

Sports

Section 3 ★

Sunday, January 1, 1989

Classified ads in this section



Bernie Lincicome
In the wake
of the news

And they don't swig moonshine

Chicago Tribune
TEMPE, Ariz.—As far as has been obvious, no West Virginian has appeared in public here without shoes, not the first player, coach nor any one of the devoted folks who have followed their undefeated football team to the desert.

This is not as unusual as it might appear to be since all have journeyed to a cruel land of exposed rocks and infrequent and dangerous vegetables.

No amount of paving or irrigation can change the chronic dust to perfume or cactus to salad.

West Virginians know this. They might be basic, but they are not necessarily stupid.

It is, in fact, the metropolitan sophisticates of ambitious Phoenix who insist on spelling the first name of their bowl game Sunkist.

I suppose, out of pure, country politeness to his generous hosts, a Mountaineer might agree that the game could be decided by a "mist" field goal, or because someone "mest" up or "guest" wrong, but it is not likely that he is going to be so "impress" with the novelty of big-city spelling that he will go home to "Wessed" Virginia.

Nor will he likely take to wearing any of the tropical yellow jackets all the locals affect or call himself a Diabolo for no reason anyone can explain.

So much sophistication is best left behind for one short visit.

The fact of the matter is, nothing that is known of West Virginia, not as relayed to the outside world by John Denver and the merry Clampetts, is apparent at all.

There is nowhere among the several dozens of players on the roster anyone named Jed or Jethro, but rather a Boris and a Basil and a Lance.

Nobody is from Bug Tussle or Dogpatch, but rather mostly from Ft. Lauderdale and assorted neighborhoods of Pittsburgh, which is where originated Mr. West Virginia his own self, quarterback Major Harris.

(The star of the show was ranked at birth a Major, after an uncle of equal pedigree. It is unclear should the young Major upset Notre Dame if he will be promoted to colonel, or, like Alexander and Custer, zip right from puberty to full general.)

"We know which fork to use and how to wipe our chin and everything," admitted line-backer Renaldo Turnbull, who may have had an advantage beginning life in the Virgin Islands, though it is not clear if it was West Virgins or East.

"Folks who don't like us, don't know us," said coach Don Nehlen, from Ohio. "They ought to come and see us, and then they would."

The world will, quite likely, continue to know all of West Virginia it cares to. Its secret pleasures will remain secret or find their way into cartoons that always include sleeping dogs and lots of flies.

West Virginia is noticed at all because its football team happened not to lose any games the same year that Notre Dame did not lose any games.

This happy coincidence has permitted a bowl game of uncommon importance. However, to be honest about this, any team that Notre Dame decided to play would have en-

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Bears roll in with fog



The Bears' Neal Anderson hurtles over fallen Eagles safety Andre Waters on a 4-yard touchdown blast in the second period.

Tribune photo by Bob Langer

Tomczak hurt; flubs kill Eagles

By Fred Mitchell

It will be remembered as the best game you never saw.

But the Bears are clearly one victory away from the Super Bowl after helping the error-plagued Philadelphia Eagles beat themselves 20-12 Saturday in an eerie National Football Conference semifinal playoff game at fog-bound Soldier Field.

"A win's a win, baby. That's the way Mike Tomczak put it to me after the game," said coach Mike Ditka.

What isn't clear is whether Tomczak or Jim McMahon will quarterback the Bears when they host the NFC title game at 3 p.m. next Sunday against the winner of today's Minnesota-San Francisco clash at Candlestick Park.

Tomczak was knocked out of action with a bruised left shoulder in the third quarter when 285-pound All-Pro Reggie White landed on him just after he threw a pass that was intercepted. That's the same shoulder that was separated Nov. 27 against Green Bay, sidelining Tomczak for two games.

"I'm going to be optimistic. It's not as bad as it was a couple of weeks ago. I want to play next week. Hell, yeah, I want to play," said Tomczak, his shoulder wrapped in a harness.

"I'm not going to lie to you. When I got hurt today, there was a lot of pain. By Monday or Tuesday, I'll have a better understanding of where I stand."

McMahon, appearing for the first time since his knee was severely sprained Oct. 30, took over for Tomczak, completed two of three passes and directed a run-dominated 70-yard drive to a closing field goal.

McMahon may have to start next Sunday. He did not stop to talk to the media after the game but was overheard singing, "Back in the Saddle Again," while heading for the shower.

Randall Cunningham completed 27 of 54 passes for 407 yards, but the NFC East champion Eagles repeatedly self-destructed when they had opportunities to score.

Dropped passes, bungled assignments and costly penalties underscored the Eagles' playoff

See Bears, pg. 11

Bears' playoff victory a sight to not behold

Uh, uh. Don't touch that dial. There's nothing wrong with your TV picture. We're sitting here at Soldier Field and our screen has gone blank, too.

One minute, Kevin Butler is kicking a 46-yard field goal to give the Bears a 17-6 lead. You can cut the tension with a knife. The next minute, you need a Black & Decker to cut through the fog.

You figure that Buddy Ryan is a genius, after all. He's been saying for a week that he couldn't see the Bears winning Saturday's game in Chicago, and he's right. Only he's not alone.

Nobody can see anything, and you wonder whether this isn't a devious plot by the NF of L to eliminate that controversial instant replay. The league has been criticized for this eye-in-the-sky routine for years, but there are no such problems Saturday. You can't review what you can't view.

Could somebody have gotten hurt? Heck, somebody could have gotten lost. You'll be able to make out more faces in a Hitchcock movie. This wasn't Bear weather. This was Bela Lugosi weather. You had to check



Bob Verdi

your neck for bite marks after the game ended, which we hear it did. "You're pretty happy," you say sheepishly to Butler in the locker room afterward.

"Why shouldn't we be?" he replies. "We won, didn't we?"

"Funny you should ask," you say. "That was my next question. What was the score?"

"Uh, 20-12, I think," he reveals. "Have you ever played in anything like that before?" you inquire.

"Have I ever played in anything like that before?" he exclaims. "I haven't even driven a car in anything like that before. But, it was a great day for the Bears."

It was an even better day for pickpockets, but it was that kind of a year for the Bears. When they opened the exhibition season in August, Park District workers



Mike Ditka is too intent on the long job ahead to join in Thomas Sanders' joy over the Bears' opening TD in their 20-12 victory.

Tribune photo by Chris Walker

were nailing down the sod between plays. Saturday, the Bears closed 1988 in the same stadium, and Mike Ditka had to use radar to locate his cardiologist, who was 20 feet away. Who said Jay Alexander never let Ditka out of his sight?

Somewhere over there on the

lakefront, there's a guy who left his seat late in the first half to find a restroom and he's still out there, trying to find his wife.

"One good thing will come out of this," noted Jay Hilgenberg. "We'll have a short film session

See Verdi, pg. 15

Bengals beat theatrical Seahawks

By Don Pierson
Chicago Tribune

CINCINNATI—The Cincinnati Bengals required about 12 minutes Saturday to run the outmanned Seattle Seahawks out of the American Football Conference playoffs. The Seahawks thought they were in a play, and all they got was curtains.

Stanley Wilson ran for two touchdowns in the first quarter and Ickey Woods ran for one in the second and put 58,560 fans in a New Year's Eve mood by dancing

his Ickey Shuffle on the sideline in order to avoid a penalty for celebrating in the end zone.

The Seahawks stuck around, however, and forced the Bengals to do the same. Cincinnati won 21-13 after nearly falling asleep watching Seattle nose tackles Joe Nash and Ken Clarke take nose dives, apparently faking injuries to stop the clock.

The two linemen went down six times between them, all right before third-down plays when the Bengals usually try to run their no-

huddle offense.

The clock would stop and give Seattle time to substitute its nickel package.

"Smart coaching by the Seahawks," said Bengals' coach Sam Wyche, who likes those kind of mind games. "We complained about it, but we've had people complain about the no-huddle."

"They were hurt," Seattle coach Chuck Knox said. "You saw what happened out there. We were able to get our nickel package in."

To others, it was a mindless

game by Knox and his defensive staff, whose players were hopelessly outsized anyway.

Miami coach Don Shula, a member of the NFL Competition Committee in charge of rulemaking, told NBC-TV that such tactics made the game "a farce." He added that referee Red Cashion could have called unsportsmanlike conduct penalties had he determined Nash and Clarke were faking.

Cincinnati quarterback Boomer
See Bengals, pg. 12

Inside

■ Early mistakes make for a frustrating day for Philadelphia. Page 10.

■ Eagles coach Buddy Ryan is gracious and calm in defeat. Page 11.

■ Jay Hilgenberg is up to the challenge of handling Reggie White. Page 13.

■ A look at Sunday's 49ers-Vikings and Bills-Oilers games. Page 14.

Next Sunday

■ Bengals vs. Bills or Oilers at 11:30 a.m. in Cincinnati.

■ Bears vs. 49ers or Vikings at 3 p.m. at Soldier Field.

INSIDE

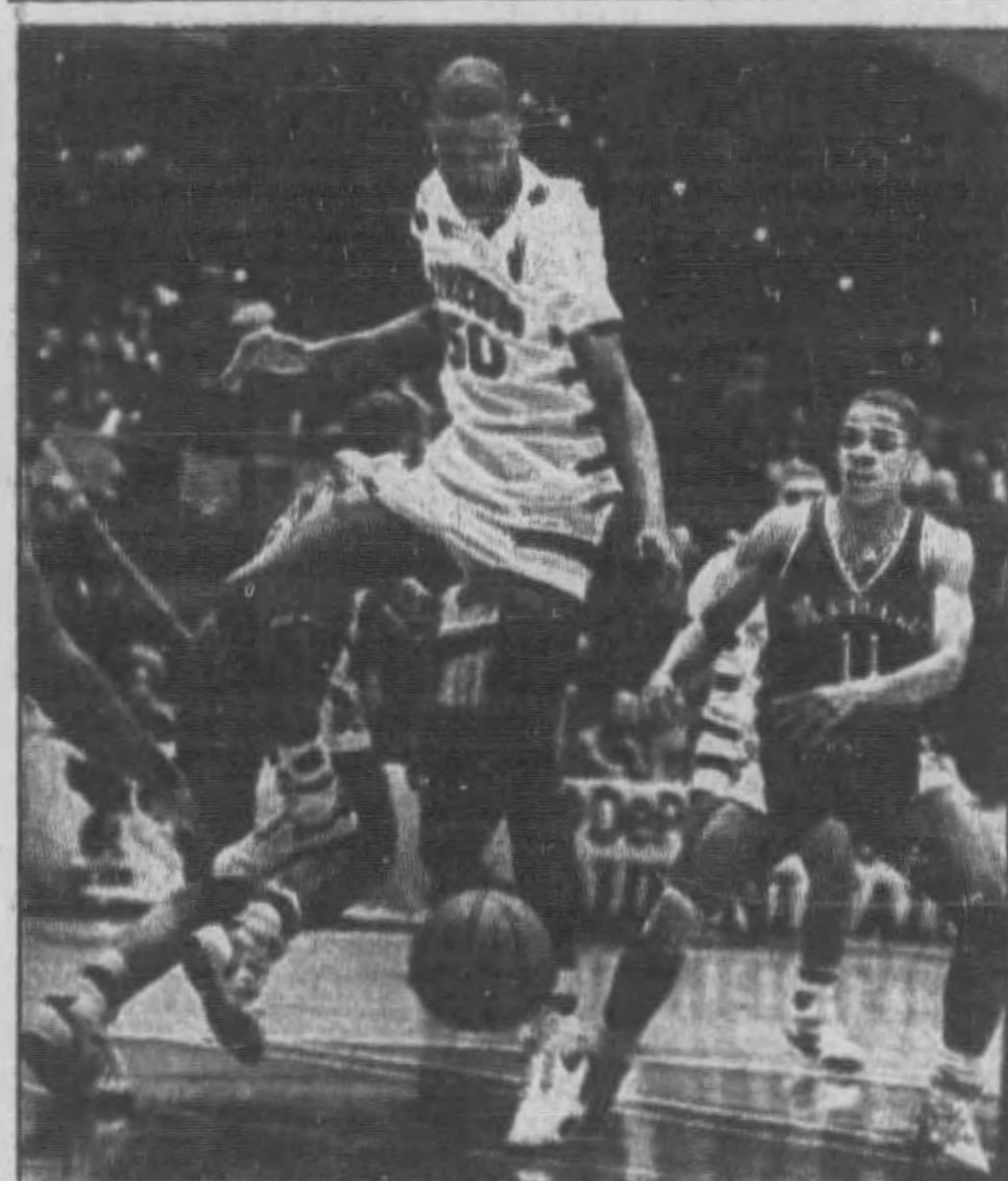


Photo for The Tribune by Jim Prisching

Simeon crushes Marshall

Deon Thomas (50) gets 18 points and 8 rebounds in Simeon's 74-47 title-game win at the Mayor's Tournament. Page 17.

Hawks lose game and Savard

Denis Savard suffers a sprained left knee in the Blackhawks' 4-1 loss to the Rangers at Madison Square Garden. Page 5.

NHL

Rangers 4, Hawks 1	Canadiens 4, Oilers 2
Penguins 8, Devils 6	Leafs 6, Nordiques 1
Islanders 6, Capitals 4	Jets 4, Flames 4
Whalers 3, Wings 2	N. Stars 6, Blues 2
Flyers 3, Sabres 2	Roundup, Page 5

Football, faith and education: There is a Notre Dame mystique

By Phil Hersh
Chicago Tribune

NOTRE DAME, Ind.—Lawrence Lewis, whose Welsh-American father married a first-generation Irish immigrant, grew up between the World Wars in what he calls the Irish ghetto of Jersey City. It was a place, he says, where the only thing most kids could afford was fantasy.

His dream was one shared by many Catholic young men of his era: to attend Notre Dame. That dream was the common thread that tied the school in the middle of nowhere to the Irish who poured into the East's big cities at the end of the 19th Century and the beginning of the 20th. They were attached to the university first by its religious aspect and then by the nickname of its football

■ Fiesta Bowl uses controversial methods to land big names. Page 3.

team, the Fighting Irish.

Those immigrant Irish were indeed fighting for acceptance in a new land run by English Protestants. Few of them knew that the university they aspired to would fight more than a century for similar recognition. Most knew Notre Dame only from afar.

"Notre Dame has had kind of a symbolic role in the success story of American Catholicism," says the Rev. Edward A. Malloy, Notre Dame's president. "It gave them an important sense of belonging in an age when Catholics were

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Lou Holtz talks to his Irish before one of their last Fiesta Bowl practices.

Tribune photo by Steve Stroud

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Peachy for N.C. State, the pits for Iowa

By Linda Young
Chicago Tribune

ATLANTA—North Carolina State came to the Peach Bowl looking for a little respect.

The Wolfpack left the mud and slop in rainy Fulton County Stadium a 28-23 winner over Iowa in a game that broke 15 Peach Bowl records and tied three more, most of them for futility.

N.C. State intercepted Iowa quarterback Chuck Hartlieb a record four times, including three thefts by safety Michael Brooks. Iowa picked off three passes. Iowa lost three of four fumbles, two on kick returns that led to Wolfpack touchdowns, but N.C. State lost five of a record eight fumbles.

It was not a pretty day in any respect except for the pride of the Atlantic Coast Conference.

"I don't think they respected us much as we thought they should," said North Carolina State quarterback Shane Montgomery, whose only duty Saturday was to spell Charles Davenport at quarterback on third and long and throw.

Montgomery performed that as-

signment admirably, connecting on 7 of 10 passes for 152 yards, including a 75-yard touchdown strike to split end Danny Peebles on the first play of the second quarter that ignited the Wolfpack (8-3-1) on a 21-point spree over the next 4 minutes and 17 seconds. That gave the Wolfpack a 28-3 lead with more than 10 minutes left in the half.

"We can understand that Iowa [6-4-3] was rated No. 1 in the preseason. They had the opportunity to win the Big 10 and go to the Rose Bowl, and then they didn't," said free safety Michael Brooks, whose three interceptions set a Peach Bowl record. The Wolfpack throttled Hartlieb, who had thrown only nine interceptions all season.

"I guess Iowa had a disappointing season and the ACC isn't known that much for football, but we wanted to show them that this isn't only a basketball conference," Brooks said.

North Carolina State led 7-3 at the end of the first quarter, its first touchdown a gift after Iowa's Chet Davis fumbled the opening kickoff at the Hawkeyes' 3-yard line. It took N.C. State four plays to

punch it over, but Davenport scored from the 1 on fourth down.

"The opening kickoff fumble was the most disheartening thing I have experienced as a football coach," said Iowa coach Hayden Fry.

Then the Wolfpack, which could not move against the bigger, stronger Hawkeyes in the first quarter, struck on the bomb from Montgomery to Peebles to open the second period.

"They were in a [man-to-man] coverage we've seen a lot," Montgomery said. "Any time you've got a chance to hit it, you've got to take advantage of it."

After that score, Iowa's Mike Saunders fumbled the next kickoff, and six plays later, the Wolfpack's Tyrone Jackson tallied the first of his two touchdowns.

Two plays after that, Brooks picked off Hartlieb at midfield. Jackson capped that drive, sweeping left for 30 yards and a score.

Suddenly it was 28-3.

"This was a nightmarish-type season and a nightmarish-type game," said Hartlieb, who also set a Peach Bowl record with 428 yards passing, breaking the

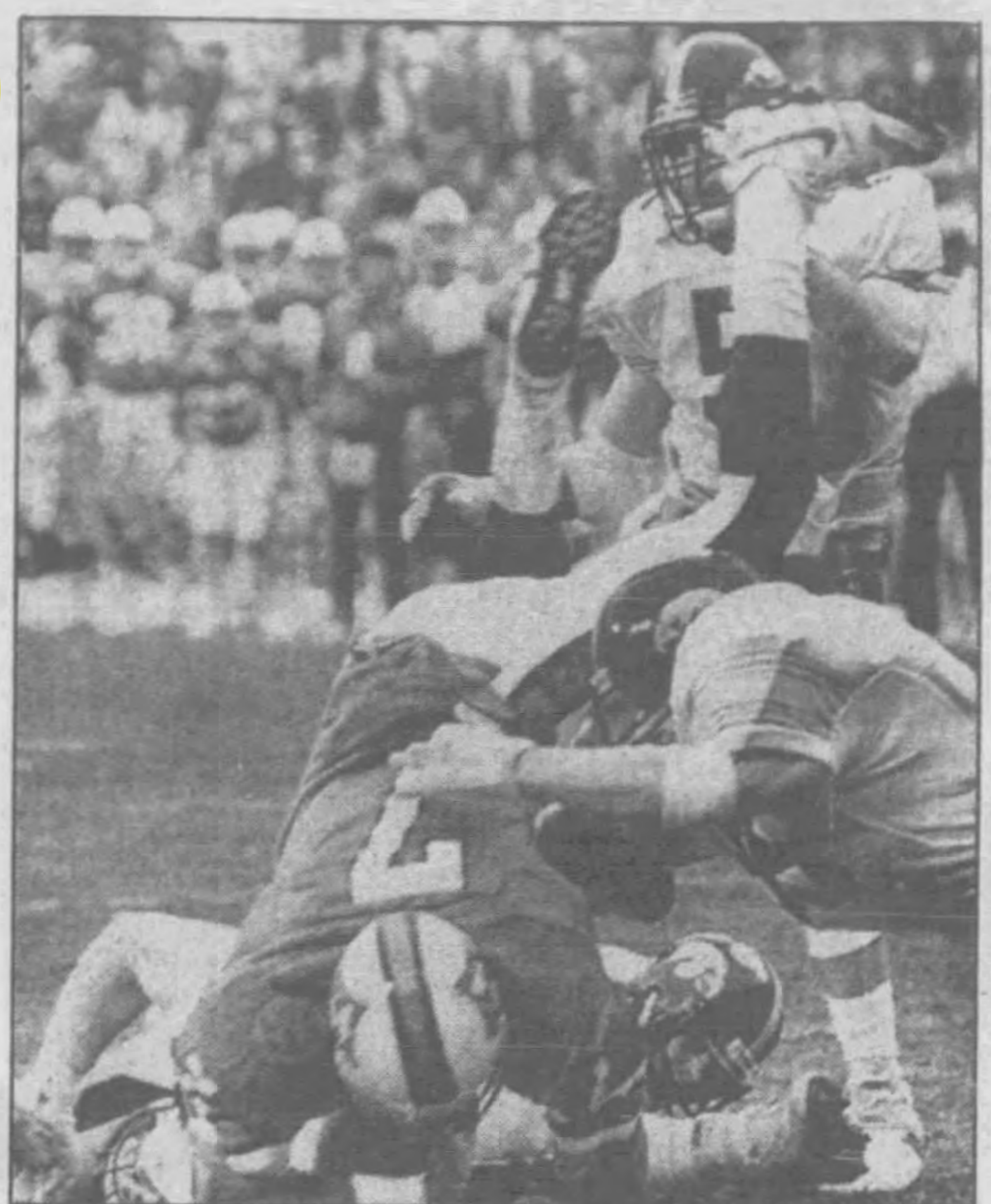
mark of 401 set by Illinois' Jack Trudeau in 1985.

Hartlieb, playing despite a bad knee, also had a record-tying three touchdown passes. The Hawkeyes set yet another record for futility, gaining only 19 yards on the ground.

Iowa	North Carolina State	3	7	6	23
NC St.—Davenport 1 run (Hartman kick)	Iowa—FG Murphy 30				
NC St.—Peebles 75 pass from Montgomery (Hartman kick)	NC St.—Jackson 30 run (Hartman kick)				
NC St.—Hartlieb 22 pass from Hartlieb (Murphy kick)	Iowa—Hartlieb 22 pass from Hartlieb (Murphy kick)				
Iowa—Smith 7 pass from Hartlieb (pass failed)	Iowa—Smith 7 pass from Hartlieb (pass failed)				
A—44:55					

	Iowa	NC St.
First downs	21	24
Rushes-yards	19-19	72-206
Passing	428	195
Return Yards	9	49
Comp-Att-Int	30-51-4	11-23-2
Fumbles-Lost	6-25	5-38
Penalties-Yards	4-3	8-5
Time of possession	4:44	4:40
	21:42	38:18

Individual statistics
RUSHING—Iowa, Saunders 6-22, Hudson 3-10, Bass 3-3, Ball 2-5, Hartlieb 5-19, N. Carolina St., Jackson 17-98, Crite 13-53, Varn 9-25, Sallee 3-17, Barbour 5-15, Davenport 17-13, Williams 4-0, Montgomery 4-19 (3).
PASSING—Iowa, Hartlieb 30-51-4-22, N. Carolina St., Montgomery 7-10-1-15, Davenport 4-13-1-3.
RECEIVING—Iowa, Cook 8-122, Hartlieb 6-101, Bass 4-67, Hudson 3-21, Smith 3-19, Saunders 2-42, Ball 2-15, Wetters 1-26, Filon 1-15, N. Carolina St., Worthen 3-27, Peebles 2-91, Peeters 2-42, Sallee 1-14, Williams 1-9, Varn 1-8, Crite 1-4.



North Carolina State's Charles Davenport dives for a touchdown Saturday during the Wolfpack's 28-23 victory over Iowa in the Peach Bowl.

Mystique

Continued from page 1

trying to make it in society. There was a success story here, and even if they couldn't see the campus, they could see the football team."

The closest Lawrence Lewis, 73, came to Notre Dame for the first 40 years of his life was getting a ticket for the 0-0 tie with Army at Yankee Stadium in 1946, a match that really may have been the game of the century. By then he had started a family and a 39-year career with the New York Port Authority, where he began as a policeman and retired as manager of tunnels.

Two of his three sons, Ed and Jim, would be graduated from Notre Dame. One of his two daughters, Sharon, would marry Notre Dame economics professor Bill Leahy and herself earn B.A. and Master's degrees from Notre Dame. And Lawrence Lewis would still dream.

Over the years, he had accumulated credits at a number of colleges in the East. Near the end of his Port Authority career, he felt the lack of a college degree had cost him a promotion.

At age 64, he finally had the time and money for college. If he wanted to go, said his wife, Jeanette, why not Notre Dame?

Lawrence Lewis was accepted as a special student, entered in September, 1981 and was graduated in 1984, a year after granddaughter Kelly and a year before granddaughter Erin. He was marched from the Morris Inn on campus to the ceremonies by the Irish bagpipers hired by his children. During the parade, Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, the school's former president, stopped to introduce Lewis to Joseph Cardinal Bernardin of Chicago.

After graduation, Lewis returned to retirement at his home in Jersey City, less than two miles from where he grew up. He had been to the mountaintop, a climb even from the flatlands around South Bend.

"I thought it would never happen, and then all of a sudden it was in my lap," he said. "I was scared the first time I walked past the Golden Dome and into that big hall to register. I must have been a bit of a problem at first for the professors. They had a lot of patience with me until I caught on."

Lawrence Lewis, son of an Irish mother, didn't need that much help. He wound up with an A-minus average in liberal studies and could have finished in two years. He says he slowed down so that his wife wouldn't become an academic widow. His son, Jim, Notre Dame '74, says he stretched it out to be on campus for three football seasons.

Ironically, they were the first three years of Gerry Faust's five-year reign of error at Notre Dame. Less than six months after Faust was replaced, the Class of 1986 invited the coach back to graduation as their Senior Fellow.

"Getting stirred up for a football game was fun, but the firecrackers could have gone off on any campus," Lawrence Lewis says. "Other things are what make Notre Dame special. Walking to the grotto at sunrise or sunset. Going into the cathedral at an odd time when you're looking for a perspective on where you're going or where you fit in the world."

"Out of that somehow comes a belief that as long as you play faithfully in the world, you will wind up winning. Part of it spins out of the football deal. We never think we're going to lose."

The mysterious transfiguration, the somehow, the links among football and faith and education, is written into the ethos of Notre Dame. It is somehow more than a football game that will bring the entire Lewis family together at the Fiesta Bowl in Arizona this weekend.

"The mystique definitely has a religious dimension to it," says Father Malloy.

"When I got here, I said, 'Hit



Tribune photo by Bob Langer

Cheerleaders and ecstatic fans are as apparent at Notre Dame as they are at any "football school." But ND offers more than football.

me Notre Dame spirit," recalls football coach Lou Holtz, a Catholic. "I went a couple months and never felt it. All of a sudden, I decided I would say and believe there is a Notre Dame spirit. When you believe it, you feel it."

Notre Dame's return to football pre-eminence after a fallow decade has also resurrected the notion of a Notre Dame mystique. But a writer trying to define that mystique always risks reinventing the wheel and a whole variety of related perils. One is the certain flood of letters from Notre Dame antagonists asking the writer when he was graduated from Notre Dame (in this case, never). Another is the need to repeat so many old stories and clichés that he may sound like a hireling of the school's sports information department.

In the end, though, as the writer tries to diagram the amorphous, he will realize there is no sense trying to deny the obvious. There is a mystique about the University of Notre Dame du Lac that has everything and nothing to do with the football team that will attempt to win the school's eighth national championship by beating West Virginia in Monday's Fiesta Bowl.

"Three years ago, I had the annual meeting of Big 10 magazine editors here," says Walt Collins, editor of Notre Dame Magazine. "These are people not normally susceptible to myths. To a person, they went away saying there is something different about this place. I don't know what it is, and I don't buy into it completely, but it must be there."

Perhaps it has to do with how Notre Dame has come to terms with the two essential paradoxes of its identity: being a Catholic university and being a big-time football university.

A skeptic would say the combination of the noun, university, with either adjective, Catholic or big-time football, creates an oxymoron. Few believe that any institution aligned with the church of Rome could also be Catholic, small c, as in liberal; or that any university aligned with big-time football could be playing it with students taking mostly serious courses and earning degrees. For the fourth time since the College Football Association created an academic achievement award seven years ago, Notre Dame has won it—this year for graduating all the football players who entered in 1982.

Perhaps it is simply that the swamp of big-time college athletics is so putrid that any place without the stench of hypocrisy seems to bathe in the sweet smell of innocence. Notre Dame obviously

looks better by comparison with Illinois and Kentucky and Oklahoma and the University of Florida.

"The problem with people thinking that a great university can't be a sports power is not that it has been tried and found impossible, but that it hasn't really been tried before," says Tom Morris, associate professor of philosophy at Notre Dame.

"People who feel greatness in education and athletics is impossible just fail to understand what such excellence requires. A Catholic does not have to be trained in such a way as to resist the unfettered inquiry characteristic of a university, nor does the athlete have to be trained in such a way as to render him or her immune to the life of the mind. It is only simple misunderstandings which lie behind the apparently common beliefs that 'Catholic University' and 'Big-Time Sports University' are literally contradictions in terms."

It was those perceived contradictions that Father Hesburgh sought to eliminate when, during his 35 years as president, he put control of Notre Dame in the hands of predominantly lay trustees, brought coeducation to the campus and sought an intellectual as well as an educational focus by stressing graduate programs. He also reined in the football program. Father Hesburgh would not let an improved Notre Dame become, as a University of Oklahoma president once said, a school its football team could be proud of.

Morris is now part of a philosophy department—which includes religion—with 45 members. He is a Southern Baptist with an undergraduate degree from the University of North Carolina and a Ph.D. from Yale. His publications include eight scholarly books and a rock-and-roll song, "The Fighting Irish Are Back," on which he plays guitar.

"The football team's being No. 1 would send everyone into an absolute lather on many campuses, including Chapel Hill [North Carolina]," Morris says. "Here, everyone feels wonderful about it in a sane mode, as if it were part of a seamless whole devotion to excellence."

"If I hadn't seen it work in person, I would say big-time football success and a place like this couldn't work. Like everyone else, I had heard all the horror stories about the big-time sports universities."

Morris' epiphany came in the fall semester of 1987, when he realized there were nearly two dozen freshman football players in his Philosophy 101 class. All but three

of the football players failed his first exam, which included questions like, "What does Soft Determinism claim about freedom and inner psychological states?"

Morris called together everyone in the class whose grade was lower than C, gave them a pep talk and arranged review sessions. He had no contact with the football office until he noticed that George Kelly, a former coach who is a special assistant in the athletic department, was attending the review sessions to check on the athletes. One of them would go from 25 on the first test to an 80 on the second, which included questions like, "Present and discuss two of Humes' objections to the teleological argument."

"I came to let the kids know how special what he [Morris] was doing," Kelly said. "Let's face it: Our kids are all qualifiers by NCAA and university standards, but they're not up there with the 1-2-3 kids in the class, and they have to compete with them. Without help, they would all throw up their hands."

Says Morris: "I tell my students that without the people here, the Golden Dome is just a gilded roof, and the grotto is just a pile of stones."

The freshman football players in Morris' class this fall gave him a game ball. Said receiver Raghib Ismail: "All the professors I have go out of their way to help you be successful. They seem to know what the transition is like."

All Notre Dame students are required to take at least a semester of calculus, which tailback Mark Green says is the reason he has so little hair. Receiver Pat Eilers, a transfer from Yale who is majoring in biology and engineering, says, "The course material here is the same as it was there, but the competition for grades is stiffer at Yale."

Both magazine editor Collins (advanced writing) and Father Malloy (a freshman seminar in cultural diversity) teach undergraduates, and neither would think of teaching down to athletes.

"I had two freshman athletes, Lindsay Knapp [football] and LaPhonso Ellis [basketball] this fall, and I would be happy for anyone to sit in on the class and listen to their contributions," Father Malloy says. "That makes me proud."

Even Holtz admits to being dubious about such claims before he arrived in South Bend three years ago.

"I used to read about Notre Dame's academics, and I would say, 'That's nonsense. Who can do more academically than what we are doing?'"

"The difference is that at Minnesota or Arkansas, you [the coach] felt like it was your football team. You felt like the players were indentured servants to you. Here, you don't feel that way. The players belong to the university. The team belongs to Notre Dame and the image Notre Dame has."

The notion that a sound mind prospers in a sound body, as the Roman writer Juvenal put it about 1,800 years ago, goes back to the roots of Western education and is often used to justify the existence of scholar-athletes. Plato, a championship wrestler whose name meant "broad shoulders," dealt with the relationship in the 4th Century B.C. But anyone who would dare cite Plato as an apologist for big-time sport in education should read Book III of The Republic:

"... it is not true that a sound and healthy body is enough to produce a sound mind; while, on the contrary, the sound mind has power in itself to make the bodily condition as perfect as it can be."

Given that, as James Michener pointed out in Sports in America, U.S. universities are alone in the world in providing entertainment to the masses, achieving a balance between body and soul has always been the conundrum for those universities who seek rave reviews. Notre Dame presidents as far back as Rev. John Cavanaugh inveighed against the imbalance.

"One of the evils of the day is

the mania of the student for athletic sports," Father Cavanaugh wrote. "... Nothing renders a man so unfit for study as excessive exercise. It strains every muscle and exhausts every particle of mental energy, thus excluding study from the mind of the wretched enthusiast. The number of those who can confine themselves within the proper limits in athletic sports is small indeed..."

Cavanaugh wrote that in 1887, some 20 years before he became president, and the sport he had in mind was baseball. Notre Dame had played just one football game at the time.

Father Hesburgh, who built a university from an institution that had remained a college for a century after its founding in 1862, knew football excesses were a problem when he was named president in 1951. That was after the coaching of Knute Rockne and Frank Leahy had made the school famous for its gridiron exploits.

At his first press conference, Father Hesburgh found that only sports writers had showed up. He firmly rejected a request to pose for photographs with a football and ended the press conference abruptly when he asked for questions about education and was told there were none.

"Today we have matured sufficiently as an institution that we would entertain the football questions," says university provost Tim O'Meara. "Athletic success is a fundamental part of our history that has contributed to the growth of the institution and created an identity for us within the Catholic population and the community at large."

Magazine editor Collins says it is a reflection of that maturity that the trustees would name Father Malloy, who came to Notre Dame on a basketball scholarship, as Father Hesburgh's successor without fear that it would be seen as re-establishing a jockocracy.

"Father Malloy brings together

'I decided I would say and believe there is a Notre Dame spirit. When you believe it, you feel it.'

—Lou Holtz

the strands that tie this place together," Morris says. "A jock-school president is perfect."

Father Malloy nevertheless bemoans the fact that articles about him are invariably accompanied by a picture of him playing basketball with students, which he likes to do a couple of times a week. This, he says without rancor, reflects the typical outsider's view of the university, adding that alumni groups rarely ask him questions about athletics.

He realizes that asking Notre Dame to be a university without an image as a football power would be as silly as asking a leopard to be a cat without spots. After all, the bibliography of Notre Dame sports literature includes 69 book titles, 21 of them by or about Rockne.

"This place would be pretty boring in the winter without athletics," Father Malloy says.

That Notre Dame is located in an essentially boring place, once an isolated outpost far from the Eastern media centers, has contributed to its growth and mystique. Until the explosion of TV sports in the past two decades, few subway alumni would have ever seen enough of Notre Dame to diminish its romantic appeal in any way.

"It's a perfect setup for a legend," Morris says. "There had to be a fascination with this place out in the middle of the country establishing such a reputation with so many charismatic and eccentric figures."

Rockne. George Gipp. The Four Horsemen. And, yes, Touchdown Jesus, We're No. 1 Moses and Fair-Catch Corby, the artworks described just that way in official publications, managing to mix religion, sport and local humor with a healthy irreverence.

"Being in the Midwest, and with a new religious order [the Holy Cross fathers], gave Notre Dame an independence and a certain spunkiness," says provost O'Meara. "If we had started in the East, we might not have been as adventurous or stood out as much."

That is one of the reasons Notre Dame has been chosen as the model for a group trying to establish a Catholic university in Western Australia. The group, headed by Perth investment banker Denis Horgan, visited Catholic universities in Belgium, France and England before deciding to work with Notre Dame.

"The fact it was established in an isolated environment means they have taken on a lot of the challenges that are ahead of us," Horgan said via telephone. "The thing that came across so strongly to me at Notre Dame was that everyone from the top down wanted to ensure excellence. If there was a mystique, it had something to do with the idea that all the students seemed to care for one another."

The first-time visitor, like Horgan, is generally not disappointed by reality, either physical, emotional or spiritual. The central part of the campus, especially the quadrangle in front of the administration building with its Golden Dome and statue of the Virgin, look the way Hollywood would imagine Notre Dame.

"If people have a romantic vision of what Notre Dame ought to look like, it does look that way," Father Malloy says.

That view is not homogenous. The new buildings on the fringe of the campus look, as Morris says, "like state university branch-campus architecture."

"I do not want in any way to give the impression that Notre Dame is heaven on earth, a community of near-saints or anything like that. On the contrary, there are many little kingdoms on the campus ruled in an authoritarian, arbitrary way."

And the Notre Dame romance is not without dark moments: Six football players were suspended for violations involving a woman in a dorm room in 1974. The woman in question alleged she was raped but agreed to drop charges if the athletes were expelled, which they were. More recently, a couple of football players were involved in the scandal surrounding agent **Norby Walters**.

"I always tell myself I am not going to project a holier-than-thou attitude," Holtz says.

"Over time, we have made it clear we try to run a clean program," Father Malloy says. "The point is not that we are perfect or immune to pressures that everyone else faces, but that we deal with problems as they come up."

Sometimes, though, Collins wonders whether the mystique is not contrived. When President Reagan came to South Bend to unveil the Knute Rockne stamp last March, Collins hoped the occasion would help people remember that Rockne was more than just a football coach. Collins knew there was no chance of that when Reagan threw a pass to 1987 Heisman Trophy winner Tim Brown.

"Ultimately, I believe the academic-athletic thing is real, but Notre Dame will always lean heavily on the football arena for its mythos," Collins says.

For years, chemistry professor Emil Hofman led his class across campus in an exam week tradition called the Emil Parade. When he led the last one in 1987, before giving up teaching to concentrate on administration, Hofman wore a helmet and a football jersey and was led by a marching band as a crowd of freshmen followed.

Somehow, that had awakened the echoes of a 35-year teaching career. Somehow, a chemistry professor had been transmuted into the likes of a football hero. Block that Bunsen burner! Hold that periodic table!

Somehow, corny as it was, it added an appropriate touch to the Notre Dame mystique. After all, wasn't some kind of alchemy needed to turn a gilded roof into the Golden Dome?