



Catholic Women's Holy Week Retreat

Father Gerold Gable will conduct the Holy Week Retreat for Young Women, March 27-29, at Good Counsel Retreat House, Weverly. Young women, whether in college or career, are invited to take advantage of this opportunity to come aside awhile to pray. Juniors or seniors in high school are also welcome.

The retreat will begin with registration at 7:00 PM. Holy Thursday evening and run through Saturday afternoon.

The price of \$25 covers room and meals.

For further information, contact the Marian Sisters at the address below or call them at 785-2750
 CLIP and MAIL TO: Marian Sisters, Rt. 1 Box 108, Weverly, NE 68462
 APPLICATION FOR HOLY WEEK RETREAT

NAME (Please Print) _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE _____ AGE _____ SCHOOL or EMPLOYMENT _____

PARENTS NAME _____

I AM ENCLOSING A \$10 DEPOSIT (Non-Refundable) AND WILL PAY THE BALANCE OF \$15 AT REGISTRATION.

Basketball writers don't die; instead, they go to the Pub

Motto of the week: "Stop thinkin'. Start drinkin'. Get stinkin'."

— Jeff Creel

After embarrassing myself last week by picking Indiana to beat Cleveland State — how could I have thought such a thing? — I decided this week I'd ask my friend Pete Watters to pick the mismatch of the week.

Pete knows quite a bit about sports, even if he did bet on the Patriots in the Super Bowl. In fact, he coaches the O'Rourke's women's softball team. I'm the manager myself. I call 'em up and tell 'em what time practice is and what color outfits they should wear to the games.

he thinks he's Cal Ripken or somebody.

Anyway, I see this big, huge, white orb coming at me and then there's a POP! and then I'm looking at the sky. Or at least half of it.

There's blood all over the place. I look like an extra in "Rambo" or something. So they have to take me to the health center to get me stitched up. It took four stitches, folks. *Four*. But I'm as good as new now except for the nine-inch scar on my face.

As a matter of fact it was Pete who took me to the health center and told me to bleed all over Patty's car. I did. Sorry, Patty.

So that's why I don't coach.

Anyway, so I figure Pete will be at O'Rourke's on Friday afternoon and I'll meet him there. So I meet some of my DN buddies there. We're a fun loving bunch here. In fact our motto is "We work so you don't have to. We party because we love to." Catchy, eh?

So us DNs were there having a few and after awhile we were going to Mark's to eat some red meat. (We love our red meat here, too.) But I didn't wanna go eat, especially red meat. I don't eat much of it anymore, particularly on Fridays. You see, I went to Creighton last year and if they caught you with a burger in your possession on a Friday they'd flog you. So after a few floggings I figured it would be just as easy to eat fish. I like fish anyway.

So the DNs and Pete say, Hey, let's go to the Pub and watch the Nebraska

game. So I did. And you think I don't have an exciting life?

The place was packed. And they were yellin' and hollerin' to beat the band. If the Huskers played all their home games at the Pub they'd never lose.

So we watched the Huskers go down. It was pretty uneventful except for a moment in the second half. Brian Carr was bringing the ball up court and all of a sudden — perhaps aided by the Budweiser — I had a vision.

Jerry West was on a deserted court popping in jumpers and telling me what life was all about, why we're here, etc. And it all made sense. And I'd like to share it with all of you except that I can't remember what it is. But if I remember I'll tell you next week. Honest.

Anyway, then we went back to O'Rourke's. They were watching basketball there, too. The Maryland-Pepperdine game was on.

After awhile my friend Terri showed up. She was bummed out 'cause Pepperdine was losing and she'd picked Pepperdine in this pool that O'Rourke's has.

Now, Terri's pretty smart — she has a 3.5 GPA and almost won a Rhodes Scholarship — but I've got her when it comes to basketball and Trivial Pursuit. For example: One time we were partners in Trivial Pursuit and we got the question, "Who was the tallest president?" Well, I mean the obvious answer is Lincoln, right? So I said, Lincoln. But she says no, she's had this question before, and the answer wasn't Lincoln. So we geussed LBJ. It was Lincoln.

So, anyway I told her that she should have picked Maryland because it's a better team.

But Pepperdine has such a pretty campus, she says. She went out there last summer, you see. Carla, her sister-in-law, just had a baby girl — Desla, they named her — I don't know where they got that from, I guess they wanted a California name. Anyway, she was staying with them and hobnobbing with Hollywood people. She has personally autographed photos of Clint Eastwood and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Really. I mean I've *seen* them.

So she's going on about how beautiful their campus is. It's right across from the beach at Malibu, etc. etc.

So I tell her she's pretentious. She isn't, of course, but we have this running joke, actually — about pretentious people.

Anyway, we're kidding around and these two nasty, nasty people sit right in front of the jukebox. So I start making snide comments about them. They were pretentious.

Terry left after awhile. She plays on the softball team and she needed to get home and get rested up for the season.

So I'm talking to Pete and I'm about ready to ask him about this mismatch business when I notice this guy looking at the jukebox. He's complaining because there aren't any songs from "The Big Chill" on the jukebox.

I felt sorry for him so I told him I'd sing "A Whiter Shade of Pale" for him. Sue begged me not to but I felt I'd made a commitment. Besides, the guy said it was one of his favorite songs. I said it was one of mine, too.

He said it was still one of his even after I sang it.

It was shortly after this that I confused the prostate gland and the pituitary gland. I knew it was time to go home.

So I never did get Pete's mismatch of the week. But if he were here now I think he'd say "Auburn and UNLV, Geoff. Or maybe Cleveland State and Navy. We all know how bad Cleveland State is, don't we?" And then he'd laugh.

Goodwin's Bad Ones

Pete teaches them how to throw and catch and stuff like that. See, I'm not very good at that. For example, last summer — Sunday, August 18 — to be exact, I was playing softball with some people from O'Rourke's.

I was playing second base. Frankly, I'm no Ryne Sandberg. In fact, I'm not even a Steve Sax — although I haven't killed as many worms as he has. Anyway, Bob's playing short. He goes out and makes a good, running catch of this fly and whirls and fires to me to pick Charles — or was it Joe? I forget. The doctors say I may never get all of my memory back — off second. Like,

A CLASSIC!

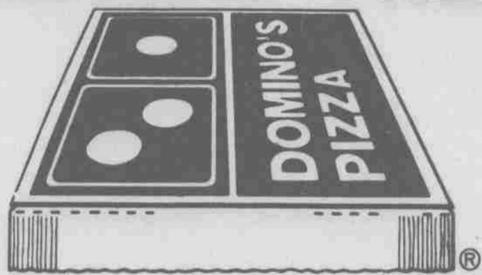


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Ticket lottery this week

The 1986 student football lottery will be March 17 to 21 from 9 a.m. to noon and 1 to 4 p.m. at the South Stadium ticket office.

Student tickets are \$42 for six home games. A spouse ticket costs \$90.