive linemen, after a touchdown.



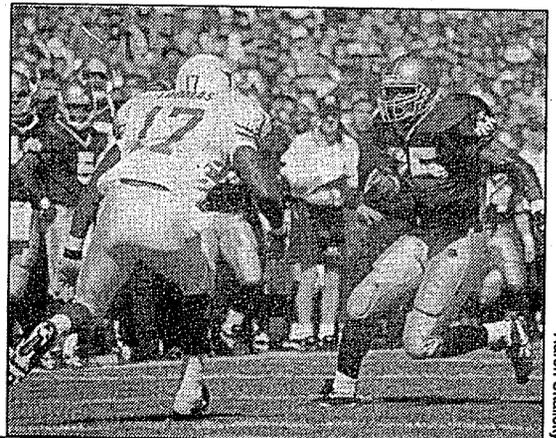
Aaron Skalicky



Aaron Skalicky

**52, 53, 54 ...** The Notre Dame leprechaun completes an exhausting day. When the Irish roll up a big score, the little green guy's job becomes tougher.

**FAKED OUT.** Texas defensive back Tre Thomas is unable to corral running back Randy Kinder.



Aaron Skalicky

# A Revolutionary Idea

*John F. Kennedy Jr.'s new magazine has plenty of style, hype and glamour. But will people subscribe to a pop-political periodical?*

BY CHRIS MYERS

"Politics has migrated into the realm of pop-culture, and folks can't turn away."

Or so says John F. Kennedy, Jr., editor in chief of *George*, the new political magazine that sells itself as "not just politics as usual." Indeed not. Just flipping through the near-300 page bi-monthly, it's apparent that this is no *Time* or *Newsweek*. Aspirin and insurance advertisements have been replaced by Versace and Joop!. To further prove its yuppie-hipness, there's even a topless Calvin Klein ad thrown in.

Flipping through, it's a *Cosmo* meets Congress, but when you actually pick up and read *George*, you find some real substance between the cologne fold-outs. Kennedy notes that his non-partisan publication is actually a "lifestyle magazine ... illuminating the points where politics converges with business, media, entertainment, fashion, art and science." *George* puts a political spin on everything in our culture and, for better or worse, succeeds in doing so.

The first 100-plus pages are merely filler, stuffed with department pages and soundbytes. Nothing particularly hard-hitting, but some fairly interesting stuff nonetheless. There's a piece on Russell, Kansas, hometown of Bob Dole and Arlen Specter, a state-by-state breakdown of federal taxation, clips from Pete Wilson's voicemail and, a personal fave, a shot-by-shot sidebar on Wilson removing a Dole campaign button from a girl during a photo shoot.

Things finally mature and take form midway through, with a piece examining the failed Senate campaign of David Wilhelm that shows how the nice guy finishes last in Washington. Other notable articles include a exposé on the Time Warner/gangsta rap contro-

versy, a piece on Washington's biggest leakers and JFK Jr.'s interview with former Alabama governor George Wallace (accompanied by some striking photos).

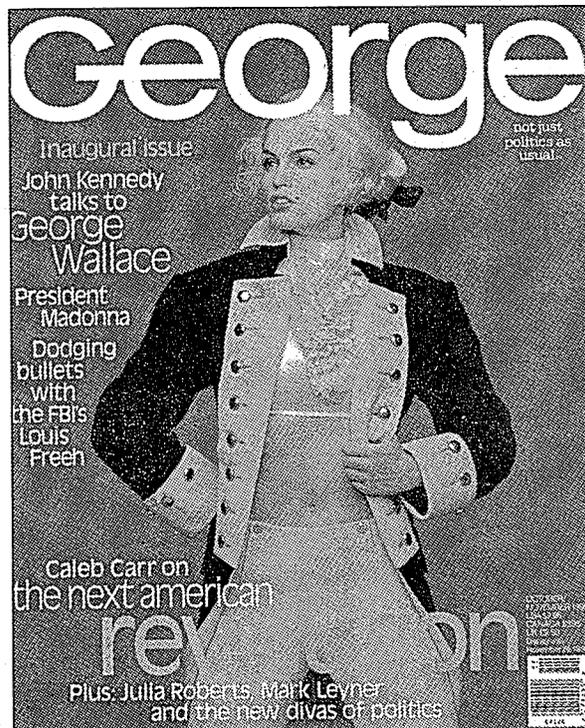
But, like a presidential candidate, *George* promises too much. It strives to make politics cool and appealing to the 18-35 demographic set, but winds up trying too hard. Guest contributors add unique style to their pieces, especially Mark Leyner's coverage of Dick Lugar's campaign and Caleb Carr's essay on the popularity of politics, but too often the articles are mere filibuster. For a political spin magazine, the content is surprisingly untimely (or, if you will, un-*Time*-ly). Another problem is the magazine's obsession with profiling everyone. *George* could use a little editorial mandating when deciding who to write about — this issue is all over the map, including pieces on Detroit mayor Dennis Archer, Iowa legislator Chris Rants, the Republican campaign strategists, senator Bill Nighthorse Campbell, Newt Gingrich's lesbian half-sister Candace, FBI Director Louis Freeh and Senator John Heinz's widow Teresa. While these people all have some political ties, do you really want to read about them? The lone presidential candidate profile, Lamar Alexander, is reduced to a one-page question and

answer session answering puffball questions on his likes and dislikes (It's subtitled "Oprah or Uma?").

Ultimately, the political angle goes too far, reaching the mundane when Cindy Crawford and designer Isaac Mizrahi converse about Washington fashion faux-pas. (Mizrahi on Newt: "That hair can't be real, can it?" Crawford on the former first ladies: "I think the light [panty]hose are freaky.") Please, some people should be seen and not heard.

*George* is a good time-passer, one publication you'll read, but get little out of. It's politics' answer to *People*. Like the magazine's final article, a department called "If I Were President" written this month by Madonna, *George* is humorous, well-written and contains some genuine political substance. But in the end, it comes across as another gimmick, wallowing in the shallow American pop-culture it strives to educate and entertain.

C+



MODEL PRESIDENT. Cindy Crawford graces the inaugural issue of *George*. She is also a featured writer, co-scripting a piece on fashion in DC.

# Movies: His

## Killer Instincts

*Stallone and Banderas aim to please in the surprisingly good Assassins*

BY ANDREW WEIMER

Boring, stupid and slow-moving — that is what the numerous commercials, critics and promos for *Assassins* portrayed it to be. They could not be more wrong. As it turns out, *Assassins* is an exciting adventure story with a plot full of twists and turns. Those staying away fearing a sub-standard Stallone bullet-fest need not worry — *Assassins* is a genuine action thriller.

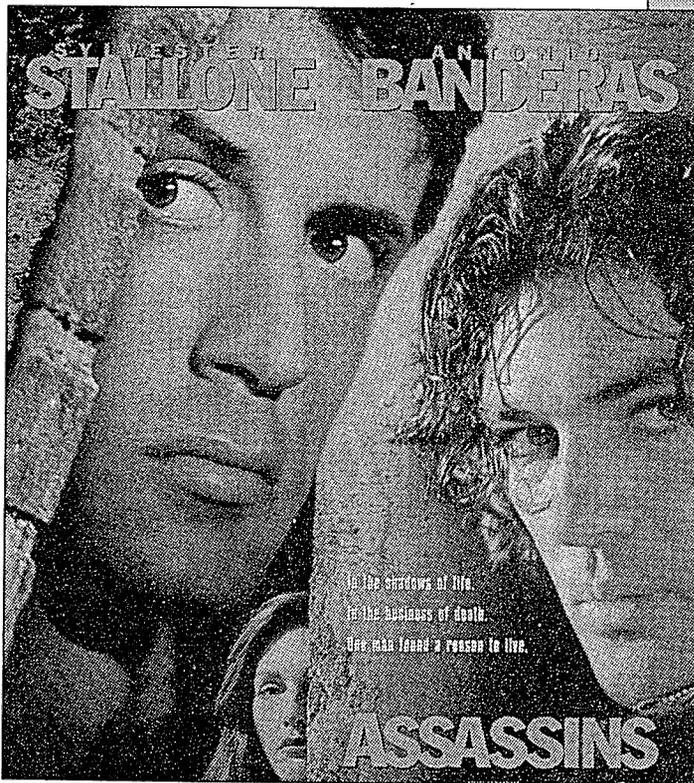
Forced into his occupation, Richard Rath (Sylvester Stallone) becomes the best assassin in the world. Throughout the story, however, he tries to get out of the business, hoping to live a normal life and wanting to be the good guy for once.

He decides to finish just one more hit and retire, but everything starts to go wrong. His boss doublecrosses him by sending in Miguel Bain (Antonio Banderas, *Desperado*) to steal the hit (Julianne Moore, *Nine Months*). But Rath then befriends her and, ironically, becomes the hunted and not the hunter.

This basic plot has been done a thousand times before, but never like this. There are so many plot twists, combined with a surprise ending, that the moviegoer can never predict what will happen next in the constant struggle for power between the two hitmen.

Surprisingly, the movie as a whole comes across as very believable. The characters

use the Internet to communicate their hits, and other than a few somewhat fake special effects (a guy getting blown out of a three-story window — and living!), the movie comes across incredibly realistic. It's com-



IF LOOKS COULD KILL. Stallone, Banderas and Moore in the promo for *Assassins*.

ceivable that this story could actually happen anywhere in America.

Stallone plays an extraordinary role as the good-guy hit man, while the emerging star Banderas supports him well. However, the movie is held back by Moore, who does an average job as the pretty love interest of Rath. Her supporting female role begs for someone stronger — she, unfortunately, comes across as a one-dimensional pretty

### ASSASSINS

Directed by Richard Donner  
Starring: Sylvester Stallone,  
Antonio Banderas and  
Julianne Moore  
Rated R — 135 Minutes  
A Warner Bros. Release  
Grade: B

girl. Thankfully the film spares us of any romantic action between the two, deciding instead to concentrate on the intense relationship of Rath and Bain.

It's no *Rocky*, but *Assassins* is another episode in the long line of great Stallone action movies (not counting *Judge Dredd*). It's even better than many other Stallone movies that attempted to appeal to a wider audience, including flops like *Oscar* and *Stop! Or My Mother Will Shoot!* or the mildly successful *Cliffhanger* and *Demolition Man*. Like some of his latest work, one does not have to love blood and violence to see this movie.

The guys I saw this movie with thoroughly enjoyed it, and though the females may not have appreciated it as much as, say, *Now and Then*, it was clear that the softer side of Stallone makes for an enjoyable time for all. □

*Both Now and Then and Assassins are both currently playing at Movies 10 Mishawaka.*

# ... and Hers

## Girls' Night Out

Now and Then is the latest "chick-flick" to examine the joys of womanhood

BY MICHELLE HEMPEL

**M**y favorite part of the movie *Now and Then* was when Bonnie Hunt, playing a small role as a mother of a 12-year-old, tries to explain sex to her wide-eyed daughter. Her gardening metaphor is as funny as it is unprintable, but there's also a certain innocence and charm to it. Such is the case with the film itself — funny, innocent and undeniably charming.

*Now and Then*, the new movie with Demi Moore, Melanie Griffith, Rosie O'Donnell and Rita Wilson, is the story of four women who return to their hometown for the birth of Chrissy's (Wilson) first child.

In the line with movies like *Steel Magnolias* and *Fried Green Tomatoes*, it is not on the "to see" list of any guy I know. But many critics have called it *Stand By Me* for girls, since the majority of the movie is a flashback to the summer when the women were 12 years old. They aren't searching for a dead body, but they're trying to find out how a young boy and his mother were murdered in their town 30 years ago. Surprisingly, the older actresses don't add a lot to this film; rather, their younger alter-egos are the real treat.

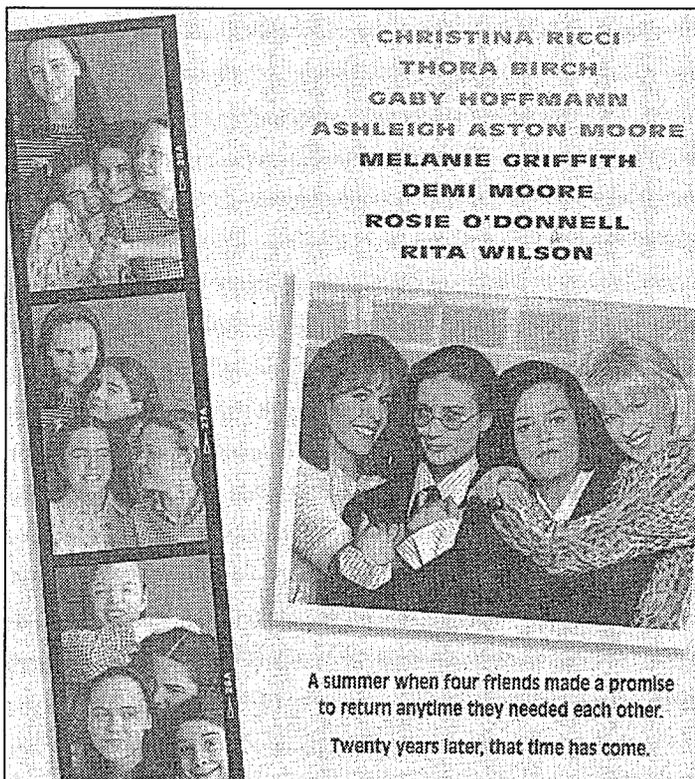
The young actresses who play the women as children are the movie's true asset. Gaby Hoffman (*The Gaby Hoffman Show*, playing the young Moore) is the ringleader of their group. She plans their séances in the graveyard and leads them into their summer

adventures. She's tough on the outside, never letting her friends know that her parents are getting divorced. Thora Birch (*All I Want For Christmas*, young Griffith) plays Teeny, a girl who stuffs her bra and reads

it's extremely well-done. Wars against the neighborhood boys, an unsolved town mystery, secret codes with flashlights and walkie-talkies — we've seen it all before. The themes are old as well — growing up

isn't easy, life isn't always what you'd expect, good friends are forever — but all of the young actresses are hilarious and make these situations seem new. One of the best scenes is when the four girls are riding their bikes in a row, singing along to golden oldies on the radio and smiling at each other. Cheesy? Of course, but oh-so-entertaining.

I went to see *Now and Then* with my mom, my grandma and my best friend. All of us had a great time. We loved the jokes about breast size, the cheesy singing and hugging scenes. We



**LOVER GIRL.** Banderas' latest love interest Melanie Griffith, et al., in *Now and Then*.

*Cosmopolitan* at age 12. She grows up to be an Emmy-winning sexpot who arrives for their reunion in a stretch limo. Christina Ricci (*The Addams Family*, young O'Donnell) is the neighborhood tomboy, still suffering from her mother's tragic death, and Ashley Aston-Moore (Wilson's childhood incarnation) is the chubby, fussy, butt-of-her-friend's-jokes.

*Now and Then* is not entirely original, but

loved remembering the time when 12-year-old girls could kick the crap out of 12-year-old boys. We loved watching them lean on each other for support, and we loved all the sex jokes. This is a movie to go to, girls, on a night when the guys would rather play Sega or watch *Baywatch Nights*. It'll be a hit with females everywhere. □

### NOW AND THEN

Directed by Lesli Glatter  
Starring: Demi Moore,  
Melanie Griffith, Rosie  
O'Donnell and Rita Wilson  
Rated PG-13 — 115 Min.  
A New Line Release  
**Grade: B**

# Li'l Rascals

It all started when Walter Matthau led nine troublesome, yet lovable, misfits onto a baseball diamond and let them play ball. Since the 1977 incarnation of *The Bad News Bears*, Hollywood seems hell-bent on mass-producing prepubescent *Rockys* that come together as a team and beat the odds. In the past five years we've seen nerds and geeks congregate and conquer on the baseball field (*The Sandlot*), football field (*Little Giants*), hockey rink (*Mighty Ducks* and *MD2*), at fat camp (*Heavyweights*), in the wild (*Bushwhacked*) and most recently on the soccer field in *The Big Green*. Here are some outlines to put a new spin on an old formula:

## Kids in the House

**Summary:** *The Bad News Bears Go To Washington*

**Plot:** In this Disney-esque fantasy, a loopy, wanna-be musician teen (Joey Lawrence) becomes president of the United States, despite the warnings of his bi-partisan parents (Jim Carville and Mary Matalin). Eventually, he gets all of his hip friends (the cast of *Saved by the Bell*) to come with him to help run the country, though his girlfriend (Tina Yothers) is really the one in charge. After a few weeks in office, the group is overthrown by obnoxious, know-it-alls (the cast of *Head of the Class*) led by the evil Midwestern farm boy (Macaulay Culkin). The new group proves to be just as ineffective as the old one was and eventually they are both overthrown by the wise, minority army cadet (James Earl Jones).

**Moral lesson to be learned:** Being president would be cool if it weren't for the responsibility. The idea of Joey Lawrence becoming president seems likely somehow.

**Quote on back of video box:** "I loved it! Bartender! Another martini!" — Dee Dee Myers.

## Little Giants 2: Little Trouble

**Summary:** *Bad News Bears* meets *Necessary Roughness* meets *The People's Court*.

**Plot:** The lovable gridiron kids return to find out their star running back (Emmanuel Lewis) has brutally noogied his girlfriend (Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen) and her friend (Brian Bonsall) to death. His parents (Robert Philobosian and Leslie Abrahamson), worried that their son may be forced to spend the rest of his life in a detention center, spare no expense in getting the best lawyers (Malcolm Jamal Warner, Fred Savage and Jonathan Taylor-Thomas) to convince the juvenile court judge (Lance Ito, in a scene-stealing cameo) that he is innocent. Humor, suspense and side-splitting courtroom hi-jinks are in session!

**Moral lesson to be learned:** Money can buy anything. People won't mind if you kill someone, as long as you're famous and the victims are the Olsen twins.

**Quote on back of video box:** "I laughed. I cried. That Urkle kid is a real talent! Up yours, Shapiro!" — F. Lee Bailey



# OUT OF BOUNDS

"All right! Another set of steak knives! Johnnie, you shouldn't have!" — O.J. opens another wedding present.

**This  
Week's  
Best**

**Oct. 26 - Nov. 1**

## Hollywood

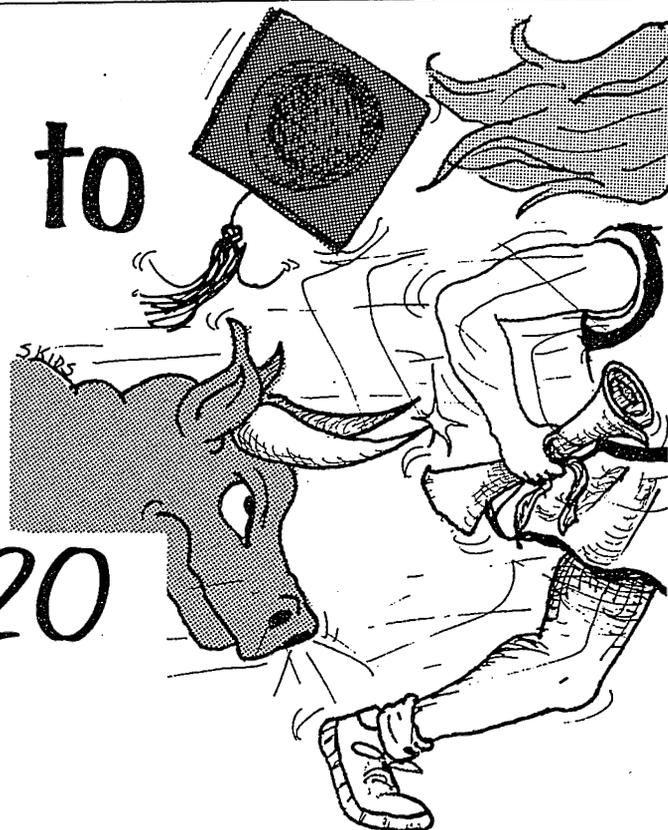
**T**he seedy side of Tinseltown gets exposed in two top-rate films out this week. In theaters, John Travolta continues his hit-streak with *Get Shorty*, a black comedy about a Mafia hitman who finds movie producing to be just as violent, but more rewarding. Co-starring Rene Russo and Danny DeVito, the real scene-stealers are Gene Hackman as a B-movie producer and Dennis Farina as a disgruntled mob

hood. Littered with sharp in-jokes and celebrity cameos, *Shorty* is lighter than *The Player*, darker than *Bullets Over Broadway* and definitely one of the best films of the year.

On video, Frank Whaley stars as a young studio executive who gets fed up with his ruthless boss (*The Usual Suspects* Kevin Spacey, in a marvelously mean role) in *Swimming With Sharks*. Vicious sarcasm abounds and plenty of backs are stabbed in this little-seen, but worthwhile flick. □

# Barbie Goes to College

## Tuition is only 20 Bucks!



BY JOHN INFRANCA

### ◆ *Boisterous Bikers Beware*

Two universities have recently begun to crack down on irresponsible bicyclists. At the University of Illinois, parking violations for cyclists have been instituted; those who do not park their bikes in official bike lots will receive a \$5 citation. And the University of Utah has instituted a 10 m.p.h. speed limit on sidewalks. The limit will be enforced with the use of radar. It affects not only cyclists, but also skateboarders and inline skaters.

One question: how are you supposed to keep track of your speed while roller skating? Rumor has it that one enterprising student has begun research on the development of a radar detector for skateboarders. Another student has been seen riding his horse at well over 10 m.p.h. Fortunately the law does not affect four-legged modes of transportation.

### ◆ *Sun-powered Shears*

The next time your neighbor's lawnmower wakes you at 7:30 a.m., don't pray that he will run out of gasoline. Instead, tell him about a new invention — the solar powered lawnmower, the brainchild

of Sweet Briar College math professor Stephen R. Wassell. Not only is it cleaner than gasoline-powered mowers, but it is also much quieter. The \$600 mower is powered by photovoltaic cells and even has a battery for those un-sunny days. With this contraption, instead of a gas shortage you'll have to pray for an eclipse.

### ◆ *Fruity Fuel*

Columbia College just held a month-long seminar designed to help non-science middle-school teachers learn science. The program is designed for those teachers who are not trained to teach science, but are now needed due to school budget cuts. One skill they learned was how to turn ordinary oranges into electric batteries.

With this under their belts, it probably won't be long before they market a lawnmower which runs on oranges. Considering the abundance of sun and oranges there, I assume people in Florida will no longer have to worry about tall grass.

### ◆ *Discount Degree (for Dolls)*

Looking for a good role model for your daughter or younger sister? Then look no further than the shelves of the University of Mississippi's bookstore. The store now

sells "The Cheerleader Doll With a Degree," a Barbie-like doll that comes with her own college diploma! According to Mary Lou Moss, a buyer for the bookstore, the dolls stress the importance of a higher education for young girls. The dolls, which wear Mississippi's red and blue, cost \$20 and are the store's hottest item.

Heck, considering we're paying nearly \$100,000 for a college diploma, who wouldn't buy one for 20 bucks? And to think, we don't even get a leprechaun with our diploma!

### ◆ *Sneaky Steers Slip Away*

Two steers at the University of Wisconsin recently escaped from a livestock pavilion near the school's agricultural buildings. One was captured quickly, but the other made a quarter-mile loop around the campus. He ran through traffic, rammed a police car and then headed down a bike path (hopefully under 10 m.p.h.) into a lake. The university's crew team coach used a boat and a paddle to push the steer back to shore. After an hour, the animal was finally herded into a trailer and captured. In light of this news, you would hope that university officials have "beefed up" (excuse the pun) security around the livestock's pen. □

# Coming Distractions

October 26 - November 1

## Field, Court & Alley

### Football

- ND vs. Boston College. Saturday, 2:30 p.m.

### Hockey

- ND vs. Boston College. JACC. Friday, 7 p.m.

### Women's Soccer

- ND vs. Boston College. Alumni. Friday, 7:30 p.m.
- ND vs Butler. Alumni. Sunday, 12 p.m.

### Men's Soccer

- ND vs. Western Michigan. Alumni. Thursday, 7:30 p.m.

### Swimming

- Notre Dame Relays. Rofls. Friday, 4 p.m.
- ND vs. Boston College. Rofls. Saturday, 10 a.m.

## Cultural Connection

### Lectures and Seminars

- Lecture, "Public Service, Politics, and Life." Marc Racicot, governor of Montana. Lounge, Hesburgh Library. Friday, 11 a.m.
- Booksigning, *Holding Court* by Dick Vitale. Hammes Bookstore. Friday 4-6 p.m., Saturday 10:30-12:30 a.m.

### Entertainment

- African Modern Music Concert and Dancing, "Foday Musa Suso and the Manadingo Griot Society." Stepan. Thursday, 7 p.m. Admission.
- Concert, "India Classical Music," featuring Sitar Shahid Parvez. Auditorium, Hesburgh Library. Friday, 7:30 p.m.
- Concert, "Notre Dame Glee Club." Washington Hall. Friday, 8 p.m.
- Film, "Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker." Snite. Friday and Saturday, 7:30 and 9:45 p.m. Admission.
- Film, "Casper." Cushing. Friday and Saturday, 8 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. Sunday 2 p.m. Admission.

## On the Silver Screen

October 27 to November 1

### University Park West: 277-7336.

- "Too Wong Foo," PG-13, 2:00, 4:20, 6:45, 9:10.
- "Jeffrey," R, 2:15, 4:30, 7:00, 9:20.
- "Never Talk to Strangers," R, 2:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:30.

### University Park East: 277-7336.

- "Get Shorty," R, 2:00, 4:20, 7:30, 9:45.
- "Powder," PG-13, 2:10, 4:40, 7:10, 9:30.
- "Copycat," R, 1:30, 4:00, 7:00, 9:45.
- "Vampire in Brooklyn," R, 1:45, 4:10, 7:20, 9:35.
- "The Big Green," PG, 2:00, 4:30.
- "Devil in a Blue Dress," R, 7:10, 9:25.
- "Home for the Holidays," PG-13, Sneak Preview: Saturday, 7:15 p.m. Replaces 7:10 "Devil in a Blue Dress."

### Movies 10: 254-9685.

- "Now and Then," PG-13, 1:10, 3:25, 5:40, 7:55, 10:15.
- "Halloween 6," R, 1:25, 3:30, 5:35, 7:40, 9:45.
- "Assassins," R, 1:00, 1:45, 3:50, 4:35, 7:00, 7:30, 9:50, 10:20.
- "Strange Days," R, 12:55, 7:05.
- "Jade," R, 3:55, 10:05.
- "Dead Presidents," R, 1:35, 4:15, 7:10, 10:10.
- "To Die For," R, 2:10, 4:45, 7:45, 10:15.
- "Three Wishes," PG, 2:00, 4:30, 7:15, 9:55.
- "How to Make an American Quilt," PG-13, 1:20, 4:00, 7:20, 10:00.
- "Dangerous Minds," R, 1:00, 3:20, 5:50, 8:05, 10:20.

## *Editor's Choice*

A lively personality both on and off the court, basketball analyst Dick Vitale will be signing copies of his new book this weekend at the bookstore. It's gonna' be awesome, baby!

—JJI

Just when you thought it was safe  
to go out on the quad:

# Death by Frisbee

BY CASSIE THOMAS

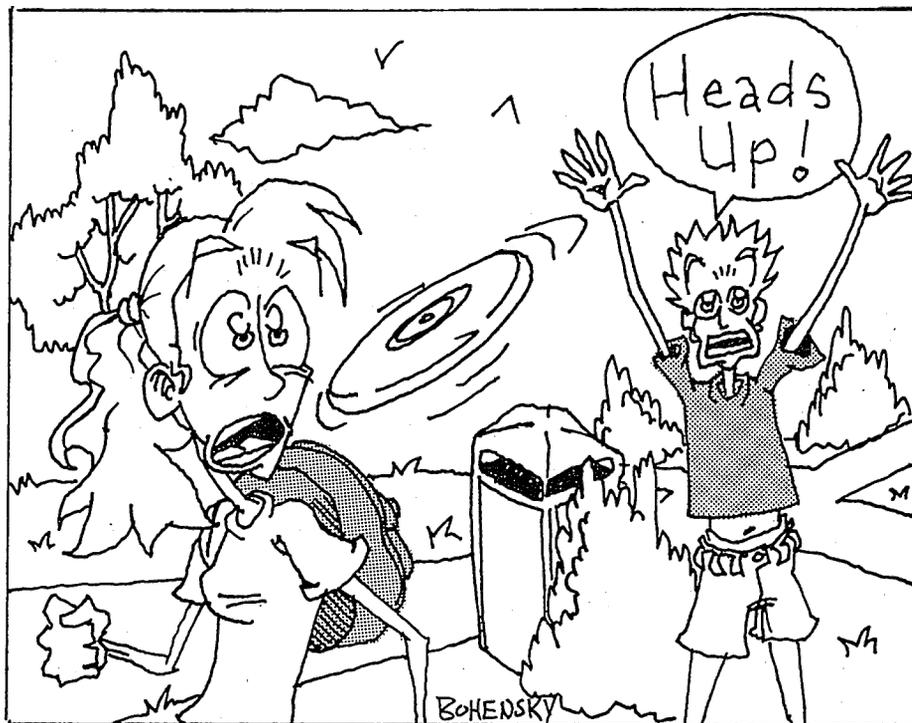
**M**y recurring nightmare begins something like this: I am strolling down South Quad after class on a warm and sunny South Bend afternoon (hey, it's a dream — work with me). The familiar sounds of birds chirping and planes roaring overhead fill the air. Lost in thought, I find myself pondering unique ways that I can sneak an extra piece of fruit out of the dining hall. Suddenly an ominous voice shatters my concentration.

"Hey you, heads up!" yells the hulking figure in the distance. But his warning is too late. All I can do is tilt my face towards the sky and watch in slow motion as the spinning frisbee of death rushes closer and closer to my head.

It is usually at this point in my nightmare that I wake up in a cold sweat with my heart racing. I try to reassure myself that it is only a dream, but I know that I am comforted with a false sense of security, and it is only a matter of time before the inevitable hits me in the face.

I remain unsure of how exactly I acquired this intense fear of being nailed in the head by a projectile. I can not remember any unfortunate kickball experiences as a child, and I do not recall ever losing an especially vicious round of the "bet I can make you flinch" game. On the contrary, I have spent my entire life avoiding any sport that involves the throwing, kicking, hurling or pitching of anything in any direction.

The only possible explanation that years of introspection and counselling have offered me is that I used to watch a lot of television when I was young, and I was very partial to *The Brady Bunch*. I love all the episodes, but one classic Brady moment has been forever etched in my mind. It is the fateful episode in which perky little Marcia



Brady gets totally smacked in the face by Greg's flying football, and her nose swells up to gargantuan proportions. And to make matters worse, the scene is played over and over, accompanied by poor Marcia's cry of "Oh, my nose!"

By the third time I saw that episode, I was so traumatized that I could barely restrain myself from shouting a cry of warning to Marcia from the confines of my living room. While I think the episode may have ended with some moral lesson about how inner beauty is what really counts, any meaning other than a severe phobia of flying objects was lost on me.

With this in mind, imagine the sense of panic and dread that fills me each time I approach South Quad and hear the distant rumblings of a feverish frisbee game. While I suspect I may not be alone in my affliction, I don't want to propose anything too radical

(though a ban on all unorganized quad sports would be nice). Instead, I only have one small plea to make in the interest of my mental health and the delay of my reconstructive rhinoplasty.

When you see me heading down the quad, how about calling for a time out or taking a water break? If nothing else, please make sure whatever you're throwing goes in the opposite direction. Oh, and how will you know it's me? There are a few simple ways to pick me out of a crowd. I'm the girl who cheers for cold weather and rain, stands last in line for football tickets (so I can be as far as possible from the field and the ball) and thinks the inventor of the Nerf product-line deserves a Nobel Prize. □

*This is a humor column. These views are not necessarily the views of the editorial staff of Scholastic Magazine.*

# All Because of A Puppet

by Kevin Klau

Walking through Harvard (pronounced Hah-vahd) Square in Cambridge, Massachusetts last week, a few friends and I were puzzled when we caught sight of a puppet with his arms in the air and a sign hanging from his neck that read: "Daily Poll: Capitalism Subverts Democracy?" At the puppet's feet were two trays, one saying 'yes' and one saying 'no.' A handful of coins had been placed in each tray, and we felt obligated to cast our own votes. After discussing it for about 15 minutes, it was apparent that this question was more complex than we had anticipated.

We found ourselves discussing how capitalism and democracy appeared to be consistent, with dollars acting as votes in the marketplace. When consumers want to purchase a product or service, a friend suggested, they can essentially cast their "vote" in favor of that good by shelling out a few bucks for it.

Yet as my friend and I finally decided to drop a nickel apiece into the no tray, we wondered aloud how the responses were being measured. A man hiding behind the display responded by saying that the votes would be counted by the value of the coins in each tray (as opposed to counting the number of coins).

As we walked away, we were struck by the fact that this man had essentially provided us with the answer to his own poll.

Consider this example: If I felt stronger than someone else that capitalism did indeed subvert democracy, and accordingly dropped \$20 in the yes tray, the puppeteer's system of measuring the votes meant that my vote would count far more than the 25-year-old accountant who dropped a quarter in the opposite tray. After all, it would take 80 votes of a quarter apiece to equal my vote of \$20.

Our capitalist economy, we argued, encourages the open exchange of goods and services and forces individuals to make decisions regarding what is in their best interest. The natural by-product of this system is the reality that it will create economic winners and losers. As we considered the question of whether or not this economic model subverted our democratic system of government, I began to formulate the argument for the yes tray.

As our culture has grown increasingly obsessed

with material wealth, I have grown to understand how much more significant consumer choices have become compared to our votes in the political system. I have come to realize that the most powerful Bill in America is not named Clinton, but Gates. The co-founder of Microsoft is in a much better position to affect the future of our country, for better or worse, than is our incumbent President.

Providing jobs, sustaining economic growth and staying on the cutting edge of the technological revolution were all key aspects of President Clinton's campaign in 1992. However, one could make a strong case for the position that Bill Gates has delivered on these promises far better than Bill Clinton in the past three years. Ultimately I decided that what the puppet really wanted to know was whether or not the market and government could work together without having the former subvert the latter.

As we left John Harvard's Brew House that afternoon, the microbrews and clam chowder had satisfied our appetite but had unfortunately left us no closer to having an answer for that puppet. We wondered what the response would be to that same puppet were he placed outside of the newly finished College of Business Administration building one week, O'Shaughnessy the next and Decio the week after that. Maybe the real question we should have been considering that day was asked by the only business major in our group, when he said, "Why does it matter? It's not like we can do anything about it!" As a government major, I do not share the pessimism expressed by my friend, but I realize the significance of his statement.

America has a short attention span, like it or not. And unfortunately, most people walking by that puppet probably spent little time in making up their mind. Yet as I returned to school, with the question still lingering in the back of my head, I decided that had we been able to substitute the word "comprises" for "subverts," I would definitely have dropped my nickel in the yes tray. And as I returned to classes this week, I brought with me a new perspective on issues and principles that I have been struggling with for years. Somehow I find it ironic that I owe all of this deep inquiry to a puppet. Maybe that was his point after all. □

*Kevin Klau is a senior government major with a concentration in the Hesburgh Program. He lives off campus.*

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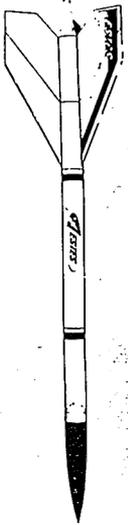
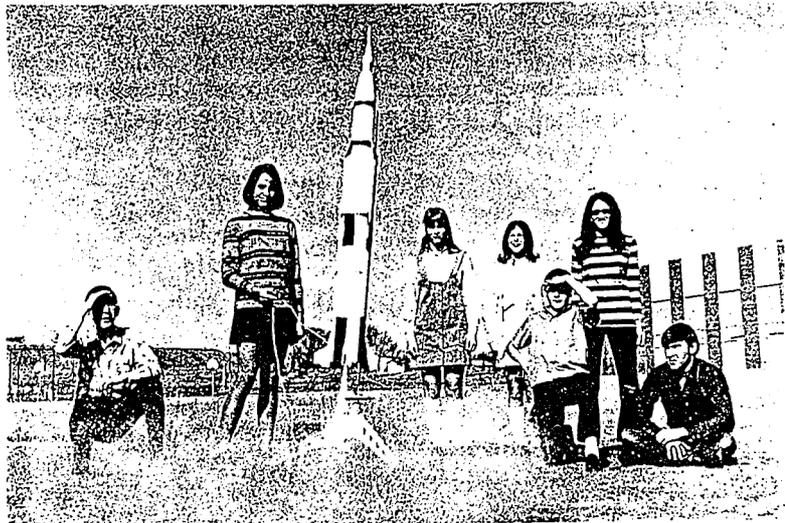
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