

The Observer

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TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1981

New Senate approves housing proposal

By JEFF CHOPPIN
Staff Reporter

In the first meeting of the 1981-1982 Student Senate, the Senate passed a housing proposal designed to make clear the policy concerning entry by University employees into student's rooms. All the voting members attended the meeting.

The Senate cited a letter sent by a woman in Breen-Phillips Hall describing an incident that demonstrated the lack of a clear policy. During the incident, two persons entered a room using a passkey. When questioned on their identity, the man replied that he worked for Building Services and the woman replied that she worked for Alumni Relations. Pat Borchers, housing representative from the Senate, reported that they told the truth.

Borchers reported that Fr. Heppen "was not in favor" of anything that happened, and that it "was not normal procedure." He also reported that no definite entry regulations exist in DuLac.

The proposal originally contained five parts. Generally stated, the proposal requires either the resident's or the Housing Director's permission in order for University employees or officials to enter the room. Emergencies get exceptions. In case of a maintenance inspection, they must inform the student beforehand of the purpose and time

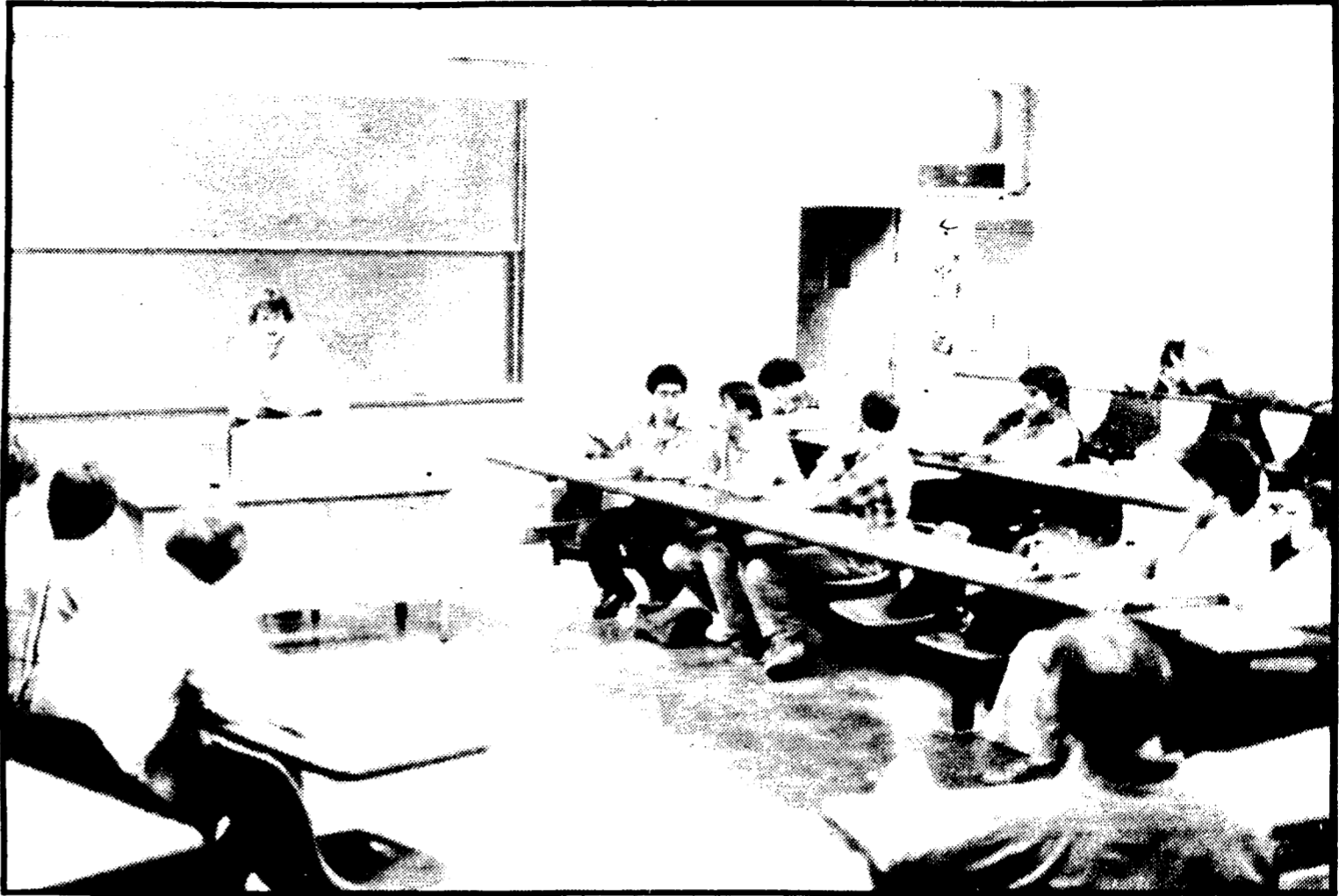
of the inspection.

The sixth part of the proposal, suggested by Student Union Director Bill Lawler, states that if rooms house somebody over a break, the students must give permission.

Don Murday, Student Body President presiding over his first Senate meeting, addressed the new Senate, saying, "I encourage you all to please get involved." He added, "If we work together, a lot of things can be accomplished...I expect you to be the voice of the students, I want to hear what you have to say."

The off-campus problem came up at last night's meeting. Murday said that the students must realize that they are "members of a community." Matt Huffman, off-campus senator, stated that the students must initiate a working relationship. He reported the general attitude of the neighbors - "We're not going to take it anymore."

Tom Lupo, senior class president, said that the neighbors see it as "the same thing every year." The students move in, throw a lot of parties, move out, and then the group after them does the same thing. Kathy Jurado, off-campus commissioner, stated that the police started an effort to crack down. At a recent meeting of the ad-hoc CLC committee formed to study the off-campus situation, a prosecuting attorney made threats of action, according to Jurado.



The first Student Senate meeting of the Murday administration was held last night in Hayes-Healy. For a report of what happened, see related story at left. (Photo by Tim McKeogh)

Chilly night

Shuttle experiences few problems

CAPE CANAVERAL, Fla. (AP) — After two flawless days in orbit, the shuttle Columbia and her crew prepared yesterday for the searing, dangerous test of a spaceship's

ability to survive a winged re-entry and land like an airliner.

Questions about the integrity of heat-shielding tiles on Columbia's underbelly added extra tension to

the mission's end.

The launch and flight have been nothing but smooth sailing "The only thing bad is we're going to have to come down," said commander John Young, making a record fifth space flight.

During a space-to-White House conversation, Young told Vice President George Bush that "the spaceship is just performing beautifully."

That was the opinion of everyone connected with the trial flight of a spacecraft that had never been tested before in orbit.

"I think your trip is just going to ignite the excitement and forward thinking for this country," said Bush. "We'll be watching that re-entry and landing with great interest on behalf of the whole country."

For astronauts Young and Robert Crippen, the scheduled 1:28 p.m. EST touchdown on the Rogers Dry Lake Desert runway at Edwards Air Force Base in California will mark

See LANDING, page 4

Folie a deux

Couple drive each other mad

By WAYNE SLATER
Associated Press Writer

CAMBRIDGE, Ill. (AP) — They disappeared sometime after daybreak, leaving a stack of love letters and their last chance behind them.

He was a doctor, a one-time honor student and Air Force flight surgeon with impeccable credentials. She once taught Sunday school.

Roger and Sharon Ihrig were young, bright and full of promise. And now they were on the run, again.

"The technical term is folie a deux," French for 'madness of two,' said psychologist Rip O'Keefe, director of the drug center the Ihrigs fled March 18. "You have two people who individually are marginal at best and who together bring out the worst in each other."

Their road to self-destruction began about 1979 — failed marriages, failed jobs, alcohol, drugs and finally "a string of motel rooms with bloody sheets and used syringes left behind," police said.

The road led to Galva, a little farm town where, last November, police arrested Sharon in a dime store for shoplifting chocolate bars and a black blouse. In her car, police found a rain-

bow of capsules and bottles of prescription drugs, including injectable Valium.

When Roger learned his wife had been arrested, he filled a syringe with Benadryl, stuck the needle in his arm and then walked to the police station. "He was dressed in a sports coat, white shirt and tie that looked like they had been slept in for days," police said.

When he slipped off his jacket, everyone in the station saw that Dr. Roger Ihrig's right shirtsleeve was soaked with fresh blood.

"I look at all the potential he had," said his lawyer, Dale Haake of Rock Island. "Somewhere, something happened."

Exactly what happened is not clear. But the picture emerging from police and military records and reports from former colleagues is of an attractive, gifted young man who had everything, and lost it all.

Ihrig was born 31 years ago, the son of a wheat farmer in Goodland, Kan., where the earth lies as flat as a billiard table. He earned his medical degree from Kansas University in 1974 and served his internship in the Air Force at Alamogordo, N.M.

"I've seen his Air Force records, 120 pages," Haake said. "He stepped into responsible positions that in the past had three or four physicians, and he would do the job all by himself. And at the same time he would improve

efficiency, improve patient relations and get nothing but outstanding comments."

Six feet tall, with sandy-colored hair, he jogged for health and read mysteries for fun. He joined the Elks and the Masons.

But about 1979, it all began to fall apart. His seven-year marriage soured and by Christmas, occasional injections of Benadryl, an antihistamine with sedative side effects, on sleepless nights had become a twice-a-day habit, police say he told them.

He tried to start a private practice. He failed. He went to San Diego and joined the Navy. He was divorced. His wife got custody of their two sons. Shortly after that, he married Sharon Espinosa, 22, twice-married and someone who "gives me strength," he told police.

See MADNESS, page 4

Dean of Students James Roemer advised students today to "consider other creative ways of having fun" during An Tostal, rather than the Mass Assassins game. Hall rectors and security reported at least five incidents concerning abuses of the game, he noted.

Roemer cited several examples. In Lewis Hall, two students entered the dorm at 3 a.m. to shoot two girls they didn't know. Two incidents took place in Pasquerilla West; one involved opening the door to a room where the residents slept at 4 a.m. to commit an 'assassination'.

The abuses ventured beyond the women's halls. Students reportedly

broke into a room in Cavanaugh Hall which contained spare room keys. They then used one of the keys to enter the locked room of a sleeping resident, afterwards returning the key to its proper location.

The game poses problems "from a psychological point of view, and from the point of view of women's security," Roemer commented. "In view of the recent assassination attempt on the President, this gives us something to reflect upon."

Roemer also noted that with the controversy about handguns a current topic of discussion, this is a "scary time." "Someone breaking into a room where you were sleeping could be very frightening."

"From the point of view of common sense, there are better games

for An Tostal. I'm sure students can consider other creative ways of having fun," the dean concluded.

Jeb Cashin, in charge of the Mass Assassins game, expressed irritation that no one in the An Tostal committee received formal gripes from any member of the Administration. "The first we heard was what McDonnell (Director of Student Activities) said in the paper."

Cashin said he felt the game operates with a minimum number of complications. He failed to comment on the proposed cancellation of the game for future years, beyond those previously expressed by Mitch Feikes in a letter to *The Observer* last week.

TUESDAY FOCUS

by *The Observer* and *The Associated Press*

When a drug dealer promises marijuana but delivers oregano or charges cocaine prices for baking soda, he'll be held liable for delivering the real thing under a law signed by Indiana Gov. Robert D. Orr. The measure was among eight approved by the governor yesterday. The list also included a bill to give a break to the American steel industry. Unless otherwise noted, the new laws take effect Sept. 1. The drug bill says it is a Class D felony to deliver what is purported to be a drug, regardless of whether it really is a controlled substance. The domestic steel preference bill specifies the head of a public agency can use American-made steel, even if it costs 25 percent more than imported metal. By law now, the price differential is 15 percent. The determining factor in using domestic steel that costs 25 percent more is whether the agency head believes it will help the state or local economy to use American-made steel. The law takes effect immediately. — AP

A preliminary study has linked birth control pills to breast cancer in women whose families have a history of the disease, a researcher said today. The study, by scientists at New York Medical College in Valhalla, N.Y., said women whose grandmothers or aunts had suffered breast cancer appeared slightly more likely to get the disease themselves if they used oral contraceptives. Earlier studies have shown no link between the pill and cancer, although women using oral contraceptives run a small increased risk of circulatory problems, particularly blood clots. Breast cancer is the most common cancer among women, striking one woman in 15. The scientists, led by pathologist Dr. Maurice M. Black of the college's Institute of Breast Diseases, said their "preliminary studies" must be duplicated by others to be confirmed. — AP

Home Secretary William Whitelaw yesterday announced a major government investigation of Britain's worst race riots since World War II and rejected blacks' demands that he pull out more than 1,000 police sent into the Brixton ghetto during riots this weekend. Black leaders in the south London ghetto called for a mass rally this Sunday in support of 200 blacks arrested in the weekend clashes, which injured more than 200 people and caused an estimated \$2 million damage. Whitelaw, who is in charge of the nation's law enforcement, told Parliament, "The police will continue to do their duty to maintain the law on the streets of London." He said an appeals judge, Lord Scarman, will head the government investigation into the "most serious disorder" in the black slum. Scotland Yard said 204 people were injured — 149 police officers, 40 rioters, 12 firemen and three ambulance crewmen — as rioting snowballed in South London's impoverished Brixton district. — AP

The three-day strike by film and television writers claimed its first victim Monday when NBC-TV officials announced that "The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson" will broadcast reruns indefinitely. The announcement, made just before the show's usual 5:30 p.m. PST tapng at NBC's Burbank studio, came after the first day of picketing by members of the Writers Guild of America across town at 20th Century-Fox studios. "If Johnny Carson has taken this stand, it represents a great tribute by one of our top performers to the value of writers in this industry," commented Guild president Melville Shavelson. "Tonight Show" spokesman Joe Bleeden, noting that the show normally has seven to nine writers, said he didn't see any of them report for work yesterday. He did not know if Carson himself had a hand in the decision not to go on without writers. With everything pointing to a protracted strike, hundreds of demonstrators peacefully picketed outside 20th Century-Fox studios to express their dismay over what they termed an embarrassingly low contract offer from film and TV producers. — AP

U.S. District Judge Naumann Scott stayed the execution of Dalton Prejean yesterday with less than 48 hours to spare, ruling that more arguments should be heard on whether the convicted killer was too young to be condemned to die, a Louisiana court clerk said. Prejean's lawyer, Thomas Guilbeau, said had been prepared to go to the 5th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals if Scott had refused to stay the execution, scheduled for early tomorrow. Guilbeau said Prejean, sentenced to die when he was 17 for killing a state trooper, was growing edgy as his execution date drew nearer. At Angola State Prison, Warden Frank Blackburn had been waiting for Scott's ruling before deciding whether to move Prejean to a solitary cell in the prison's bleak, cinder-block death house. Part of Guilbeau's petition for a stay said the execution should be delayed until the U.S. Supreme Court rules on whether a person can be executed for a crime he committed while still a juvenile. — AP

Mostly cloudy, windy and colder with morning sprinkles. Temperatures falling into the 40s by afternoon. Clearing and colder at night. Low in the low to mid 30s. Sunny and cool tomorrow. High in the mid 50s. — AP

A modest proposal

The housing lottery crisis is over now for another year. The all-too-familiar compromise has been made again. The good news, of course, is the decision that an off-campus lottery for next year's senior men has been ruled out. The familiar bad news is that ridiculous overcrowding will continue to be part of Notre Dame dorm life for another year. How many years will this ugly compromise be made before some long-range plan is implemented to eliminate the problem once and for all?

Football schedules are arranged years in advance, and other University interests are covered by well-managed long-range planning. Why, then, should housing be perennially handled in a sloppy, tentative manner? Each year it seems that the University allows itself to fall into the same crisis — the spring-time spectre of too many on-campus housing requests and not enough spaces to offer.

The excuse can be made that students are fickle. To simply throw money into building new dormitories one year for a surplus of students that may dissipate the next is simply bad business, the argument goes. But there has been a trend, not only at Notre Dame, but on college campuses throughout the nation, of an increased desire to live on campus. In South Bend that desire has been bolstered by the pressures of crime in the off-campus student housing areas. Therefore, it would seem safe to say that the current level of demand for on campus housing is no fluke or short-term bulge. In other words, if the housing supply remains constant, we can look forward to more springtimes of discontent.

In addition, several residence halls are already over-crowded to the extent that a surplus of students for existing space is guaranteed for at least three years to come. The renovation and expansion of St. Edward's Hall should help this fall, but according to this year's lottery compromise, the study lounges in Flanner and Grace will still be filled with victims of over-crowding.

It is not only reasonable, therefore, but imperative that some serious long-range planning be done to help alleviate the yearly housing crisis. I am hopeful that the PACE (Priorities and Commitments for Excellence) Committee now discussing many aspects of the future course for Notre Dame, will make housing overcrowding one of its key issues. If PACE has the same level of influence that the Curriculum Revision Committee of the late '60s commanded, there is indeed cause for hope. PACE's recommendations will be included in Provost Timothy O'Meara's report to Fr. Hesburgh.

Some ideas should be discussed immediately and decisions made as soon as possible, however. There are attractive alternatives to the yearly housing crunch. Some are rather simple, but tough to implement; others are expensive, but promising in the long run. Some of my ideas on housing alternatives for the future:

John McGrath
Editor in Chief



Inside Tuesday

- Review Notre Dame's admissions policy with an eye toward more closely monitoring the number of freshmen admitted to the total on campus housing pool. On the surface, this would seem the easiest solution — just don't let so many freshmen in — but there are problems with some prospective students wavering in their decisions until the last minute, and more people than expected deciding to come to Notre Dame. There should be better correlation between Housing and Admissions Departments decisions.

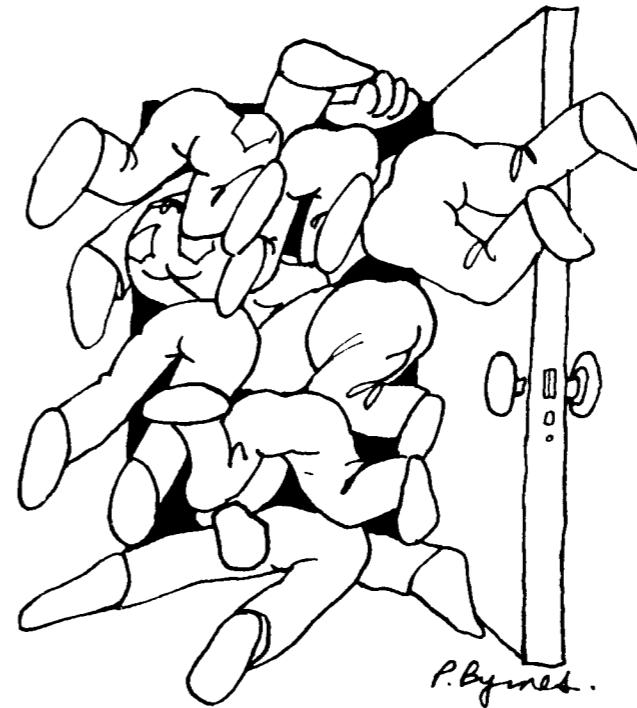
- Build a new men's dorm on campus. After the construction of Pasquerilla East and West, this might seem to some to be only fair, but there are space restrictions, as well as the cost-prohibitive nature of building a new dorm from the ground up without having any long-range commitment to increasing male enrollment.

- Convert all or part of the infirmary to housing space for men who are currently living in overcrowded quarters. The infirmary would make a beautiful and spacious dorm, without the cost of new construction. The soon-to-be vacated WNDU building could be used as a student health center in tandem with services offered nearby at St. Joseph's Hospital.

- Conduct a campus-wide study of room use to assure that all housing space is being used to maximum efficiency. RAs are in some instances living in

- unjustifiably large "suites" while four men down the hall are living in a would-be triple or double. There are many instances of disparity both on the positive and negative side. A comprehensive review of present rooms as well as other convertible dorm space could yield at surprising net gain of housing space.

- Construct more townhouses on the Northeast fringe of campus similar to the Grace-O'Hara Apartments or University Village. This plan would be costly, but judging from the profits being reaped by the developers of other similar developments like Campus View or Turtle Creek, the University would not have to expect a yearly loss in the long run. The "safety in numbers principle" as well as the Northeast fringe's isolation from the South Bend community would probably result in a much lower crime rate, and the proximity to campus would make the University-subsidized townhouses a popular alternative for would-be seniors — not a place where students would end up after "losing" in a future housing lottery.



P. Byrnes

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Hall officers

Saint Mary's elects leaders

By MARY AGNES CAREY
Saint Mary's Executive Editor

Saint Mary's election commissioner, Mary Elizabeth Ott, announced the winners of the elections for hall officers yesterday. Junior Kim Kentra and sophomore Heather Quinn will serve as Le Mans Hall president and vice-president, respectively. The Kentra ticket received 54 percent of the vote. Freshmen Janet Dean and Carol Mc Nerney, who received 62

percent of the vote, won the posts in Mc Candleless Hall, while sophomore Kathy Moran, who ran unopposed, gained the Regina Hall presidency with 63 percent of the vote. Sophomore Katie Barry and freshman Mary Dolehide face Sara Wachter, sophomore, and Ann Wachter, freshman, in a runoff election for Holy Cross Hall posts.

Augusta Hall elected junior Julia Trimarchi as president with 67 percent of the vote, while juniors Lauri Loiars, Peggy O'Brien and Sara Weger face a runoff for judicial com-

missioner, the Augusta Hall office similar to vice-president. Other Augusta Hall runoff elections include juniors Lori Hess and Irene Kenny for secretary, and juniors Cindy Siefert and Sue Armstrong for treasurer. Ann Raven, junior, claimed social commissioner post with 55 percent of the vote.

Runoff elections take place tomorrow in the Le Mans side of the dining hall during meal hours and in Madeleva Hall (in front of Carroll Hall) during non-meal hours.

'81 Pulitzers

N.C. Observer wins top prize

NEW YORK (AP) — The Charlotte (N.C.) *Observer* was awarded the 1981 Pulitzer Prize for meritorious public service and *The New York Times* was cited for national reporting and commentary as the 65th Pulitzer Prizes in journalism were announced yesterday. The Longview (Wash.) *Daily News*, with a circulation of 26,000, received a Pulitzer in local reporting for its coverage of the eruption of Mount St. Helens.

Times reporter John M. Crewdson, Houston correspondent for the newspaper, won for more than 40 articles on illegal aliens and immigration problems. Dave Anderson of *The Times* was cited for his sports columns.

The Arizona Daily Star was awarded a Pulitzer for special local reporting for its investigation of the University of Arizona athletic department.

The Miami Herald won the award for international reporting for dispatches by Shirley Christian from Central America.

Awards for cartooning went to Mike Peters of the Dayton (Ohio) *Daily News* and for spot news photography to Larry C. Price of the Fort Worth (Texas) *Star Telegram* for photographs from Libeia.

The award for feature writing went to Janet Cooke of *The Washington Post* for her article about an 8-year-old heroin addict.

The Pulitzer for criticism was awarded to Jonathan Yardley of *The Washington Star* for his book reviews.

There was no Pulitzer awarded for editorial writing.

The feature photography award went to Taro M. Yamasaki of *The Detroit Free Press* for his pictures of Jackson State Prison in Michigan.

The Pulitzer Prizes were founded by the late Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of the old *New York World*. They have been awarded since 1917 by Columbia University on recommendation of an advisory board. Except for the public service category, the awards carry a prize of \$1,000 each. The winner in the public service category gets a gold medal.

The Pulitzer jury said the *Observer* "focused its editorial

resources to expose and draw public attention to a killer — invisible cotton dust breathed by 115,000 textile workers every day in the Carolinas."

Last February, the newspaper published 22 articles and eight editorials detailing the failure of public officials, businessmen and physicians to deal with brown lung.

Father McAvoy dies after long illness

Reverend John McAvoy, C.S.C., 74, of Holy Cross House, Notre Dame, died at 6 p.m. Sunday in St. Joseph's Medical Center, South Bend, after a lengthy illness. He was born on June 6, 1906 in Tipton, Indiana, and entered Holy Cross Seminary (the present Holy Cross Hall) in 1922. He made his final profession as a Holy Cross religious in 1928, graduated from the University of Notre Dame in 1929 and, after theological studies at Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C., was ordained to the priesthood in Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame, in 1933. After studying medieval philosophy at Medieval Institute of Toronto under Etienne Gilson, he returned to Notre Dame and taught in the department of philosophy from 1936 to 1949. He taught various basic courses of the curriculum at that time and advanced courses in medieval philosophy. Father McAvoy also taught at Notre Dame from 1961 to 1965.

From 1949 to 1955 he was superior of Moreau Seminary, Notre Dame, and from 1955 to 1961 of Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C. In both capacities he was responsible for the formation and training of most of the Holy Cross priests ordained during those years of numerous vocations.

At Notre Dame, Father McAvoy served in the residence halls for eighteen years, as prefect in Alumni and Dillon Halls and as rector of Morrissey and Fisher Halls.

From 1965 to 1972, he taught philosophy at the University of Portland in Oregon. After his retirement from teaching, he served five years in a parish in Oakland, California before returning to Corby Hall at

Notre Dame. In 1978 he retired to Holy Cross Hall on St. Joseph's Lake because of illness.

He is survived by brothers Edward of Tipton, Indiana, and Brother Jerome, S.M., of Dayton, Ohio.

Services will be in Sacred Heart Church at 3:30 p.m., Wednesday, April 15. Reverend Leonard N. Banas, C.S.C., religious superior, will officiate. Reverend James T. Burtchael, C.S.C. will give the homily. Friends may call after 3:30 p.m. today at the Corby Hall Chapel, where the wake service will be held at 7:30 p.m. Reverend Mark Fitzgerald, C.S.C. of the department of economics will officiate. Burial will be in the Community Cemetery.



Fr. John McAvoy, C.S.C.



The race for finding the ugliest man (or woman) on campus continues. (Photo by Tim McKeogh)

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Student Union, LaFortune

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ATTENTION HALLS, CLUBS & CLASS OFFICERS

FOOTBALL CONCESSION STAND LOTTERY APPLICATIONS are now available in Student Activities, 1st floor LaFortune.

Deadline for applying is Thursday, April 16.

Winners will be posted week after Easter.



Moose may not be the boss anymore, but that does not keep him from keeping close tabs on the Irish athletes. (Photo by Tim McKeogh)

... Madness

continued from page 1

When he injected Benadryl, she injected Valium or a hypnotic pain killer, Stadol. They loved each other, fed off each other and were destroying each other.

"This is a very tragic situation where a couple of clearly dependent sick people are using each other to stay ill," O'Keefe said. Ihrig ended his Navy career with five weeks at a military drug treatment center in Long Beach, Calif.

After his discharge last August, he and Sharon searched for a practice. In Vaughn, N.M., a bank refused a loan. In Hoisington, Kan., he closed his office after one week. In Flagstaff, Ariz., police found bloodstained pillows and used syringes scattered about a motel room, blood smeared on the TV screen.

The year before, Ihrig had made a good impression on visits to clinics in Illinois. Nobody wanted to hire him now.

"I would have had no way to recognize him on the basis of our first meeting a few months before," Cottage Hospital vice president David Fleming said of his encounter with Ihrig. "His complexion was blotchy. He was bloated. He had a strange look in his eye and was perspiring profusely."

The next day, the Ihrigs were in Galva, charged with violating drug

laws, which carries a penalty of one to three years. Authorities released them on bond. They ran. Canadian border guards returned them to Illinois where they pleaded guilty and were locked up in the squat, red brick Henry County Jail.

From his cell, Ihrig wrote to Judge Jay Hanson, acknowledging he needed treatment, saying he wanted to straighten out his life, suggesting he might enter a seminary. In March, after four months in jail, they were released to the custody of Riverside Retreat, a drug rehabilitation center in Rock Island.

Sometime after daybreak, they were gone. Left behind were love letters, written daily from their separate cells, filed with innocent expressions. "High school stuff," said State's Attorney Jeff O'Connor. "Adolescent."

They profess undying love with arrows drawn through the letter "o." They have hearts and kisses and the assurance — each to the other — that everything was bright and wonderful and would be all right once they were together again.

On March 30, police arrested Roger and Sharon Ihrig in New Mexico for probation violation. They are being held in separate cells as they fight extradition to Illinois, where this time each will likely face the full sentence for the original drug convictions.

... Landing

continued from page 1

the completion of a textbook orbital flight whose problems were minor and triumphs big. For touchdown day, the forecast at the lakebed landing strip calls for clear skies and little wind. "That's ready made to order," said Shuttle Control. "Sounds good." Young said.

Because two of the shuttle's heat resistant tiles were missing and a dozen damaged on the top of the spacecraft, the Air Force took high resolution photographs of the more sensitive underside of the ship as it passed over Hawaii.

A source said the Air Force pictures showed the underside tiles were apparently all in place. However, NASA officials said clouds obscured the view and the photographic results were inconclusive. They said specialists had studied video and long-lens photography of the shuttle's launch and found no damage to the critical tiles.

"We are very interested in understanding what went on, but there is still no concern," said spokesman Charles Redmond. "If you define a major problem as one where we think there might be danger to the lives of the crew members, no, this doesn't come anywhere near being a major problem."

Things got a little chilly during the astronauts' first night in the Columbia and Crippen awakened after nearly eight hours sleep strapped into the cockpit, saying, "We feel grand but we got about ready to break out the long undies."

Shuttle control fixed the temperature problem.

Most of the work assigned the two astronauts was to shake down the shuttle's untried systems.

Mission planners said before the flight that just getting the ship up and down again safely would satisfy 99 percent of the objectives. Sunday's launch satisfied half that goal spectacularly.

Aurora borealis

Solar flare lights cosmos

WASHINGTON (AP) — Some residents from California to Tennessee and from South Dakota to Louisiana watched in awe as red lights stretched across the weekend night sky, and government scientists said Monday the phenomenon was caused by a magnetic storm that was touched off by a solar flare.

Other skywatchers had differing opinions on the cause of the lights — a staff meteorologist at McChord Air Force Base near Tacoma, Wash., said the glow likely was an optical illusion created by the sun reflecting off cosmic dust.

But many of those who saw the lights would have agreed with Sharon Finney of Great Falls, Mont., who called them "just awe-inspiring."

"There were sheets of light," she said. "It was like there should have been a sun, because you could see these beams coming from a center point, only there was no light in the middle. "It went from a pale pink to a bright, bright red, and then these beams appeared, and they were blue. Then the red moved from the eastern skies to the western skies."

The lights were visible across vast areas of the West, Midwest and South, prompting thousands of calls to police and radio stations.

The National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration in Boulder, Colo., issued a statement saying a solar flare and resultant magnetic storm caused the aurora borealis to light up the night skies Saturday and Sunday as far south as Oklahoma. But independent reports said the lights were visible as far south as Louisiana.

The aurora borealis, commonly known as northern lights, was the visible side of a major magnetic storm that was beginning to taper off Monday, NOAA forecaster Phil Powell said.

He said the magnetic storm caused some static in communications but had no effect on the space shuttle Columbia. He said NOAA was sending solar activity reports to mission control in Houston.

The magnetic storm began Saturday and was set off by energy particles from a solar flare, rated an X-2, recorded Friday, NOAA said.

Powell said the lights of the aurora are caused when energy particles from the sun collide with air molecules high in the atmosphere.

But Col. Dave Toshia of McChord AFB said the lights weren't aurora borealis because aurora borealis doesn't travel east to west as the

lights did Sunday night.

He said it was likely the lights were a "noctilucent" cloud formation created by the sun reflecting off cosmic dust at an altitude of more than 260,000 feet. He said the illu-

sion moves from east to west because it follows the setting sun.

Northern lights are rarely seen in the Midwest south of the Canadian border, although they do appear in northern Maine.

Nancy adheres to image in autobio

INDIANAPOLIS (AP) — Nancy Reagan wouldn't "let herself go" and didn't even want to include her age in her autobiography, says a former Indianapolis man who co-authored the book.

Bill Libby, a 1945 graduate of Indianapolis Shortridge High School, is best known for writing more than fifty sports biographies in little more than ten years. The autobiography he wrote with Mrs. Reagan, "Nancy," was published in late 1979.

"It's not one of my best books, because Nancy didn't let herself go," Libby told columnist Tom Keating of *The Indianapolis Star*. "She was a very nice, decent woman, but she felt very rigid about her public image."

"It was very hard to get her to include many topics in the book. I even had to argue to get her to put in her age. But the interesting thing is that when I showed her my finished draft, she took out things that made her look good, and that's very unusual."

Libby was contacted by a New York agent after he co-authored a book by James Roosevelt about Roosevelt's parents, Franklin D. and Eleanor Roosevelt.

"We got along just fine, and for about six months I visited the Reagan home once or twice a week and taped interviews with Nancy," Libby said. "Her husband was often around, but he always wanted to get some coffee and talk sports."

During the 1980 presidential campaign, the book began to draw more and more notice from journalists, many of whom called Libby for some inside information on the woman who might become first lady.

"There were calls from people like Mike Wallace and Sally Quinn and the National Enquirer," Libby said. "They all wanted me to tell them something I hadn't put in the book."

"I don't like to duck interviews because I interview so many people

myself, but I had to refuse to talk much because if I start revealing things that the subjects of my books tell me in confidence, then I'll lose credibility for future books."

Libby called it "a hard fact of life that a lot of people in the press wanted to nail Reagan during the campaign and some of the things I did say to newspapers were terribly distorted."

Co-authoring a book has its own special problems, not the least of which is smothering your own point of view, Libby said.

"You have to write such a book in words and phrases that sound like the subject is writing it," he said. "And if you are of a different political persuasion, as I am from the Reagans, you have to be careful not to shade what they are saying so it becomes closer to your opinion."

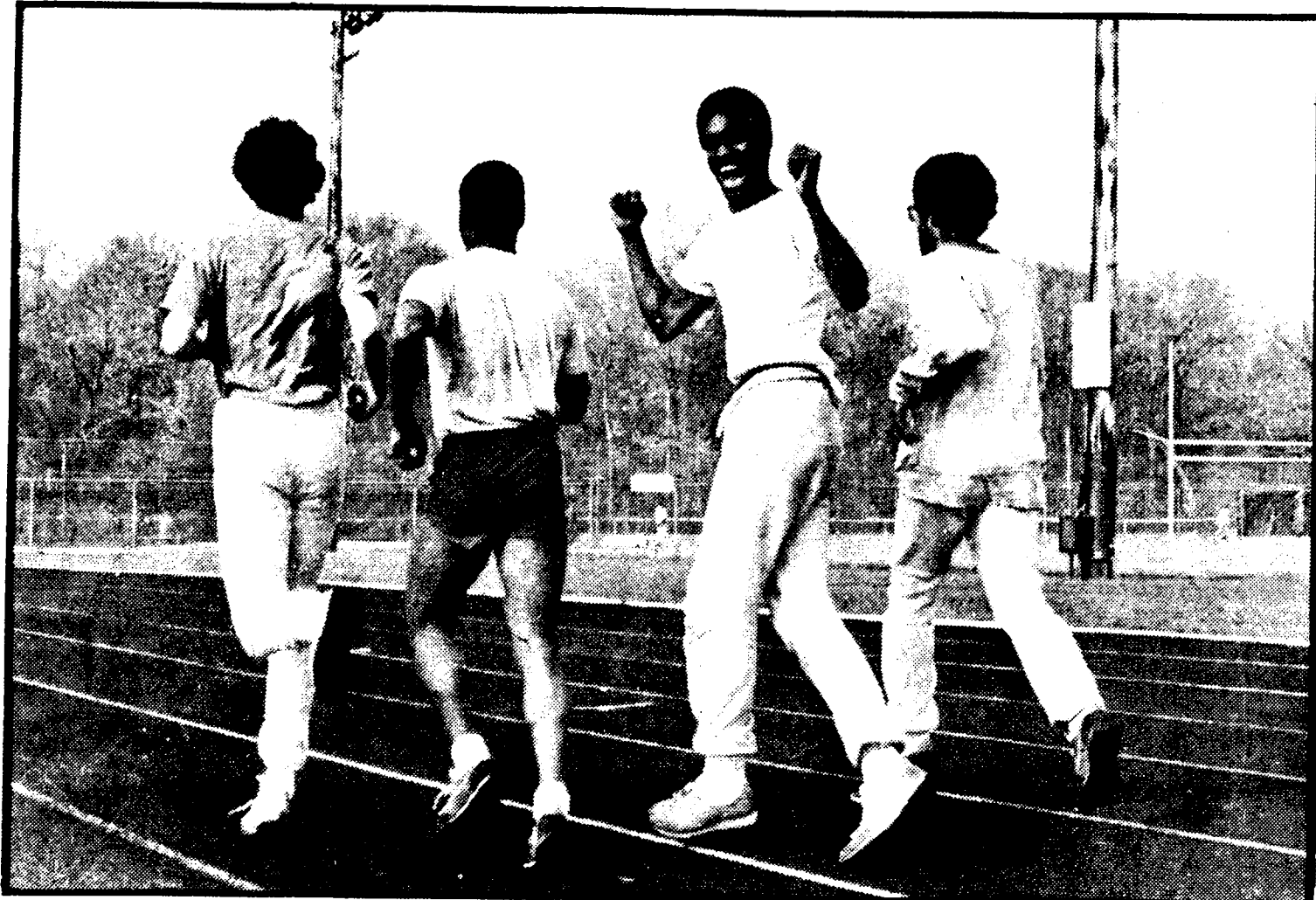
Students distribute petitions

Protesting President Reagan's proposed cuts of Guaranteed Student Loans (GSL) and Basic Educational Opportunity Grants (BEOG), Notre Dame Student Government officials will distribute petitions for student signatures today in the dining halls and LaFortune Student Center. The ND Financial aid office estimates that the proposed cuts will directly affect 4,100 University students. Further, the American Council on Education estimates that the reductions will force 500,000 to 700,000 students to drop out of school and an additional 500,000 to 700,000 will be forced to transfer to another institution to continue their education.



Stretch!

No, it's not the gymnastics team but some hardworking Notre Dame tracksters proving just what kind of things they have to go through in search of victory. (Photo by Tim McKeogh)



Apparently the track team's trip to Arkansas did not put a damper on Monday workouts. Here, one member displays his enthusiastic optimism for the rest of the season. (Photo by Tim McKeogh)

ND grants

Monies for Feb. top \$300,000

Grant awards to the University of Notre Dame for support of its research, educational programs and social programs totaled \$376,519 for the month of February. The research grants include:

--\$77,433 from the National Institutes of Health for the research of glycolipid metabolism in tumor and transformed cells, under the direction of Dr. Subhash C. Basu, associate professor of chemistry.

--\$72,000 from the Department of Energy for Radiation Laboratory research into the effects of laboratory on matter, coordinated by Dr. Robert H. Schuler, laboratory director and professor of chemistry.

--\$36,936 from the National Institutes of Health for research into information transfer — enzyme activation and regulation — by Dr. Thomas L. Nowak, associate professor of chemistry.

--\$28,688 from the National Science Foundation to research the theory of several complex variables, under the direction of Dr. Wilhelm F. Stoll, professor of mathematics.

--\$17,320 from the Ohio State University Research Foundation to research the mnemonic organization of social information in small groups by Dr. John B. Pryor, assistant professor of psychology.

--\$14,900 from the National Science Foundation to research the theory of proximity effect tunneling by Dr. Gerald B. Arnold, assistant professor of physics.

--\$12,000 from the Welding Research Council for study of hydrogen absorption of steel, under

the direction of Dr. James A. Kargol, assistant professor of metallurgy, and Dr. Nicholas F. Fiore, chairman and professor of metallurgical engineering and materials sciences.

--\$1,650 from Miles Laboratories, Inc. for the research of drug delivery by incorporating drugs within liposomes, directed by Dr. Morris Pollard, professor of microbiology and director of Lobund Laboratory.

Awards for educational programs totaled \$98,923 and include:

--\$25,000 from Lily Endowment, Inc. for the Faculty Open Fellowship, '81-'82, to Thomas G. Marullo, assistant professor of modern and classical languages, for research in Russian studies.

--\$23,649 from the National Science Foundation for a course for high school biology teachers entitled, The Web of Life — Michiana Ecosystem as a Natural Laboratory.

--\$21,995 from the National Science Foundation for undergraduate research participation in chemistry, directed by Dr. Maurice E. Schwartz, associate professor of chemistry.

--\$19,799 from the National Science Foundation for undergraduate research participation in biology, directed by Dr. Harvey A. Bender, professor of biology.

--\$5,000 for a program to attract minority students to major in geology, coordinated by Rev. Michael J. Murphy, C.S.C., chairman and associate professor of earth sciences, and Dr. William C. James, assistant professor of earth sciences.

--\$3,500 from the McGee Founda-

tion for the McGee Fellowship Program in Economics, accepted by Dr. Robert E. Gordon, vice president for advanced studies.

Grants for service programs were accepted by Rev. John A. Melloh, S.M., director of the Center for Pastoral Liturgy, for programs encompassed by the Center for Pastoral and Social Ministry:

--\$13,948 to the Institute for Clergy Education.

--\$2,081 to the Center for Pastoral Liturgy Training Program.

--\$401 to the Center for Pastoral Liturgy.

--\$259 to the Religious Leaders Program.

ECDC sets summer day camp

The Early Childhood Development Center at Saint Mary's will offer a day camp program this summer. This recreational program is designed for children of the Notre Dame — Saint Mary's community from ages 3 to 5, and 6 to 9. Both full time and part time enrollment schedules are available. Call Terri Kosik, Director at 284-4150 or 291-3875 to receive information on registration.

Ex-hostages receive awards for valor

WASHINGTON (AP) — Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig Jr. on Monday presented the State Department's Award for Valor to 54 former American hostages in Iran, praising them for perseverance under "exceptionally dangerous circumstances."

L. Bruce Iaingen, the ranking U.S. diplomat in Iran at the time of the hostage-taking, accepted the award "with great humility on behalf of all my colleagues, conscious of the fact that acts of heroism and valor on the part of all the services represented here today take place often unrewarded and unnoticed."

Thirty-four ex-hostages, looking rested and relaxed 12 weeks after their departure from Iran, were at the ceremony. Afterward, the former hostages were heading to a West Virginia resort and medical checkups on their readjustment to freedom.

Haig said the nation owes a debt of gratitude to the former hostages for service carried out under "unusually difficult, inhumane and exceptionally dangerous circumstances."

He also conferred the State Department's Distinguished Honor Award to four department officials

for their efforts in assisting the safe return of the former hostages.

Those eligible for the Award for Valor included 37 State Department employees, four International Communications Agency officials and 13 Marine guards.

Non-Marine military personnel are ineligible for the State Department award because they were under Defense Department jurisdiction in Iran.

Yesterday's ceremony was the first official reunion for former hostages since President Reagan welcomed them at the White House a week after their departure from Iran.

Today, most of the group will be flown to White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., 250 miles from Washington. There they will meet with the same team of doctors which examined the returning hostages in West Germany immediately after their release from Iran.

The medical team will conduct three days of workshops with the former captives on lessons learned during their 444-day ordeal and on coping with their return to normal lives.

Nancy relaxes after sharing president's ills

WASHINGTON (AP) — She brought him a robe and slippers. She brought him jellybeans, and hamburger soup, and brownies and messages from friends and get-well posters from children.

She flirted with him, inviting him for a "disco date" and then leading him down the hospital corridor for dinner in her sitting room. She cried with him when they read a telegram from old friend Jimmy Stewart: "I would have taken that bullet."

During the 12 days he was hospitalized with a bullet wound in his left lung, Nancy Reagan canceled virtually every task as the nation's first lady — and concentrated purely on being the president's. But she has always said her overriding duty, simply, is "to be with him."

Since the March 30 attempt on her husband's life, Mrs. Reagan is said to have whirled through a cycle of emotions.

In the first harrowing hours, she was frightened but determined to remain controlled and, as she put it

to *Time* magazine, "not be a bother to anybody." The tears came later, after the reality struck that someone had wanted her husband dead. Friends say she was torn, too, by guilt that she had not been with him. She lost her appetite and had trouble sleeping.

Two weeks after the attempted assassination, it's still not quite business as usual in the Executive Mansion's second floor living quarters. But after her daily hospital vigil, Mrs. Reagan now is said by her press secretary, Sheila Patton, to be "quite happy, relaxed and finally at ease. She wanted him home."

Mary Jane Wick, one of the first lady's closest friends, said that Mrs. Reagan "seems like herself again."

Reagan is expected to spend almost all of his time this week in the mansion's living quarters, not in the Oval Office. His aides and hers send memos and notes upstairs, but there seems to be a general agreement at the White House to leave them alone.

Press accepts manuscripts

The National Poetry Press announced that the closing date for the submission of manuscripts by college students is May 1. Any student attending either junior or senior college is eligible to submit his verse. There is no limitation as to form or theme. Shorter works are preferred because of space limitations. Each poem must be typed or printed on a separate sheet, and must bear the name and home address of the student, and the college address as well. Manuscripts should be sent to the office of the press: National Poetry Press, Box 218 Agoura, Ca. 91301.

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Spring Breaks Eternal:

Rick Hermida — Features Editor

It was one of those hot, humid Florida nights where your breath hung heavy in the air and it was always hot and you always wound up getting sweaty no matter how much deodorant you had sprayed or rolled or powdered upon your person.

I lay on my back, which hurt, half asleep. I felt half alive. The small, wooden boat bucked me to the left again. A wave's crest broke over the bow again. I began to pray.

Ryan, tall Ryan, crouched, trembling, in the boat's corner and tried, as best he could, to keep dry.

We were adrift. This was not good. The Atlantic Ocean is too big an ocean and we were adrift in too small a boat.

"We're going to die." Ryan was a definite realist. I did not reply and closed my eyes. Ryan crawled back into his damp corner and covered himself with a soggy *Rolling Stone*. We had now been adrift five hours.

With any luck, I wondered, we would make landfall in Santiago de Cuba, or, if the wind kept howling, Ireland's northern coast.

In Cuba, I would be tried as an American spy and probably shot. In Ireland, I would be forcibly fed large kegs filled with rich Guinness Stout. Neither fate particularly appealed to me. I continued to pray.

"How did we ever get involved in this?" Ryan mumbled in displeasure. His soaked *Rolling Stone* lay in shreds on the boat's wet, creaking deck.

"I don't know," I answered. I lied. I knew what had brought us here. As the codeine eased the pain in my mouth, I recalled the past week's sordid events...

My timing had been horrendous. It was spring break, I was tired of law school, and my wisdom teeth — like weeds in a baseball infield — had to be pulled.

It was a struggle between extreme pain and extreme fear. Pain prompted a dental appointment. Fear prompted a "pre-operative," two-day drinking binge.

I stumbled into the dentist's office. Ryan propped me up on the ominous dental chair. "Listen," Ryan coolly said, "I had all of mine pulled and I didn't feel a thing."

Ryan opened his mouth to show me his four, little, neat extractions. Instead, I was pleasantly greeted by a whirlwind of Stolichnaya. Ryan had been drinking for hours.

Sobering quickly, I noticed that Dr. Bertram Goodheart, the dental surgeon, had walked in. Goodheart seemed likable — impeccably "medical" in his white frock.

I was terrified, but Goodheart made the operation something to look forward to. "Hey, forget eating, forget the beach — this is a lot more fun." He momentarily turned his back. Ryan poured another shot of vodka down my throat.

The dentist turned his back once too often. I looked forward to the operation. "Yes, Doc, pull everything out!" I foamed at the mouth. The nurse wiped my dribblings off Dr. Goodheart's frock.

Ryan whined with laughter. An empty Stolichnaya bottle lay at his feet. A long rubbery tube dangled from his lips. The tube lead to a khaki-colored tank labeled: helium.

"I hope you haven't smoked or drank anything in the last six hours," asked Goodheart's nurse.

"Why is that important?" I was very alarmed. My left side shook. It was my body's way of informing me of sheer terror and certain shock.

The nurse smiled and explained: "Well, when you're put under, the anesthetic may put some of your involuntary muscles to sleep. Your lungs may fill with water."

I could drown. I pictured of Dad reading the morning paper's headline: "Law Student Drowns in Dentist Chair."

I looked for Ryan. He lay, unconscious, on an adjoining couch.

The doctor stuck my left arm with as many pins as there are on New York Yankee uniforms. "Do you want me to count to 100?" "Dont bother," he smiled, "you'll be out in 30 seconds."

I began feeling very cheery. I was happy with the World around me; a dental surgeon who resembled Gregory Peck in *The Boys From Brazil*, an unconscious, helium-filled Notre Dame undergrad, a smiling nurse. Florida is beautiful.

"You know, Doc, I won my first case..."

My last words were about Notre Dame Law School. I had gone a true soldier. Murphy and Rice would be proud.

I awoke in my rusting car's back seat. Ryan sang "Sympathy for the Devil" while at the wheel. He was about six octaves too high. The helium hadn't worn off.



We drove toward Key Biscayne. Nixon lived there, as did Somoza. Key Biscayne is a haven for both the indicted and the unindicted. It was America's "Elba." Ryan and I settled in a comfortable little bungalow only a few feet away from the cool, Gulf waters.

Ryan immediately ran toward the beach. He yelled "surf's up," took his pants off, and plunged in. I went up the 16 or 17 gravel steps to my apartment.

It was late afternoon and the sky was an orange hue and I wanted something cool to ease the pain and quell my thirst.

I mixed a "Cuba Libre" and poured it down my parched throat. My lips never felt the liquid; it spilt over my neck and chest. I ran to the bathroom to grab a towel and caught a glimpse of myself in a hanging oval mirror. My reflection filled it. I was a cross between "The Elephant Man" and "Mr. Potato Head." I wanted to fly to Rio.

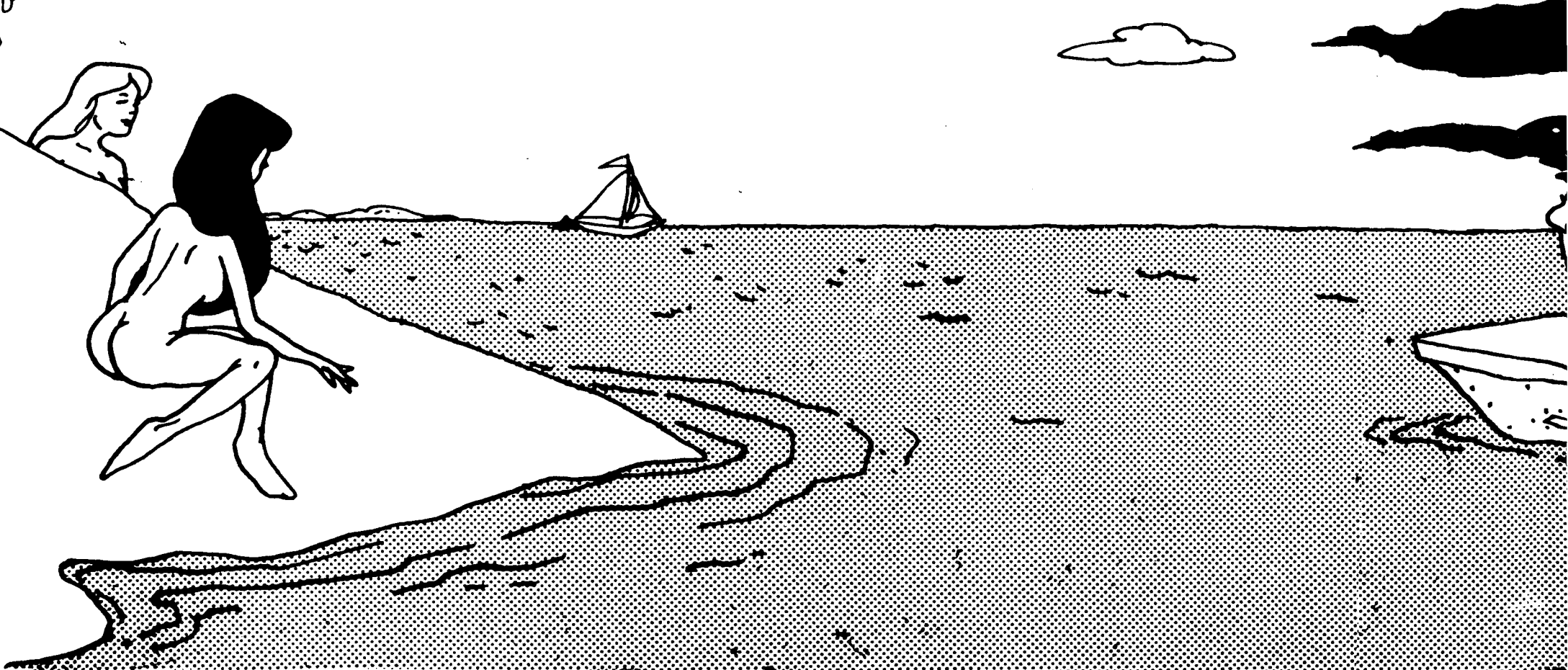
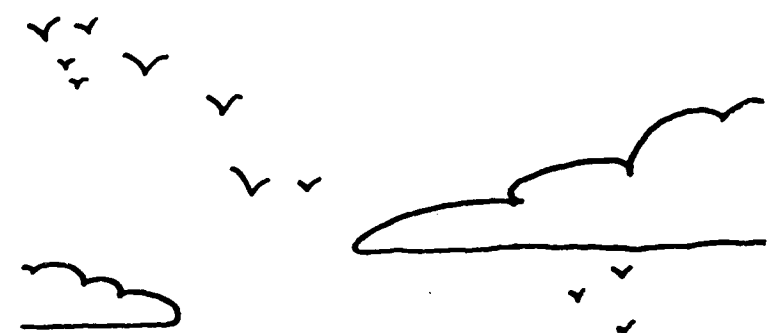
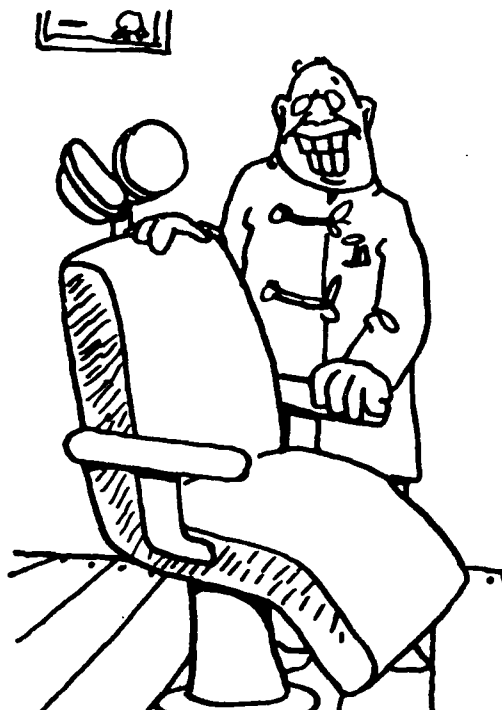
Ryan strolled in a little while later clad in a "Hefty" trash bag and no more. Some kids, sensing Ryan's inability to fight back, had "rolled" him. They took the clothes off his back.

The telephone's abrupt ringing interrupted Ryan's shower. It was for me and it was Her.

She was a Spanish beauty with deep, dark eyes and beautiful dark hair that would reflect the sun's rays and would make you want to touch her hair — and want to have all of Her.

I slowly pulled the cotton swabs out of my mouth, insuring that I wouldn't sound like "The Godfather, Parts I and II."

Her clear voice came over the receiver. Nervous anticipation came over my wracked body.



A Fantastic Voyage

Illustrations by Pat Byrnes



"Rick?" She asked, "would you like to see a concert tonight?"

"Yes," I gasped. She wanted a quiet evening and no talk of past, present or future romances. I was too drugged to differ.

"Great, why don't you come by at seven?"

"Yes," I gasped.

As I hung the phone up, my stereo blasted *The 1812 Overture*. I sat down and sipped a dry martini.

"How can you expect to go out like that?" Ryan lay on the terraza, drinking another pina colada. The waves were breaking near shore and it was hard talking.

"Well," I yelled, "I took my medicine. It's working. I feel no pain." I almost finished perfecting a Duke of Windsor knot on my polyester tie. It was not an easy task.

This was probably my last chance with Her. I had known Her, though, for a very long time and tonight she was all there was — and I wanted no more.

I waved good bye to Ryan. He was busy casting a shore rod. He was all settled for a night's fishing.

Fortunately, the car was running well. The swelling around my mouth had gone down and the analgesics were keeping the pain in check.

I knew not to expect too much from Her. It would take too much talking, too much effort, and too much pain to win Her back. And yet, I wanted to.

"I really think we should talk," I said as She got in the car. For a man without a mouth, this was a remarkable request. She stared out the window.

"I mean, don't you?" I sounded apologetic. I had interrupted her obviously intent stare.

"No," she flatly replied. I admired Her. She was a master of bluntness.

I pleaded in the car. I pleaded in the concert. My mouth began to swell up to its primordial size. "Please, don't compete with the music," complained a patron.

"Madame, I am missing my teeth." The elderly woman excused herself.

What could I do? Beg for mercy? It didn't work with my Law professors after first semester finals and it probably wouldn't work here.

A compromise? Yes, but on what? There was no exit.

"Will you consider seeing me again?" This was my last shot.

"No." She had the tenderness of a Sherman tank in high gear. There were no more appeals. Only the ACLU could save me now and I didn't know their regional headquarter's number.

I decided to retreat. Suppressing an insatiable urge to punch her out, I quietly walked away.

Heading for my car, I knew what I wanted and where to get it.

"To the Key!"

I kicked off my shoes and headed to the shore, carrying two bottles of 'ol Joe Cuervo. I walked through the cool sand and it felt good sifting through my toes.

I noticed some commotion down the beach. The sound of calypso drums and reggae music filled my ears. A crowd of people stood gathered around a fire. There was limbo dancing.

And there was Ryan limbo dancing. His rigid body was under the flimsy, bent bamboo shoot held by two bare-breasted German women.

It was three in the morning and Ryan was doing the limbo with a German tour group from Frankfurt. "Ryan, grab your loincloth and get over here." I was trying very hard not to laugh.

Ryan made his way to where I was standing. "Aufweidesehen," giggled his German friends.

"Ryan, listen to me, we're going to Key West." Ryan wasn't paying attention. His eyes were glued to the liquor I carried.

"Hey Rick man, you O.K.?" He grew suddenly concerned.

"Yes, I'm all right, but we're going to Key West — now!"

"Sure, but can I bring Inga along?" Ryan smiled.

"Inga?" Inga stood at Ryan's side. She was a petit blonde who made her affection for Ryan known. Her body was wrapped around Ryan's left leg.

Back at the apartment, I busied myself making breakfast and gathering fishing tackle. Sea gulls continually interrupted my efforts, picking off what food their little beaks could carry.

Ryan stumbled in *sans* loincloth, ten minutes later. I did not want an explanation. We were ready to go.

We headed south, to the southernmost tip of the United States. Pirates once plundered there, the Army once fired missiles there, Hemingway once wrote there.

*Florida thrusts like a guiding thumb,
To the southern islands of rumba and rum,
To the lands of mystery that lie below,
To the places I know I am going to go...*

We were almost there. Ryan and I had downed the first Cuervo bottle. We felt warm, happy, and good. It was going to be another very beautiful day and to that, we drank.

"We'll be hitting Key Largo soon." Key Largo is the island where Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall

romanced, intrigued, and shot their way out of another Hemingway plot.

*To the mystery cities and haunted seas
Of the Spanish Main and the Caribbees.
Where the ghosts of Columbus and Pirates Bold
Seek the islands of Spice and the Streets Of Gold.*

I finally pulled into "Alabama Jack's," a little watering hole leaning, like the famous Italian tower, towards the water. Some say the next big hurricane could finish the job.

"Well, Ryan, twenty bucks gets us an outboard and bait for the day."

Ryan cautiously eyed the little wooden boat we had just rented. "Are you *sure* this is safe?"

Raul, the resident "old salt" and dock manager, reassured him: "I would go in it meself, lad." Raul was missing his left leg below the knee and wore rotting wooden teeth.

Raul smiled his toothless smile and waived "Adios." We putt-putted out of the bay, heading for Key Largo, Flamingo Key, and Steamboat Channel. Ryan was at the wheel. I was worried.

The sky was azure blue and the tranquil ocean called us on. Law school didn't matter here. Failure and success, Contracts and Torts, didn't matter out here. Only the wind and the waves and the sun mattered. I felt very good that spring morning.

Our happiness was short-lived. Ryan spotted several large "crates" bobbing just aft of us. Steering a closer approach, I noticed the "crates" were, in reality, bales. Bales of Marijuana.

"They're bales!" Ryan's shout was muffled by the loud rattle of a machine gun fire and a plane engine's reverberating hum.

A single engine, light blue Cessna, equipped with pontoons, swished overhead. A slug shattered our polystyrene tackle box. I covered my face. "Jesus, we're being shot at," Ryan kept his head glued to the boat's deck. Another bullet cracked the outboard's fiberglass over.

Six bales of marijuana bobbed to and fro in the drink, less than thirty yards from our rickety boat.

"Start the engine, for God's sake!" I was scared. Ryan pulled the starter cord. The engine turned over and we motored away at an alarming speed. Our little boat shook and threatened to split at the seams. My mouth began to bleed and I reached for a codeine tablet.

We stopped roughly twelve miles east of Key Largo. The engine died. It was a miracle that we hadn't. Ryan spent an anguishing hour trying to get the small Mercury outboard to kick over. No luck. There was little one could do with a Swiss Army Knife.

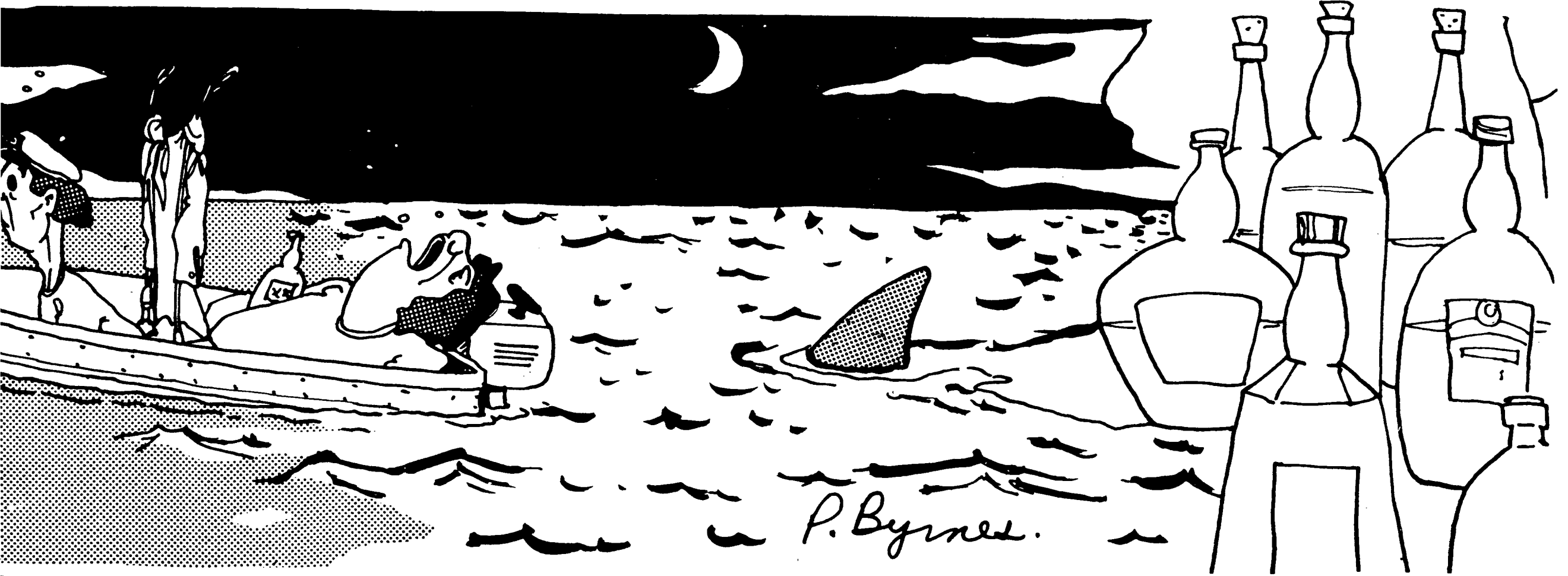
"What the hell's gonna happen to us?" Ryan sat in the corner, completely drenched. The *Rolling Stone* lay on the deck, shredded. "I guess we'll just have to wait out the night." We settled in opposite ends of the boat, hoping to just stay afloat.

I couldn't sleep and decided to fashion a crude sail from my old wool shirt and two discarded fishing rods. I tried, as best I could, to keep a steady course using our sole oar as a rudder. I didn't know where I was going.

With dawn came our breakfast. I had peeled some bait shrimp and put them to dry in the sun. We had no water, only a little lukewarm Sprite. Everything was rationed accordingly.

Roughly at noon, March 26, Ryan spotted land. His lips were severely cracked, but he still managed a smile. As we moved closer, I could discern figures running on the white beach. It was funny though, I suddenly felt very cold and very dizzy. I was going to fall.

I awoke on dry land. I was surrounded by many naked and beautiful women. I thought I had died and gone to Heaven. As they carried me to their infirmary. I read a sign on the way in: "Welcome to Club Mediterranean — Where the gentle people play." I shut my tired eyes. If this wasn't Heaven, it was close enough.



P. Byrnes.

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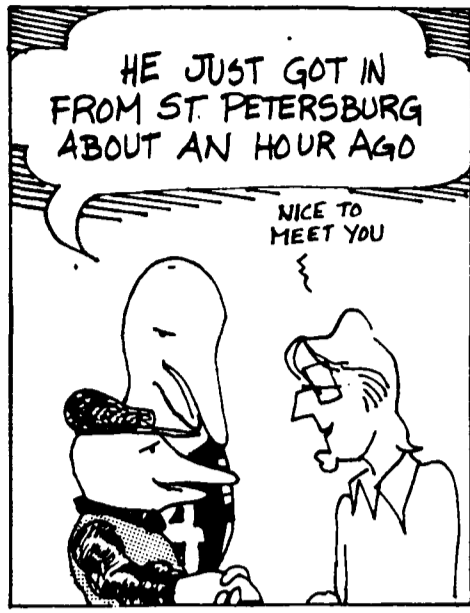
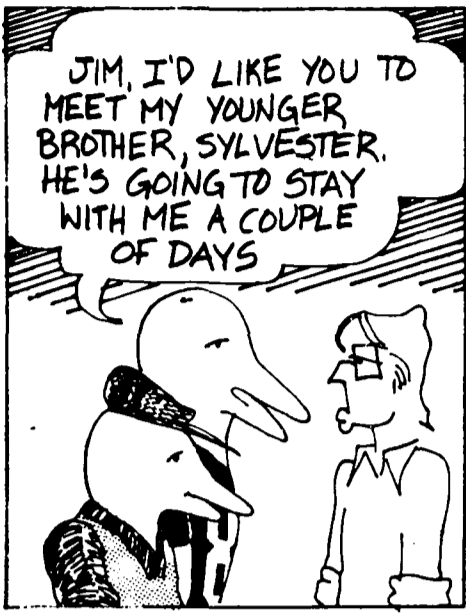
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- lunch and dinner — financial aid petition sign-up, dining halls and lafortune.
- 7,9 p.m. — film, "the robe," spon: nd film club, engr. aud., \$1.
- 7 p.m. — film, "monsieur ver-doux," spon: english dept., anenberg aud., \$1.
- 7 p.m. — auditions, an tolstal talent show, in the Nazz.
- 7,9 p.m. — registration for an tostal canoe races, call 1536 or 1505.
- 8 p.m. — two open theatre plays by megan terry, chautauqua.
- 8 p.m. — theatre, "equus," dir. by brian wolfe, wash. hall, spon: dept. of comm. and theatre.
- 9 p.m. — meeting, for all students moving off-campus, little theatre lafortune, spon: off-campus commission.

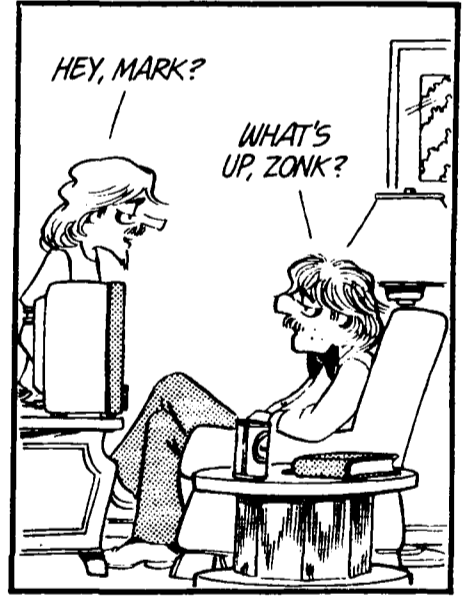


Shoe

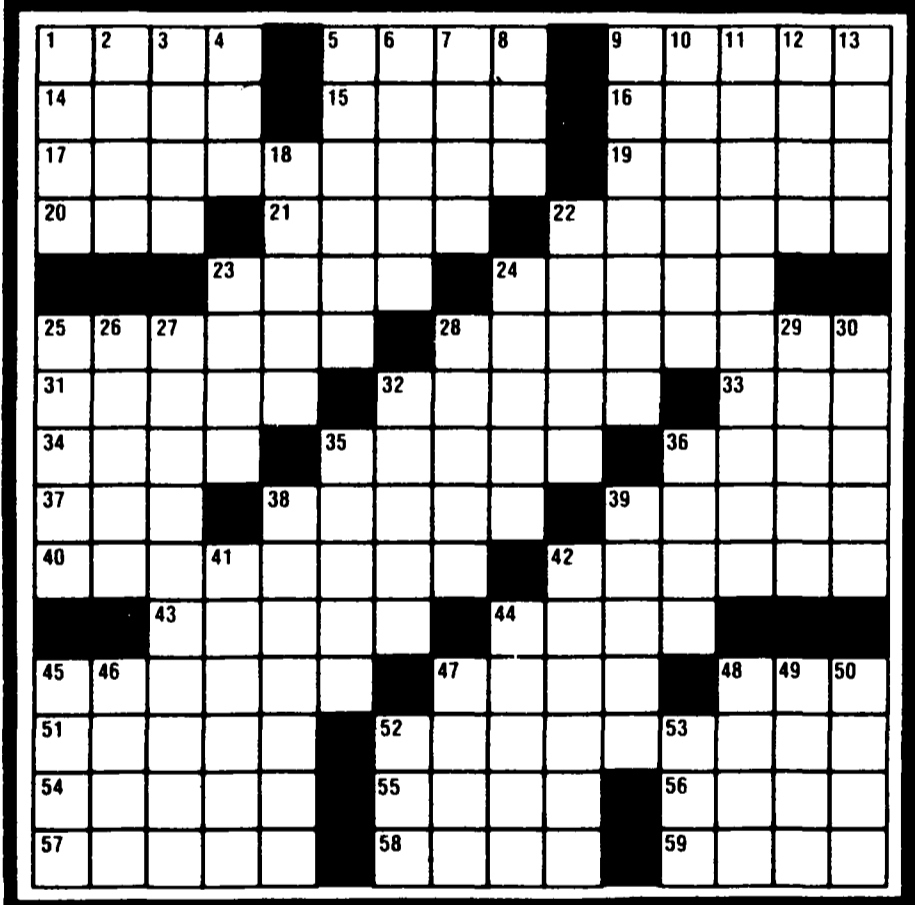
Jeff MacNelly

Doonesbury

Garry Trudeau

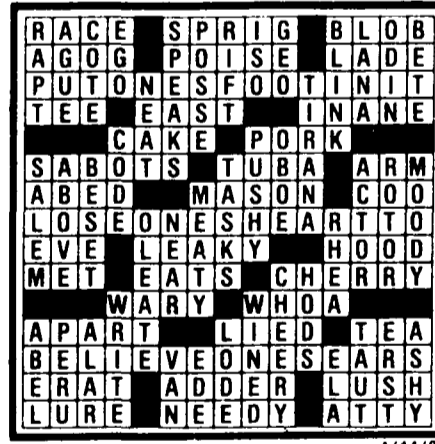


The Daily Crossword



- ACROSS**
- 1 Nonsense
 - 5 Cleft
 - 9 Biblical tower
 - 14 Hodgepodge
 - 15 Oh, woe!
 - 16 Mother of Lavinia
 - 17 Nonsense
 - 19 Flower of N.H.
 - 20 Last year's Jrs.
 - 21 One: Ger.
 - 22 Baby's walk
 - 23 Forearm bone
 - 24 Common or horse
 - 25 Nonsense
 - 28 It could burn easily
 - 31 Exchange premiums
 - 32 Tie the knot
 - 33 — Rio, Tex.
 - 34 Misfortunes
 - 35 Poor golf score
 - 36 Italian port
 - 37 — de plume
 - 38 Big name in Argentina
 - 39 Count —
 - 40 Nonsense
 - 42 Chopped
 - 43 Buenos —
 - 44 Look for prey
 - 45 Heal, as bones
 - 47 Cougar
 - 48 "I came, I —"
 - 51 Adak native
 - 52 Modicum
 - 54 A la —
 - 55 The hairy one
 - 56 Nonsense
 - 57 Abundant in Mississippi
 - 58 Chinese club
 - 59 Senectuous
- DOWN**
- 1 Socks
 - 2 Genus of swans
 - 3 Tastes
 - 4 Dance
 - 5 City in Wisconsin
 - 6 Miss Massey
 - 7 Damaging spray
 - 8 Invite
 - 9 Nonsense
 - 10 Included with
 - 11 Nonsense
 - 12 And others: abbr.
 - 13 Frilly stuff
 - 18 Cheers
 - 22 Towel fabric
 - 23 Saucers in the sky
 - 24 Ambulance item
 - 25 Emulate
 - 26 Manet
 - 26 Eskimo shelter
 - 27 Hollywood moguls
 - 28 Bundle of twigs
 - 29 Eagle's nest
 - 30 Worked at
 - 32 Philippine Muslims
 - 35 Cap
 - 36 Woody fiber
 - 38 Certain sulfide
 - 39 Corny
 - 41 Infinitesimal
 - 42 Nonsense
 - 44 "To err is —"
 - 45 Speed
 - 46 High notes
 - 47 Mexicali coin
 - 48 Like a bug in a rug
 - 49 Asian tree
 - 50 Unite
 - 52 Collection
 - 53 Arab cloak

Monday's Solution



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The New Kids on the Block smile confidently before their Bookstore game. It was their opponents, however, who advanced to the third round, which begins today.

Louis familiar figure until the end

LAS VEGAS, Nev. (AP) — Joe Louis never needed an introduction when he attended a fight here; the crowd always sensed his arrival. And he always received two standing ovations — the first when he was wheeled to his ringside space; the other when his presence was formally announced.

The thunderous, drawn-out applause Louis received when he showed up for one of the frequent fights in this boxing capital, the thousands of photographs he posed for with lesser luminaries, attest to the esteem in which he was held.

Last Saturday night was no different. As Louis was wheeled into the sports pavilion at Caesars Palace prior to the Larry Holmes-Trevor Berbick heavyweight title fight, the crowd began to stand up, straining to see. The spontaneous applause spread until more than 4,000 people were on their feet, clapping, whistling and cheering for the former heavyweight champion. Later, between fights, Louis was announced from the ring and the ovation rose anew.

Fourteen hours later, the Brown Bomber was dead.

Louis, 66, was stricken at his home

Sunday and died of cardiac arrest at a hospital shortly afterwards.

Funeral arrangements are pending.

"He was a wonderful man, a great fighter and he fought to the end," said Louis' wife Martha. "He's been sick for a long time and never complained. He enjoyed people and he enjoyed his kids, but death is final and what else can you say?"

The White House issued a statement in President Reagan's name eulogizing Louis as "more than a sports legend.

"His career was an indictment of racial bigotry and a source of pride and inspiration to millions of white and black people around the world," the president said.

"Out of the ring, he was a considerate and soft-spoken man; inside the ring, his courage, strength and consummate skill wrote a unique and unforgettable chapter in sports history," Reagan said.

Louis had suffered a stroke and later underwent heart surgery in 1977 and was confined to a wheelchair. Despite his infirmity he was a familiar figure at many fights and other sports events.

... Blache

continued from page 12

tions difficult. But most importantly, he wanted to prove that he could coach and recruit at other schools just as successfully as he had at Notre Dame. Despite his eagerness for a change, Blache found it hard to leave the place where he had spent one third of his life.

"I love Notre Dame dearly and it was very difficult to leave. But I had come to a crisis in my life; I almost felt like I was marching in place, and my self-image wasn't what it should have been. I didn't really want to leave Notre Dame, but I felt I had to do something."

So Blache returned home to New Orleans as an assistant at Tulane University, and was one of the prime movers in transforming that once downtrodden program into a competitive team. After working there in relative anonymity for five years, Blache was quite surprised to hear from newly hired head coach Gerry Faust.

"I didn't know Gerry at the time and, to be quite honest with you, I didn't even believe it was him on the phone. I thought it was some of the guys on the staff at Tulane pulling my leg. When I finally did realize that it was Gerry Faust, I stood up at attention, my ears perked up, and I listened very carefully."

And so Blache's "second career" at Notre Dame had begun.

Although Blache eagerly accepted Faust's offer, he never thought he would be returning to Notre Dame under such circumstances. You see,

Greg Blache has harbored a very special dream for most of his life, a dream shared by many, but realized by only a few select men.

"My goal in life, since I have become involved in coaching, is to be the head coach at the University of Notre Dame," he said purposefully. "Each time things get rough for me, I just suck it up or else I know I'll never reach that goal."

'We're just going to be the best that we can be.'

When most people set such high goals for themselves, it is usually more wishful thinking than anything else. But in Blache's case, it results from a strong inner drive to be the best and a genuine belief that he can accomplish anything he works hard enough for. He teaches this same type of philosophy, this desire to excel, to his running backs.

"Things like gaining 1,000 yards really aren't important to us. We want to be the best that can be. We want to use the talents the Lord gave us to the best of our abilities. If we turn out to be the best backfield that Notre Dame has ever had, fine. If we're the worst, but we're doing our best, then we're pleased with that. We're just going to be the best that we can be."

If one gets the impression that

Greg Blache is more than a football coach, it's accurate. He is a caring and compassionate man who takes a genuine interest in the young men he coaches, and he tries his best to teach the players the same things Ara Parseghian impressed upon him several years ago.

"If I just taught football, I don't think I'd be in this business," Blache confesses. "Anybody can teach the X's and O's, but the one thing that sets Notre Dame coaches apart from the rest is that they're not football coaches, they're people coaches. We're not in this to teach them how to score the most touchdowns or gain the most yards, we're mainly in it to try and help the young men become better people, to take the things they learn on the football field and apply them to life. And my fondest dream would be to be able to affect a young man the way Ara affected me."

When it comes to talking about the greatness and unique qualities of Notre Dame, Blache would give Gerry Faust a good run for his money. He has had the opportunity to see what other schools are like, and so he can say without reservation that there is indeed something special about the Notre Dame athlete.

"Compared to other athletes from around the country, they're in a class by themselves. None even come close to the Notre Dame athlete as a person, as being a class person."

In addition to praising the virtues of the Notre Dame athlete, Blache is quick to recognize that these characteristics are also shared by the non-athlete.

"Right now we're talking about the athletic program, but if we were talking about chemistry students, or engineering students, it would be the same thing. The one thing that sets Notre Dame apart is that there's a bond here, a specialness...that everybody else wishes they had, and they don't. The success we have in the athletic program was born on this campus. Our successes are just carry-overs."

And, as often happens when great men speak of those things they cherish most, tears formed in Greg Blache's eyes, and his voice became a whisper.

"This place...the people here...they just make you feel super. You just feel super...this is the greatest place in the world."

Some may say the greatness of Notre Dame is due to her athletes, others may say the student body. But most assuredly, if it were not for such great leaders as Greg Blache, Notre Dame would be just another school.

... Szajko

continued from page 12

"We were rivals in high school," he says, "but we are very close now. We fit the mold of this team very well together. We can do a lot of things because of our speed, both at the plate and in the field."

Baseball being as much of an American dream as Mom and apple pie, every youngster at one time or another has dreamed of playing in the major leagues. Szajko is no exception.

"Playing in the major leagues has been a lifetime goal of mine," says the man voted the best defensive player on last year's squad. "If I had to pick a team, I would say that I would like to play for either the Reds or the Yankees — it used to be the Cubs until they traded everyone away. But if I get drafted, any team would be just great."

Szajko is going to prepare for a possible career in Major League

Baseball by spending the summer playing for Orleans, a team in the Cape Cod league.

Gallo calls this league "as close to minor league baseball as you can get, and Szajko is anxious to get started, just to see what life as a professional baseball player is really like.

If the summer lifestyle doesn't suit him, he'll probably turn to the business world, where he can put the accounting degree he should earn next spring to use.

But all of that is a long way off. His primary task right now is to help his Irish teammates come to a successful conclusion of a season which started so dismally.

That means that he'll have to continue doing all the things he has done so far: play good defense, continue his reckless terror on the basepaths, and, of course, the little things.

Like hitting for power.



The Irish gridders stretch out before another practice on Cartier field.

OBSERVER SPORTS STAFF

Reminder:

This week's meeting is,
TOMMORROW
(not Thursday) at 6:30PM.



Women begin Bookstore play as men continue

By FRANK LaGROTTA and SKIP DESJARDIN
Sports Writers

Rumors flew as the second round of the tenth annual Bookstore Basketball tournament concluded yesterday.

"No, Kelly Tripucka will not play," insisted tournament ayatollah Rob Simari. He also clarified the following bits of hearsay:

"Yes, Tracy Jackson will play.
"No, Digger Phelps will not play.
"Yes, it *was* a beautiful day for Bookstore Basketball.

"No, Gerry Faust did *not* need artificial respiration after his game Sunday."

Meanwhile, action continued on all three official Bookstore sites with the tournament two-thirds concluded as third-round action begins today.

Kevin Dix hit 9-of-17 shots to pace number three-seeded WEBB's End to a 21-8 win over 4 Kool Guys and Grant. Dix, a member of the first All-Bookstore team last year, was helped by teammate Bob Keenahan, who hit 3-of-10 shots. Paul Nugent's 3-of-6 was tops for the 4 Cool Guys.

Curt Bailey and Nick Vehr combined for 12 points to lead the No. 4 Assassins over the Fighting Koalas, 21-12. Bailey was 7-of-13 and Vehr, 5-of-11 while Andy

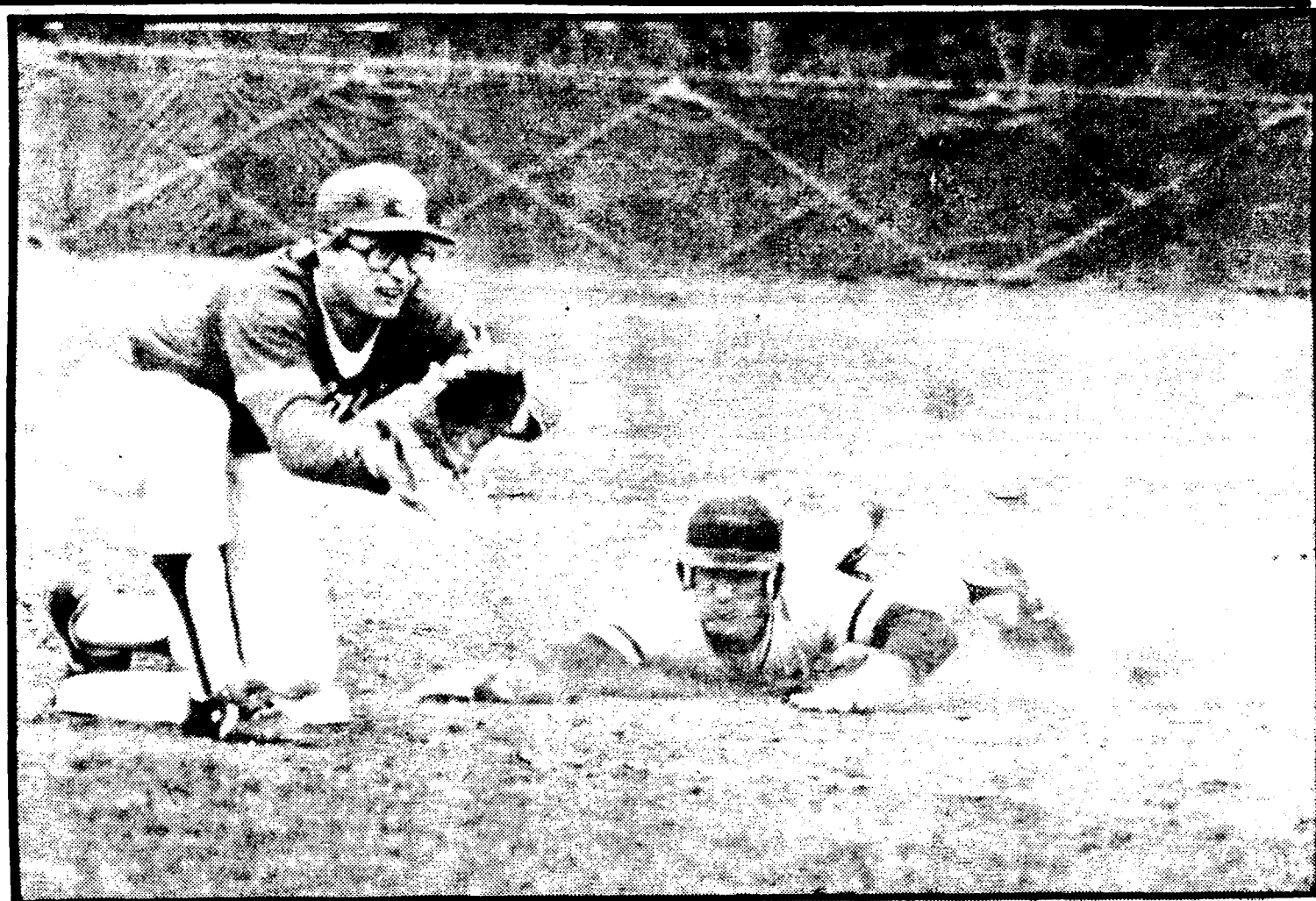
Greco's 4-of-11 paced the losers.

Associate Bookstore commissioners, Anne Fink and Mary Beth Sterling could not find a way to advance to round-three as their team, We Can't Play B-Ball... lost to M.D. Chapman... 21-7. Fink, named "Miss Congeniality" of the game hit only 1-of-9 while Sterling, who tried to play, keep score and officiate all at once, was 1-of-11. Tom Mahoney was 9-of-15 for the winners.

Balanced scoring paced this year's darkhorse entry, Visual O..., to a 21-8 win over Tricker and the 4... John Martin was 6-of-12, Pete Crowe, 5-of-5, and Tim O'Connor, 5-of-6 for the winners. The surprise of this game was Digger Phelps Fan Club President Gary Grasse's 2-of-6 performance. George Eversman was 4-of-11 for the losers.

Mini-Maggie Lally hit only 3-of-6 field goal attempts but it was more than enough as her team, Mini-Maggie..., scored a 21-10 win over Proverbial Societal Sponges. Shari Matvey was 0-of-3 but Bob Battle managed 6-of-14 for Mini-Maggie's team. Doug Jordan was 5-of-16 for the Sponges.

"All in all things are going OK," said Simari. "We hate to have to disqualify anyone but we want to stress that rules *are* rules and we cannot close our eyes to anything."



An Irish hardballer slides head-first to beat the throw in a recent game. (Photo by John Macor)

After 5 years

Blache returns to ND

By MIKE MONK
Sports Writer

In 1967, 14 years before Greg Blache became the running back coach for Notre Dame, he was sitting in a bus stop, his bags packed,

waiting to return home to New Orleans. He had come to Notre Dame on athletic and academic scholarships, and was realizing his dream of playing football for the Fighting Irish under head coach Ara Parseghian. But during his freshman year he suffered a serious leg injury, ending his playing career. His dream shattered, feeling lost and despondent, Blache was sure of only one thing; he wanted to go home.

than just football.

"Ara was a magnificent force on my life, not only as a coach but as a person," Blache said. "I learned everything from him. He typified what Notre Dame is all about as far as helping to make someone into a better man. He constantly emphasized honesty, integrity, class, and dignity. And he didn't just say them, he *lived* them, and stressed that the players should live that way also. He had a great impact on my life as far as shaping me into the person that I am today."

Blache also approaches the game of football in much the same manner as the man who won two national championships while playing in the house that Rockne built.

"My football philosophy is basically a Parseghian philosophy. My attitudes toward handling players, my attitude toward offense and defense and even the kicking game were molded and formulated by his philosophy."

In 1976, after one year as an assistant coach with Dan Devine, Blache knew it was time for a change. He had been with Notre Dame for nine years and felt a move was necessary for several reasons. He was a young, ambitious coach anxious to move up the ladder in the football hierarchy. But all the other coaches had been around a lot longer, and none had ever hinted at leaving the security and prestige of the Golden Dome.

Because he had been here for so long, the other coaches tended to take him for granted, another reason which would have made any promo-

Spring Football '81

"Then a priest who was here at the time, Fr. Brennan, came down to the bus station and talked me out of it. He intimidated me into coming back to school by challenging my pride," recalls Blache. "I'm forever grateful to him for what he did, because that was the greatest crisis in my life and there was someone there to help me, not as an athlete, but as a person, and that meant a lot to me."

And the rest, as they say, is history. Wanting to stay involved with football, Blache served three years as a student-assistant coach under Parseghian. Upon graduation from Notre Dame he was promoted to defensive coordinator for the freshman team, and served in that capacity for three years while earning a Master's degree in education. He then finished out his "first career" at Notre Dame as head coach of the junior varsity squad from 1973-75. As a player and a coach under the legendary Ara Parseghian, Blache had a great teacher, from whom he learned a lot more

See SZAJKO, page 10

See BLACHE, page 10

Base stealing record

Szajko's speed aids Irish

By MARK HANNUKSELA
Sports Writer

At the crossroads behind LaFortune, Dan Szajko meets John, a janitor in Hayes-Healey, and a big fan of this year's Notre Dame baseball team.

"Hey, it's the big home run hitter," says John.

Szajko just smiles. "Naw, you got the wrong guy," he says. "Talk to Jamieson about home runs."

Dan Szajko is not a home run hitter, despite the fact that he is third on the squad in that category.

He took the kidding from John because he hit one home run in each game of last week's double-header sweep of Bethel. But power is not his forte. Speed is.

With a pair of double-headers washed out this weekend, Notre Dame still has half of its 44 game schedule to play, yet Szajko has already set a Notre Dame single season record with 10 stolen bases.

He is the type of player who can unnerve most pitchers, because he gets on base quite a bit (as evidenced by his .400 on-base percentage), and poses a constant threat to steal.

He also is an important cog in coach Larry Gallo's defensive strategy, for his speed allows him to run down a lot of balls hit into the right field pastures which he patrols, balls which other players who are slower afoot could never reach.

But Dan Szajko's work is never done.

"I learned very quickly in this game that you are only as good as your next day," he says. "You can be a hero one day, but if you strike out four times the next day, the fans are still going to call you a bum. So you always have to try to improve, try to do things better."

"The one part of my game that I

have to work on most is my hitting," says Szajko. "I have to be more consistent in hitting the ball harder and to all fields. For instance, I've been concentrating a lot on hitting the ball to the opposite field. I couldn't do that when I first came here."

Hearing this from a man with a .329 batting average would come as a surprise to most people, but it comes as no surprise to Szajko's coach, who offers an explanation for Szajko's feelings.

"Danny is the type of player who is never satisfied, who always feels that there is still room for improvement," says Gallo. "He is always striving to be better."

"I feel that Danny is an excellent fielder, has excellent speed and an excellent throwing arm, and is a very good hitter. That might be the difference right there — between excellent and very good. When he says that he needs to improve his hitting, he may feel that it is weak compared to his other exceptional attributes."

Gallo went on to say that Szajko is the consummate team player who will do anything to help his club, including the little things that don't often show up in the boxscore.

The first year coach also said that Szajko is the team's best outfielder, adding that "quite a few people have told me that Danny Szajko is one of the finest and steadiest college outfielders they have ever seen."

A native of South Bend, Szajko is the eighth of nine children, and the second member of his family to play baseball at Notre Dame, following in the footsteps of his brother Tom, a 1966 graduate, who played under the immortal Jake Kline.

While a player at John Adams High School, Szajko was involved in a bitter rivalry with George Iams, a present teammate and close friend.

On one side of town, people were

saying that Iams, who is a year older, was the best centerfielder in the area, while on the other side, people were calling Szajko the best.

Both players received a great deal of publicity, especially Szajko, who played on the American Legion Post 50 national champion squad in 1977.

When Szajko chose to attend the same college that Iams was attending, South Bend baseball fans thought they were finally going to find out which player was the better centerfielder. It appears, however, as though no one will ever truly know which is better, for Szajko has been placed in rightfield, and Iams in left.

The switch has paid off for Gallo, who claims that with the two positioned where they are, his outfield will be able to run down many balls which might otherwise not be caught.

As for Szajko, he says that he enjoys playing in rightfield, and that his rivalry with Iams has long been over.

Indy 500 entries reach 104

INDIANAPOLIS (AP) — The entry list for the May 24 Indianapolis 500 reached a record 104 cars today with six more entries received by the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Additional entries postmarked before last Friday's deadline will still be accepted.

Four of the latest entries, including two cars for driver Jerry Karl of Wellsville, Pa., will be powered by stock-block Chevrolet engines. They were entered by William Com-

pton of Sellersville, Pa.

The other two stock-block entries, with no drivers listed, came from Walter Medlin of Kissimmee, Fla., and Donald Mergard of Cincinnati.

Two Cosworth-powered entries were submitted by teams which had already entered other cars — Beaudoin Racing Inc. of Brookfield, Wis., with a second car for Billy En-

gelhart of Madison, Wis.; and Leader Cards Inc. of Milwaukee, with a third car for which no driver was named.

The 104 entries topped the previous record of 100 set two years ago.

Among entries received by the Speedway over the weekend were two cars for veteran Jim McElreath, 53, the oldest driver ever to compete in the Indianapolis 500.